

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOL. 2.

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Miscellaneous.

THE MECHANIC WHO 'WOULD NOT WORK ON THE SABBATH.'

PART I.

"James," said Mr. Thompson, "I wish you to get as many hands to work as will finish the water-wheel to-morrow."
"This is Saturday night, Mr. Thompson," said James.
"To-morrow is Sunday, and I cannot work upon that day."
"Cannot you to-morrow, and the factory has been stopped for two days already?"
"No sir."
"And why not?"
"From my earliest days, Mr. Thompson, I was taught to reverence the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath, in it thou shalt do no work," said the Lord. "The Sabbath is the greatest boon that ever was granted to poor working men; and since God had the condition of the working men so near to his heart as to ordain one day's rest for them in every seven, forbid that I should prove recreant to my Creator and Lawgiver, recalcitrant to myself, and the class to which I belong."

"A very fine sermon from so young a man to one of my rights and experience. Cannot you see that it is your duty to labor on Sunday when the welfare of others is concerned?"
For two days all the hands in the factory were idle, at the expense of no less than fifty dollars per day to myself, and to the number of workmen, girls and boys, the amount to them is no less on an average than two hundred, and they can but as little afford to lose their small earnings as I my large outlay. Don't you see that the act of working to-day is one of strict necessity, yea, more, one of mercy?"

"Mr. Thompson, I appreciate your good feelings regarding your work-people; their wages, though small, as you truly say, is a great loss to them. The Mechanic's dollar must go as far as the Millionaire's thousand, but for all this, money is not the only consistence of either the rich or poor man's life. I would rather have liberty and a crust of bread than a cup of water, than to wear the crown of a general monarch. I would rather sit down by my pudding and milk with the independence of Franklin, than to possess the wealth of our richest banker, if that wealth would cost the sacrifice of the least freedom of conscience, or leave the least stain upon an honest fame; and I have no doubt, Mr. Thompson, if you were to ask every one of your factory hands, if they would consent to be idle another day, rather than I should be a general monarch, they would all answer that they would, and the boys and girls will do none the worse of another idle day—idle days, they have been idle days looked from the cage these two days, and no wonder; working from halfpast four every morning till seven every evening, with scarce time to eat food for a day or two from the confinement and toil of the factory, like oxen escaped from bondage."

"Stop! stop, James, I have heard enough of your preaching. I thought that your good fame for reading books was only to make, as it do doubt has, a scientific mechanic of you; but it seems that you have also been studying eloquence in the like of you—your good look for lawyers and clergymen, for mechanics and merchants, the fellows who they can say the better. You are captious and presuming. I have made up my mind that the wheel shall not be finished to-morrow. Are you ready to go on and do it?"
"I esteem books, Mr. Thompson highly, but I hope that I profit also by experience—both in your own things. I am sorry to display or indulge you, Mr. Thompson, but I cannot work to-morrow."

"Sorry, sorry, indeed you are. If you were so, you would signify it by fulfilling my request. To think that after you have heard your trade with me, when you see that loss has already been caused by the stoppage in the factory, you refuse to work to-morrow in the score of principle. Well, if you don't answer me, go to Jenkins, Willson, and tell him I want to see him." This was said to his water or porter, who immediately obeyed.

Mr. Thompson then, strongly displeased, handed James Robertson his wages, saying,

"I will believe that settles the difference between us in this matter of friendship. But do not fear for him in wealth, he father was dignified, and somewhat proud of rank, and held the highest in the land might be proud to solicit his hand."
One thing he resolved, and which he performed. He wrote her a long letter when he arrived at New York. It breathed the conviction of an honest but upholding heart, couched in the most touching manly eloquence, with the generous wishes for her happiness and the one who might be so fortunate as to call her his bride.

The letter was received, but no answer was returned. Where the young mechanic had gone to, and where he would go to, he could not tell himself—in his own language contained in his letter, "the wandering knighting and caring not whither." But that letter was not forgotten. Like golden characters inscribed upon snowy marble, it dwelt on the heart of Mary Thompson, and its impression was like the lingering of a summer's sun on the cottage house, in the green valley of childhood's idyllic days. Many a gay and gallant soldier sought her hand, but

"There was one far, far away. A world above them all."
PART II.
In the year—the blighting year to commerce, mercantile and land speculation—1837, oh how many proud heads went to the dust, and how many the pleasure of misfortune tore up the proud pillars of many a haughty man's ambition and glory! That was a year of democratic revolution in wealth—princes became beggars—the rich became poor. It was the grave of many a splendid fortune; like the grave, it leveled many a false distinction; but also a good and honest, and noble man; and many suffered in public calamities, the innocent often suffer with the guilty. These sometimes were the victims in the mercantile world, as well as in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. They ought to teach humility, more especially to the proud and wealthy as they are the objects whose hearts are the deepest wounded by the arrows of worldly reverses. The man who takes the world calmly, who beholds in every man a brother, and who uses his wealth for the alleviation of distress, and the welfare of his fellow man, is never stung by the hand, or his ambition, or his wealth. In giving to the poor, he lends to the Lord; and his charity cheereth up many a poverty stricken heart. Should misfortune befall him, he has the sympathies of those who may not be once benefited; and though they may not be able to restore unto him, what, in his kindness he gave unto them, yet he knows that they feel for him, and a warm place in the hearts of the humble, he knows how to give the alms of his misfortunes, and inspires his heart with calm and holy contentment. But what a change to the proud selfish man, is the wreck of his fortune. No voice of sympathy salutes his ear, or fills his heart with emotion. He was as a rock upon a mountain peak, but now he is hurled from his dwelling place on high to the foot of the deity and lies there a cold, bare, useless fragment. No more was the great Mr. Thompson's splendid fortune. More unfortunate than some, he had still a remnant left; and although a proud, was an honest man in his own views. He paid off all his debts, but would not brook to live in mediocre poverty, where he had lived in affluence and was looked upon as great.

He bought a tract of land on the Grand Rapids, Michigan, and resolved to remove there with his family. At his departure there were but few who felt not sorrow, for although a haughty man, and could ill brook opposition in opinion, yet he had a kind heart, and many a good act he performed. It would be far happier if those who have such wealth as he had, performed but one-half of his kindnesses. But there was no one who could part with Mary Thompson's wealth, and she was the great Mr. Thompson's splendid fortune. More unfortunate than some, he had still a remnant left; and although a proud, was an honest man in his own views. He paid off all his debts, but would not brook to live in mediocre poverty, where he had lived in affluence and was looked upon as great.

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Michigan's inland sea. The music of the crockets arose in gay chirrings from every field, and the trees waved among the branches of every tree. After in the wood might be heard the lone tinkling of the cow bell, or the bleating of some sheep that had strayed from the flock. Along the road which skirted the river, a single traveller might be seen riding a powerful gray steed. Every now and then he would stop to admire the romantic sunset, river, hill and dale; but when he arrived at the top of the small eminence which commanded a view of Mr. Thompson's cottage, and as the quiet and beautiful rural landscape burst upon his vision, he reined in his steed, and with enthusiasm gazed upon the lovely scene. For a moment, his brow was darkened with a cloud, and he gave vent to his feelings in the following beautiful lines of Moore.

"And all in this lone little cell I exclaimed, With the maid that a truce to soul and to eye, That I should think with I praised, and weep I loved, How blest could I live, and how calm could I be. His horse had joggled slowly along the road and drew near Mr. Thompson's cottage, when almost in answer to his own voice, he heard the following lines sung in the most touching sweetness.

"Oh Henry my love, though thou art a shepherd's return, Till life's latest hour, I'll be absent all around, And never again, like some, will I be true, 'Till my life's stars out thought on another day be!"

It was Mary Thompson singing to her father. The voice was so sweet, so melodious, the traveller's heart like some mournful melody of the days of yore. He rode hastily to the gate of the cottage, and was met by Mr. Thompson with a welcome to the stranger, which can only be given by one who has lived in the backwoods. There was no mistaking on the part of James Robertson, for he was the traveller. He knew his old employer in a moment, and it was no part of his nature to hide his feelings. He grasped the hand of Mr. Thompson with an affection and joy which perfectly astonished him, who at first did not know him; strong shades of anguish had darkened his brow, and given breadth to his form, since three years before he had been discharged from his employment because he would not work on the Sabbath. Mr. Thompson gave him the welcome of a mother.

Mary had seen him when he rode up the hill to the gate, and she knew him in a moment; the eye that is not easily deceived. What a meeting of unexpected joy was there in the house of Mr. Thompson that evening. James Robertson had heard that Mr. Thompson intended to build a saw-mill on a small stream on his farm, and he came from a distance of five miles, that evening to make enquiries about it, and try to get the putting up of the machinery. He had not heard the name of Mr. Thompson, and the result was as he had expected.

Let us pass hastily over the rest of our story. James Robertson soon learned how deeply he was beloved by Mary Thompson. She had long known by his letter, the affection of his heart. James Robertson became the son-in-law of Mr. Thompson; and a more worthy one he could not desire. He often declared that since Jenkins had been employed by him to work upon a Sunday, fortune seemed to toss him like a football.

There is not a water cottage on a happier family than James Robertson's on the banks of the Grand Rapids; and as a mechanic, there is not his superior throughout the country. Enthusiastic about his occupation, he traveled and profited by experience. Around his cottage on a summer's day you may see a troop of fair-haired children, chasing the golden-winged butterfly from flower to flower, and in the cool of the evening, you may see grandfather Thompson raking the youngest of his grand-children upon his knee and in his innocent prattle, and the joyous faces around him, declaring, that in his domestic rural simplicity of life, he experiences a happiness which all the riches of his early life failed to confer, and sometimes in the file of his old hair, you may hear him sigh.

"Oh, why should old age so much wound me, oh, There's nothing 'tis to comfort me, oh, How happy now am I with my old wife sitting by, And my children and grand-children around me, oh."

James Robertson is not by any means a rich man. He has experienced the famous truth, "no man will get rich in a hurry, if he is honest." But he has enough of the conservative life without his superfluities; and the number who may justly envy up the banks of the Grand Rapids will allow us that a hospitable welcome at his dwelling, and the company of one of "nature's noblemen," while his family exhibit the rural virtues of

"An ancient fish which knows no guile, An industry bestowed which grows, And honors reached and honors gained, The Meekness they enjoy, he guards."

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

From the Boston Courier.
Political Correspondence.
Lowell, Oct. 23, 1846.

Dear Sir:—The undersigned, a Committee of the Industrial Reform Association, at Lowell, appointed to question candidates at the coming election respecting the measures of said Association, respectfully invite you to inform us, in writing, whether you will be affected, and whatever influence you may possess to sustain or carry into effect the following measures:

1. To limit the hours of labor to ten, on all public works, or in establishments chartered by law?
2. 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 agriculturalists not possessed of other lands in limited quantities?
3. To limit the quantity of land any individual may hereafter possess in this State?
4. The National Congress concedes the competency of the present holders of land remaining in possession thereof till death; and then, after partitioning the heirs with the legal limit of five acres, the surplus to be sold, and the proceeds distributed among the heirs.
5. To exempt the Homestead from alienation on account of any future debt, mortgage, or other liability?
6. To adjust salaries to the average composition of useful labor.

Respectfully yours,
In behalf of Human Rights,
JOHN S. FLETCHER,
Wm. Y. GORHAM,
JOEL HATCH.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 26, 1846.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your circular of the 23d, permit me to remark, that all the questions you propose, except the first, are now for the first time presented to me for consideration. In my humble judgment, no wise and prudent man would venture to defile his action on questions involving consequences, from which, if they could be foreseen, a statesman heart then might shrink with apprehension, without first giving to them the most thorough and sober investigation. It would, therefore, be a matter of no small degree of presumption in me to decide in matters of such vital interest to a whole people, without more information than is now in my possession, and without knowing some at least of the arguments in favor of measures adapted to make such essential changes in the laws concerning property. You will allow me to say also that according to my view of the relations existing between legislators and their constituents, on all questions of general policy, instructions from the latter and pledges from the former are equally improper, and both have a tendency to check that freedom of action and to disturb that impartiality of judgment to which every honest legislator should aspire.

The proposition to limit the hours of labor to ten, is not one of quite so novel a character as the others; and, if my memory is not unfaithful, it has been adopted in our legislature, and after grave deliberation, was dismissed as a subject not coming within the province of legitimate legislation. It has always appeared to me, gentlemen, that the *status* as well as the *price* of labor should be settled by agreement between the employer and the employed. How can it be otherwise? Can the legislature compel the employer to pay as much for the labor of ten hours as he would pay for that of twelve? Supposing a law should be passed limiting the hours of a day's labor to ten, would not the price of a day's labor be immediately reduced one-sixth? I am unable to perceive, then, any advantage to the laborer to be secured by a law limiting the hours of his labor, so long as he is a party to the contract with his employer, and can never be compelled to work more hours or for less money than has been stipulated in the bargain.

Concerning these views, gentlemen, concerning the first measure, on which you ask whether, if selected, I will use whatever influence I possess to sustain and being embarrassed for want of information and opportunity for investigation concerning the others, I must respectfully withhold any assurance of co-operation in carrying them into effect. And here, with this declaration, I might with propriety affix my signature, and close this reply; but I cannot permit the occasion to pass without signifying a few remarks, which, I trust, will not be deemed impertinent.

I had no agency in placing my name before the public as a candidate for an office. Those who placed me in this position, neither asked my position nor interrogated me as to principles. I am, therefore, in no manner embarrassed by their belief in my capacity to serve them, and the consequent wealth, but in particular way my services were expressed to be available, has never been indicated by interrogation or instruction. It is a matter of little importance to them, to you or to me, whether I shall be elected or not. To be a member from the large and important

Doc'tr.

For the Voice of Industry... For the Voice of Industry, a postage to the Moon... I know thy hands have made them all...

SARAH.

From the Chronicle... Dear Maid, a song to thee I bring...

Dear Maid, a song to thee I bring... I know thy hands have made them all... I have a song for thee...

Freedom of the Public Lands.

It is well known that Dr. Franklin... would labor at some useful employment four hours a day...

THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

The ten-hour system... is a new patent of reform, but with a fortune of fifty millions in hand...

THE SUNDAY LAW.

The spirit of legislation... is to prevent a communication to New York of the Galadonian news.

THE ARRIVAL OF PEACE.

The arrival of peace... has just been captured by our arms, in the capital of the State of New Mexico.

THE BANGOR MERCURY.

The Bangor Mercury... has just been captured by our arms, in the capital of the State of New Mexico.

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Prospectus of the Voice of Industry... Devoted to the elevation of Mental, Moral and Physical Service...

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ADAM FRENCH... CLOTHS, CASIMERE, HATS, READY MADE CLOTHING, TAILORS... Gentlemen's Furnishing Articles...

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