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LOWELL, (MASS.) FRIDAY MORNING, Sept. 3, 1847.

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VOLUME III.]

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.
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BY D. H. JAQUES,
J. H. JAQUES, EDITOR.

TERMS.—

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Advertisers are authorized to frank letters containing notices of removals, re-appointments, discontinuations, &c., at all other Post Office business.

Avertisement of a useful and proper character, inserted on reasonable terms.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MEDORA.

Maiden of the golden tresses,
Every heart thy presence blesses;
A world of magic surely lies,
In the blue depths of thy eyes.

Maiden of the golden tresses,
Beauty's power my soul confesses;
Will you let me love you? Say,
Say, Medora, that I may.

Maiden of the golden tresses,
Clearest Lyre for thy caresses;
Let me soft embrace be mine,
One presence of my lips to thine.

Lowell, August 27th, 1847.

Le Poer.

MISCELLANY.

From the Chronotype.

THE ARTIST.

BY MISS MARY ORME.

(Continued.)

Sir Benjamin put a parcel in my hand, and begged me to kill it in the morning at an early hour, as he was to leave town at twelve. I promised, and took my way homeward. The mile to the shop seemed no more than three steps. Isobel had made up for all deficiencies occasioned by my absence, by her over increased activity. Sweet girl, how much I loved her! Health of body, health of mind! But—gratitude is not love—esteem is not love—pity is not love. What, then, is love? I will hazard an answer, though the hard immovable had said in answer to the question—"What is Love?"—ask him who loves what is life? ask him who inquires what is God? But love is that mysterious, unconquerable attraction, by which two souls are drawn to each other, and by which they are finally mingled in one—overlapping interests, desires—all things are regarded with the same sympathetic openness of feeling. No one can say to another, love me, and be obeyed. A higher law governs this attraction that man has made, and though we may repress affections, and hold it in check with the stern decree of duty, while life lasts, we cannot gather it again and bestow it at will. Something grand. An iron will is no trifling omnipotence. But let us not require too much of mortals. There is a limit to human power, that it were well that men knew. If it were clearly defined something of blame would be annexed from the world. But I cannot linger upon that shop, or upon that sweet sister.

I must tell that I opened my package, and found treasures for an impudent artist. I wept for joy, and Isobel stood over me wondering what such trifles should move me thus. Ned Blake's pots of paint and brushes were much more sensible things to her. But she was a good girl, and I thought even then that I loved her well enough to marry her. What fearful mistakes of this kind are every day made—mistakes that can never be corrected, and that insure a life of misery. There were many things that I will only glance at, which were events in my history before I became a pupil of Sir Benjamin. The doubts and misgivings of my parents, wherefore did I give myself to a useless employment, my own efforts to render myself worthy of my good fortune, plotting with Isobel a hand too much good sense, too little imagination, and as I afterwards learned, too much secret affection for Ned Blake, to make the fool of herself that I did.

"Here, Fred, do take this manuscript, read it over and add to it what you please; that I was the pupil of a man who never had a vice, albeit you can't say that of his pupil, but don't tell them that I had his queer imagination, or rather, lack of imagination. Tell the world that I am so glorious, sunny Italy, and that I have been there before. Tell them about Mary Fielding, too, and see that you do her justice, Fred. Don't bungle that if you do me."

"Tell your own story," said I, "if you think my ability."

"No positively I have too much delicacy to tell how I have improved on the style of Sir Benjamin, or of Mary's devotion."

Well, here I am to tell the secret of my friend's story.

"Some men achieve greatness, some have it thrust upon them." Some men tell a story from choice like Nat Willis, and some are obliged to tell one, for what could I do when my friend, whom to spare the modesty of a great artist I shall call Frank, pushed that manuscript across the table and begged me to finish it for him. And now, my good readers, for and in consideration of the fact that I never perpetrated a story, or a sequel to one before, will you have the goodness to be very indulgent and anti-critical! Such fellows as Willis deserve no mercy at your hands, because they come before you from choice—deliberately, and with malice prepense—while I—but I have made my case plain if you have sense enough to read by spelling half the words. 6

After Frank had been some time under the care of Mr. West, he was sent by some gentlemen who loved the arts, or who loved the reputation of patronizing them, to Italy. He was a fortunate fellow to drop in at Sir Arthur Fielding's on just that day, and he was fortunate in coming on the stage just when patronage of the arts was at the rage. You know every thing has its zenith and nadir in the fashionable world. Men must ape the rail cars or the snail. I remember when Phrenology first came in fashion, high foreheads were all the rage. Women plucked out the "widow's peak" from their foreheads and combed their hair back a la ridiculous, and men shaved up to any quantity of intellect. Next thing we knew, women combed their hair all over their foreheads and cheeks, and men rested content with the fashion of skull which damnation had given them, and did not even shave their faces, hence in payment for a whorl demanded forehead, we have whiskers and mustaches. But this is digressing. Well Frank was patronized enough to have spelt a half dozen common felows. I once heard a noble lady say that she would patronize a puppy but never a man. I set that down as a golden saying, and I worshipped the lady, not for the saying, but the soul that dictated it. But how confoundedly I disgrace. I must take lessons or I shall never tell Frank's story. Frank had plenty of money. The Duchess of C—— had him under especial care, and these women understand how these things should be done.

His father, too, would not be behind all the world, and when he needed nothing he was ready to give him all. Frank and I were friends. I had been cursed with money and idle habits. I have always had a deep love for the arts. I have taste, but no genius. To be sure I have tried to draw a swan and an eagle, but they looked about as much like the originals as a spitted turkey; still, I have abundant love for the beautiful, though I could never force it out at my fingers' ends. I have loved Frank devoutly for ten years—a constancy, I take it, not often equalled in human nature. I have loved him, fog two reasons, if no more. First, he is a genius; and second, I have had nothing else to do. Truly, I might go yachting, but that is not to my taste. I might contrive to have a woman, but that might be contriving to be jilted, and there are so many counterhand and second-hand goods in the market that I decline all purchases to make sure of not being cheated. "Nothing venture, nothing have," and I am contented to have nothing of a thing so plenty and so poor. Do you say "sour grapes," my pretty lady reader? Pshaw! don't! You would have me directly, if I should come in *proposito* and ask you. I'll let a gnat you are the nimble fairies how I look, snapping

my fingers at your angelic sex, with my princely moustache, my broad-brimmed leghorn, my gold-headed cane, my neatest of all nice sizeable, shapeable feet done up in slippers and white silk stockings, and my arm through that of one of the first artists in the world.—Am I not a *catch*? But I am seven-and-thirty, and heart whole. But I must leave this vexatious story, or rather leave talking of myself, and go and walk in the *Piazza del Gran Duce*, or saunter down Lungarno, and look on the river, and when I return, I have half a mind to propose that I will eschew myself and stick to Frank. But promises are things of uncertain utility. I remember the reasoning of a little girl. Little girls are my angels, and they bring on the wisdom of a higher life and a better world at times, or else the Kantes speak untrue. The little girl said—"If I promise to love Mr. Study, and the feeling that makes me promise goes away, I can't keep my promise?" Here is a wide field for philosophy, I take it, though I am too idle to look into the matter very closely. I'll ask Frank about it, and you, reader, may ponder it till I have looked upon the Arno.

I have just thought of what I wonder. I had not thought of before—viz: that Frank's story may be finished in very few words. He has the sweetest wife and the prettiest boy in creation, and his wife has a young sister, Eva—I think she is handsomer than Mary—but Frank's wife is the handsomest *married* woman I ever saw. Reader, you may fancy her looks just to suit you—I don't like the trouble description. When I have learned to write stories, I'll describe my heroines to you! heart's content.

Mary Fielding was just ten years old when Frank made his debut a la artist at her father's in Birmingham. He made an impression on Mary's young soul that can never be effaced. No—eternity will deepen it, I doubt not. They are one forever. But Mary had many a headache after Frank left Birmingham. She dreamed of him awake and asleep, and after she found he had gone to Italy the first time, she joyfully heard her father speak of the "widow's peak" from their foreheads and combed their hair back a la ridiculous, and men shaved up to any quantity of intellect. Next thing we knew, women combed their hair all over their foreheads and cheeks, and men rested content with the fashion of skull which damnation had given them, and did not even shave their faces, hence in payment for a whorl demanded forehead, we have whiskers and mustaches. But this is digressing. Well Frank was patronized enough to have spelt a half dozen common felows. I once heard a noble lady say that she would patronize a puppy but never a man. I set that down as a golden saying, and I worshipped the lady, not for the saying, but the soul that dictated it. But how confoundedly I disgrace. I must take lessons or I shall never tell Frank's story. Frank had plenty of money. The Duchess of C—— had him under especial care, and these women understand how these things should be done.

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Resolved, That we hold these truths self-evident—that man is endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which is life, and the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, it is necessary for the people to form a government, and to give the power to limit for himself his hours of labor.

Resolved, That agreeable to the laws of New Hampshire, ten hours constitutes a legal day's work.

Resolved, That ten hours' labor in each day is that a man's constitution is able to bear.

Resolved, That on and after the 15th of

September next we will not work more than the legal number of hours each day.

Resolved, That we will sign no contracts to work more than ten hours per day.

Resolved, That to the support of these Resolutions we pledge our lives and our sacred honor.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to each of the manufacturing towns in the State.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be published in the Manchester Democrat and American, and the Voice of Industry, published in Lowell, Mass.

Which report was accepted with tremendous applause. The principles embodied in the resolutions were then discussed with much spirit by Messrs. Hall, Howe, Clark and Ross. The meeting had no need of assistance from abroad. Several of the speakers were more than equal to the task of defining and defending the principles of Labor Reform. A few of the overseers gathered together in the lower end of the aisle, and were disposed to sneer—and one of them a Scotchman, to be boisterous; but the hot shot was poured in so fast that they were fain to be quiet, and to let pass what they had not the calibre to answer.

The discussion was conducted with the utmost propriety, though with excitement and enthusiasm. The resolutions were then taken up separately, and passed with the utmost unanimity. The fifth resolution was postponed for further consideration, till the adjourned meeting on Monday evening.

This meeting must have a happy result upon the efforts of the operatives. It must tell upon the manufacturers, as it will prove to them what has been heretofore most industriously denied—that the operatives want, ask for, aye demand, the short hour system. It will show to them also, that the operatives are united and determined upon this matter. And more than this it will show to the operatives themselves, that they have the strength, the power, the intelligence among themselves, to keep this ball in motion—to agitate this question till humanity shall triumph over avarice, and the rights of the laborer be acknowledged and guaranteed by the employer.—*Manchester Democrat*.

Alexander Dumas.—The annexed anecdote is from Blackwood. It is well known that the celebrated romancer had a tinge of black in his blood:

A person more remarkable for his inquisitiveness than for correct breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and recklessness, rubs off everything—had the liberty to question M. Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" he began.

"I am, sir, quietly replied Dumas, who has sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he cannot conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist whose patience was waning.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir," thundered Dumas, with a fierceness which made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass.

"An ape, sir; my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

How well does the following apply to many bipeds one meets in this world:

"A bay in Jamaica was driving a mule; the animal was sullen, stopped, and turned his ached neck round upon the boy, as if in defiance and contempt."

"Won't go, won't you? Feel grand, do you? I guess you forget your father was a jackass!"

A Hint.—The Richmond Star says, "Folks who don't like the way papers are edited ought to ask leave to put in a specimen of the right sort. Every man that thinks it easy to edit a paper exactly right, and to universal acceptance ought to try it. May he who would succeed, and if so, he would be better entitled to a reward, than the discoverer of perpetual motion."

A Dutchman noticing the avaricious propensity of one of his fellow workmen, said:

"He is so mean dat in de veder vot iah cohk as it over vas, he never wears dryers nor shirt, and goes pasepoed in his poos."

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR:

The Right of Man to himself, to a permanent home on the earth; to the exercise of all his pursuits, to limit by himself the hours of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL:

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 3, 1847.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM PLEDGE.

We who are thus engaged, desirous of restoring to man his Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent any bill from being introduced in the Senate and the United States, and to cause them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or for any man for the Governor, sheriff, or Legislator who will not pledge himself in the presence of the People of Land, to limit the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in this State, to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt, mortgage, and to a limitation to ten of the thousand of daily labor or public works in establishments controlled by law.

REPEAL OF THE NEW POST OFFICE LAW.

On the Publication Office of this paper has been removed to No. 76 Central street—its former place of publication. Persons wishing to transact business with the paper or editor, are invited to call.

TO THE READERS OF THE VOICE.

With the present number, our connection as publishers of this paper ceases. The ill health of the editor, with other circumstances, not necessary here to detail, render such a step advisable. We are happy, on retiring in being able, to state to our friends and the public, that *THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY* is in a more prosperous condition, than at any period of its existence, and that the growing interest in its behalf and the righteous cause it advocates, warrants us in the belief, that it is permanently established. We also congratulate the friends of Labor Reform on being able to announce the name of Mr. D. H. Jaques—a man of strong devotion to human progress and elevation, and of acknowledged ability as our successor. In this change we feel quite sure our patrons will sustain no loss and we bespeak for Mr. Jaques a continuation of their aid and sympathy, believing they will be rewarded an hundred fold. To our friends—those who have generously aided us in our arduous and sacrificing labors, we return many thanks. To our enemies, or the enemies of our cause, we would entreat that degree of charity, which becomes beings liable to human frailty. With these brief remarks we take leave of our readers, and the public.

W. F. YOUNG,
M. EASTMAN.

SALUTATORY.

DEAR READERS: We shall make no very formal bow on this occasion, nor shall we address you as one addresses a company to whom he has had an introduction, in due form, but whose faces he has never before seen, for this is by no means the first time we have met. We have had the privilege of speaking to you often in times past, through the columns of the *Voice*, and for the last three weeks, though *sneog* perhaps to most, have been holding quite a familiar talk with you. So now salute you with a familiar nod of recognition, and give you the warm hand of a friend and brother.

It is the custom, when one takes the chair whether as Governor, President, or higher still, as *Editor*, to make a speech, of which the people believe just as much as they please, which is often too much—setting forth what they shall do. On such occasions great promises are usually made—honestly enough too, perhaps—but not always kept. To be on safe ground, therefore we will make no promises, but will tell you in few words what we shall try to do.

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

Those who will go on with us a few months will be able to judge, in a measure, how far we succeed in fulfilling our intentions. We shall now address ourselves, in a hopeful and trusting spirit, to our work.

D. H. JAQUES.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—One of the soundest thinkers and most eloquent writers in the Universalist denomination, has published an article in the *Universalist Quarterly Review*, on the "Elements, and Results of the Social Revolution now in Progress in the World," in which the firm conviction is avowed that this state of conflict and disarray, is not to be eternal, but that there is a "good time coming" in which peace and plenty and harmony shall be universal, and God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Be of good courage, brother toilers! "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Subscribers who wish to renew their subscription, will please remit the advance pay-

PHYSICAL REFORM.—NO. II.

In this article we shall call the reader's attention to some of the evils consequent upon physical transgression. We shall thus, we trust, be enabled to convince all who are willing to be convinced, of the importance—nay, more, the absolute necessity of a Reform.

1. PREMATURE DEATH. Starting as it may seem, it is a statistical fact, established beyond a doubt, that more than one fifth part of the human race die before reaching the age of one year, and more than one third within five years of their birth! What becomes of the remaining two-thirds? Do they live till a century of Summers has covered the earth with greenness and beauty, ere the flowers grow upon the sod that covers their graves? Do they live even the "three score and ten years" mentioned by the Royal Poet of Israel, as the allotted period of man's life? By no means. Probably *one half* of the human race die before reaching maturity, either of body or mind! One by one they pass from the stage of action. The grave digger and the undertaker have enough to do. The land is filled with lamentations and weeping, and men speak mournfully to each other of the "mysterious dispensations of Providence."

2. AGRESTIC UNIVERSAL SICKNESS.

Hardly a person can be found in community who is entirely free from disease. Perfect health is the exception and not the rule. A countless host of diseases seem to have been let out upon the earth, like an army of demons from *Tartarus* to torment us. Fever heats us, till the blood almost boils in our veins—Consumption wastes us away at once by non-Rheumatism, Gout, Choleric and kindred diseases tortures us with pains intolerable. Neither the young nor the beautiful nor the good die spared.

We will here quote from Horace Mann's sixth Annual Report to the Board of Education, his language being more to the point than anything we could write. After calling the reader's attention to the frightful facts mentioned in the above section, on Premature Death, he proceeds:

"Nor is this all, or the worst; for a vast portion of those who survive suffer pain which it is painful to think upon. The sick and valetudinous, instead of being here and there an individual, are a countless host; and it is rare to find any person entirely free from all ailments, organic and functional. Instead of contributing their share to those productions and improvements by which life is sustained, and the arts of life and the resources of well-being supplied, these classes are grievous burdens upon their friends or upon society. The worldly prosperity of thousands of families is destroyed by the diseases or infirmities of one if not both their heads—Children are made orphans, or mainly deprived of paternal nurture and supervision; or, on the other hand, parents are bereaved of their children. And, further, although it is most true that the calamity of sickness, or even of death itself, is nothing, compared with crime, yet it is also true that sickness induces poverty which is one of the tempters to crime, and that defrauded condition of the physical system often urges to vicious and destructive indulgencies, by the immature appetites which it creates, and thus ill health becomes the parent of guilt, as well as of bodily pains."

3. MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DEFORMITY.

Our limits will allow us to merely touch upon this point, though volumes might be written upon it with profit. Cases of insanity, both partial and total, are extremely numerous. Most of us are, perhaps, to a greater or less extent monomaniacs. There is an unnatural and diseased action of some part or parts of the brain, inconsistent with perfect sanity. Idiocy in its various phases is not less common. These are cases of what may be termed Mental Deformity, though strictly speaking, the disease is in the physical organs through which the mind is manifested and not to the mind itself.

For cases of Physical Deformity, we will only ask the reader to look around him in his daily walks, especially in the streets of our cities. The subject is one on which we cannot dwell here without giving pain and we forbear.

Look at all these things as they are—look at the deformed and dwarfish beings who walk our streets—hunch-backed fractions of men and women—look the frightful prevalence of Idiocy Insanity, and Disease—call to mind the fact, that about one half of those who are born, die before reaching the age of twenty years,—and then yourself—if it is probable, or possible even, that it is all the natural and inevitable result of the organization given to man, in the beginning, by the Almighty. The answer must be no. "No man will be impious enough to assert it." All the evils we named are the result of transgression—the transgression of laws with which it is our duty and our privilege to make ourselves acquainted; and it is worse than blasphemous to charge Providence with that of which our own ignorance and folly are the causes.

In our next article under this head we will speak of some of the various ways in which the physical laws are transgressed.

TEMPERANCE MEETING. Levi Leland (the Honest Quaker) will lecture on Temperance in the City Hall on Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M.

A collection will be taken up to defray expenses.

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

We make the following extracts from a "Regulation Paper" presented for the signature of the hands in the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company's Machine Shop. It shows the way they intend to get round the new Law. The last paragraph is particularly "rich":

"All persons entering into the employment of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, engage to work so many hours as the Shop usually runs, and that number of hours shall constitute a day's work."

"Overseers or Job Hands, hiring help, are not allowed to set them to work until they produce a copy of these Regulations, with the certificate below, signed by the person so hired."

"These regulations being for the benefit of all, it is hoped all will see the utility of abiding by them."

O. W. BAYLEY,
Ag't. Machine Shop."

Here is a copy of the certificate referred to above:

Manchester, N. H., _____ 18_____.
I, _____, of said _____ do hereby agree to conform to the foregoing Regulations."

Operatives of New Hampshire, will you sign such papers? Parents, will you consent that your children shall be bound by such Regulations? Your acts must answer.

W. M. P. U. Are our friends of the several Divisions willing to do anything for the "Voice"? It has suffered severely in its pecuniary interests, in Lowell especially, by its advocacy of the Protective Union movement. The traders see that their craft is in danger, and their cry like that of some old is, "Great Diana of the Ephesians?" Of course they will not subscribe for or advertise in a paper which they think opposes their interests, but will use their influence against it. This has suffered. Now the question is this: will you let the *Voice* laugh at the lack of your support, under these circumstances? We can not believe that you will. We believe there will be a hasty response to our call.

We will send the *Voice* to Divisions of the W. M. P. U., on the following terms:
Packages of five papers,
per annum \$ 5.00,
Packages of ten \$ 9.00,
Packages of twenty \$ 18.00.
Now what Division cannot furnish five or ten, or more subscribers, aside from those who may now take the paper? The aid which might be easily furnished would do much towards placing the *Voice* on a firm basis—Friends, we await your decision.

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Will the Cor. Secretaries of Divisions, and others to whom this paper is sent, take proper measures to bring the subject before their respective Divisions?

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL OF REV. ORANGE SCOTT, AUG. 4TH, 1847. BY LUCAS C. MATTHEW.

All honor to an honest and true man, whether in the church or out of it. Orange Scott, the founder of the sect of Wesleyan Methodists, we believe was such a man. He feared not to speak out for the right and the true, at all times, and in all places. He had no fellowship with what he considered to be wrong. He is gone. The voice of another earnest advocate of Human Freedom and Elevation is hushed; but being dead he yet speaketh through the true Lifeesson he taught.

The sermon named above, is worthy of its subject, which is saying much. The biographical facts it gives adds much to its interest. The author has our thanks for a copy. For sale at Dayton's and Sergeant's Bookstores.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF SLAVERY. BY LYNDSEY SPOONER. BOSTON: BETA MARSH, 1847.

We are indebted to Mr. Marsh for a copy of this able work. It is certainly one of the most logical books we ever read. We think Mr. Spooner has proved conclusively that the framers of the Constitution expressed fully what they meant, they meant not to sanction slavery. We like the earnestness and honesty of purpose which Mr. Spooner brings to his task, and wonder not at the wide popularity of his book. It is for sale by Beta Marsh, 25 Cornhill, Boston, and at the *Voice* Office, 76 Central street, Lowell.

LABOR REFORMERS—ATTENTION.—There will be a meeting of the friends of Industrial Reform at 76 Central street on Monday evening next, at 1-48 o'clock, for the purpose of consulting with regard to the measures best to be pursued at the present crisis, and to organize for more efficient action. Now is the time to be up and doing. Shall we not express our sympathy with our brethren in New Hampshire? Shall Massachusetts be idle in this cause? Shall Old England shame us, by being in advance of us in the work of Reform?

Let every friend of the Ten Hour System be on hand.

RELIGIOUS—VERY. The "Incorporated Sabbath Labor Christians" held an extra meeting in the Hamilton canal, last Sunday evening. We heard distinctly the sound of their devotions during the whole evening, and the fire had not gone out on their altars when we retired to rest at 10 o'clock. They are probably having a *revival*.

LET US BE FAIR TO ALL.

A SUGGESTION.

The suggestion contained in the following extract from the *Mechanics Advocate*; should receive the immediate attention of every friend of the People.

There is another idea to which we would direct attention. Many seem to entertain the belief that the Mechanics are by no means anxious in behalf of this measure, and that every desire for its establishment will speedily have vanished. But meetings such as we have recommended, will effectually dispel such weak opinions. It will show them that you are determined to persist in the endeavor to secure this benefit. It will awaken the attention of State and National Legislation, and teach them the necessity of their action as well as your own. They at present certainly seem to devote very little attention to the subject, but when they see the People rising and invoking their action, they know the call must be obeyed.

Suppose that the Mechanics of every principal city in the Union should hold large and spirited meetings, responding to the recent beneficial action of the British Parliament, and invoking the action of our own Legislature—is any one so blind—so infatuated as to suppose that such measures would not have a gigantic tendency to secure and hasten their success? Let the call be long and loud, and not come in weak and faltering tones. Address the various Representative bodies as men who have rights that long have been withheld, but now must be secured. Unaccountable is the good that thus might be accomplished.

We leave the subject for the present, and confide it to the hands of the Mechanics of the State and Union. Convinced that the suggestions we have set forth, are, if need upon, calculated to accomplish a vast amount of good, we may take the liberty to once more renew the subject. It is not yet too late for the holding of such meetings, but it is still advisable that they be held as speedily as possible. Will not the mechanics of every village, town and city, who are interested in the success of the cause, exert themselves for the circulation of this plan?

GERRIT SMITH. The following is an extract from a letter of Gerrit Smith to the *Emancipator*:

I am writing this letter not to prove that I am a consistent man. All who know me, know that I make no pretensions to consistency. I am a man of change. All who live not to stereotype but to correct their errors must be men of change. Upon many things in my anti-slavery history, I look back with regret; and I hope by the Divine help, I shall hereafter go counter to them. For instance I would never again take part in organizing a temporary political party, or a party which goes for the promotion of but a single specific reform. The only political party which a man has a right to belong to, is one which is fitted and entitled to continue to the end of time, because it goes for all political righteousness—for righteousness in every department and on every subject of politics—for the welfare of every class and condition of men. The only political party, in a word, which a man has a right to belong to, is one which is a party both of the whole, and for the whole.

FRIEND J. C., of Bloomsbury, P. M. Your communication is received. It is not our fault that the *Voice* does not reach you sooner. We have mailed No. 49, Vol. 2, for you according to request. You will perceive by this number that there has been a change in the editorial department of this paper. Your communications will not be less acceptable on that account. By the way friend C., you are a member of the *Lowell Union of Associationists*. Your friends of the *Union* would be happy to hear from you in regard to my interest you may find in the great cause of Social Re-organization in your vicinity.

OUR OUTSIDE. First page. *Poetry*. Conclusion of *The Artist*—a story which is something more than a story.—Ten Hour Law Meeting at Manchester. *Anecdote of Damon, the Boy, and the Mute*. A Hint. The Dutchman. Last page. *Poetry for the People*. Ebenezer Society, Wisconsin. Peagus O'Connor, &c.

THE CLERGY. Our Manchester correspondent says that the ministers stand aloof from the Ten Hour movement in that place. Will the Operatives of Manchester continue to support those who in the hour of need, thus desert them and a holy cause?

L. U. A. Members of the Lowell Union of Associationists, will reassemble their monthly meeting next Sunday Evening, 76 Central St. All persons friendly to the cause of Social Progress, are invited to be present. Do not forget it.

THE NEW ENGLAND OFFERING. Edited by Harriet Earley was received too late for notice this week. "He that judgeth a matter before hearing it is not wise."

THE FOLLOWING EXQUISITE STANZA IS WORTHY OF ITS SUBJECT. WE DO NOT KNOW WHO WROTE IT.

See the dawn of beauty breaking,
Through the curtain of her eyes,
When she opens them, when she shaks
Down her golden hair, when she smiles,
Sleep had sealed her orbs of brightness,
Till at last each pearl lay,
Weary with their press of brightness,
Burst with all the charms they had.

THE MANCHESTER DEMOCRAT of this week contains an account of another tremendous meeting of the Operatives, in the City Hall. Also, an "Appeal to the Female Operatives," by a female correspondent. The *Democrat* reaches Lowell just as we go to press, and we make no extracts.

THE AMERICAN PHENOMENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for Sept. is received. It is interesting and valuable, as usual.

The Epidemic is less virulent in this city than last week. Last week the deaths were 60, this week 51.

Thanks to Dr. Marvin Lincoln and Division No. 14, W. M. P. U., for the five subscribers' and the V. What Division will send next?

SCISSORINGS.

Fire in New York. A destructive fire occurred last night, at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets. The following buildings were consumed: The Type and Stereotype Foundry of Messrs. Comier, insured for \$50,000 dollars. McCrory's Eatery House—loss \$6,000. Copper-plate Printing office of J. W. Bell, loss \$6,000. Printing office of Snowden, and Pray, loss \$2,000. The proprietors of Raymond's managerie also experienced a loss of \$2,000 in cuts and materials for preparing their bills, where in this office. Several small traders were also burnt out, and lost all, being generally not insured. One building belonging to the Van Renaissance family, destroyed, and insured at Albany, was valued at \$10,000. Another building owned by Charles Squier, was slightly damaged, and an old man and his wife, who lodged in the fourth story were burnt to death.—*Traveller*.

MR. DEXTER OF NEW YORK, states through the press that he is preparing a work, which will completely overthrow the system of Copernicus and Newton, in relation to the Universe. He contends, for example, that the sun is *not* the sun—in other words, that it is merely the reflection of this earth, (as also the stars) seen through the magnifying influence of our atmosphere; that the earth is the only visible mass of ponderable matter, and that it is fixed and immovable.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 9 o'clock, P. M. The New Orleans *La Patria*, of the 24th of August says that the President of Honduras had issued his proclamation calling on the inhabitants of Central America to aid Mexico in her struggle with the United States.

Two military chiefs in Guatemala have issued similar proclamations.

Return of Parades. The New Orleans Delta makes the following suggestion upon the return of this distinguished officer.

* Parades will not go near the capital, if he intended, he could not reach it before Gen. Scott, who was no doubt, in possession of the capital by the 26th August. But he will proceed to the wealthy and populous States of Jalisco, Queretaro, and Guanajuato, and there he will, no doubt, succeed in rallying a force, which will give our Generals no little trouble.

More Troops for the War. Philadelphia, Aug. 27.—Five more regiments have been called out by the Secretary of War, to render service in Mexico, viz.—two from Tennessee, two from Kentucky, and one from Indiana.

The cotton factories in Allegany City says the Pittsburg Chronicle, have all stopped operations, in consequence of the proprietors attempting to cut down the wages of the operatives. The reason given for the reduction is the fall in prices.

It appears from a communication in the Young America, that 20,000 signatures of seamen have been obtained to get the unjust tax of one dollar per voyage reduced. The tax should be repealed, and no man should be sent to the legislature who does not think so. There is no humanity, justice, or excuse whatever for this extortion.—*Attaque Tel.*

The editor of the Chromotype advertises a few first-rate backgammon and checker boards, for the especial benefit of jumprun.

WILLIAM J. GRAVES, the *whig* candidate for Governor in Kentucky.

* *Possibilities Supplied.*—A tall Yankee noticed this sign over an oyster-cell in Boston and entering he called for a couple of children, if he could have them cheap. He wanted to supply with a family.

Flare-up among the Celestials. Seven of the crew of the Chinese junk now exhibiting in New York, have been arrested and committed to prison for assaulting the captain of that craft.

Irish Irony.—An Irish car-driver, in his list of journey expenses, charged "refreshment for horses, 2d." On inquiry, it turned out that the rogue meant *whiskey*.

The Cherokee Advocate, in noticing the suicide of a Cherokee by hanging himself, states that this is the first instance of the kind ever known among the Cherokees.

* The songs of a nation are like wild flowers, pressed, as it were by history, between the blood stained pages of history.

