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POETRY.

For the Voice of Industry.

LET ME WORK WHILE I LIVE.

My life it passeth onward, and seems late a dream
As fleeting and wayward as the wild mountain stream,
As "a shadow declineth," my days glide swiftly,
And like the shadow at evening soon will be gone.
Yet careless I am living 'midst pleasure and strife,
Unheeding, unthinking of the soul's higher life.
But at times there comes a voice that whispers to me
Of the Presence Eternal, the pure in heart, see,
And it bids me give up the whole armor and fight,
To help spend on the cross the true, and the right,
And bids me do what my hands find to do, with might,
Lest I leave it undone for the grave's moonless night.
Oh! then let me work and make my life fresh and green
As the smiling vista in the forest seen.
Let me fight up the weary who faint by the way
And help lighten the labor of life's sunny day;
Let me think, speak, act kindly, deal justly by all,
And encourage my brother who erring shall fall.
Yet I pray not, O no! I will not live in vain,
But hopefully work on, in my own humble sphere
And do with pleasure the work assigned to me here,
And when it is done I'll calmly down to die,
As the star fade and disappear from the morning sky.
Hooksett, May 2. J. L. B.

THE TIME-SERVER.

There's not a man or more or subject slave!
Than the poor wretch, scarce that a man, whose will
And reason are at variance; he will
Gives the excuse—the invention of a knife—
For doing evil: "Though I know this wrong,
Yet I can't help it." 'Tis upon the lie,
There's not a living man, who, like the fly,
Do curb his evil, would not grow more strong
Daily and hourly over it. THE FIRST
FIRM BITE, GIVEN WITH A WILL, MARKS HIM A
KING.
He is victorious, and all the worst
And vilest of his foes come covering
Around his throne, beseeching him to give
Their need some service small, by which they still
May live.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMAN AND DOMESTICS.

BY CATHERINE BARNBY.

That there is a vast amount of evil and suffering throughout the ramifications of society is the general admission. It should also be evident that a great mass of the misery endured is caused by the imperfect forms which constitute our present social condition. Appeals are made to the legislature, petitions are forwarded to the government, with the expectation that relief will be obtained; while, at the same time, it may clearly be seen that neither the legislature nor the government can fully effect the remedy, and that we are neglecting our own duty, and disobeying the dictates of our common sense, in asking others to do that which we can best do ourselves.
To re-organize society, to render it more blessed and happier, its domestic condition has to be improved. Now domestics form a sphere which belongs essentially to woman. It is her absolute province; in it she reigns queen, and man cannot, if he would, deprive her of sovereignty, because it has been allocated to her by that Wisdom whose decrees no human power or will is not able to withstand.
Think of it as we may, the laws and order of society are in their origin, divine—hence the vocation that follows our investigations. If we sow the seed, we reap the whirlwind. So fares it in all parts of God's earth. And this, it is not so much extraordinary change, as further development, that is needed.
Customs and habits, private and public manners, dress, and the whole circle of home

duties, are included in domestics. It is surely as important then as politics, and as difficult to regulate. Yet it is not the Houses of Parliament that can legislate for it; for the reason that women do not deliberate, and cannot pass their judgment in them.

The workings of society in its state of civilization, have revealed, partially, the true order of nature in the division of duties for the sexes. To the woman, the interior or household economy; to the man the exterior or politics. Both are valuable, and have elements in common together. Man should not be entirely ignorant of home management, nor should woman be left unacquainted with laws and governmental policy. Their own and their children's welfare are connected with both; and therefore to the mother and the father they stand each as a great subject.

Civilization, hitherto, it is not to be lost sight of, has influenced woman only materially in the discharge of her home duties. It has taught her to buy, to buy the cap and gown cheap; careless of the ruin she may bring down upon the seller. The suffering of fellow-creatures have not been thought of, when shillings and sixpences were to be saved. Dress and furniture, company and so-called amusement; the rivalry, jealousy, and wretchedness they have engendered, render them in their very enumeration terrifying, and make us hurry to get away from their review.

Civilization has not finished her work. She, like an educating parent, will perfect in her adult, what she could not commence with her infant children. She will now teach woman spiritually the devotion of her home duties; to become a priestess, even at her hearth-side! Elevated and strengthened, her footsteps on the earth rendered steady and secure, how rejoicing will she live in the land where she now mourns and dwells a stranger!

The instructions of woman in her lighter, more spiritual, home duties, is one of the greatest wants of the age. It is becoming more and more apparent, and, if not speedily attended to, will be a most serious drawback to the progress now sought to be made. The new associations in town and country—which will be consequent, by our novel building societies and projected model villages; and our Whittington Clubs, where women are admitted to their committees; and our British and Foreign Institutes, where women assemble at their societies—show an imperative necessity for the progress of woman in her appreciation of social relations, and in higher ideas of her mission as the queen of domestic life, and the arbitress of the code of manners in society.

The delicate machinery of domestic life is, ever at work, producing countless shades of joy and gloom. It is from the flame of the domestic hearth that the warmth and lustre of some of life's most refined relations are derived. Would that this flame shone more brightly now! beamed forth, more divinely, holily! That the mothers of our people were more conscious of its presence. How general is poverty! how wide-spread is misery! Fearful is the unrighteousness of society! frightful are its responsibilities!

Why goes forth that man this Saturday evening from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from their engaging little attempts to obtain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the bosom's strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deeper depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his home? Truth has to be told, but, oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell.

It is because woman does not truly appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present conditions of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife she is different from what she was as a mistress. She is ever employed in drudgery for her children and her household. She neglects her dress; she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change, and does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the conditions she labors under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table. And she increases in sourness

SHOE BUSINESS.

From the Essex Banner.

We would call the attention of the reader to the following good suggestions in regard to the shoe business. Now is the time for the manufacturers to regulate the practice of selling their goods on time. The stock in the market is small; new markets are opening for their manufactures—there will be a demand for shoes—and every indication that the prices must improve. Those who have bought stocks low, will make more money by holding on to them than selling of eight months and buying stock at the advance prices. We learn from good practical sources, that two thirds of the losses on the sale of shoes in this place have been on eight months' sales. Again, by selling on eight months your credit and risk is doubled as well as your indebtedness—of course your dependent suffers—the banks—dry up from you in half the time that it does to those who sell on six months. If those who sell on eight months do not make these calculations, they will find that business men and bank directors do. With these calculations, it will be seen that a man must fail as quick again who sells on eight months as those who sell on six. To the men of small means, would we particularly call the attention of these remarks. Get the change in your fist for the first, before you make the second sales. It is a true verification of the old adage, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Mr. Editor.—A correspondent in the Gazette, last year, called the attention of the Manufacturers in this town to the practice of selling their goods on eight months, while in other places they sell only six.

In order to again awaken the same feeling, or, if possible, to bring about the consummation of that object, I would renew it again, in the hope that the Manufacturers of Shoes, and the amount of business done in Shoes got up here to be sold, is not far short of one million of dollars, allowing that there is two hundred thousand of this sold on six months, one per cent, on the balance that is sold on eight months, (or if sold for cash, there is generally five per cent discount, made on account of selling on eight months), would make eight thousand dollars; then by having the paper two months shorter they would make two thousand dollars, making in all ten thousand dollars which should be saved every year—more than ought to pay all their rents. I say nothing in relation to the evils of having two bills together, (or of selling the second before the first is due), which would have saved the town a considerable the last year. I think, Mr. Editor, that it is a subject which demands the attention of every one, and cannot be too strongly urged upon them, if they would do their business under as favorable circumstances as their neighbors.

ANOTHER ROUGH AND READY.—Some time ago a Mr. Scott, a workman in one of the factories at Oriskany, became smitten with a rage for military glory, and applied to the captain of a volunteer company to be received as a recruit. For some reason his application was not then successful, and he resumed his work. Recently an opening for him in the company presented itself, and one of the lieutenants wrote to him as follows:—

UTICA, April 6, 1847.
Sir.—The company under the command of Capt. Waldrad is now organizing, and if you wish to join us will receive the bounty and your pay will commence as soon as you join. The rendezvous is at Mechanics' Hall in this city.
C. A. JOHNSON,
Lieut. 10th Infantry.

To A. J. Scott, Esq.
But this letter happened by some accident to fall into the hands of another Mr. Scott, also living at Oriskany; and he forthwith dispatched the following reply, telling some home truths in a way none the less effective for being rather of the roughest:—

ORISKANY, April 7, 1847.
MY DEAR SIR.—Through some unaccountable freak of fortune, I received the foregoing from you to-day. But as you were gentlemanly enough to pay the postage, you are entitled to a civil though truthful answer. Allow me then to inform you that I never heard of Capt. Waldrad or yourself before to-day. Neither have I the least idea of

"joining" you, or in any way assisting the unjust and intensely mean war, President Polk is waging against Mexico. I have no wish to participate in such "glorious" butcheries of women and children as displayed in the capture of Monterey, &c. Neither have I any desire to place myself under the dictation of a petty military tyrant, to every caprice of whose will I must yield implicit obedience. No air—As long as I can work, beg, or go to the poor house. I won't go to Mexico, to be lodged on the damp ground, half starved, half roasted, bitten by mosquitoes and scorpions, stung by scorpions and stragulas—nareded drilled and flogged, and then stuck up to be shot at, for eight dollars a month and putrid rations—Well I won't.

As to the "bounty," I have not the least doubt that will be promptly paid. Many a poor fellow has received it already at Palo Alto, Ranaca de la Pluende; Monterey and Buena Vista. And no doubt it has and will come to thousands more, in the shape of shot, shell and vomito at Vera Cruz. Much obliged to you, but I have no desire to have my bones picked by the hideous Mexican vultures, landrabs and jackals. Had much rather wait my appointed time, and close my eyes in peace among friends and kindred.

As for yourself, I should not wonder if you were a likely sort of chap. But you are employed at an intensely mean trade, if you ever noticed it. Human progress has had its day. Human progress has made mighty inroads upon it within the last half century. And the time is rapidly approaching when the professional soldier will be placed on the same level as a bandit; the Bedouin and the Thug. You had better quit the business; and in return for your offer and information, if you wish to engage in the wolen manufacture, (which is my trade,) I will give you all the information and assistance in my power. I am satisfied with my condition, I think a man is more nobly employed, drawing a spinning jack, assisting to clothe his fellow "humans," than even leading an army to slaughter them. I am truthfully yours,
A. J. SCOTT,
C. A. JOHNSON, Lieut. 10th Infantry.

WIVES OF WORKING MEN.—Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes: "There we behold a woman in all her glory; not a doll, or beaded and jewels, nor a puppet to be dandled by, an idol of profane adoration, revered to-day, discarded to-morrow; admitted, but not respected; desired but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her wisdom, not her constancy; to the sex which she should exalt the source and mirror of vanity; we saw her as a wife, partaking the cares and guiding the labors of husband, and by her domestic diligence spreading cheerfulness and home; his sake sharing the decent refinements of the world without being vain of them; pleasing all her joy, all her happiness in the married probation of the man she loves. As a mother, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructor of the children she has tended from their infancy; to meditation and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanic's daughters make the best wives in the world."

It was announced in the spring of 1788 that the people of Delaware had obtained a model of a machine for weaving cotton cloth by a water wheel, after the manner of the English, and that they were also procuring the carding and spinning machines recently introduced into Philadelphia.

MUTUAL SUPPORT.—The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, they need aid have a right to ask of their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.—Sir Walter Scott.

The greatest discovery of the present day is that of the Editor who says that in order to get on well in this world, it is well for a man to have gold in his pocket, even in his hand, silver in his tongue, and brass in his face.

