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ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

On receiving from a Lady a Book-mark, inscribed with
the motto "Hope."
"Thy part of woman's mission here,
The weary heart to man to cheer,
As in the thoughtless life,
He flounders faintly in the strife.
Let's potent be the martial strains
That shudder hearts on bloody plains,
Than the sweet music of thy voice
Making the mournful heart rejoice.
Her lightsome laugh and cheering song,
They strike man's heart and make it strong,
They nerve him for manly blows,
In smiling down life's countless foes.
Her sympathy is like a balm,
That heals on his spirit's harm,
And the bright glances of her eye
Cause all his phantom fears to fly.
But me a light thing cheereth not,
Too long has sorrow been my lot,
And hope is almost powerless now,
Too straggling heart and raise my brow.
Hope blessed me in my boyhood days,
Unstinted fell its sunny rays,
Around me in a golden shower,
With cloudy grief dispelling power.
It gives me now but slight relief,
It only shines upon my grief,
As fading sunlight glides the cloud,
A haze—unrepaired in glorious shroud.
Life's joy may never be mine again;
Yet lady 'twas not all in vain
Thy little gift to me was sent—
The gift of kind encouragement.
For every act of kindness shown,
And every word of kindly tone,
Like angel whispers to my heart,
Shall thrill a Titan's love impart.
And think too lady I repeat;
If any fault there be, 'tis mine;
I will not lose my spirit's pride
For all that faintest gain bestial.
Though Hope has left, I'm not alone,
For while I weep I'm not yet down;
And amid life's disappointments rude,
I find a friend in Fortitude.
These bills be yet to be a man,
And bravely work what good I can;
And, lady, though I cannot hope,
I will not be a Misanthrope. (HORACE.)

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine.
HILDA SILVERING.
A FANTASY.
BY L. MARIA CHILD.
Continued.
"Thy youth" said Brenda, smiling. "One
sees well that must have been a long time ago.
To hear thee talk, one might suppose thou
wert an old nutcracker, just ready to drop
from the bough like a nut." Hilda
blushed, and said she felt old, be-
cause she had had much trouble. "Poor
child," responded the good Brenda. "I hope
thou hast had thy share."
"I feel as if nothing could trouble me here,"
replied Hilda, with a grateful smile; "all
seems so kind and peaceful." She breathed
a deep sigh through the lute, as she laid it
off on the shelf where she had found it.
"But my good mother," said she, "how else
and soft are these tones. The lute I used to
hear was far more harsh." "Thy wood is
very old," rejoined Brenda; "Thy say its
tone than a hundred years. Alerik Thord
gave it to me, to call my good man when he
was out in the boat. Ah, he was such a
Berserker of a boy and in truth he was not
much more sober when he was three
years ago. But no matter what he did, one

could never help loving him." And who
kissed it as he went away, it lighted up with
a smile of rainbows. "That house," said
Brenda, "was built by Alerik's grandfather.
He was the richest man in the village. But
his only son was away among the wars for a
long time, and the old place has been going
to decay. But thy say Alerik is coming back
to live among us; and he will soon give it a
different look. He has been away to Ger-
many and Paris, and other outlandish parts,
for a long time. Ah, the rogue! there was no
mischief he didn't think of. He was always
tying cats together under the windows, and
barking in the middle of the night, till he set
all the dogs in the neighborhood a howling.—
But as long as it was Alerik that did it, it was
all well enough; for everybody loved him, and
he always made one believe just what he
liked. If he wanted to make thee think thy
hair was as black as Neeck's,* name, he
could make thee think so." Hilda smiled,
as she glanced at her faxen hair, with here
and there a gleam of paly gold, where the sun
touched it. "I think it would be hard to
prove that *this* was black," said she. "Never-
theless," rejoined Brenda, "if Alerik under-
took it, he would do it. He always has his
say, and does what he will. One may as well
give in to him first as last."

This account of the unknown youth carried
with it that species of fascination, which the
idea of uncommon power always has over the
human heart. The secluded maiden seldom
touched the lute without thinking of the giver;
and not unfrequently she found herself con-
jecturing when this wonderful Alerik would
come home. Meanwhile, constant but not
excessive labor, the mountain air, the quiet
life, and the kindly hearts around her, restored
to Hilda more than her original loveliness.
In her large blue eyes, the inward-looking
sadness of experience now mingled in strange
beauty with the out-looking clearness of youth.
Her fair complexion was tinged with the glow
of health, and her motions had the airy buoy-
ancy of the mountain breeze. When she
went to the mainland, to attend church, or
to some festival, the hearts of young and old
greeted her like a May blossom. Thus with
calm cheerfulness her hours went by, making
no noise in their flight, and leaving no im-
pression. But here was an unsatisfied want.
She sighed for hours that did leave a mark
behind them. She thought of the Danish
youth, who had first spoken to her of love;
and plaintively came the tears from her lute,
as she gazed on the opposite hills, and won-
dered whether the Alerik she talked of so
much, was indeed so very superior to other
young men.

Father Oberg often came home at twilight
with a boat full of juncos, which he strewed
over the floors, that they might diffuse a
halcyon odor, inviting to sleep. One evening,
when Hilda saw him coming with his verdant
load, she hastened down to the water's edge
to take an handful of the fragrant boughs.—
She had scarcely appeared in sight, before he
called out, "Oh, believe! Alerik has come! I
held the organ in the old house. Somebody
was playing on it like a Northeast storm; and
surely, said I, that must be Alerik." "Is
there an organ here?" asked the damsel in
surprise. "Yes, he built it himself, when he
was here three years ago. He can make
anything he chooses. An organ, or a basket
out of a cherry stone is all one to him."

When Hilda returned to the cottage, she of
course repeated the news to Brenda, who ex-
claimed joyfully. "Ah then, was shall see him
soon. If he does not come before, we shall
certainly see him at the wedding in the
church to-morrow." "And plenty of tricks
we shall have now," said Father Oberg, shak-
ing his head, with a good natured smile.—
"There will be no telling which end of the
world is uppermost, while he is here." "Oh
yes, there will, my friend," answered Brenda,

laughing; "for it will certainly be whichever
end Alerik stands on. The handsome little
Berserker! How I should like to see him."

The next day there was a sound of lively
music on the waters; for two young couples
from neighboring islands were coming up the
ford, to be married at the church in the op-
posite village. Their boats were ornamented
with gay little banners, friends and neigh-
bors accompanied them, playing on musical
instruments, and the rowers had their hats
decorated with garlands. As the rustic band
floated thus gaily over the bright waters, they
were joined by Father Oberg, with Brenda
and Hilda in his boat. Friendly villagers had
already decked the simple little church with
over-greens and flowers, in honor of the
bridal train. As they entered, Father Oberg ob-
served that two young men stood at the door
with clarinets in their hands. But he thought
no more of it, till, according to immemorial
custom, he, as clergyman's assistant, began to
sing the first lines of the hymn that was given
out. The very first note he sounded, up-
struck the clarinets at the door. The louder
they played, the louder the old man bawled;
but the instruments gained the victory. When
he essayed to give out the lines of the next
verse, merciless clarinets brayed louder than
before. His stentorian voice had become
vociferous and rough, from thirty years of
hallowing across the water, and singing of
palms in four village churches. He exerted
it to the utmost, till the perspiration poured
down his ruficand visage; but it was of no
use. His rivals had strong lungs, and they
played on clarinets in F. If the whole vil-
lage had screamed fire, to the shrill accom-
paniment of railroad whistles, they would
have over-topped them all. Father Oberg
was vexed at heart, and it was plain enough
that he was so. "The congregation held down
their heads with suppressed laughter; all ex-
cept one tall vigorous young man, who sat up
very serious and dignified, as if he were re-
verently listening to some new manifestation
of musical genius. When the people left
church, Hilda saw this young stranger ap-
proaching toward them, as fast as numerous
hand-shakings by the way would permit.
She had time to observe him closely. His
noble figure, his strong agile motions, his ex-
pressive countenance, hazel eyes with strong
black brows, and abundant brown hair
tossed aside with a careless grace, left no
doubt in her mind that this was the famous
Alerik Thord, but what made her heart
beat more was his strong resemblance to
Father Oberg's neck, with expressions of joy-
ful recognition. The kind old man, vexed as
he was, received these affectionate demon-
strations with great friendliness. "Ah, Alerik,"
said he, after the first salutations were
over, "that was not kind of me." "Mel
What!" exclaimed the young man with well-
feigned astonishment. "To put up those con-
founded clarinets to drown my voice," re-
joined he, bluntly. "When a man has led the
singing thirty years in four parishes, I can as-
sure thee it is not a pleasant joke to be treat-
ed in that style. I know the young men are
tired of my voice, and think they could do
things in better fashion, as young folks always
do; but I may thank thee for putting it into
their heads to bring those detestable clarinets."

"Oh, dear Father Oberg," rejoined the
young man, in the most coaxing tones, and
with the most coaxing manner, "you could
not think I would do such a thing." "On
the contrary, it is just the thing thou couldst
do," answered the old man; "Thou needst
not think to cheat me out of my eye teeth,
this time. Thou hast often enough made me
believe the moon was made of green cheese.
But I know thy tricks. I shall be on my
guard now; and mind thee, I am not going to
be bamboozled by thee again." Alerik smiled
mischiefously; for he, in common with all
the villagers, knew it was the easiest thing in
the world to join the simple-hearted old man.
"Well, come Father Oberg," said he, "shake
hands and be friends. When you come over
to the village, to-morrow, we will drink a
mug of ale together, at the Wolf's Head."—
"Oh yes, and be played some trick for his
pains," said Brenda. "No, no," answered
Alerik, with great gravity. "He is of his
now, and I cannot bamboozle him again;—
With a friendly nod and smile, he bounded
off, to greet some one whom he recognized.
Hilda stepped back to hide herself from ob-
servation. She was a little afraid of the
handsome Berserker; and his resemblance to
the Magnus of her youthful recollections
made her sad.

The next afternoon, Alerik met his old
friend, and reminded him of the agreement to
drink ale at the Wolf's Head. On the way,
he invited several young companions. The
ale was excellent, and Alerik told stories and
sang songs, which filled the little tavern
with roars of laughter. In one of the inter-
vals of merriment, he turned suddenly to hon-
est Hans, and said, "Father Oberg, among
the many things I have learned and done in
foreign countries, did I ever tell you that I
had made a league with the devil, and am
shot-proof?" "One might easily believe thou
hadst made a league with the devil, before
thou wert born," replied Hans, with a grin at
his own wit; "but as for being shot-proof,
that is another affair." "Try me and see,"
rejoined Alerik. "These friends are witness-
es that I tell you it is perfectly safe to try.—
Come, I will stand here; fire your pistol, and
you will soon see that the evil one will keep
the bargain he made with me." "Be done
with thy nonsense, Alerik," rejoined his old
friend. "Ah, I see how it is," replied Alerik,
turning towards the men. "Father Oberg
used to be a famous shot. Nobody was more
expert in the bear or wolf hunt than he; but
old eyes grow dim, and old hands will trem-
ble. No wonder he does not like to have us
see how much he fails." This was attacking
honest Hans on his weak side. He was proud
of his strength, and skill in shooting, and he
did not like to admit that he was growing
old. "I not hit a mark!" exclaimed he, with
indignation; "When did I ever miss a thing I
aimed at?" "Never, when you were young,"
answered one of the company; "but it is no
wonder you are afraid to try now." "Afraid!"
exclaimed the old hunter, impatiently. "Who
the devil said I was afraid?" Alerik shrug-
ged his shoulders and replied carelessly, "It is
natural enough that these young men should
think so, when they see you refuse to aim at
me, though I assure you that I am shot-proof,
and that I will stand perfectly still." "But
why not try really shot-proof?" inquired the
guileless old man. "The devil has helped
thee to do so many strange things, that one
never knows what he will help thee to do
next." "Really, Father Oberg, I speak in
earnest. Take up your pistol and try, and
you will soon see with your own eyes that I
am shot-proof." Hans Oberg looked around
upon the company like one perplexed. His
wits, never very bright, were somewhat mud-
dled by the ale. "What shall I do with this
shot-proof?" inquired he. "You see he will be
fellow." "Try him, try him," was the general
response. "He has assured you he is shot-
proof; what more do you need?"

* An albin spirit, which, according to popular tradition in Norway, appears in the form of a black-
horse.

now, it will be a great comfort to you and
your good Brenda, that you did not intend to
commit murder." The poor old man gazed
at them with an expression of such extreme
suffering, that they became alarmed, and said,
"Cheer up, cheer up. Come you must drink
something to make you feel better." They
took him by the shoulders, and as they led
him out, he looked back wistfully on the body.
The instant he left the apartment, Alerik
sprang up and darted out of the opposite
door; and when Father Oberg entered the
other room, there he sat, as composed as
possible, reading a paper, and smoking his
pipe. "There he is!" shrieked the old man,
turning paler than ever. "Who is there?"
inquired the young men. "Don't you see
Alerik Thord?" exclaimed he, pointing,
with an expression of intense horror. They
turned to the landlord, and remarked, in a
compassionate tone, "Poor Father Oberg has
shot Alerik Thord; whom he loved so well;
and the dreadful accident has so affected his
brain, that he imagines he sees him." The
old man pressed his broad hand hard against
his forehead, and again groaned out, "Oh
don't you see him?" The tones indicated
such agony, that Alerik had not the heart to
prolong the scene. He sprang on his feet,
and exclaimed, "Now for your gallon of ale,
Father Oberg; you see the devil did keep his
bargain with me." "And are you alive?"
shouted the old man. The mischievous fel-
low soon convinced him of that, by a slap on
the shoulder that made his bones ache. Hans
Oberg capered like a dancing bear. He hug-
ged Alerik, and jumped about, and clasped
his hands, and was altogether beside himself.
He drank unknown quantities of ale, and this
time sang loud enough to drown a brace of
clarinets in F.

The night was far advanced when he went
on board his boat to return to his island home.
He pulled the oars vigorously, and the boat
shot swiftly across the moon-lighted waters.
But on arriving at the customary landing, he
could discover no vestige of his white-washed
cottage. Not knowing that Alerik, in the full
tide of his mischief, had sent men to paint
the house with a dark brown wash, he thought
he must have made a mistake in the landing;
so he rowed round to the other side of the
island, but with no better success. Ashamed
to return to the mainland, to inquire for a
house that had absconded, and a little suspi-
cious that the ale had hung some sorcery in
his brain, he continued to row till his
thriller, till his strong muscular arms fairly
ached with exertion. But the moon was fully
down, and all the landscapes settling into
darkness; and he at last reluctantly concluded
that it was best to go back to the village inn.
Alerik, who had expected this result much
sooner, had waited there to receive him.—
When he had kept him knocking a sufficient
time, he put his head out of the window, and
inquired who was there. "Father Oberg,"
and inquired who was there. "Father Oberg,"
and inquired who was there. "For the love of
mercy let me come in and get a few minutes
sleep before morning. I have been rowing
about the bay these four hours, and I can't
find my home any where." "This is a very
bad sign," replied Alerik, solemnly. "Houses
don't run away, except from drunken men.
Ah, Father Oberg! Father Oberg! what will
the minister say?" But he did not have a
chance to persecute the weary old man much
longer; for scarcely had he come under the
shelter of the house, before he was mooring in
a profound sleep.

Early the next day, Alerik sought his old
friends in their brown-washed cottage. He
found it not so easy to locate them as
usual. They were really grieved; and Brenda
even said she believed he wanted to be the
death of her old man. But he had brought
them presents which he knew they would like
particularly well; and he kissed their hands,
and talked over his boyish days, till at last
they made them laugh. "Ah now," said he, "you
have forgiven me, my dear old friends. And
you see, father, it was all your own fault.
You put the mischief into me, by leaving be-
fore all those young men that I could never
bamboozle you again." "Oh, then, thou incorrig-
ible rogue!" answered the old man. "I be-
lieve thou hast indeed made a league with the
devil; and he gives thee the power to make
every body love thee, do what thou wilt."
Alerik's smile seemed to express that he

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your good Brenda, that you did not intend to
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at them with an expression of such extreme
suffering, that they became alarmed, and said,
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always had a pleasant consciousness of such power. The *lady* lay on the table beside him, and as he took it up, he asked, "Who plays on this?" Yesterday, when I was out in my boat, I heard some very wild pretty variations. Brenda instead of answering, called, "Hilda! Hilda!" and the young girl came from the next room, blushing as she entered. Alarik looked at her with evident surprise. "Surely, this is not your Guilda?" said he. "No," replied Brenda, "she is a Swedish orphan, who all the kind-*er* Father sent to take the place of our Guilda, when she was called hence." After some words of friendly greeting, the visitor asked Hilda if it was she who played so sweetly on the *lute*. She answered timidly, for the tones of his voice were like Magnus the Dane.

[Concluded next week.]

AN OLD LADY AND THE FIREMAN.—"Where is the fire?" asked Mrs. Barlington of a fireman, from an upper window, as the bells were waking the night with their clangor.

"In —" was the ungracious response, naming the hottest title of perpetual wrath.

"Dear me!" said the old lady, not comprehending him; "is it so far off? I wish it were nearer, for your sake! But he'll get there soon," she muttered to herself, "if he goes on as he does now;" and she went to sleep again, invoking blessings on the guardians of public safety.

CURIOSITIES.—A link from chain-lightning. The key which the elephant used to unlock his trunk.

A charge of powder from Graham's Magazine.

A wedge used to split the difference. A hammer used to crack jokes. Scales used by sailors to weigh anchor.

Fur from the Seal of the State of Connecticut.

The best safeguard under impetuous feeling is silence.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guaranteed a permanent home on the earth, the choice of industrial pursuits, the right to work, at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in everything.

D. H. JACQUES EDITOR.

W. F. YOUNG, } Regular Contributors.
W. T. G. PHIBICE, }

LOWELL.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1847.

HOURS OF LABOR.

The great question of Labor—its conditions, its relations to capital and skill, the physical, intellectual, and social evils suffered by those who perform it, is now a prominent one before the people. It certainly deserves all the prominence given to it. Our purpose now, is to speak of that particular branch of the general subject which relates to the hours of labor.

That mechanics, operatives, and laborers in general, now work too many hours per day, is very generally, though, we are sorry to say, not universally, admitted. It is seen that the present long hour system of monotonous toil is destructive to health and fits, that it gives the laborer no time for mental culture, or for the development of his social nature, and the enjoyment of home and family; and that it is rapidly degrading the toiling millions, and destroying their self-respect and independence. But many obstacles are supposed to stand in the way of our adoption of the short hour system. Some of these are real, and others imaginary. Of the real obstacles which obstruct the path of Progress in this matter, the most difficult are those placed there by the laboring classes themselves. These are the results of their ignorance, and this ignorance is the result of a false industrial and social organization. Thus the vicious circle is completed, and the evil perpetually re-creates itself. A complete and permanent remedy will be found only in the organization of industry, on the basis of co-operation and unity of interests.

We will just glance, in passing, at two or three ways in which those who are most interested in the advancement of Industrial Reform, have heretofore hindered its progress.

1. By allowing themselves to be made the tools of selfish and designing political partisans, who profess great love for the dear Working-men, and a great desire to reinstate them in all their rights, but who really care nothing for them, or their interests, as is abundantly manifest as soon as the elections are over.

2. By calling to their aid certain noisy strolling declaimers, whose love for the cause is shown by nothing but windy speeches, harsh epithets, denunciations, and low black-guardian. Incalculable injury has been done to the cause of Industrial Reform by this means. Crowded meetings have been called out, and "tremendous excitement" created, it is true, but in the end the prejudices of the Conservatives have been strengthened, and all classes disgusted. This evil must be remedied, or success will not soon crown our

efforts. Working-men must not allow those, of whose characters they are entirely ignorant, and of whose devotion to their interests they have no proof, to advocate for them a cause so dear to their hearts. They must rely upon themselves, and upon their tried and faithful friends.

3. By joining with those who are living in ease and luxury on the products of the toil of others, in saying that "things are about right as they are," that "the employer pays what he agrees to, and that is enough," that "what always has been always must be," etc., and by a baseless contentment with their condition. "This is the worst of all. It is evidence of a melancholy, and almost discouraging state of things. When men begin to hug their chains, and faintly smile upon the tyrants who are riveting them, there is little hope." The fact that there is a class to whom these remarks will apply, has been used, with some effect, by the opponents of Reform, in reply to the arguments in favor of a reduction of the hours of labor, drawn from the need felt by the laborer, of time for study and relaxation. They point to such, and say, they are contented with things as they are. They ask no change.

The diffusion of knowledge among the people will, we trust, gradually remove this, together with the other obstacles we have named.

We propose to resume this subject next week, and speak of another class of obstacles, supposed by many to stand in the way of the short hour system, and to be insurmountable, for the present at least. We shall quote at considerable length, from an article we lately came across in an old number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*—a work untainted with the slightest suspicion of modern industrial or social heresy,—showing that even the pecuniary interests of the employer would be promoted by a reduction of the hours of labor. The article referred to deals in facts, and is unanswerable.

PROTECTIVE UNION.—NO. II.

It will be seen by every candid person that the saving made by trading at a Protective Union store is immense, and that the benefit accruing from it to the members, will in a measure compensate them, (so far as dollars and cents are concerned,) for the smallness of their ways.

The next thing to be considered is the quality of the articles, as the question is often asked by the uninitiated, "are the articles as good as can be procured at the grocer's at the prices quoted." I answer yes, and often better. I will mention one or two facts. One of our members soon after our first purchase of goods bought a pound of Young Hyson Tea, paying I believe, 35 cents for it. He had previous to that been paying at the rate of 60 and 65 cents per pound. Upon trying it he found it greatly superior (both in strength and flavor) to that he had been paying the high price for;—thus he got a better article, 25 and 30 cents a pound cheaper. I will mention one other. A person (not a member) came into the store a few weeks since while I was present and wished to see some of the same quality of tea. It was shown him. He took a small parcel of tea, for which he had paid 45 or 50 cents per pound, out of his pocket, and upon comparing them no difference could be seen, but when he tasted our cheap article was pronounced the best; he examined other goods and enquired their prices. Suffice it to say he is now a member of Division No. 1.

I believe it is very generally understood, that articles that can be adulterated, either before or after they get into the hands of the retailer,—and that they are greatly benefited. Is not an inferior article of tea often mixed with a good and thus palmed off as the best? Does not coffee often get a sprinkling of peas when being roasted and ground, and then sold as pure coffee? Is not sperm oil mixed with an equal quantity of common whale oil, and sold as a superior article? Are not sugars adulterated in the same ratio, and so on to the end of the chapter. I have never seen these things done, but have frequently heard of their being done. I do not pretend to be a judge of sugars, teas or oils, and do not know as I should be able to detect the fraud, but in the article of coffee my nose does not deceive me, working as I do in the neighborhood, where they roast and grind it. I have an opportunity of testing the ingredients of which it is composed. Although I am opposed to the use of it, I must confess that the odor of coffee when roasting is anything but disagreeable, and when the pure article is undergoing the process I would not enjoy it hugely, but when the grocer's incense to manum (burnt peas) arises, my olfactory organs give evident symptoms of a desire on their part to quit the premises. We do not countenance any such chicanery as this in the "Protective Union."

Why should we? None can be benefited by it and honesty (in all cases) is the best policy. If there should be any such article as peas brought into a "Division," it would be sold as such and not as coffee. But if a grocer sells a mixture of the two I don't imagine he sells it for peas, or a mixture, but the pure article itself. So much for adulteration.—But there is another consideration for it is not in quality only, but in weights and measures there is a saving; we frequently hear new members say, upon having their jugs and

buckets filled, and on being told that the quantity ordered would more than fill them, "that they never before had any difficulty in making them hold that quantity," showing conclusively that if the grocer's weights and measures are just right ours are too large. I heard it stated a few days since by an individual who will join us if he remains in the city, that he had frequently weighed articles after purchasing from grocers and found they fell short, one and two ounces in the pound. If they carry on this business very extensively it will not take a great while to "fatten their nests." I will relate a little incident as told me by an old lady with whom I formerly boarded.—She had ordered a barrel of flour, her grocer on bringing it was obliged to carry it down a flight of stairs to get into the kitchen. She thought he handled it as if it was not very heavy, and upon examination, after he had gone it seems that the grocer thought the inspector had allowed to great weight and had remedied it himself, for upon putting a stick into it, it would find the bottom without much help. She ordered it sent back, and with it one of Mrs. Caudle's blessings. These are but two out of many instances which might be cited in proof of short weight and measure, but I do not mean to be understood that Lowell is the only place where this is practiced. It is the same all through the country in a greater or less degree. Our "Union," puts a stop to all this, for if a member was ever so much disposed to play the "grab game," he could not do it without being detected, and are no dividends either to induce him to do it, and if light weight and a poor article is served to one, it is to all, so that he would not be a gainer either way. Every thing must be conducted in a straight forward manner for we are bound together by mutual interests, and when one member suffers it is felt through the whole Division.

P. S. Since writing the above a friend has called in to enquire about the "Protective Union," his attention being called to it by the article in last week's paper, he says some of our grocers have taken exceptions to the prices quoted in that article, especially the Tea, as there is a number of qualities of Hyson Tea. I procured some Young Hyson Tea yesterday (Tuesday) purchased of one of our most popular grocers, by one of his customers and saw the price paid for it on his book, which was 56 cents per pound, and on trial with an equal quantity of ours, the cost of which is 34 cents, (per centage added will make it 36 cents.) our Tea was pronounced vastly superior to the other by those who tried, and who are connoisseurs in such matters; how does that tell, Messrs Grocers? You can try the experiment yourselves at any time, all we ask is "fair play." P.

MATHEMATICS OF GOD.

The following extract is from an article in the last *Democratic Review*, written by Mr. Livingston, of Texas. We commend it to all, and especially to those who are so unfortunate as not to believe in the existence of an All-wise Providence, according to whose beautiful, harmonious, and universal laws, all things exist. God does, indeed, "geometrize." We see proofs in every thing around us, from the solar system, down to the atoms which combine in definite numbers and definite forms, to make the smallest crystal. But here is the extract.

One beautiful evening in May, I was reading, by the light of the setting sun, in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dism in the distant west, with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an off-shoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most airy dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy, without exciting my faith. I went to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes." "Vain reverie," I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; its petals only had five parts; its delicate like those of a Texan star. This combination of five three times in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the poem of Socrates was ringing in my ears.—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the exquisite wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly flashed a light. The enigma of my eyes, a faint gleam was open. Swift as a thought, I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around in the

forest; the old woods were literally alive with these golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts, I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair.—Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasped tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed affectionately the book and the blossom, believing them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs, telling their cheery fellows to sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Our friends who approve of war, under certain circumstances, and who think the existing contest with Mexico a just and glorious one, may be pleased to see something in the *Voice* advocating this side of the question. This would perhaps be nothing more than justice, so we give below an extract from a letter, written by one of the Massachusetts Volunteers, and dated, *Monterey, July 16, 1847*. Of course the writer cannot testify against himself and his friends. We find the extract in the *Chronotype*.

"I will tell you how we spent the Fourth of July here, just to let you know how we are treated. In the morning, at 9 o'clock, the drums beat and the battalion was formed, consisting of Companies E, B, G, and I, and we marched to General Taylor's camp, five miles from the city, where we stood in the open sun to listen to an oration by Gen. Cushing. The command of the different Companies was then given to the 1st Sergeants, and while the officers stopped behind to get drunk, we volunteers marched back to the city—getting nothing to eat from 9 in the morning till 6 at night. That's the way we spent the 4th of July, and it is the truth. I thought of the time we had last 4th of July.

"A month's pay goes about as far here as a dollar would go in Boston. For a glass of grog we pay 12 1/2 cents, 12 1/2 cents for a pipe, \$1.50 for a pound of tobacco, 5 cents for a sheet of writing paper, and other things in proportion.

"If a man ever asks you to enlist, knock him down with a club. I have seen as much of Mexico as I want to. There is as much difference between this regiment and the ones that have gone home, as there is between chalk and cheese."

SHAKESPEAR'S HOUSE. We learn from the *People's Journal*, that Shakespear's at Stratford-upon-Avon, is for sale! There are two classes of bidders for the property, some American speculators and the corporation of Stratford. The Americans are as yet the highest bidders, and the writer in the *Journal* appeals to his countrymen to take some measures to prevent its falling into their hands.—He says if it falls into the power of the Yankees, they will detach it from the sacred soil which it stands, separate it from the kindred holy places in the neighborhood, set it on a truck, and carry it out of the country, to be hawked about the States as an exhibition!

THE COVENANT.—This is a monthly Magazine, devoted to Odd-Fellowship and General Literature. It is published in Baltimore by Mrs. Catharine Nielson, who is said to be a poor and deserving widow, on whose hands the work was left at the death of her husband. She depends upon the income of the work for the support of herself and family. We commend the work to members of the Order. It has a large number of excellent contributors. The *Covenant* will come to this city, free of postage. Miss S. G. Bagley is Agent for Lowell.

BEAUTIFUL.—the following paragraph is, Who will dispute the writer's claim to be a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian? Truly the piety of our day is without a parallel.

"What do ye here, ye railing supporters of the Murderer's Friend and Assassin's Nurse Society, who are laboring to render this world a paradise of villains, and the next a paradise of devils? Up, and he gone! Go where glory waits you; and in some vacant wilderness frame a commonwealth after your own hearts, where law and gospel shall be alike unknown, and where ye may put on the triple crown of dead-leveling Jacobinism, plundering Agrarianism, and bestial Community!"—*Christian Observatory*.

TAXES OF CORPORATIONS. The following are the amount of taxes of the several Corporations in Lowell:

Lowell Bleachery, \$784; Appleton Company \$380; Boot Cotton Mills, \$6720; Hamilton Company, \$738; Lawrence Company, \$8400; Lowell Company, \$5040; Lowell Machine Shop, \$3500; Merrimack Company, \$11,300; Massachusetts Cotton Mills, \$10,080; Middlesex Mills, \$5600; Suffolk Company, \$3360; Tremont Mills, \$8360; Locks and Canals Company, \$888,30.

The New Hampshire Ten Hour Law went into operation on the 15th, (Wednesday last.) The results of the operation remain to be seen.

The following is rather an imitation than a translation from the German of Hardeberg. It claims to possess but little of the peculiar beauty of the original, but may serve to fill a corner, for the occupancy of which nothing better offers.

UNION.
No more part other sparring,
Soul and soul, and
With deep and restless sparring,
For Peace, and Love, and Home!
And know we by this token,
That no love-link is broken;
The spirit has been spoken,
That all that hate shall bloom.
Brother, without shrinking,
My hands with this I'm linking,
Light not the eye I'm drinking,
Turn not the glance from me,
Beneath one dome are linked,
Soul into soul, love-plighted,
Are by one Hope united:
One Heaven for all and God.

Correspondence of the Voice.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1847.

MR. EDITOR: South Boston is a place of much interest, and is not much "dified." It has a Broadway, though I have seen no promenade in this street or any other, which has led me to think the people are all industrious. The other streets in this place are designated by letters, alphabetically arranged, and by figures. None of the houses are numbered. The facilities for passing to and from the city are good and cheap. One can go every fifteen minutes from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. for six cents a trip, a distance of more than two miles. One pleasant feature in this place, and one which is worthy of remark, is this: there seems to be no loafing here. None congregated at the corners of streets holding up posts. This, I am told, must be imputed to "the great number of workshops, where they work eleven hours, and get well paid." I have not heard so much of poverty, from the working men here as in some other place, and they all seem to be interested in the object of your paper. I was recommended to an establishment where the proprietors were "Great Democrats," and I occurred to me that where there were "Great Democrats" there would be perfect liberty; but too soon I was asked by one called a "Foreman," in no very bland tone, "Have you got a permit to come in here?" This was ejaculated from a gallant youth, who would follow St. Paul "to serve masters in all things." Who would think Democrats would not permit a Factory Girl (or a Lady, as we are sometimes called) to have access to their workshop to disseminate principles of democracy!

By the politeness of your friend Robinson, have been introduced to a large number of the members of the W. M. P. U., No. 3. The gentlemen of this Division have done, and will do much for the encouragement of your paper. The Division seems to be ahead of all others. They have a great variety of household articles and groceries at their store, which is about to be enlarged, as trade has increased much of late; and what is better than all the rest, they have an excellent library, which is much read. One who is not a member says, "They are growing rich!" Through the magnanimous spirit of one of the members of the "Old Colony Fraternity" I have been favored with a "Free Ticket" to go and see the "Plymouth Rock," which has been written and talked about more than two hundred years. A part of the rock is enclosed in the yard of the "Pilgrim House," by an ornamental iron fence, on which the names of our ancestors are engraved. The Pilgrim House is a magnificent building, in imitation of granite. It is filled with a great variety of antique curiosities, which were brought in the Mayflower, A. D. 1620. It is well worth a visit to this pleasant town. Just get into the cars on the Old Colony Railroad, and you will find good waiters, gentlemanly conductors, and skillful engineers, who will transport you to the well-known spot, a distance of 37 miles, in less than two hours. You will pass many pleasant towns, one of which is Quincy. Most readers know that this place gave birth to two men, who have done us a great deal for political freedom and Christian benevolence. When you pass that way, don't forget to look at the house in which John Quincy Adams resides.

One word more, and I close. The Old Colony House at Plymouth is a Temperance House—good, clean, comfortable and airy. An excellent table is set at this house, with every thing to satisfy the most dainty epicure.

M. E.
DAVIS THE CLERGOVANT.—The attacks made upon the Revelations of A. J. Davis, and upon Professor Bush and others, in connection therewith, have called out the learned Professor in a reply. This reply is published in the *New York Tribune*, and shows conclusively, though it may contain a mixture of truth and error. The error, which he thinks there is much, the Professor attributes directly to the Father of Lies himself, who is wont to sow tares among the wheat, whenever opportunity offers.

YOUNG AMERICA, the Organ of the Land Reform movement, and one of the best papers in the country, is for sale at the *Voice* office. Price, 4 cents per single copy.

THE NATIONAL AGE advocates the annexation of all Mexico to the United States.

