

VOICE OF INDUSTRY

VOL. 2.

ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

LOWELL, MASS., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1846.

NO. 27.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT NO. 76 CENTRAL ST., LOWELL, MASS.
J. S. FLETCHER, & PUBLISHING COMMITTEE
W. T. G. PEIRCE,

TERMS.—\$3 \$1.00 per annum, in Advance.
All Communications should be directed to us
at the Office of Industry.

Portraiture.

"From the (London) People's Journal.
The New Order of Nobility."

BY MR. C. CHARLES FINNEY.

Stand forth! that God-made noble stand!

Old England asks no worthless soul;

A better never by wealth or land;

The right by none misunderstood;

Or questioned—can rank? "The Good."

Old Norman had no voice;

In his new peerage spirit-fainted;

No rival roses strew the choir;

Of these hearts, our banner named;

Two pairs bequeath'd, throughout the earth;

Shall give to rank its better-birth;

These parts, that part the good and ill;

The noble and the ignoble tree;

Two others only play their view;

And honor here—silence there;

Wide are other minor names may bear;

Stand first! first edified on our shores;

A nation's yet shall it be!

Renown more just than that which bore;

The name of old sea to sea;

Shall find for thee, in every place;

A brother-spirit to embrace!

For more it imports man to know;

Ye need, to prove his brother's sword;

Dear on them all his thoughts bestow;

"To such the sword gives birth;

From the sword, such its powers;

And them for this, world's ours!"

And let the good be named! "The Good."

"The True," "The True"—the brave "The Brave."

Tides not bought and sold for gold;

"Like these we saw—giant-moles gave;

And let the just be still "The Just."

So men shall know whereon they trust.

Look on our noble sons again;

Now holding arms to the ranks ready;

Ye have drawn his bolts, his bright stains;

He holds the field for fame no gold;

But with an earnest, living heart;

He cometh still, and apples his part.

No further strife, no more strife;

Like the glittering of his breast;

But—other, grander-worther far—

True! light stands in his eyes forever;

And round the broad brow proudly plays,

That glows and brightens of its blue;

This brave! lightning-sparkled,

And shows the worth of man, too;

Emboldening site and masterpiece;

"To the Mock!" "The Tough," or "The Bold,"

And elsewhere, how small-bellied wears;

May we well give the bridle the bears;

Is not it dreams?—Not—by the Past,

With a dense darkness at lengths—

And to the Present, brightening fast—

As in the Future's boundless strength;

Earth's great and good shall be;

Her last, best inheritance?

From the Pleasure Boat.

Thanksgiving day has passed, but its permanent effects, which a thousand fold outbalance the good that has been done, will long be felt by many. The religionists of this city, as usual on such occasions, entered zealously into the spirit of thanksgiving and praise in their way. The following Union prayer was offered, which I here transcribe for the instruction of such as never witnessed a thanksgiving in this city.

Union Prayer.

Given this day, the 18th, A.D.,
Our dear superintendents,
And all with grease and salt, and yeast,
A thousand adorings,

Given of him, the latest sort—
Fresh of the fifty swine,
Fattened for gluttony in fifty pens,
And provided well with bacon;

Given mucky turkeys large and fat,
Turkeys in with oysters,
And grecy flocks, and geese, and hens;
And that, most royal and sumptuous;

Given mucky puddings full of plums,
Stuffed with heating spicery,
And pies and cakes of every sort,
And even things that's nice;

With pimentoed whale-sealing hot,
And other fiery drinks;
Any of each course we have forgot,
Beable us to think;

We'll go to church on hour due,
To square up accounts with them;
And then we'll wander up our lanes,
In fearful gloomy.

Yes while we gather round the boards,

And shake our vests and stays,
And turn our bellies till they ache;

We'll call it giving grace;

Then give us fruits of every kind
The market can produce;

And some of us would like to have
A little of the "japse."

And give us creatures, and play—
With concert, hand and tongue;
We'll go with a perfect rush,
Even if it stay there;

And if trespassing's mighty bad,
Should trash humanity?

We'll call the doctor and the priest,

And charge the fiend to Thise;

Miscellaneus.

From the (London) People's Journal.

A Rhapsody on a Broomstick.

BY THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

Poor labor old stamp! that standest in the corner of my little back garden, who shall say anything good of thee? Who, as he looks upon thy tragic nakedness—shorn of thy bark, thy once long sprigs of birch wood—almost to nothing by hard-work and hard usage; and the sore blemishes of the world—can find any thing pleasant in the contemplation of thee? There's nothing to be said of thee but that thou art an old broomstick; and may go, and be forgotten!

But this I am willing to talk of thee thus;

If there be sermons in stones, may there not be something in a broomstick?

Av, even as I speak, the old broomstick has again become a thing of use, and a minister of enjoyment! Behold that smiling, healthy smile any man may own now, who has gained hold of the broomstick! Let him go astride of it, and with a shout of exultation made galumphous of it, and is as proud of it, too, for the time being, as an Arab chief of his tribe of the desert. Now he uses it to renew his spruce now he tries, how it prances, may be galloping in all the while, flashing from his eyes, and his whole face lighting up with infinite delight! Well done boy! Never seen when thou art as old as I am, will there be so much pleasure in the possession of him or her, as thou now hast in thy ride upon the broomstick. Enjoy it then, and make the most of it!

But alas for the transience of all mortal joy! The stamp of the broom-stick caught against the root of a tree, and the horse, and its rider have come reeling to the ground. In a moment he is up again, unbruised, but more than half inclined to weep, and stands for a while uncomprehending what to do. His feelings, though not his bones, are wounded, and he struggles to pull himself for his vexation. He has found it—he has decided not to weep; so giving the broomstick a hearty cut for its bad conduct in daring to fall, while he was upon it; he casts it back into its corner with contempt and anger, and will have nothing more to do with it. Poor Broomstick! thou art punished for the fault not for thy misfortune; but one sole fault under the infliction, for thine is a common fate—as many a man who has long struggled into the world could tell us to his sorrow—as many a woman's heart could tell us also with bitter tears could we become the confidants of her distress.

But poor Broomstick is none the worse, for this rebuff, and there he stands in his old place while I discourse upon him, and recall the poetry of my early days. Ay, that very stamp was once a dashing, bold, ladies' ladies with sprigs and leaves, spreading it off out the warm beams of the summer sun, drinking the kindly rains, and affording a shelter, and a resting place to the little songsters of the forest.

The broomstick shrunk its sweet notes from those fairies, tristful minstrels, whose song set upon the windowsill of the peasant—each sorceress with her broomstick in her hands with which she beats the wiles till she lashes them into a thick yeast of fraud!

And what a direfully riso-howl, and yell, and sharp cry, piercing above the war of the tempest, and amid swelling with a fearful laugh, as some madship ship is driven against the rocks, and every soul on board goes down to the bottom of the deep.

Nor are they all bags; young and lovely forms, dimly among them, and bright eyes flashing like diamonds, and the hubbub of the satyr-masque.

But poor Broomstick is none the worse, for this rebuff, and there he stands in his old place while I discourse upon him, and recall the poetry of my early days. Ay, that very stamp was once a dashing, bold, ladies' ladies with sprigs and leaves, spreading it off out the warm beams of the summer sun, drinking the kindly rains, and affording a shelter, and a resting place to the little songsters of the forest.

The broomstick shrunk its sweet notes from those fairies, tristful minstrels, whose song set upon the windowsill of the peasant—each sorceress with her broomstick in her hands with which she beats the wiles till she lashes them into a thick yeast of fraud!

And what a direfully riso-howl, and yell, and sharp cry, piercing above the war of the tempest, and amid swelling with a fearful laugh, as some madship ship is driven against the rocks, and every soul on board goes down to the bottom of the deep.

But poor Broomstick is none the worse, for this rebuff, and there he stands in his old place while I discourse upon him, and recall the poetry of my early days. Ay, that very stamp was once a dashing, bold, ladies' ladies with sprigs and leaves, spreading it off out the warm beams of the summer sun, drinking the kindly rains, and affording a shelter, and a resting place to the little songsters of the forest.

The broomstick shrunk its sweet notes from those fairies, tristful minstrels, whose song set upon the windowsill of the peasant—each sorceress with her broomstick in her hands with which she beats the wiles till she lashes them into a thick yeast of fraud!

the chill blast rushes through the crannies of stick, to one of the other sex. An old man may carry a broomstick where an old woman would not dare to show herself, and the first good-humored meaneant, above the age of seventy, comes by my door shall have there, and a shilling with these. So rest in the corner until then, and thou shalt end thy days in a work of charity, and become to the weary another limb to one who is feeble, and a staff to the pilgrim whose pilgrimage approaches to its close.

C. MACKAY.

From the New York Tribune.
Association Discussed.—No. 3.

To the Editor of the Courier and Compiler.

I do not see how any man could, with my opening article before him, have mistated its position as you have done. That, in a state of Nature, all men had an equal right to the soil, and that each had a right to appropriate to his own use any portion of it requisite for his supply of his own wants and not thereby appropriated by another, is a truth of the most palpable character. It flat Civilized Society has substituted a different law for that of Nature on this subject, is equally manifest.

But what then? Does it follow that the change must necessarily have originated in injustice? That surely is not my position.

Civilized Society, according to my understand-

ing of it, is the individuality of many

important natural rights, and my just despo-

ment proof that the general good is thereby

promoted and that the individual receives a

fair compensation for that of which he is de-

prived. I hold, therefore, that there may be

legitimate and just appropriation of lands

and succession thereto; and though I cannot

doubt that large grants of land to any individual were originally wrong, and that no more

such should be made, I have never ad-

vocated the revocation of any which have

been lawfully and honestly procured. I do

not hold that a merely discovered or long for-

gotten truth invalidates the acts of the legiti-

mate authority which were done in good faith

in opposition to that truth, nor that half

Lands can be equally validly dis-

puted.

What I propose

and maintain is simply this:

Civilized Society, having divested a large portion

of mankind of any right to the soil, has now

available a large portion of the land

for the employment and sustenance of

those who are now

unemployed.

It will be a matter of secondary

importance that they continue to be sold at a

moderate price or be appropriated at free cost

to those who need them.

My allusion to Fanny Wright, entirely

unwarranted by any evidence adduced by

or by facts within my knowledge, does

not surprise me. I was well aware from the

outset that your course would be to ap-

peal indiscriminately to prejudices, bigamists

and rascals, to party, to sect, to

charlatans, physicians, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

and nickname, to parades, to

processions, to parties, to

gatherings, to meetings, to

processions, to meetings, to

or be owned by the owners of it.

5. Economy in the Cost of Education.—Five to eight hundred children, living under one roof, having there the choicest Maps, Globes, Orreries, Chemical Apparatus, &c., with free lectures at least weekly on the various Useful Arts and Sciences; alternating with their teachers from the gardens and work-rooms to the schools of various grades, could learn immensely faster than any now do, while the cost of instruction would be vastly less than now. Under proper regulations as to the distribution of time, all life would become Education, and a youth of twenty would often have acquired a far more thorough and solid intellectual culture than is now usually perfected in our highest seminaries.

6. Economy in Commercial Exchanges.—The Phalanx, purchasing for all its members at wholesale for ready pay and setting in the same manner, would effect an exchange of the products it could spare for the commodities it should need; at a twentieth part of the present cost, and thus save to Productive Labor at least one-fifth of its earnings now necessarily paid in mercantile profits and in the cost of transmitting its surplus products to their consumers.

7. Economy in the cost of Medical Attorneys, Legal Proceedings, (rendered in good part needless,) &c., &c.

—But I am transcending my limits, and must stop. Bear it in mind that I regard the Reform which Association proposes, and of which I have here sketched but the dry skeleton without the animating soul, as one to be elected cautiously, gradually, and with due regard to all existing interests. I do not anticipate its consummation in one year, nor in ten. But that the end it proposes is one to which Society should gravitate—say to which it does gravitate—that it should be studied, labored for, lived for, prayed for, until attained, is the ardent conviction of

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE ADOPT FOR:

The Report of Men to itself for the adoption, on the earth, of the ethics of industrial progress; to him for himself, of the hours of labor, to an equivalent for what he uses, to the best opportunities for Education, and in relation to every thing.

LOWELL, DECEMBER 18, 1846.

The Industrial Reform Pledge.

“We whose names are annexed, desirous of restoring to our Native Land, so solemnly dedicated to the welfare of all men, the Free Speech Congress will still give plain hints and directions to all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent in his power, in the Public Lands of the Union, the creation of a public charge, and to prohibit the building of farms and lots for the final exclusive use of agricultural settlers, or for any man for the Government of the land, who will not, so pledge himself to the following conditions, that the opportunity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter is as little, to the exception of the Homestead tax, as can be fixed duty, or mortgage, and to a limitation of the hours of daily labor on public works or in establishments chartered by law.”

Institute Lecture.

We listened but weak to a lecture before the Institute, read by Mr. Schwabae of the Courier, upon the subject of the “Introduction and Progress of the Cotton Manufactories in England and America.” The lecture was interspersed with much statistical information, both interesting and instructive; but of the speaker’s style of delivery we cannot speak at all flatteringly; it being very like the school-boy’s style of reading, when he is in haste to get through his lesson. But we do not intend a criticism upon the lecture, rather to notice a few statements which in our mind require a word of attention.

The speaker, in alluding to the operatives of England, said that the people in this Country had fallen into an error in relation to their true condition—their privations and miseries had been exaggerated, they were not in that degraded condition he expected to find them, but looked and appeared much better than represented. The hours of work per day in the English factories, were stated to be considerably less than required of the operatives in our own Country, and the wages but about one third lower. And yet the English Manufacturers were represented as exceedingly tyrannical and oppressive, caring little for those who labor for them; and in addition to this, the audience were told, that great improvement had taken place within a few years in the English factory system, and the example of Lowell had been one of the most prominent causes of this improvement! After hearing these statements, we could only feel a loss to reconcile them; and involuntarily asking these questions: “If the manufacturers of England are so tyrannical and unfeeling, why is the condition of the operatives comparatively comfortable and happy?” How could the example of Lowell influence men so soft and oppressive? And finally, how the improvement could be the result of the example of Lowell, when (as the speaker acknowledged) the Mills in Lowell, operate several hours per week, more than those of England, and therefore the most essential example of Lowell is not followed?

Now it does seem to us from the lecturer’s own statements, that the Manufacturers of Lowell might follow the example of those of England (oppressive as they may be) to some respects, with great advantage to their operatives. When it is taken into consideration that the English Mills run several hours per week, but the wages are but about one third lower, that a large share of the work is performed by children, and that comparatively fewer overseers are employed with high pay, to superintend the works; that the common English operatives do not fare very much worse than those of Lowell and other Manufacturing towns in that country. And again, we cannot believe that the dispositions of the English Manufacturers are half as bad as those of Massachusetts; as the lecturer represented. Indeed, we are inclined, considering the superior resources of the Manufacturers of this country, for making the condition of their operatives, reflectors and elevators—their professions of love of liberty, equality and republicanism and the enormous profits which they are realizing from manufacturing operations, that they are quite, nay, more guilty of the charge of inhumanity than their competitors across the Atlantic.

The spirit of speculation and rivalry manifested by our cotton Lords, and the little regard they pay to the true interests of their work-people, compared with their love of fat dividends, place him in no enviable position of comparison with those of oppressed Europe. Where we look in this country, can we find an instance like the following? Can the lecturer point us to even in Christian New England? If not, let him draw no more such moral distinctions, to screen the guilt of his supporters.

A MODEL FACTORY.—In a factory recently established at Bradford, England, the operatives are required to work only 10 hours a day, and that the manager is given an excellent school, with improved accommodations for boarding and lodging.

Here we will enter a few remarks, touching this subject, from the pen of that close observer of men and things, Elizur Wright of the “Chronopet” made during a sojourn in Manchester, England:

“In the three principal mills which I visited, the work people gave their employers the highest character for their kindness and attention to the wants of their people. I timed and found them living in as plain a style as the superintendents of our factories of Lowell,—without pretensions or flourishes—though accounted among the wealthiest men of Manchester. With this it was particularly delighted, for it was a very mistake to expect, and a greatly mistaken if there is to expect, a highly popular and practical humanity among the manufacturers of Manchester, which it would be considered a proof of considerable degeneration for our wealthiest manufacturers to copy. When we consider the poverty of mind and money which exists among the operatives, we should also consider what the masters are, and how when they began to employ them, and how tremendous the competition to which they are subjected. Doubtless the nature of men and of wealth is the same in Manchester as in Lowell and Boston, and I set down the excellence of the wealthy men in the English city as one of the indirect benefits of the proud and supercilious bearing of the titled and landed classes, who are the leaders of their good behaviour. So highly have the landlords accused the cotton lords of flint-skimming and slave-driving in order to discredit the League and keep up the bread tax, that the latter have been obliged to be kind and good. Their opposition to short hours of labor, though I think it mistaken, I have no doubt arose from an honest conviction that the operatives were not entitled to the law of wages as we know it. I must, however, admit that I was told by the laborers in several instances that they had been supported their whole course of binds through seasons when the mills were idle and they would otherwise have had no resource but the Union Workhouse, which they seemed to abhor worse than Botany Bay.”

The lecturer closed by enlisting Lowell, as the place above all others for intelligence, morality and religious excellence. With him, in fact, it approached nearer a paradise than any other spot on Earth, and as we passed the threshold of the Hall door into the street, and had our ears saluted with the oaths and curses of one of Lowell’s intelligent and young men—as we contemplated the three hundred den’s of Rum, dissipation and crime, which are said to exist in this City—thousands yearly brought before our courts for crime, debauchery and petty thefts, and their reflected upon the masses the Sabbath is spent by many, by authority of Sabbath-breaking men; we could not but feel the full force and truth of the speaker’s tribute to Lowell.

THE PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE.—It makes us tired to think of it. A great, long, terrible, ugly defiance and apology, for the wicked war, which has already exhausted Millions of the people’s money, and thousands of their lives. President Polk has also devised the usual quota of spice and attention to fulsome encumbrances upon our glorious institutions, alias Negro Slavery, System of taxing the people to support a gang of political freebooters, Land traitors, Revenues, Tarriffs, &c., &c., &c., well, so long as the people will support such men by their suffrages, they must not whine, but bear the cross with fortitude and patience.

We cannot do the subject more justice than by copying the following from an able article in the last Young American:

“I was prepared for almost everything else in the Message but this first paragraph:

‘In resuming your labors in the service of the People, it is a subject of congratulation that there has been no period in our past history when all the elements of national prosperity have been so favorable. The progress of civilization, the vast extension of agricultural lands, and the rapid increase of our population, but in resources and wealth, and in the happy condition of our people, is without example in the history of nations.’

If this extract truly represents the condition

of this nation, then has this paper been one

reiterated by its friends consequent upon the

over two years and a half ago, and its publication, which is neither pleasant nor profitable to me, is no longer necessary, nor that of any other National Reform paper, and the papers of all the other parties throughout the country that are coming out in favor of the National Reform measures, with an unanimity unprecedented in any former political movement, must be led away by a woful delusion. But if Mr. Polk’s representation were correct? Without meaning to charge him with wilful misrepresentation, I say unhesitatingly that it could not, in its main statements, well be more directly at variance with the truth. What is “national prosperity”? If it consists in an accumulation of wealth in the country, then is the President correct in his first statement, for undoubtedly “all the elements” for the accumulation of wealth, has been more fully developed than ever before.

But if the mere accumulation of wealth is the country indicates “national prosperity,” then

certainly, must Great Britain far surpass ours

and every other nation, for no other nation is

so wealthy in proportion to its population, or

so well supplied with “all the elements of na-

tional prosperity.” Yet who does not know

that the people of the British Islands are the

most miserable of any civilized nation? And

who, that has studied the subject, does not

know that the same causes that have mainly

contributed gradually to increase the misery and degradation of the British people for the last fifty years, are now producing the same effects among us? That although “all the elements” of production are increasing, the distribution of products is more and more unequal? That through the monopoly of the Soil a few are enabled to monopolize the powers of production, such as labor saving machinery, as soon as they are invented, and that thus these powers, now increasing with unexampled rapidity, become a curse and an oppression to the landless whose labor they supplant? Who that have not been rioting in the spoils of office, and wilfully evaded all investigation, can be ignorant that in the State of New York, for example, as in England, the land is passing into fewer hands, the landless city populations are disproportionately accumulating, wages are falling and rents rising, prisons, poor houses, and brothels are increasing in a much greater ratio than the population! Mr. Polk could have obtained statistical statistics for all these facts, yet he states that the increase of “national prosperity” for the past year has been unprecedented in our past history!

To what can we attribute this insensibility of the President to the real condition of the people, if not to the fact he has been educated in the lap of luxury, fed by the labor of others, and without a chance of forming a conception of what it is to be lawless and dependent on a market and the will of others for the chance to labor for the scanty necessities of life? With not this statement of Mr. Polk’s be a bitter lesson to three-fourth of the people who, whose offspring are not above the liability to wages slavery, against choosing another slaveholder or large landholder for their President, at least without written testimony that he understands how to make national prosperity and the prosperity of the toilers coincident, and he, will use all his powers to secure the result?

If we do not make great allowance for the accident of birth, and other circumstances, of the least imposing of which, is the possession of an income of \$25,000 a year, it would be difficult for us in New York to understand the President’s assertion that “labor in its branches is receiving an ample reward,” and his allusion to “the happy condition of our people,” as anything but bitter irony, in the teeth of the fact that at least 70,000 of our 400,000 in this city are dependant on charity or pauper relief, that females make shirts for five cents, that others apply in vain for work at that price and do worse, and that at this very time our poor house commissioners is doing next hardly done in England, refusing applications for relief! although here, as in England, husbands and wives, parents and children, are separated in the poor-houses, and paupers in the most execrable conditions are thus prevented from applying for relief!

But perhaps the President would say, if by any possibility these facts could be pressed home upon him, as some of our Native neighbors say, that this paternalism is mostly foreign and is only to be found in our seaports. Mr. Polk might learn if he took the means that a President ought to take, that every city, inland as well as seacoast, are gradually approaching New York in their increase of poverty and pauperism, and that the causes are of work that would produce the same results, though more slowly, if not a foreigner come to teach us. However, an extract from the State of Rhode Island, the Bonanza of this town, recently informed us that within the few days previous he had been applied to by, and had received over six hundred different persons. When we reflect that it is only those who are most necessitous and those that usually make application for town-charity we at once perceive that the same state of facts and distressing condition here must be imitated at every time. We cannot see some active and energetic measures be taken by our citizens to provide relief to the poor during the coming winter? Cannot the hands and hearts of some of our benevolent ladies be enlisted in the work?

Does that little item from an infant town look as though “labor in all its branches” was “receiving an ample reward”? What must our farm laborers and their employers throughout the country, the former of whom (when allowed) from sun to sun for sixteen, and ten dollars a month think of the President’s statement? What must the widows and orphans of the men forced by necessity to venture on the ocean, so many of whom have laid winrows along our shores lately, think of the assertion? What will our miners and mechanics say to it? “Ample reward?” Are they? And this assertion from a man receiving \$100,000 for four year’s salary?

The Present Mills were built and put in operation by Homer Bartlett, Esq., the Agent of the Massachusetts Mills, and we think the white work does him great credit and will add to his fame as a skillful and practical manufacturer. [—*Lowell Courier*.] This is a new discovery, truly! We had supposed that the Present Mills were built and put into operation by some of the enterprising and skillful Masons, Carpenters and workmen of this city; but if Agent Bartlett is the executor of this work, we would be the last to rob him of the fame and skill. This fact accounts for the long time they have been getting into operation. But the old gentlemen must have worked hard, and more than ten hours a day as it is.

The above also explains the speech of A. J. Fox. —The editor of the Courier is talked of by some of the papers, for Speaker of the next Legislature.

gent Bartlett at the City Hall before election, in which he stated that the Tariff “benefited the laboring people—*we who work for a living*—more than the Capitalists.”

Discretion the better part of Valor.

Those ‘sons of thunder’ the members of the Mechanics’ Phalanx, are showing their wisdom by staying at home and revelling in the halls of Lowell rather than those of the “Montezumas”;—preferring the “poetry of motion” to that of the battle field: the last is a grave subject and not at all suited to their tastes; and then there is such a “villainous” smell of saltwater and brimstone arising from it—poodle and otto of rose stands higher in their estimation—a shaft from Cupid’s quiver is much easier withheld than a bullet from a Mexican musket—and an exchange of civilities is much more pleasant than an exchange of shot; upon the whole we think they will be the gainers by a large amount both in conscience and in purse, and will never regret ‘stripping the light fantastic toe’ rather than enlisting for such a piratical expedition as the present Mexican war. We hope that other Military companies will follow their example rather than respond to the call for volunteers by the powers that be, no matter be the President, Secretary, Governor, or Adjutant General. Gentlemen dance as much as you please, but don’t fight.

NEW BOOK STORE.—Rev. Mr. Henry has opened a Book and Periodical Store at 112 Merrimack st., where he has for sale a variety of highly useful books. In addition to the usual standard works and an elegant assortment of Annuals, Christmas Presents, &c., Mr. H. has many valuable works upon the various humane and philosophical subjects of the day, especially the subject of Temperance. The life of the lamented Charles T. Torrey, may be found here also. The home, or the Pilgrim’s life revised, a work of over two hundred pages written by Mr. Torrey, without any notes or manuscripts, in the short period of ten days, while confined in Baltimore Prison.

The above place is the publication office of “The Temperance Offering,” of which we have formerly spoken and a work that we hope may find a way into every family in the city.

Mr. Henry has come to Lowell to do good especially in the cause of Temperance, and we sincerely trust the friends of this and every other good cause will place the moneys in his hands by liberally patronizing his store.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE. We copy the following advertisement into our columns without any charge to Uncle Sam, because we want to get some information from the Adjutant General :

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ADJUTANT GENERAL’S OFFICE,

Boston, Dec. 3, 1846.

Any information or direction that may be desired respecting the enrollment and organization of companies for the defense of the Commonwealth will be given at this office. Companies, whether newly formed, or of the existing volunteer force, first offering will be first accepted and mustered.

H. K. OLIVER, Adj’t General.

It is stated in the papers that the volunteers are allowed to find their own clothing, but that the government will pay every volunteer three months wages in advance (\$34) for that purpose. Now what we want to know is, whether a man wears out his shoes or gets his clothes torn among the choppers, before his next payment becomes due, if Uncle Sam will furnish a new suitupon the same terms, or whether the poor, degraded objects of pity and misery must go without? [—*Citizen*, Boston, Dec. 3, 1846.]

GEO. SMITH’S BOUNTY.—Samuel D. Porter of Rochester has been made the shmoicer of Mr. Smith’s benevolence in the gift of about fourteen hundred acres of land to the colored men of Monroe County. Mr. Smith proposes to divide this land thirty-four parts, to be deeded to the same number of individuals. Twenty-four persons have already been designated, to whom Mr. Porter’s hands, and all his property, and the deeds conveyances, and the debts are nearly all in Mr. Porter’s hands. Mr. P. has published a list of these persons in order that, if any of them should be known to be unworthy of Smith’s beneficence, the land can be given to others who are known to be of good character. [—*Tribune*, Utica.]

THE SEN. DISCONTINUED.—We regret to learn that this high toned and truly excellent paper has been discontinued. It does not speak well for the moral and enlightened sentiment of the people, that a sheet of the moral dignity, chaste liberalism and virtuous wit of the Boston Sun, should cease to exist for want of support, while so many low, clownish and supercilious papers are amply sustained; and their contents devoured with avidity.

We are sorry it is so, and wish it were otherwise, but rejoice in anticipation of the time when the virtues and unpretending merits of such men as GEORGE KENT will be appreciated.

CONGRESS met last week Monday. Notthing of importance has yet transpired. We must not expect too much of our rulers; large bodies move slow, and so do lazy Statesmen.

A JOKE.—The editor of the Courier is talked of by some of the papers, for Speaker of the next Legislature.

The Public Lands, and Land Limitation.
We have received from the office of Young America the abridged Memorial. We ask every citizen to contemplate this subject honestly and candidly, free from party trammels, and then like true friends to their country and race, give it hearty support. The Soil was created for the people, not the people for the Soil.

FREEDOM OF THE PUBLIC LANDS!

"The Land shall not be sold¹ for ever; for THE LAND IS MINE, and ye are strangers and sojourners with me."—LXX. xxv. 23.

Let us get off this ground, which I suppose to be self-evident, that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living."

—Jefferson.

The most unhappy being in the family of Justice, had still a hand in the *tard*. [His] ruin could not be final in the last extremity, he could not be accused of one whose motives were so pure, and his conduct so upright.

I am now called in to demand reparation, and I exult in the diminution, since the happiness of others is promoted by participation.—LA FAYETTE.

To afford every American citizen the opportunity of securing an independent toil, it seems best to abstain the idea of creating a new revenue out of the Public Lands.—JACKSON'S MISSES, 1832.

To the CONGRESS of the UNITED STATES:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, respectively represent—that, in their opinion, the system of Land Traffic, imported to this country from Europe! is wrong in principle; that it is fast debasing us to the condition of dependent tenants, of which condition

a rapid increase of inequality, misery, pauperism, vice and crime, are the necessary consequences; and that, therefore, now in the infancy of the Republic, we should take effectual measures to eradicate the evil, and establish a principle more in accordance with our republican theory, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence; to which end we propose that the General Government shall no longer traffic, nor permit traffic, in the Public Lands yet in its possession, and that they shall be laid out in Farms and Lots, for the free use of such citizens (not possessed of other land) as will occupy them, allowing the settler the right to dispose of his possessions to any one not possessed of other land; and that the jurisdiction of the Public Lands be transferred to States for Territories only on condition that such a disposition should be made of them.

LAND LIMITATION, AND HOME-SEAD EXEMPTION;

The Land shall not be sold¹ for ever; for THE LAND IS MINE, and ye are strangers and sojourners with me.—LXX. xxv. 23.

Let us get off this ground, which I suppose to be self-evident, that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living."

—Jefferson.

The inequalities living in the family of Justice, had still a hand in the *tard*. [His] ruin could not be final in the last extremity, he could not be accused of one whose motives were so pure, and his conduct so upright.

But on the 1st of January, 1830, he died.

—The institutions living in the family of Justice, had still a hand in the *tard*. [His] ruin could not be final in the last extremity, he could not be accused of one whose motives were so pure, and his conduct so upright.

—Jefferson.

To the STATE LEGISLATURE:

The undersigned, citizens of this State, respectfully represent—that under the existing laws, the land is passing out of the hands of the cultivators into those of capitalists, as in Europe; and that increasing dependence, degradation and misery must be the lot of the cultivators until the system be changed. We believe, with Jefferson, "that the earth belongs in usufruct to the living," and that the practical establishment of this right is the only security for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

To effect this purpose with the least possible interference with the vested interest created by the present-imported system of Land Monopoly, we propose that a law may be enacted embracing the following measures, until they can be made a part of the Constitution:

1. A limitation of the quantity of land that any individual may *hereafter* acquire in this State, say to 100 acres.

2. The exemption of the homestead of each family, not to exceed 160 acres, from alienation for any future debt or liability, &c. in any manner except by the joint consent of husband and wife, where such alienation may exist.

And we respectfully request that by every constitutional means you will endeavor to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of this State, and of the United States, and cause them to be laid out in Farms and Lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; and that you instruct the Senators of this State in Congress to advocate these measures with respect to the lands now under control of the General Government.

Dated —————— 1834.

The Supplying Gas is creating quite sensations among the Dental and Medical professions, as well as many of the victims of diseased cutters' and grinders'. It appears that about a thousand and one claim to be originators of the discovery, and about as many in this city the authorized Agents. Drs. Horace Wells of Hartford, C. T., Jackson, and Morton of Boston, are among the claimants for the discovery. Dr. Morton's attempt to patent the article is likely to prove a gaudy affair.

GRANVILLE'S MAGAZINE.—This deservedly popular periodical for January has made its appearance and does the publishers great credit for taste and enterprise. The engravings are perfect. By reference to the prospectus it will be seen that great inducements are offered.

Depend upon it Sons of Mammon, all the good labor there is in a man can be got out of him in 10 hours.—(Providence Sentinel.)

Yes sir, a woman too.

It is said that the principal of Military Academy recently left constrained to refer the admission into his school to the War-office, but summer in the charge of Mrs. Webster.—(Farmer and Ledger.)

Constraining indeed! we suppose he is

afraid that the *war* will furnish another

evidence that Negroes are endowed with brains.

MEDICAL LECTURES.—Dr. Bidger advertises in another column that he will give a course of Medical Lectures at the City Hall commencing to-morrow evening. First Lecture free.

Jefferson Bancroft was re-elected Mayor of this city, at the election on Monday. It is to be hoped that some of the many honest and intelligent mechanics of which this city can boast, cannot fill this important station.

Single numbers of the Voice will be kept for sale at the Block and Periodical store, 112 Merrimack street; also subscriptions received at the same place.

OUR COURTESY CALLS.—Where are the Phidias, Ben Butler and Capt. George?

Meeting next Sunday, at 76 Central street, Subject—What is the duty of the Christian in regard to the Reforms of the day?

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Dying Year.

I loved thee in thy youthful glee;
When beauty rested on thy brow;

When chaste adorned each shapely tree;

But oh! thy dying now!

How sweet thou wert in summer time;

When fairer flowers breathed perfume;

When zephyrs drew from western clime;

How sweet thou wert in beauty's bloom!

I loved thee in those sunny days;

When thou wert fair in youthful bloom;

I love thee now with plaintive balm;

And then all ready for the tomb.

Still shall I love thee, dying year!

Even while sad Autumn weaveth thy shroud,

And thou art ready for the bier.

White winds chant thy requiem low!

Observe, I know thou art dying now;

Look on thy signs on hill and dell,

And think of me and the once fair bairn;

Sister, rest! I leave you far, farewell!

December 35.

To the Vanishes Female Industrial Reform Association.

SISTER OPERATIVES.—I regret more than ourselves that I am deprived of participation in this meeting, and more so than the event which has called me away at this time. Death has taken my brother and left my

to bear this sad intelligence home, where I spend a few moments in addressing you on a subject of the most vital importance, which you have not to discuss, and which this topic you will never be wearied of. May every one present have something to say, and above all be sure to say it, even if to yourselves it may not seem to be "quite so bright."

Encourage each other by words, acts, and looks. Let your light shine that those who are fearful may come forward in the mighty work of Reform. This subject is now discussed almost everywhere. Don't get to sleep just as everybody is awakening up. Our Association is one of the pillars, and the main one, for reducing the hours of labor. I wish there were thousands instead of hundreds of names to our Constitution, and all come up to the work in an honorable way. Don't be afraid to speak to the "Old man," "second hand," & "Bobbin boy," and I venture to say they will become converted to our faith and be with us. Unite is power, knowledge is the gauge and both we can possess. Give us time for improvement, or in other words the "Ten Hour System;" and we shall not be taught with ignorance and ill manners.

It is said, especially at mad times, "These Factory Girls appear like pigs." What makes them so nasty at the table? All know, and as well the venality. Give us time to eat, give us time for mental culture, and we will soon outshine the "upper class girls" of Manchester and Lowell, who are fearful they will be taken with ignorance and ill manners.

The editor of the Michigan State Journal indubitably thought he was rendering the starving females of New York great service, when he gave them this advice. But he ought to remember that even in New York we do not think of starving while they have money enough to carry them from that city to Michigan. Poverty won't buy passage tickets over railroads, canals, or steam-boats, any more than it will buy food.—(Providence Daily Sentinel.)

Permit me to urge upon you to encourage the Voice of Industry. Every operative should be a subscriber, and every one an agent, for it seems to be "our paper." Do write for this paper, we can all say something with the pen, as well as by word of mouth.

You who have tried, "Try again!" Never give up, and you may depend we shall get the hours reduced, and then we shall have an employment, not ashamed of the class to which we belong.

At our next meeting I hope to be present and enjoy the hearty co-operation of every member of our Association, and a host of the sisterhood, who will go heart and hand in ameliorating our condition.

Now I must with reluctance bid you a short adieu.

Truly yours in the work of Reform,

As OPERATIVE,

Franklin, Dec. 10, 1834.

Association.

Another meeting of the Lowell Union of Associationists will be held at Union Hall, next Sunday evening at six o'clock. Associationists, if you are in spirit as in name, cannot be lukewarm in a cause, in con-

nection with which all others dwindle into insignificance. If the redemption of \$900,000,000,² and the advent of the Kingdom of Heaven on the earth, are of any importance, then it is important that you should be up and doing, here and now! Shall we of Lowell remain idle while our brothers and sisters on all sides of us are moving in the glorious work?

A plan of operations for the winter campaign will be proposed at the next meeting. Let every friend of the movement be present. The day of our redemption draweth nigh!

H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

SIR:—It is with regret that I ask you to stop my paper; but sickness compels me so do. I have read it with pleasure and profit the past year. I think the long hours and close confinement, and short moments to eat in have been a great injury to me. I go for Labor Reform and I wish prosperity to the cause; and I would say onward for the cause of God.

D. H. J.

Pitney, Dec. 7, 1846.

