

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOL. I.

ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

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E. WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

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All Communications should be directed (post
paid) to the Voice of Industry.

Poetry.

The following beautiful production of Longfellow, we consider one of the gems of the English language. It can, we think, be read by a person of sentiment without pure and sublime emotions and strongly depicts, with vivid power, the youthful and ardent spirit which his progress in the dark and dizzy heights of life, leaving behind all the softness and delicacy of home, and intent only on the object of his pursuit, full mind and upward before him. "Whoever has heard those delightful voices; the Hallelujahs, sing in their inimitable manner, this most delightful poem, cannot but pronounce it."

Excelsior!

The shades of night were fallen fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falcon from its sheath,
And like a silver chalice cauld,
The accents of that unknown tongue—

Excelsior!

In happy hours he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan;

Excelsior!

"Try the pass?" the old man said.
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead!"

The roaring torrent is deep and wide!
And back, that cheerless voice replied

Excelsior!

"O stay," the mother said, "and rest!
Thy wearied head upon this breast!
A tear was in his bright blue eyes;
But still he answered with a sigh,

Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch;
Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last good night;

A voice replied for up the height;

Excelsior!

"O stay," the mother said, "and rest!
They wearied head upon this breast!

A tear was in his bright blue eyes;

But still he answered with a sigh,

Excelsior!

"At break of day, as heavenward
The plow marks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,

Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found;
Still grasping in his hand offices
That famish with the strange device,

Excelsior!

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but stately lay;
And round her lay, a falling star,
A voice fell, like a falling star;

Excelsior!

Golden Saids.

HOUR OF DEATH.—It will afford sweetest happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire to have conquered millions or enslaved the world.

We cannot tell the precise moment when tribulation is formed, as in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over, so in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart run over.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves serenity and good temper, amidst the insults of a faithless and brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but immortality.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence, as the power of producing what is pretty good with ease and rapidity.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a fatal's ruin without triumph.

Time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practise it.

The battle field is a theatre of immense cost, for the exhibition of crime upon a grand scale.

It is an error, though but few are guilty of it, to suppose that all religion lies in winding only the life to come, and disregarding all things in the present life.

Illustrations.

THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A Tale of the Pawnee Picts.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

On the banks of the Great River, separating Texas from the United States, is situated, some considerable distance above the Washita, a village of the Shawnee Picts. A more picturesque and striking scene was, perhaps, never presented upon the wilderness of salinity. The Wigwams were situated on a narrow plain, its dimensions being circumscribed by the huge mounds of rock that rose in the rear. In shape they slightly differed from the ordinary Indian lodge, having at the summit of the usual dome, room, a chimney giving them much the appearance of kilns. They were, moreover, fashioned of prairie grass thatched over long poles causing some difficulty to look, to straw beehives. The village was approached from the river by a road between the well-cultivated corn-fields of the tribe; fields sown as carefully as any more civilized apprenticeship. Behind the Wigwams, which were scattered profusely over the plain, rose the rugged hills above allotted to naked barren and gloomy, even in their somewhat impaged greatness. The Pawnee Picts are a powerful and numerous tribe, possessing many arts and habits, which raise them high above their immediate neighbors. Agriculture is by far the most important, and this they carry to so high a state, as to possess vast fields of maize, pumpkins, melons, beans and squashes.

About twelve years ago this great tribe was ruled by Wild Sharpshooter, and under his guidance the Foxes—so for they called themselves—became the most dreaded of nearly every race bordering on the Red River, their power being much enhanced by an alliance with the Kioways and Wicos, as well as with the great and warlike race of the Comanches. Shyskera was the chief second in command, next great in the battle field as was his superior in the council hall. The two braves were as is not always the case between rival, great men, bosom friends; and having from boyhood contended this feeling, were desirous of cementing their long tried feelings by marriage. Their children therefore, She-de-a, or Wild Sage, had been the intended wife of the Swift Cloud, the former being the daughter of Shyskera, the latter son of Wat-ashisha. It is, in general, the rule when such designs are entertained by two elderly persons, with a view to their own mutual satisfaction, that the young people should take a corresponding dislike to one another. So it is almost ever, in romance, the writers of which, requiring difficult positions to be overcome, find this a very useful event. We, however, who are recording a wild legend of the prairie, have not the satisfaction of having so useful a circumstance to extend our simple story. On the contrary, from their youngest days, the intended husband and wife learned to love each other, and strange to say, in contradiction to received Indian customs joined together in the dance, the ball play, and the race. Wild Sage looked upon the Swift Cloud as ever her husband, and fondly, devotedly gave up to him the full richness of a woman's love.

At length the lovers came of age, when according to an Indian received custom, it was fitting for them to marry, and due preparations were made for the eventful occasion. Wild Sage had become a pretty woman, both in form and feature, and though very dark, had a pleasing and agreeable expression. Clad in her prairie costume, with long black hair floating over her bare shoulders, she would have been admired even among the fair maidens of Europe. The Swift Cloud was a handsome warrior, though, as usual with his tribe, of somewhat heavy figure. It was, however, now the season when the buffaloes were expected to appear, and their arrival being delayed much scarcity reigned in the tribe. Their store of meat was exhausted. In vain the young men, headed by the Swift Cloud, scoured the whole country, but none of the much wished for animals was to be seen.

A scout was stationed on the very summit of the Mountain of Rocks to herald the glad tidings, and his keen eye wandered from hour to hour over the vast plains. One morning soon after dawn, he gave the welcome signal to his tribe, when we reflect that the buffalo is the animal of the greatest circumstantials of being wild and uncertain in their movements.—Hastily did the young prepare mounting their horses, strapping their bows, filling their quivers and casting off every unnecessary garment. Their bright spears received new leather, too from being run into the ground; and then away went the young warriors, with the Swift Cloud at their head, flying over the top of mountains, his feet having

bluffs, crossing the stream, and darting across there all can see it.

A girl speaks, and speaks strong, and speaks fast. What's a girl's life to a warrior?

Swift Cloud is the love of the Wild Sage; she will save him!

With these words, the excited girl relapsed into silence, when after a moment's pause, she again spoke.

"Will a Pawnee girl mate

with the Fox of the Sioux?"

"I have said,

replied Wild Sage.

"Will a Pawnee girl mate

with a warrior?"

A solemn silence ensued

when the chief of the tribe, the father of Swift Cloud rose: "Daughter," said he, "a Pawnee girl is dear to her tribe, but she has

and her voice has sounded sweet."

"The Sioux dog is here, to live or die,"

said Wild Sage.

"She-de-a has no more, but hastened the

victim to follow her, and left the council

chamber. In an hour the girl and her

Snow companion left the camp.

They had agreed that on the Fox obtaining the liberty of the

Swift Cloud, the young Pawnee girl was to

give herself freely to be the wife of the Sioux

whose father was also then to be released

from prison.

It is difficult no further conversation took

place between them until, on the evening of

the fourth day, they came within sight of the

Sioux village, which lay on the plain at their

feet. The warrior then proudly dashed forward,

and entered the circle of Wigwams

around the campfire and rejoicings of his

companions, who little expected to see him return.

Give, give less with so fair a prisoner.

After receiving many friendly congratulations,

the Fox turned toward his own lodge, and

there placed the silent maiden under the

charge of his favorite wife. This done, he

sat down and thought.

The Sioux was young and fair, and

knowing at once the fate of the Pawnee

prisoner, viewed her with interest and dread.

With womanly tenderness, however, she endeavored

to soothe her sadness, and to learn its cause.

But on this subject, Wild Sage was silent,

simply expressing her dislike to a union with

the Fox, her heart being given to another.

It is very doubtful, if the latter proviso had not

been mentioned as a reason for dallying

with the Fox, and not that the Sioux would

have felt hurt at any woman not being proud

to become the squaw of so great a warrior;

it was however, it increased her desire to

conserve one who was a willing friend, and

then the husband returned, a good understand-

ing had been established between these two

young and attractive girls. It was late ere

the Fox entered the wigwam, and the Wild

Sage at one question him.

"Swift Cloud,"

she asked, "what is your name?"

"I am the Fox of the Pawnees,"

she replied, "and you are the Fox of the

Pawnees."

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she said, "and you are the Fox of the

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VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Push at something and keep pushing, You have eyes and arms, and yet lament your misfortune. Away with such indecision and push ahead. Never spend a moment in crying over split milk. If you do, you may as well speak to the sexton to dig your grave.

For the Voice of Industry.

Speak kindly, it costs nothing.
Speak kindly, speak kindly;
O what will it cost;
To speak a kind word.
Tea will never taste so sweet,
To give the warm pleasure,
That comes out the wrong;
That leads from sin's night,
To the beams of life's day.

Remember, remember,
That they who first stray,
Are often led by bright signs;
Life's light is brightness;
When friends will avoid thee,
And cease to care;
Then remember, remember,
The erring to bless.

O hard is the lot
Of the guilty to bear;
In Peace's sweet dominion,
They are cast down alone;
They're cast down lonely,
Without pain or strife;
And give to the dying;
The Balm of Life.

The wretched and outcast—
Thy footstools will bleed—
The seats of heaven—
They're cast down lonely,
Without pain or strife;
And give to the dying;

Will refresh thy soul,
Like the morn's early dew.

MARY.

For the Voice of Industry.

Stanzas.
Mid the tresses of beauty,
The diamond may shine,
With pearls from the ocean;
And gold from the mine;
But with the immortal
They claim not a part—
They will not affect;
They touch not the heart.

Not Mockers of Spirit,
And Kindness and Truth,
Are beautiful ever—
In age as in youth;
And when the illusions
Of beauty anti false,
Have passed like a vision—
These bound the same.

D. H. J.

How to make a Happy Home.—It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion nor the obsequious attention of servants, nor even of children, that makes a home of home, and keeps alive the sacred blessedness of a married life. **No, but it is the steady exertion of those holy charities, that sooth the sorrows and smooth the asperities of our nature.** Those little evidences of sincere esteem, those spontaneous expressions of affection and tenderness; those unpremeditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow; that affectionate officiousness which volunteers more readily as service becomes more difficult—these are the things that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions; where these abound, the mind repose in all the confidence of conscience, safety and the satisfaction of ample enjoyment. Mutual respect and attention between man and wife are essential to render them respectable in the eyes of their domestics and children; and able to maintain their health, flow of soul, that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit so necessary in bearing the fits and performing the duties of life. As kindness and respectful treatment are due to all persons, so they are especially due to ourselves as wife and husband—for we cannot love those whom we do not respect, nor can they love us in return. Let it then be a principle of established authority, like the Medes and Persians that change not, to give each that affectionate attention which is mutually due between equals. Let every thing be studiously avoided that goes to lessen either party in their own estimation or in that of other persons; and let it never be forgotten that **a smile and a frown bring with brightness, or overcast with clouds, that most sacred spot on earth, which you call Home.**

A man in Framingham the other day, while waiting for the cars to start, missed from his pocket an early morning paper he had purchased a short time previous in Boston. After looking diligently on the ground for a time, he informed a way standing boy, of his loss, whereupon the sharp saws to our country friend, "Sir your paper has gone to New York."

"**Go to New York?**" exclaimed our friend.

"Yes! I gone to New York. I saw you when you swing the tail of your coat against the Magnetic Telegraph pole, and the paper disappeared on the wires. The green-tinted pole, fell for his wallet, and sloped. We came away." **Tex Paper.**

The Mayor of Baltimore has received a note signed Mary, enclosing \$10 to help him supply for volunteers. Mary is a true patriot, and we hope she will be rewarded by the hand of some brave general.

A man seldom affects to despise the world unless the world is regardless of him.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What is Labor for? The abolition of idleness, virtue and intelligence.

LOWELL, MAY 20, 1845.

Now the Corporations Procure Help.

CHAPTER I.

In commencing this series of articles, I am aware of the difficulties to be encountered, and the many objections to be met. I shall confine myself to the facts which are of so common occurrence, that it will be impossible to find any one to gainsay what shall be given to the public!

It is a notorious fact that the Corporations here, have been in the habit of sending out agents to procure help ever since 1836. In that year James Cook, then superintendent on the Middlesex Corporation, went to England, to procure help and brought back quite a number. I am acquainted with some of them and have had the story of the deception used to procure their services, from those upon whom it was practiced.

There have been agents out in the country, for several years past, a part of the time; and of this we do not complain, but why do they talk of the voluntary choice of the operatives, and stand abroad false impressions about hiring help? Do they not send out men of questionable veracity? Have not there been very serious difficulties from the promise of a large compensation, when they knew it would not be realized? One case that occurred about a year since, gave an illustration:—An agent went out and hired all that would come in, without respect to age or condition. He hired one, who was not fifteen years of age, and could not be employed by the Company, without a violation of the Statute providing for the education of children. There were no objections made to her, or her parents on account of age, until after she arrived in the city. The agent who hired her informed her then, that she must trust them at the counting-room, that she was sixteen years old, or she could not work; and she could not go back alone,—of course the girl gave her age to suit the circumstances. She had been promised \$100 a week and board, and went to work. It was a five weeks' payment, and when she received her pay, she had, but ten dollars left, after paying her board, or two dollars per week. She had a friend in the city, who interceded in her behalf and compelled the company who employed her, to send her back to her friends, or pay the fine imposed by the laws of Massachusetts, for hiring a child under fifteen years, without a certificate of having attended school three months in the year. That the company is responsible for such violation of truth is quite evident, from the fact, that this same man is kept out, most of the time, and if they did not approve of his course, they most assuredly would not employ him. This is not a solitary instance, there are scores of them; and we might write not only a column of a paper, but a volume of such frauds.

The agents who hire the girls, often find it necessary to pay their expenses. A case of this kind came under our observation a few days since. Our informant was in company with the girl in question, and gave the facts as follows:—(Five girls were hired, and an agreement made to pay their expenses. They started in company with a girl who had been in Lowell before, and the agent went in another direction, after giving them the "needful" for their journey. He told them he had arranged to give them a ticket from a given place on their journey, through to Lowell. They bought the ticket, as directed, and it took ever so long that they had, and they rode from New England to Lowell without eating or drinking, except a little cake furnished by their friends. They had not means to buy lodgings and were furnished with it, by their employer, and the agent paid for it, and did not let them sit up for want of a bed.)

We press the enquiry: are not the men who sent out such agents, responsible for their violation of truth and honesty? The names of all the persons alluded to, are in our possession, and will be given if requested.

Who loves not seek to be loved? When time and years have chilled us, when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, how from our own superfluity of life and sensibility, to strip the materials out of which we build a shrine for our idol, then do we seek, we thirst for that warmth of frank, confiding tenderness which revives in us the without affectation and feelings long buried perhaps, but not dead. Then the excess of love is recompensed, not repelled; it is gracious to us as the sun's rays, to the sacred and sent.

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We acknowledge the debt of the June No. of Godey's Magazine, which stands unrivaled in the literary world. Its embellishments are of a high order which add much to its beauty and worth. The mention of Mr. T. S. Arthur as one of its contributors is enough to ensure it an extensive circulation and a hearty welcome with all its readers.

Will the "Chronotype" inform us when in Lowell, it is for sale.

Reform Reading Room—A SUGGESTION.

We wish to say a few words to our brethren and sisters of the Reform Movements in this city, on a subject which has occupied our thoughts considerably for the last few weeks.

One of our most pressing wants, at the present time, is to have a place of resort for the friends of Progress. We need a gathering place where, when we feel disposed to do so, we can come together for social communion, reading and amusement—a place that shall be a kind of head-quarters, and where friends from abroad can call and find some one to give them any information they may desire with regard to the various reform movements in the city. Such a room should have a central location and should be open day and evening. It might and should be made a Reading Room, furnished with all the best periodicals and other publications of the day, especially those devoted to Reform, and open to all the friends of Progress and of Humanity. A library might ultimately, if not immediately, be connected with such a room. The expense might be paid in a way that would not make it a burthen to any one, and we are sure, we think, that nothing that we can do, at the present time, will better promote the cause of Reform than the plan proposed, or a similar one. If ignorance is the cause of the evils under which society is groaning, and knowledge the remedy, we certainly ought to strive to diffuse knowledge as widely as possible.

As a plan to pay the expense of the Reading Room, we would merely suggest, that those who wished to avail themselves of its privileges, and others interested in the cause, might make a trifling regular contribution, say ten cents a month, for its support. A hundred individuals paying ten cents a month would pay \$120 per year, which would go far towards paying the whole expense of the room, which would also, be used for Sunday meetings, Social Reunions &c. Nearly all the papers and periodicals that we should need might be procured without expense. Publishers friendly to the cause would send them to us gratis. The exchanges of the "Voice" might, many of them, be appropriated to that purpose, and individuals might contribute books and papers occasionally.

To meet the expense of the Sunday Meetings, a contribution of one or two cents each week from each individual attending them, would be ample sufficient.

We have thrown out these thoughts merely as suggestions. Think of the subject and speak and act as your convictions may dictate.

D. H. J.

To the "Circle" for Mutual Improvement.

An appointment made by the Union Association, the duty of an introductory address to this "Circle for mutual improvement" devolves upon me. I sincerely regret that you had not selected some other member, who had not spoken so often and freely to you, upon the subject of mutual improvement. It can hardly be expected that I can give you any new thoughts, after having urged this subject so often upon your attention. You will therefore pardon the repetition which is quite unavoidable under the existing circumstances.

The duty we owe to each other, and above all, to ourselves, makes such a circle absolutely necessary. Can we be satisfied with ourselves, and make no progress in writing? Can we sit down after a wearisome day's toil and not find a new thought upon which the mind may rest for a brief space? I am aware of all the obstacles to be encountered, and the difficulties to be met. I know them, as most of you know them, by painful experience. If you disposed to speak kindly and charitably to you, and yet I cannot but urge you to the duty of self-cultivation. And whatever sacrifice it may cost, let it be made cheerfully. Do not say "I have no time," we are all aware of the fact; but let your frequent communications testify to the circle, that your resolves are omnipotent, and will not be defeated by any circumstances, however unfavorable.

The advantages to us, as social beings, should not be lost sight of. In whatever light the subject of Social Reform, and Improvement may be viewed by others, to me there is but one method—that is, social intercourse, and an interchange of thought. There is no stronger evidence to my mind, of the progress of any cause, than the free expression of thought upon the subjects embraced by its advocates.

One of the objects of this Circle, is to give an opportunity for free expression; and we trust no one will lose so good a chance to utter his or her thoughts freely. As there is a great variety of tastes and opinions, let there be as great a variety of subjects, presented.

We are in no danger of infidelity or fanaticism, by free discussion; and he who would shut up a free soul, within the narrow limits of a creed, in these days of Progress and Reform, his yea to learn, that the mind of man is greater than all parchment, and will not be easily broken; not repelled; it is gracious to him, and such is the chain to the affections of others. We repeat—no one need to be loosed.

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limited, can find no possible excuse for neglecting this duty, which we owe to ourselves and this circle.

Let no one say they cannot contribute for want of ability. This excuse is just such a reason as ought to be given for writing. We must assign such a reason for refusing to sing to or, learn any other science. In writing as in every thing, "practice makes perfect," and those who refuse such discipline are untrue to themselves and may never expect to be better qualified, than they now are, to interest or instruct us.

Finally let us meet promptly, and be determined that we will bring something to amuse or edify those who are present, and we shall make our meetings not only pleasant but profitable; and shall be enabled to send out an influence which shall be felt and approved, by all within the range of our example. S. G. B.

The Industrial Congress.

The first meeting of this body convenes at Boston next Wednesday. We earnestly desire a good attendance from the various New England Associations. Lowell has chosen the following delegates:

Penale Labor Reform Association.—Mary Emerson, Sarah G. Bagley, M. A. K. Taylor, H. J. Stone.

Industrial Reform Association.—G. W. Hatch, W. F. Young, J. S. Fletcher, E. C. Darlin, N. F. Lund, W. T. G. Pierce, Joel Hartlin, John Simpson.

We copy the following constitution to give our readers an abstract idea of the object and aims of this Industrial Body, and hope many of them will be present:

CONSTITUTION.

To establish Equality, Liberty, and Brotherhood among men of every race; to provide that the Rights of Men, alienable and inalienable, are derived from the Creator, and are guaranteed; to Redress the Industrial Classes from the condition of Inferiority which has hitherto everywhere attached to Labor; to unite in one the Friends of Humanity; to promote the Moral Virtues and the Intellectual Sciences; to develop and recommend to the people of these United States the following Government.

ART. I. The style of this instrument shall be the Constitution of the Industrial Congress.

ART. II. The members of this body shall be constituted upon the following principles:

1st. Its members shall be elected annually by bodies or associations of men or women who subscribe to these principles, to wit: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that they are endowed by God with Life and liberty, to do in accordance with the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, all that will be sufficient to provide them with the means of subsistence and comfort; to Education and Personal Improvement.

2. They shall be affiliated associations consisting each of 5 or more persons with less than 50, male or female, above the age of 18 years, every such association being entitled to one representative and every association being entitled to one additional representative for every additional fifty of its members.

3. They shall be affiliated associations to the extent of their 2d in each City of Boston, 3d in each City of Philadelphia; and their 4th in each City of New York, Boston, and New Haven, after which it shall be left to each Congress to determine where they next meet. Every session shall continue for seven days or more.

ART. IV. The Congress shall assemble on the first Wednesday of June of each year. Their first assembling shall be in the City of Boston; their 2d in the City of New York; their 3d in the City of Philadelphia; and their 4th in the City of New Haven, after which it shall be left to each Congress to determine where they next meet. Every session shall continue for seven days or more.

ART. V. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually; and the Secretary, who shall be elected annually.

ART. VI. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. VII. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. VIII. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. IX. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. X. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. XI. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. XII. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. XIII. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. XIV. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. XV. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

ART. XVI. The Congress shall be presided over by a President, who shall be elected annually; and the Vice-President, who shall be elected annually.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HOLLY, N. H. May 20.

DEAR VOICE.—In taking up my pen to address you a few lines, a sort of *constitutional editorial* comes over my mind, and I almost fancy myself seated in that old chair with no arms or back, talking about "our sheet," "our correspondents" and "our cause." But these green fields, singing birds, waving trees and balmy breezes remind me that Lowell with its noise and hum, its cotton mills, of iron and of unnatural industry—its palaces, the abode of affluence, idleness and ease, its hovels of squalid poverty, and its humid and giddy atmosphere, are exchanged for other "quarters" and the sheet and correspondents, (God bless them) have fallen into older and more experienced hands. But the cause—the glorious cause of making Industry what it should be, and what it may and must be, is still mine. I still look upon Labor Reform—not taking a mere bird's eye view of it, as some superficial people are wont to do; but in its true and solid breadth, its height and depth as the Reform of the age—our industrial relations form the basis of all human progression and in that degree they harmonize with rational and Christian principles, and are adapted to the laws of our natures, shall we become elevated as a people and a race. This to me is a prophetic age—it is big with tendencies of a glorious future, and never has my faith been stronger, than since my departure from your city of industrial anarchy. When I cast my vision over the various civilized nations, I find an element at work—almost every ship that crosses the Atlantic, brings tidings of its manifestation throughout all Europe—her laws, institutions and customs are undergoing an uninterrupted investigation. In our own country its analytical influence is being felt in every department of society—like one of old, it has the audacious impetu to open the door of the church—it enters the halls of legislation and scrutinizes the judicial and legal transactions of both State and Nation; carefully observing their effects upon the individual and collective condition of the people. For ages past, this Christian element has been whispering to congenital spirits "*The Rights of Man!*" "*The Rights of Men!*" This has had the reflection and investigation, and one after another, has stepped forth as Humanity's pioneers to prepare the way for the incarnation of the glorious truths, that *Man has a right to be free, and that before he can be truly free, he must have the free and full exercise of all the powers of his mind and body towards useful production*; and that before he can be thus situated, the original elements—Soil, Air, and Water which Nature has furnished him, as materials to operate upon, must also be free. When man has been liberated from the perpetual and partial, direct and indirect shackles of primogeniture and Manorialism, and stands in his native dignity, "a free man, and a slave, serf, serfdom and servitude in all their various forms and grades, loose their hold upon him, Labor will become truly elevated—when labor who are not prevented by accident or disease, because their natures will demand exercise and useful industry will be more productive activity such as are followed for amusements by the fashionable of the present day, who practically consider the farmer and mechanic "vulgar men." Under such a state of natural industry, each will produce more than he, or she consumes and none will be want of the products of labor, that their real good.

Thus the world will be filled with plenty and peace, for avarice with all her cold-heartedness will be converted into a ministering angel to the brotherhood of Man.

Amusing about such a state of society, is the aim of our glorious Reform—it directs a blow at our known oppression; it demands a reform in Nations, States, Churches, and individuals, by seeking such a radical change in our industrial system, that men will prefer peace and harmony to litigation, industry to idleness, temperance to dissipation, virtue to vice, and true piety to hypocrisy and deceit.

To accomplish such a work demands labor, faith and perseverance, but it will be done as sure as God, and truth are omnipotent. I feel that to take and to carry out the many ramifications of the workings of the great Reform Spirit that is every day developing itself around us. The noble heart of humanity begins to beat high. Its pulsations are every where felt—in the rail road car, the steamer that beats the stage coach, or wherever you go the theme merges into "Reform," "Labor, and its rights," "Slavery," and "Giddiness," &c., &c. Some for, and others against, but showing thought and agitation on the great objects of life, and human existence. I look to Lowell with much interest. The Voice and the inflexible band of Reform Spirits which have gathered around it, have a moral warfare to fight of no ordinary importance. Be firm—be true—be united—let no minor subject divert you from your bold purpose of redeeming man from Slavery and servitude to freedom and industrial harmony. The Voice stands alone, the advocate of progress and Christian (not legal) justice, in a city of inveterate conservatism, and whose social, educational, industrial and judicial systems are wedded to error and oppression. The large incorporate Mammon, whose temple is in Lowell, demands homage of all who enter its walls,

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

yet may the Voice speak out and spare not, till the people refuse, to longer worship this Juggernaut of civilization.

I think great good has been done in Lowell, through "Social Meetings" and Lectures, like those before the "Industrial Reform Lysesum." I hope such means will be kept up. The working people can't knowlede, as much as bread, and give and the bread will not be wanting. I was pleased with Mr. Greeley's lecture, as a whole. Why would ever think him a political editor? He spoke candidly and with much feeling; still, to me, there was a sort of suppression in his lecture, which appeared very much like a disposition to speak out, and not be heard. He talked as though that big soul of his was rather an unmanageable customer for the party shacks, and when a noble god-like sentiment escaped, a dozen-joint pyramids would start to drive it back (and often failed at that.) It appeared to me that he panted for that-kind of freedom which causes people to speak many truths plainly, instead of few ingeniously, and though he is professedly far in advance of any political editor in the country, yet in my opinion he is more radical than he professes, and his greatest difficulty is in keeping down the party safety valve. His article in the Tribune, a copy of which I have received, through my friend, Miss B., must go unnoticed till another time, as I have already trespassed too much upon the patience of the reader, and will close by assuring you that while I inhale these free and generous breezes, I shall not forget the factory girls and boys of Lowell, or the world.

Yours for human rights, w. v.

An intelligent looking, and athletic man came into our office on Tuesday afternoon, and enquired for the former editor of this paper, stating that he had been most sentimentally intoxicated for some time past, in the lodging room to Richardson & Grant's Restaurant. After a few moments, he set down and penned the following article, which speaks for itself. O, the inquiry of this Rum business!

Lowell, 26th of May, 1846.

To the editor of the Voice of Industry.

I beg leave to state, that returning down stairs, after having been most sentimentally drunk, I passed the door of the "Voice of Industry." I was forcibly struck with the idea, that the Printing Press had more power than the sword. Also having read some of your Journals, I am wholly convinced of my own responsibility to myself and my fellow men. Oh God of mighty wisdom! for 20 years past, I have been a slave! to whom or what?

Answer! to the Devilish Alcholoh. I am now,

only the wreck of fortune—nothing but a moving mass of moral putrefaction—a disorganized brain, and a polluted Liver. Unto Earth—no hopes of Heaven. I am like Cain, a fugitive, and wandering vagabond over the earth—fast approaching to the vortex of ruin. I am almost upon my last dollar of fortune, and the Atoms-house stands in the fire. Crime I will not commit. Oh, sir! is there yet a hope? Yes, you would say, rise up and cast off the shackles that have held you in bondage so long. Redem yourself, and forget not, the obligations that you are under, to your God, and to your fellow beings. Philosophy and Religion, teaches these truths; and yet why do I transgress? When the agony of my friends rushes upon me, like the thunders of heaven, shall I not hear? When the wisdom of Omnipotence has declared no drunkard shall enter Heaven, is it not enough?

I should be happy to see you, and relate my life, but have forbids.

Assured, Sir, my prayer is for your good health and happiness, and those around you, and, also, to the cause which you have so nobly sustained. I am, with the highest considerations of respect, yours, n. i. n.

Patriotism!

"Whom fight? Now is your time, *my spirit!* you that love the smell of gunpowder, and are fond of the battle-field! do you not hear the growl of the accursed demon in the dying cries of seven hundred of your brethren in the South West?"

Up, up, and be doing; you have missed some thing already! hundreds have been slaughtered, and you were not there to enjoy the feast of blood.

The widows' and orphans' wall is heard and you have not the satisfaction of being instruments in the cause. Towns and cities are to be sacked, and where will be your share of the plunder! To Deacons will have been sung for the glorious achievements of that gallant and Christian bird, and you are not among them.

Come, arouse yourselves; your brother hunchers will be revelling in the halls of the Monte-zumas, are you have awokened from your lethargy; then gird on your bucklers, beat your ploughshares into swords, and pruning hooks into spears, (for the Savior was mistaken when he taught the reverse) fling your caps into the air and shout for liberty! Oh! glorious glorious! let the welkin ring with Huzzas for the free institutions of your country, especially those of the South; let the world know how Godlike it is to stand up as a mark to be shot at, and receive ten dollars per month for standing fire.

The area of freedom must be extended, then let your watchword be Blood! Blood!

Translated for the Voice.

A Table-From THE BRAKES.

A Miser having died and been decently buried, arrived on the banks of the Styx, in order to cross with the other spirits, his companions in travel. The boutain, Charon, demanded of him the money for his passage; but was struck with astonishment to see him, instead of paying it, threw himself into the stream and swam across, notwithstanding all the remonstrances which were made. This action put all the powers of darkness into a tumult. Each judge endeavored to find a punishment proportionate to a crime, the consequences of which were so disastrous to the infernal reveries. "Euchin him with Prometheus," said one. "Associate him with the toiments of Tantalus," said another. "Send him to Skippy to help him roll his rock," "No," said Minos, "Send—send him back to the earth, that he may see the use which his prodigal heirs have made of his riches."

Lowell, Mass.

D. H. J. 2.

does not look as pleasant as usual—he is afraid you will want trust. Can you say, then, that the capitalist's mandate has no horrors for you? No! no! we know better; we have met it all—we have read your countenances too often. Why should you be placed in this position? Have you ever asked yourselves the question? If you have not, it is high time that it was done. There is a cause and a remedy for this grievance; but the shape in which the latter will come, is the great problem of the day, and we think we know its solution. But we hide our time.—

GENERAL NEWS.

THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

The War with Mexico absorbs a very large share of the public attention; and in the excitement a thousand idle rumors are given to the public, which it would be well to receive with caution: We confess the following from various sources, principally from the New York Tribune:

We have two engineers between Gen. Taylor and the Mexicans, who first came to us in 1847, but who are now engaged in Matamoras, in which they remain, from \$500 to \$700, were repaid.

The action lasted one hour and a half, in which some 600 Mexicans were killed and wounded, and the American lost 200 prisoners and 8 pieces of artillery.

The total loss of the Mexicans in both actions was at least 1200.

The Mexican army were so confident of victory that every preparation had been made to celebrate it, but their preparations fell into the hands of the Americans.

In their flight many of the Mexicans took to the river and drowned in attempting to swim it.

It is reported that the Americans had lost 100 men, and that all the American residents at Matamoras had been arrested and sent to St. Louis, a small town

about thirty miles from Matamoras.

There are a militia and a half of muskets in the various armories of the United States, all ready to load and fire. In the hands of some of our sportsmen they might soon attain the cravings of the Mexicans. [Newburyport Advertiser.]

ESSEX RAILROAD. The Danvers Courier states that a "meeting" of the subscribers to stock in this Railroad was held in Salem on Saturday evening, and very fully attended. Nearly \$100,000 of the stock is already subscribed, and a determination exists among the friends of the project, to complete the undertaking with as little delay as possible. Committees were chosen to prepare by-laws, to solicit subscriptions to stock, and to report a list of officers for the Corporation.

The schooner Franklin, arrived in Boston on Wednesday last, having aboard seventy tons of copper from Lake Superior, dug from the cliff-sides, belonging to a Pittsburgh and Boston Company. The value of the cargo is estimated at three hundred thousand dollars.

The Army was then deployed, and Capt. May, was ordered to charge on the battery that had thrown the grape. If he lost every man; he obeyed orders, took the battery and lost but one man. The battery was commanded by Gen. de Leon, who was taken prisoner.

Our little army then rent the air with their buzzards, and Gen. de Leon, who was taken prisoner.

An extremely bad morning, however, had most dreadfully hung over them, taking 8 pieces of steel.

Gen. Arista's empedit contend all his public and private baggage papers, which will be

of great value, as we now have the key to the whole campaign, which will enable Gen. T. to form his plan so as to entirely defeat their designs.

We took all and everything left, four hundred prisoners and the arms.

The enemy had between 8 and 9,000 troops in the two battles; but we, with 1800 troops completely routed them.

In the decisive battle, Gen. Taylor lost about six killed and wounded. Maj. Ringgold, well known as the commander of the Flying Artillery, died on the Hill, from wounds received in the action of the 8th.

The Washington Union states that Gen. Scott will probably take command of the army in person.

The Union also states that each State and Territory will be called on for its portion of men.

The President has issued a call for the services of the several States for regiments of 5000 men each.

Maine is for 5 regiments, Massachusetts for 2, Maine for 2, Vermont, Connecticut, 2, Rhode Island, 1.

STILL LATER.—Gen. Taylor's official dispatches spot the American part of the story; he places the probable loss of the Mexicans at about 300, and the entire loss of the Americans is but little less.

Immigration from Ireland to this country is going on this season on a large scale. Vessels are almost daily leaving Ireland, crowded with emigrants.

Robert B. Thomas, Esq., the venerable compiler of that excellent and highly popular almanac, well known throughout New England as the "Farmer's Almanac," died at West Boylston, on Tuesday week, aged 80.

GEORGIA.—The whole country between the Neuse and the Rio Grande, is more or less covered with an even green thicket called Chapparal. It grows six or seven feet high, and is composed of mimic leafs headed with vines. This substance presents a formidable barrier to military invasions or pestiferous.

A young woman was recently taken to the New York City Hospital from Anthony street with a broken leg, who had the name of "Johny." It is said that she had acted in the capacity of stage driver nearly three years on one of the omnibus lines in Boston. Dressed in male apparel, she cinched tobacco-smoked segars, drank brandy, and avowed as valiantly as any of her confederates, that her sex was never discovered. It was during this time that she adopted this name which is now the only one by which she is known.

CHIEF POSTAGE TO CONTINUE.—The Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in the Senate declared in his place on Thursday, that no change was contemplated in the Rates of Postage. This announcement will be received with general satisfaction in every part of the country.—N. Y. Express.

PATRIOTISM. It is stated that about fifty members of Congress have applied to the

Senate for appointments, either for themselves

or their relatives, in the army, and that there

are an immense number of patriotic officers

to serve the country, upon the condition of

having a commission. [U. S. Gazette.]

PHYSIOLOGY.

H. N. WHEELER will Lecture and give public meetings on the subject of Physiognomy, at Chapel on FRIDAY EVENING, May 29, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission to a single lecture—for a Gentleman, and two Ladies, 12-1/2cts; for a Gentleman, and one Lady, 10cts. Dr. Wheeler has opened an office, on one flight of WENTWORTH BUILDINGS, between the Circular and State Streets, where he will receive visitors, examine heads, describe characters, talents and dispositions, and write character.

Dr. WHEELER, a graduate of the Lowell Physiological Society, is requested to call at this office.

Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P.M.

50cts.

PHYSIOLOGY.

D. H. J. 2.

OPP. 122 MERRIMACK ST.—(OLD NO. 15.)

FOR GRATEFUL to the very liberal patronage

G. Belmont upon him by the citizens of Lowell and vicinity, during the past year, will express his thanks and最深的感谢 to those persons who have rendered the recent course of Lectures. Also for their generous subscription to "May Party." What they receive that share of public patronage to which their generosity entitles them.

In behalf of the Board, S. G. BAGLEY, Secy.

Lowell, May 29, 1846.

NOTICE.

FOR THE Social Reform Meeting, at Anti-Slavery Hall, will be postponed one week, on account of the absence of many of the friends who usually attend.

Per Order,

J. JUDSON DUDKINS,

Dealer in

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND HOUSE

PAPERS,

(Union Bookstore, 29 Central st. Lowell)

Agents for Hoge's Hyperion Fluid, and McAllister's Anti-Healing Pills.... Sabbath School Books and Periodicals furnished at the lowest price.

MERRIL & HEYWOOD,

(Successors to BROWN & BAGLEY.)

PUBLISHERS, DOWNTONERS AND

STATIONERS,

DALESBURY.

PAPER-HANGERS, BLACK-BOARDS,

BLANK-BLOCKS made to order, and paper ruled to any

PAPER-BINDING done with neatness and dispatch.

No. 29 Central street Lowell.

JOSIAH MERRIL,

C. H. HEYWOOD,

CENTRALVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES. The Summer

Term begins Monday, June 1st.

Dr. CYRUS MANN is Principal. Miss MANN is Assistant.

A few young ladies are now admitted, continuing their studies in a separate Department, and particular attention will be paid to those who are preparing for college or training for a professional career.

Board in the family of the Principal—for females, from \$100 to \$150, exclusive of laundry and washing.

Tuition.—For common English branches, \$25.00;

bigger branches, \$24; Latin, French and Greek, \$25.

For Music and use of Piano, Ornamental Needlework, Drawing, Painting, &c., reasonable additional charge will be made.

REFERENCE.—Dr. CYRUS MANN, Dr. JAMES BROWN, Dr. JOHN ALLEN, Dr. N. D. ALLEN, Dr. Lowell, May 12, 1846.

SWS

Day Goods,

AT STORE NO. 44, MERRIMACK STREET.

JUST RECEIVED.—A great variety of

New Goods, adapted to such as

Embossed Muslin, gradated do., India Linens,

and new and beautiful articles for Spring and Summer

use. Cost of Goods, 10cts. to 15cts.

Cost of Patterns, 10cts. to 15cts.

Promenade, Silk Barage, Blk Silk (1ct.)

Damask, Blk. C. O. C. (1ct.)

Rep. with gold or silver embroidery, 15cts.

N. B.—Our goods are made, composed with most

other stores of the same quality; consequently we sell a little cheaper than is to be found at other stores.

Ladies, do see us and we

see you, No. 44 Merrimack Street, under the Merrimack church, opposite John street.

48 GEO. J. TARR,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

THE subscribers would inform their friends

and the public that they have taken the shop No.

122 Merrimack street, #4, where they intend to

make a large variety of

BOOTS AND SHOES, of all kinds.

They assure themselves that their former experience in the business, with the assistance of some of the best masters they can obtain, will secure a place of

reputation.

French, Calico, Brocade, Taffeta, &c.

Well, May 14.

GEORGE J. TARR,

WANTED.—To learn the Tailor-

ing business. Apply to Mrs. L. Lewis, opposite

Lowell, May 7.

47

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

THE Worsted Mills' Physician, Upton,

Division No. 1, needs on No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston

every Wednesday evening, for patients and

visitors, Dr. W. J. KAGLE, Secy.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY, is for sale at the follow-

ing place:—At the Book Stores, generally; also

at the "Barker Building," on Cornhill, Boston;

At C. Darling & Co., No. 7 Merrimack St.

SALEM.—At Luther Chandler's Periodical

Building.

PITTSBURGH.—By John Fernal-

liffe, Pittsburg.

NEWPORT.—William Self & Co., Periodical

Building.

THE LABORERS UNION ASSOCIATION,

South Union, Boston, Mass., every Saturday Evening, at the "Barker Building," on Cornhill, Boston;

"South bridge," and all who feel interested in the

protection of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of periodicals.

Subscriptions to the Library \$2.00 a year, for Gauntlets, one dollar for the year.

And every member of the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

Lowell, Aug. 25.

JOHN FERNALFEE, Secy.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.

(First session) will assemble on Friday the 16th of June next. Delegates will be received from all the Associations which recognize the doctrine of Equal Rights including the Right to the Soil, explained in the Constitution of Congress.

LET US RECLAIM THE KEY.—This paper is issued

every Saturday evening, from June 1st to December 1st.

Therefore we trust our friends will not delay sending in their \$1.00 a year's subscription, together with the \$1.00 for the same.

THE LABORERS UNION ASSOCIATION, will hold their regular meeting Saturday evening, at the "Barker Building," on Cornhill, Boston;

and all who feel interested in the

protection of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

Let us reclaim the key.

THE EAST BRIDGEWATER WATERMILL Benefit.

Mutual Benefit Association, will hold their regular meeting Saturday evening, at the "Barker Building," on Cornhill, Boston;

and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing

classes, are cordially invited to attend.

Let us reclaim the key.

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Let us reclaim the key.</p

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

I once heard an old Jour. remark, that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never blossom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of —. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with a rose bush chambering around the entrance, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage with the rose shaded window, contained a fair young flower whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue eyed saucy looking creature of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary, sweet, pretty Mary.

"I have a peculiar passion for the name of Mary."

It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower-decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy-laden brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call love, sliding at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed away, and chance made me acquainted with Mary. "Hark ye! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus Medicis—a cheek that blushed the richest peach and a lip that would have rivaled a rose from his bier on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching."

Well, time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. God, I thought, what a chance! I'll do it there, yes there in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I? Love in the Printing Office, eh? There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her of the various implements of the black art—the press and the rollers—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A. B. C.'s. I took an opportunity to scratch her pretty lily white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick full of matter into it!

"I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one," said I, and as I went, I managed to twist my arm round her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one, and the little witch bore it like a martyr—she never screamed once; but as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than ever was viewed by Hercules through his big telescope. Somewhat needled, and with my cheek sunburnt with pain, I again seized her waist and said "Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss." She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the lye-pot, and over went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand, her lily-white hands—the same little hand that had come in contact with my ears—oh! horrible!—was stuck up to the elbow in the ink pot! "Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the pot, dripping with ink, and used me what use I made of that fact. I began to be severely alarmed, and apologized in the test manner I could, and to my surprise she seemed rather pleased than angry—but there was a "winking devil in her eye" that told me there was mischief afoot. As I stood suryng the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and brought it down "ker-slap" upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same left hand had again descended, and again left its inky imprint on my cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "What are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled out of the face of the form," she replied with a loud laugh, and again her hand lit upon my face, taking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most wofully bedimming my eyes. "With a high step and a merry peal of laughter, she skipped through the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and with her rogue, fife peering at the doorway, shouted back.

"I say, Charley, what kind of roller does my hand make?"

"Oh! and I say you take too much ink!"

"Ha! ha! ha! laughed. "Well, good bye, Charley—that's my impression of ha-ha!"

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment and verily believe I could have pas-

sed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office." The devil fly away with such love!"

The next morning when the editor came to the office, I rather calculate he found things a little topsy-turvy. "However that made no difference to me—for I have "minized" long before daylight.

I bore the marks of that scene, for many a day, and now wherever I see a lily under the printing office, I think of little Mary, and keep my eye on the ink pot—and though she was as beautiful as Helzel it would not venture to touch her with ten-pot!

Park Street, in a housetop-love in a bower—love on a spring swing, soft-love by moonlight starlight, lamp-light, or any other light, and I win on you heart and soul—but I pray you by the ghost of Faust, never talk to me about love in a printing office!

From the Chromatopé.

MARY THE CAPTAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

This is none the less true because a man may himself create the circumstances of which he is the creature. Indeed it is more true, as we shall proceed to illustrate. Man is the creature of his clothing. To him, as a biped, it stands in the place of feathers. Without it he is nothing and nowhere—he has fled. He shrinks out of sight or he, hardens into marble or stone. Even a hole or a rent, though very slight, produces a marked effect upon a man. Let the heel, elbow, or knee wear through, and appear or be liable to appear to the beholder, and it produces a great effect upon a man. He shrinks back from society—or if he quiesce it, then it ill becomes him to do so. It is devilish for horse-jockeys, car-racing drivers, &c., to have their spirits has become courser. Men's new clothes, in good style sin teste, seem to fill a natural vacuity or want in the human mind, and form a sort of substratum or foundation upon which the higher powers of the mind can operate and from which they can proceed onwards. This effect is seen in some of those whose clothing is placed upon them without any effort of theirs. A child that is picked up dirt and rags, washed and neatly clothed will behave itself better. Even the spoiled children of Fortune, whose idleness is enough to ruin angels, are much retarded in their downward course by the handiwork of their tailors and the spotless gettings up of their laundry. The tailors and dressmakers are in fact a sort of moral life-guard to the aristocracies of the world, and doing less harm than give them from ruin, so far as they are saved. But if clothing is so efficient upon those who are passively invested with it, how much more does it do for those who choose themselves? Those who by their honest industry earn good clothing, and pay for it, do indeed create circumstances which create back again upon themselves. Some have doubted whether any influence of the image which are put forth on the people on one of New England Sabbath, is more elevating than that of clean shirts and well brushed hats and boots, &c.—fairy bonnets and faultless dresses. And these doubts are not without reason. A good coat and other fixings to match, all paid for, will make almost any day sacred, in which a man may have the pleasure to walk out in them. They settle the great preliminary of mankind, and give a man a fair chance to exercise the soul, if there is such a thing in him. It is too true there are some who possess nothing of the sort, and whose clothing is as fruitless as the blossoms of a catalpa tree. Even here we see the great power of clothing, it causing some to be mistaken for men who would not otherwise run the least chance of it.

We confess, it looks hardly seem proper for such an almost ragamuffin as we are to be preaching such doctrines. But never mind; a man should hold and prudently spout principles, even if his practice does not correspond. Goodness! If an aman's practice is bad, does it help the master any to make his principles bad also? No. We will never again carry far, large holes, nor even patches, however much we may wear them.

If we wanted to reform society or convert the world at our own expense, the first missionarion we would employ should be tailors and dress-makers and milliners. There is no end of talking about soft water and soap—They can work no permanent change of themselves. They are only efficient as a preparation for other changes. Clean clothes always keep up health—soothing and beautifying after it has been spoilt, and we would see what could be done with it by way of preventing or showing respectability and virtue in the boudoir or life to grow up justified of the usual crop of dirt, raggedness and amorality. We would not go course studs—sackcloths and penitentiary habiliments, but good nice clothes, and have them made up in tasteful style, and then say to our fellow mortals from next door to gain upwards:

"Come here a chance, brush off the tears and despondency, wash off the dirt, condon me, bear, pay what you can and be gentleman—be kind. In the pockets of these garments you

may find some directions for using, which you may give what lead to you like. Who supports these people? not straightway to be found looking for respectable places and virtuous companions? Who thinks that good sermons, pious exhortations and patriotic addresses would be lost upon them?"

Many people are always going with their noses close to the ground, and because they see now and then a puppy in exclaiming coat, vest and pants, or a shark gulping the flats by the style of his garments, they think dress is a matter of no importance. But show us a people who are all well-dressed, and we will show you a people that do not afford materials to make many villains of.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER. The department of the older children is of great importance to the younger. Their obedience or insubordination operates throughout the whole circle. Especially is the case of the eldest daughter one of eminence. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her counsel and companionship. In her absence she is the natural vicerey. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model; make her amiable, diligent, domestic, kind and good; trusting that the image of virtues may leave impressions on the soft, waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may in the providence of God be called to fill the place of maternal guide.

TWO OF A TRADE. A physician being summoned to a vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, "Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me as I have covered so many blushing deters of yours!"

ARMED JOXES. A very significant joke was uttered in Philadelphia on the 1st of April. Somebody enjoyed the reputation of not being as kind to his wife as he had promised to be, and therefore accordingly appeared on Wednesday in a plaid on the corners of the streets, in starting capitals, as follows:

"Any body who wants his wife whipped, may send her to No. — street," giving the number and name of the street. We hope the medicine had the desired effect.

ANECDOCE. The following name promise was offered as an irresistible temptation to a filially given iniquitator:—"I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. Pauw a widow's only darling; no husband can ever equal my parents in kindness" "She is kind," pleaded the worder; "but my wife, we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

At an exhibition in Cleveland, O., says the Herald, a young Indian in the course of his speech to the audience stated that "when he became civilized, he threw away his paint and feathers." If this be an evidence of civilization, there are some "folks" who live in the midst of civilization, uncivilized.

AN IRISH CLAIM FOR DAMAGES. A late English paper says that a farmer has demanded compensation from the Cork and Bandon Railway Company, for injury which he has done to the milk of his cows by reason of noise, steam, and smoke of the locomotives in their train.

Within a few miles of Willmington, Del., there lives a merry cobbler whose nose is so very long, that when he takes a sniff, he is obliged to walk forward three paces to reach its point.

What a great matter a little spark kindleth, as the dwarf said to an old man, whose dander he had raised by cursing his daughter.

"Is there old fellows alive now?" said a teacher to a teacher. "What old persons do you mean, my dear?" "Why Paul and Luke and Demosthenes?"

AN IRISH STORY. Search Carolina has decided that smoking or bowing three times to a girl is equivalent to an engagement, and that if the gentleman does not ask her hand in marriage she can sue him for a breach of promise, and damages—milieus and millions. There is no end of talking about soft water and soap—

They can work no permanent change of themselves. They are only efficient as a preparation for other changes.

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The Boston "Chronotype," a little gem of a paper, that "examines everything that is interesting, some things that are old, without favor or flavor," tells some things that are more durable and palatable. In alluding to the funeral services in memory of Mr. Torrey, it thus speaks of

Park Street Church.

Some of our readers may be curious to know how it came to pass that Mr. Torrey's funeral was announced to take place at Park Street Church, a church which one would suppose from its course for half a generation past would dread such a tribute to a fearless, practical Christian as the worst species of profanity. We suppose the application for it must have been made to gratify Mr. Ide, the brother-in-law of Mr. Torrey, who is a member of that church. It seems that the full communion of the church were not in town when the application was made, and it was granted on the responsibility of the members, who, good simple-minded men as they did not dream he was committing sacrilege. When the other members returned they revoked the grant and saved the peculiar holiness of the sanctuary from utter desecration.

In the most momentous and important hour they sent a messenger to one of the sleepers of his bed, who aroused him out of sleep at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, to tell him that Park Street Church could not let for Mr. Torrey's funeral! The funeral services were not what they expected! What a narrow escape—for both Park Street and the funeral!

Whether the body of the martyr himself would profane the sanctuary, or the discourse delivered by the brother of another martyr would pollute it, we profane and unholy men coming in to shed a tear over a fellow mortal who could be merciful without any regard to his own interest than Jesus himself manifested, could destroy its sanctity, we were not informed. And as we feel perfectly sure that the body of Jesus of Nazareth would have been treated in the same way by the majority of the Park St. committee, we do not take any particular interest in the question. If they think they can afford to quit humanity out of their religion, they must try it. Our own private opinion is, that they could better afford to spare the doctrine of election or any other article from their creed, than a practical sympathy with the victims of slavery, and an unspoken honor of the man, who when he was one of the least of Christ's brethren, inferior to prison-laudage, went and administered unto him and helped him out. It is quite needless for any of the Park St. folks to take offence at what we have said; said we, is only a little outbreak of malignant vindictiveness, and will continue to do so probably for ten years, when all of us in it will change places in public estimation with the act of the Park St. Committee.

W. M. D. VINALL, SURGEON DENTIST.

Office, Merchant Street, Corner of Elm Street, corner of Elm and Court Streets.

DR. MOYLE—corporation of Dentists and Head Surgeons.

Wishes to inform the people of Lowell and vicinity that he is permanently located at the above specified place, where he is daily attending to all dental patients.

DR. FREDERICK H. ALLEN. Mineral Water on Gold Plate, \$24-00-4-00.

DR. FREDERICK H. ALLEN. The best of Pure Mineral Water, \$20-00-4-00.

DR. FREDERICK H. ALLEN. Extract with improved instruments, \$25.

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DR. FREDERICK H. ALLEN. Lowell, April 17, 1846.

FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND FOR THE HAIR.

THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND is a compound of the best and most approved of dried herbs. It effects a powerful and obvious remedial effect, in removing dandruff, and softening the hair when it is applied to the surface of the head.

It is the most popular hair tonic in this city, whose hair has been brought out thick, when it was cutting out and very thin from a diseased state.

The Mountain Compound is highly adapted to ladies and mountain dressing, and the inventor has sold hundreds of boxes with wherever it has been tried warrant it to be the best article ever offered to the public.

It gives a rich and luxuriant hue of color to the hair, and removes the most dry and brittle hair, soft and moist several days or a week from application.

Unlike many articles for the hair, it grows perfectly.

Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER, 65 Central Street, Lowell.

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