

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOL. I.

ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

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All Communications should be directed to the  
Voice of Industry.

Petey.

To the Voice of Industry.  
To Mr. H.  
Ms above,  
Petey;

Her form is perfect.  
A round sweet smile over  
In dark, wavy curls her hair lies,  
While the zephyrs of evening are hovering there.

Her eyes—the gazelle's—yet so soft so bright,  
Like a mild bearing star, health's certain of day,  
And a thousand young archers stand bare in array,  
To shoot whom they can—would, though, in vain.

Her voice is as soft as the dove's,  
These voices  
Our song but low.

Sweetest love that bring us home,

When all spring to meet us;

Wherever we are straying as we come;

To the first to give it;

What the world hath given its flowers and wreaths,

Are but sorry pressing;

To sweeten from our ray paths,

And find a female blessing;

Old, friendly dear is the onward track;

If we are but of a welcome lack,

It is a welcome a dream;

Though bright and beaming,

If we know there are lips to hide our stay,

And eyes that will love us lighted;

What is the worth of your diamond ring?

To the glace that flashes pleasure;

When the words that welcome back thy ray,

Oh, friendly dear is our onward track!

We have but one of a welcome lack,

It is a welcome, night, for its sweet dreams!

The Blind Girl to her Sister.

Come, come, clear, clear, and bid joyous-hearted,

An other ray of light withdraws—

As for the sunbeams of her hope departed,

The blind girl sits and weeps to know her voice;

The friend and playmate of her childhood years;

Lily, thy absence, loath-hath life's gladness;

And this deep darkness dark appears;

The long, long day is now but night without the

were welcome, night, for its sweet dreams!

the best!

Come, come, we're—

With a smile, a tear, a tender,

as we may look like those which never die;

Thank how for them my lonely spirit pines;

Through the long weary hours, as day by day,

Slowly the sun doth wester, wester-declined,

Whilst thou, my sun of life, art away;

Thou canst not dream how this fall hast been

For the blind day that sees thee here returning!

Come home, sweet sister! Like a dove at liberty,

My heart sing bounding in its silent nest,

It's depth! I cannot! Conset, the presence only,

Can make our home with cloudless sunshine blest,

E'er was the beldy, whose gentle mate is periled,

Drop by drop, no note to notes of shrive streets!

So do I pine amid the scenes we've cherished!

I cannot sing where once were heard,

Our strains combining, ere the steps did roll;

— is but a bairn! Sit down, get me, come

HOME!

Golden Sands.

It is a great thing to attempt any improvement whatever, even of heart, mind, regularly and methodically.

There is a soul in nature, search out each spirit,  
If we communicate with it, we strengthen and beg enough  
to make it sympathize with us. Her soul should be the soul of  
such a child; and perhaps her children.

It is not by means of facilities, but through difficulties  
that the mind must grow up to greatness.

It is surprising how long people may live in the world  
and never think at all.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE BACHELOR.

Few persons familiar with fashionable society a few years since, but must remember, the striking appearance, the courteous manners and the benevolent peculiarities of a gentleman, whom we will for the present style Harry Langley. He possessed a fine estate, was a bachelor of most, indeed age, and had passed nearly his whole life in gay society. His person was eminently handsome, and to an acute and elegant mind he added refined tastes and the noblest principles. Unlike those persons who can only feel for others through their own consciousness, and can only sympathize with that which appeals to their own consciousnesses of past suffering, he had an enlarged and generous nature, whose perceptions could take in every variety of human grief, and whose sympathies could minister to every diversity of human necessities.

Few men so widely beloved as he, no one dreamed of appropriating his tenderness. He seemed to belong to society, and the idea of turning all his web affections into some one channel seemed like a wrong towards the many who were benefited by his general benevolence. Perhaps his decided impracticality, when attacked by unscrupulous mankind, had done much inspiring such confidence in him; for it was that notwithstanding his large heart was allowed to wander as he chose among the bloomers of beauty without expecting to gather a flower for his own.

Words. Harry Langley was a confirmed bachelor. Nobody knew to improve his age, he might be very much treading the down hill of life, but this made no difference in the opinion of the world.—He was handsome and young looking, as enthusiastic in feeling as a boy, yet as prudent and guided in conduct as a sage. Many an anxious mother gladly entrusted her daughter, on her entrance into society, to the watchful guardianship of one who had trodden the paths of worldly pleasure until he knew every pitfall in the way.

This confidence on the part of his maternal friends had given rise to the set of affections within the bosom of the solitary bachelor which were almost unique in their character. He was beloved and trusted as implicitly by the young as by their elders; and there was no one who more frequently listened to hearty confessions and tender histories. He had gentle words, good counsel, efficient service for all, and his mind must have been a perfect storehouse of love's memories.

There was always some one or two young ladies over whom he was in a manner, the spiritual guardian; but exactly self constituted, not yet deliberately chosen by himself, but made so by accidental circumstances. Over

with one as with another, he had a regard to these adopted daughters, one was for the brighter, another for the prettier, and still another for the more winsome; but he had a feeling of jealousy in these cases. He had a love-like jealousy of all forms of feeling in his "girls," as he styled them, a brotherly pride to be satisfied with their dignified deportment in society, and a sort of inward consolable tenderness, while it never exceeded the bounds of respect; yet gave tons of genuine familiarity to his "nurses." The truth was, that the genuine affectionateness of his nature gave particular charm to such "ejective affinities," and there was an exceeding joy in this indulgence of earnest yet unimpassioned tenderness.

He would conduct his favourites into society, watch over them with kindly solicitude, guard them from premature or mistaken attachments, and when "the hour and the man" had come, when the young heart had really given itself out to true affection, he would resign his sweet charge into the hands of his husband. A strange and inexplicable sorrow would rise up within his heart when he arrived at this point. He was sensible of a pang, a feeling of beweakness at the moment which almost made him shrink from forming such a tie. But time, and unselfish contemplation of another's happiness always restored him to his equanimity, and he was aware of it, some other fair girl had glided into the vacant place in his affections.

Such had been the course of Harry Langley's life for more than fifteen years, and probably no man ever suffered less from the desolateness of bachelor life; for although his fine

mansion was unblessed by the presence of a woman; yet wherever he went his fond female society, female affectionateness, and female trustfulness.

In early youth Langley had wasted himself upon a vain and exhausting love. He had poured out his affection into a shallow chasm which could not receive the full deep stream. The lady of his choice was one of calm, quiet, dignified deportment with an expression of intellectual refinement upon a face whose beauty was never softened by a single trace of emotion. No flush ever mounted her pale cheek, no tear ever glistened, in her clear eye, no touch of irrepressible tenderness ever muddled her features into a liveliness. Blinded by his imagination; Langley looked upon this immobility as the evidence of intense and concentrated feeling. He fancied her noble soul filled with grand and lofty thoughts, and in this unchanging calmness of looks and dignity of manner, saw the possession of sublime thought and earnest feeling.

The lady was too proud for coquetry, and too cold for love. She was a woman without passions, almost without affections, and her intercourse with Langley had been rather a course of experimenting upon her own heart than an attempt at winning a lover.

"You think that I love you," Harry said this strange cold being, when at his impudent taunts he brought the hands of Amy; for it was that notwithstanding his large heart he was allowed to wander as he chose among the bloomers of beauty without expecting to gather a flower for his own.

"I am not of such a nature," said Amy, and hoped not its praises. "The kindly smile of a woman saves her from being a selfish recluse, and in her heart of hearts she has no attractions for me who sought

no amusement, shared not its sympathy and hoped not its praises."

The kindly smile of a woman saves her from being a selfish recluse, and in her heart of hearts she has no attractions for me who sought no amusement, shared not its sympathy and hoped not its praises."

Years passed on. Amy had discovered that it needed neither great beauty nor decided talents to win the suffrages of society. She had become almost in spite of herself a belle; she had been elected a leader of fashion—she had seen men of note suing at her feet, and the knowledge that she could be beloved had come to her with a sweet surprise of sudden joy; yet had Amy kept her heart intact within her bosom. She had a certain hold in society in her own mind and no one had yet equalled it—meanwhile she was the especial pet—the favorite of favorites, to her old friend, who found that her mother at that very period, had turned to cast her lot in the woman he had first loved.

The diginity, the self-possest pride, the calmness of temperament was there, but with it was combined flexibility of looks and voice, deep, quick, feeling, and a power of emotion quite equal to the power of repression.

Amy had reached her twentieth year, and often, in company with her friends, picture the horrors of future life.

She had a destiny by marriage to hasten to a bridegroom.

She avoided her "sweetest" second best; second in her unattractiveness, second in her timidity, second in her timorousness, though she makes such a made by one.

She found her own ideas formed her own mind and her own destiny.

She could count even when she was with the unattractive to.

It is the sweetest came to Amy that she loved hopelessly, and without return. It came to her slowly and painfully, but she did not shut her eyes to the bitter truth.

"I was not at all what I should blush," said she, "for the object of it is noble and good—but it is a feeling which I must hide, because it would only degrade me and pain another. I will be silent and patient—my cheek shall not grow pale with sorrowful rancies. I will be cheerful, useful and good—hiding a deep passion within my heart, but not giving over its existence. I need not the sustenance of outward evidence of affection—I can be happy in many ways, and I can minister to the enjoyments of others, although one arrow may remain in the wounded heart. To draw it out should be to wound me more deeply with the booted heel—let it remain. I have but ungratified yearning, but I have many full dear blessings. I will be content."

So Amy silenced her maudlin feelings, and in gentle dignity she passed on through life, even as the swan glides over the surface of a stream—shaking off the drops that would stain its snowy plumage.

"Have you heard the news?" exclaimed the vivacious Mrs. Merry, as she entered a doorway crowded with morning visitors.

"We have lost our excellent friend, Harry Langley."

"What did he die?" "What was the matter with him?" "why, I say, I saw him in the street two days ago!" were the exclamations which sounded over all sides.

"Ach! poor fellow, he's gone we have no body now with whom to entrust our young talk; he was the last of the race of useful old bachelors."

"But do tell us all about it. Did he die with goot or appley?"

"He was carried off by something more dangerous than either—it was a love-fit!"

"What die in a love-fit?"

"I did not say he was dead, only that we had lost him, and this is true, for he was married this morning."

"And pray, who has been tempted by his fine estate to make a fool of him at this time of life?"

"He has married one who is too wealthy to find his estate a temptation; Amy Leglies scarcely needs to marry for money."

"And has he actually married Amy Leglie, after flirting with her sister so long ago seven or eight years ago? Do tell us all about it."

"There is little to tell; Amy has loved him from her childhood, and therefore it was that she rejected so many eligible matches. He discovered some how, or other that his feelings were more deeply interested in Amy than prudence would allow, and deliberately set himself to work to himself of such a folly. Unfortunately for his resolution, it happened that Amy was riding out with her father one afternoon, and while passing through the lane which winds around Langley's grounds, her horse took fright. She was thrown violently from her saddle, and severely injured by the fall. She was carried into Langley's as being nearest the scene of the accident and it was during the alarm which followed by her situation that the good bachelor first betrayed the real feeling towards the sufferer. I don't know all the circumstances attendant upon their mutual understanding of each other, but one thing is certain, that when Amy once more left the chamber to which her injuries had confined her for several weeks, she was the betrothed bride of Harry Langley."

"Well, I always supposed the old fellow would be caught at last in one of his own traps."

And such was the world's comment upon one of the most unselfish, devoted and happy natures that ever blessed the destiny of human hearts.

The World Capable of Making Virtuous Species Happy?

We should try to figure the result on human life, were perfect virtue to revisit earth and take up its abode in every family. The question is, are we so constructed and so accommodated, that in the vast majority of cases, if morally right, should be physically happy. What we should ask, is the real tendency of nature's laws—whether to minister enjoyment to the good or evil? It were a strong testimony to the righteousness of Him, who framed the system of things and all its adaptations, if, while it secured a general harmony between the virtue of mankind and their happiness or peace, it as constantly impeded either the prosperity of the profligate and lawless. Now if this might be inferred by an actual survey of human life—We can justly imagine the consequences upon human society—were perfect uprightness and sympathy and good will to obtain universally; were every man to look to his fellow with the honest eye, were a universal courtesy to reign in our streets and in our houses and market places, and this to be spontaneous emanation of a universal cordiality; were each man's interest and reputation safe in the keeping of another; if his name were strive to make him by a jealous guardian of his own; were on the one hand, a prompt and ever-ready leniency on the part of the rich, ever ready to stretch to meet every want, to overpass the wants of humanity, and on the other hand, an honest moderation and independence on the part of the poor, to be a full defense for their superiors against the encroachments of deceit and rapacity; were liberality to walk diffused among men, not love to settle pure and upright in the bosom of families; were that moral sunshine to arise in every heart, which purity and innocence and affection are ever sure to come, there; and even when such painful visitation from without, was in dissonance with the harmony within, were a thousand sweets ready to be snatched into the cup of tribulation from the feeling and friendship of all the good around us—on this single transition from vice to virtue among men, does there not hang the alternative between a pandemonium and a paradise? If the moral elements were in place and due operation among us, should we still continue to fester and be unhappy from the want of the physical? Or, is it not rather true, that all nature smiles in beauty, or weans in bounteesses for our enjoyment—were not the disease of our spirits destined were there but moral soundness in the heart of man?" Chalmers.

An Irish doctor advertises that the deaf may hear at a house in Liverpool, where also his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

## Christianity and War.

If some pestilence were now raging on our South Western border, moving down a hundred or two human beings per day, and threatening to overspread the land, what a profusion of prayers, and fastings, and deprecations of God's wrathful justice, would be heard from all our ten thousand churches! If news had but arrived that the inhabitants of the valley of the Rio Grande, in manner on which bank residing, were pining and dying; for food what thrilling appeals would be made to Christian benevolence through all our newspapers! What meetings would be held to raise supplies of corn and cattle for our suffering, dying fellow men! Yet now, when we hear of hundreds after hundreds, recklessly slaughtered there—dying in agony and scorching thirst, their life blood flowing gradually away into the burning sands, and their bodies tumbling hurriedly into holes like carous, mobs assemble to shout and dance over the glorious tilthings; and every ear is strained for more bulletins of butchery. We hear that the Mexican Army is starving, after being reduced for days on barley corn and salt, in a region where fresh water is often a rarity; and we think not, nor care not that when an army begins to starve, the People must have starved already, and our patriotic hearts! That's right! Give it to 'em! Block up the mouth of the Rio Grande! Let them have nothing to eat! Humble them! Chastise them! Cut them down! Such is War—such the devilish spirit which creates and is cherished by it. And what is our Christianity, what is the Church (in which term we include all organized societies of Christians) doing to arrest this complication of crimes and horrors?—New York Tribune.

## VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

**What We Labor For**—The abolition of idleness, want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

LOWELL, JUNE 12, 1846.

### The Introduction into the Mill.

#### CHAPTER III.

It will be seen by the by-laws in the preceding chapter, that those in the employ of the companies are required to be constant in their attendance at some regular place of worship, and those who neglect this regulation, will not be employed.

As it is not the design of these chapters, to enter into a discussion of the claims of sympathy of the operatives of the different factories, who allow wickedness in high places to go unpunished in our midst, we shall confine ourself upon the long hours of labor, and the want of time. Can it be reasonably supposed that those who are called to their task every morning at half past five, and keep them until seven at night, will have sufficient energy to be constant in their attendance at church on the Sabbath? The reader can judge.

One objection which is kept out of sight, is no working is done by those who board the operatives for their meals and dress; consequently there is much additional labor in keeping their wardrobe in church-going order, which falls upon them, and which they have no time to perform.

Another objection arises from the fact, that our Agents and the aristocratic class to which they belong, have ordained fashions in dress and equipage, which the operative is unable to follow, and they must at any rate ape them, or they will be wanting in self-respect.

Those who have been in Lowell but a short time, and venture out to church, with their plain country dress, are stared almost out of countenance—and unless they have an unusual amount of independence, they will not venture again, until they have a new number of the most "approved style," and "taste things to match." These causes are a sufficient apology for the neglect of attending church.

But we must not be understood, as giving the reasons with a desire to lend our influence on the side of a neglect of religious culture. We would thank God most devoutly, if there could be found a house of worship in Lowell, where the gospel, as preached to the ancient disciples, could be heard by every operative, and those who are not of this class also—where it would not be "binding heavy burdens," that those who minister "will not move with one of their fingers!" We hope for the future!

### Our Treas.

The next number of the "Voice" will be the commencement of a new volume. With that number, we shall commence the publication of the *Ironclad Triumphant* or "Factory Life," or the effects of the Factory System on community, physical and mental. We have received these, and there are others in preparation. Those in our possession are very superior productions, and if they should not entitle the writers to the proposed premium they will entitle them to the unfeigned thanks of the operatives, and the friends of the "Voice." We shall in prospect a course of letters from some of the best writers of our country, and with the eminent writers and those who have pledged their assistance, we hope to give a greater variety to our readers in the future.

We have just received the first of a series of letters from Boston.

Friars in factory villages, who wear a large number of the "Voice" on account of

the "Tracts" will send in their orders the present week. The friends in Cabotville and Fall River and other manufacturing towns, will take great pains to "circulate the documents." This is the most effective remedy. God said, "Let there be light." We say so too; and when the light shall become universal, the present system of unmilitated toll and servitude shall flee away before its glorious brightness. Then, we repeat again, circulate the documents! and the little quiet missives, shall have a power to rebuke the wrongs of the world, that you have not yet realized.

What has not been performed by tract and paper? Where would now have been the so-called orthodox societies, if it had not for the circulation of tracts? Think you it may have not made an estimate of their efforts, in these many years in which they have scattered them broadest over the land?

Let us profit by their example, and neglect to seed the next volume of the "Voice" to every town and hamlet in the country.

Friends who have prints in the country, send the "Voice" to them; they will lend them to the neighbors who will read them, and they shall do an incalculable amount of good, and exert an influence that shall be felt.

### The War.

We are in the midst of a war. Men, drunk with the excitement produced by the events of the last few weeks, seem actually to thirst for carnage and conquest. The Anglo-Saxon blood of our countrymen boils in their veins. They are ready to gird on their swords and march, if need be, even to the halls of the Montezumas, there "to vindicate the rights and honor of their native land." The President and a host of Governors have issued proclamations full of patriotic ardor, denouncing their foes with invective, and incitement to war; the invaders of their soil, and revoking various blessings of the God of peace, and peace on the earth. In obedience to these calls, War Meetings are held in all parts of the land, and patriotic volunteers with the motto, "Order, Right, or Wrong," and embazoned on their banners, are flocking to array themselves under the broad folds of the "star flag" on the banks of the Rio-Grande. The daily papers are full of accounts of towns bombarded, battles fought, glorious victories won, and hundreds of Christian men slaughtered by other Christian men with whom they had no quarrel. In a word the cry is "still for war."

At this crisis, what is the duty of those who believe in Jesus of Nazareth, believe also in the principle of non-resistance, to his principles of religious freedom? If we are peace men only in times of peace, we are unworthy of the name; if we dare not yield, then, when the war cry is on the lips of the multitude, and hissed and cried of treason and greed, on every hand, speak out for humanity in the cause of peace, we are miserably cowards. Fellow Reformers, are you ready to stand out now, and known as the uncompromising opposers of war in general, of that piece of hellish insanity, the present Mexican War in particular? Are you ready to pledge yourselves, before your fellow man, and in the sight of God, in no way to countenance or encourage the atrocious war, into which the country has been plunged by a slaveholding oligarchy, for the extension and perpetuation of Slavery, and to do all in your power to persuade others to pursue the same course; or will you at the beck of the slave-power, shoulder your muskets and join the victorious armies of our boasted Democratic and Christian Republic, on the plains of Mexico, to shout and be shot at, for eight dollars a month, as long as your masters shall want you, and then, if you are so very fortunate as to escape the balls and bayonets of the Mexicans, and the yellow fever and wants of the country, come home and resume your implements toil and earn the money to help you, either in direct taxes or in duties, your own wages together with the eight dollars a day to those who, in peace and safety then, did this to you? Will you do it? To carry it to the extreme, will you do it? It is enough for me to say, with the followers of Jesus in the old time, "I am a Christian, and cannot fight?"

D. H. J.

N. B.—Those patriotic gentlemen who took the pains to preserve all anti-war papers for future use, will be careful and keep a file of the "Voice."

NOTE OF THANKS.—Congress has at last most generously passed a resolution giving each soldier in General Taylor's army—what compensation of land? No. A month's extra pay—*the thanks of that mighty body!* This with the "voices of thanks" passed at all the "War Meetings" (including the one held at the City Hall) that have been held throughout the country, these brave soldiers will doubtless consider ample compensation for all their toils and dangers, and for the few arms and weapons of those whose bones will bleach on the banks of the Rio Grande, will also doubtless be entirely reconciled to their loss.

The extra pay would not have been amiss then those Patriotic Members of Congress paid only *eight dollars a day for their arduous labor!*

D. H. J.

### Beauties of the War.

The following extracts from various papers, and from the pens of various individuals, will serve as a faint picture of very faint indeed, of some of the most striking beauties of the "Glorious War" in which this Republican and Christian nation has been involved by its pious President and his slave holding supporters. When single individuals gain his limbs crushed by a railroad car, the newspaper paragraphs giving an account of it are headed: "Horrible Accident," "Distracting Casualty," &c. Such details as the following go to make up what our war bulletins call a "Glorious Victory."

"We have here quite a hospital of men, comprising 43 privates, three Mexican prisoners—one of whom has lost both legs—the following officers of the U. S. Army:

Col. McIntosh, 5th Infantry, was pierced through the mouth with a bayonet and shot in three places.

Col. Payne, Inspector General shot in the hip.

Capt. Page, 5th Infantry, lower jaw part of the tongue, and upper teeth entirely sawed off. He is suffering dreadfully.

Capt. Hoe, 4th Infantry; right arm shot off above the elbow.

Lient. Green 5th Infantry; right arm broken near the left hand.

Lient. Jordan, 5th Infantry; shot and blinded in several places.

Lient. Luther, 2d Artillery; lower lip shot off."

"Maj. Riengold received a shot while seated on his horse, that carried away the flesh of his legs, from his knees up and passed through the wirthers of his saddle, shattering the cartilage of the joint."

"David Brown," frequent winner of "David Brown," page had his lower jaw shot off.

The wounds of the men were very severe; most of them requiring amputation of some limb.

"The surgeon's saw was going the live night, and the groans of the poor patients were heard all night long."

"The men were giving up the devotions and prompt action of our gallant officers. It was a sad sight for them to have to go over the field of battle."

"It was a truly shocking sight. Our artillery had literally moved them down."

"There were heaps of dead lying about sawed in pieces, and the number of them must have been 500."

"Many of the men had been so severely wounded that it could not be ascertained afterwards what had happened to them."

"A soldier in the hospital hall of the war, the shrieks of the wounded and dying could be heard while the artillery and cavalry horses were rushing madly to and fro, some with broken legs, and some in the last agonies of death.

"While sitting in all its fierceness on the soul of God, like a scorpion gnawing away at the flesh and rending the sinews, like a vulture tearing the entrails of its victim."

"The soldiers were saying all sorts of things about the "glorious victory" of 800 slaughtered again at present."

The man who first seduced Maria A. Black, is said by the late edition of her life, (for sale at Judkins') to be a man calling himself Johnson. For further particulars enquire at the Merrimac House the present week.

### News About Town.

MILITARY.—The Norwich Cadets are expected to visit our city this week. The military companies of this city meet their partners during the "civil" period of their stay.

MESSENGER.—Rev. L. C. Sunderland has been performing mesmerism the past week, at the City Hall.

WE HAVE NOT SEEN, with how much success to his purpose.

POLITICAL.—Albert Brisbane Esq., York, will lecture on Political Reform at City Hall, on Thursday and Friday of this week. We do not suppose many volunteers to go to Grande, unless he is permitted by the government, to pay more than \$8 per person.

RELIGIOUS.—Very.—The Sabbath-Labor Christians had a very full attendance on Sabbath last. Several voluntaries were performed on the organ.

We judge the meeting was one of much interest, as there was a great number present besides those who took part in the services. The meeting adjourned till next Sabbath morning, 7-1/2 o'clock.

ALL INTEREST WILL BE PRESENT. Those wishing to attend their meetings, will do well to subscribe for the "Voice," as all such notices will be given.

PHYSIOLOGY.—Mrs. Paulina W. Wright will give a course of Lectures before the Ladies, on the next week. She is represented as being popular as a Physiologist in Philadelphia.

NATIONAL REFORM.—O'Connor, a very distinguished person, addressed a meeting at Anti-Slavery Hall, on Sabbath evening last. His powerful eloquence, and the interest of the audience on the subject made the meeting one, whose influence shall be felt in the future.

The New England Minstrels and pleasant dreams will be given to the stage, twelve o'clock Wednesday evening. It is next to receiving a visit from the "spirit land."

TEMPERANCE.—A celebrated lecturer made an attempt at a temperance speech on Sabbath last, on Washington Square. The City Watch and boys succeeded in removing the speaker and the crowd dispersed.

WAR.—The news about war has "scapped out." We fear we shall not be able to record a "glorious victory" of 800 slaughtered again at present.

The man who first seduced Maria A. Black, is said by the late edition of her life, (for sale at Judkins') to be a man calling himself Johnson. For further particulars enquire at the Merrimac House the present week.

### The New England Vocalists, (known by known to the Quartette) miscellaneous.

some singing others in the singing in piles, others beginning in Spanish for a song, others in English for another.

Others sing in all its fierceness on the soul of God, like a scorpion gnawing away at the flesh and rending the sinews, like a vulture tearing the entrails of its victim."

...will be given to the full house.

Tickets, 12-1/2cts, at the Bookstores and at the door.

CARE OF YOUR TEETH!—Dr. John, 122 Merrimac Street will take care of your teeth—with your permission. See advertisement in another column.

Will the editor of the Elmira Republican please direct his exchange to the Voice of Industry? N. F. L.

### THE IMPROVEMENT CIRCLE.

At our last meeting I took occasion to make a communication to you on our social relations. The engagements of the hour allotted me to furnish something for your amusement and instruction, were such that I but glanced at the subjects. I shall be pardoned, therefore, if I allude to it again and again. Much of our happiness, many things, depend upon our social existence.

Make us rich and give us social intercourse and what will it avail us? Make us wise and shut us out from society and the world will not be instructed from our stores of wisdom. Make us happy, and remove us from those we love, and the smile is followed by a tear. Make us devoted, and the soul cannot approach the bosom of its God, and he obliged to leave its cherished object behind. Our whole life is interwoven with each other, and our happiness made to depend upon each other, in a greater or less degree.

Such are our relations, to each other, that while we are unhappy we spread gloom on all around us. I would inquire if these things are not so? How important then that we feel sensibly our true relation to each other. How often should we stop and think before speaking, lest we inflict a wound we have no power to heal. There is enough of sorrow mingled in our cup of existence, without one being carelessly or wickedly added.—There are thorns, too often found in our path, to need, to offer aid and comfort.

Then let me be encouraged to labor yet more abundantly! Let the thought that we are engaged in a good work serve us on all occasions.

Our battle is not to the strong alone, nor the race to the swift—but to the righteousness of the cause.

In the strength of Eliab's God, the God of Right, let us march boldly on to the conquest.

Let us take no rest until the shout shall rend the earth and heavens—Goliath is fallen!

JULIANA.

### Written for the Improvement Circle.

Write, write still the cry is, write!—Would to heaven I had the ability to write something which would interest, amuse and instruct. What could I that could move the pen of some great intellect, or some inspired soul, that the thoughts which dropped therefrom amble through, producing nothing but common place and uninteresting remarks. Still my cry comes!—Write!

Well, it is surely better to right than wrong. God knows there is enough of wrong already in the earth! It is very easy to say right, but to do—ah! that's the thing. Could we in our hours of self-communion I suppose, what a perfect angel I should be, with out wings! And then living too, in this little paradise! this garden of Eden, where seven thousand happy creatures spend their time, fourteen hours in a day, in palaces filled with all the advantages and comforts of life, nay, in ease, exercising just enough to give to their lovely features a roseate hue, and lightness and elasticity to their frames! Happy creatures! how truly, grateful am I to be an humble subdivision as not to realize the exalted station and truly delightful indulgences which they enjoy? If so, let them take a mile a glass at ages 102 and 106 of Rev. H. Miller, book and they will surely awake to a sense of regret and contempt for us. *Hear ye, hear ye!* and all these sort of advantages are, say he, enjoyed by the operatives. (Quere—When do they find time, for all or any of these?) When exhausted nature demands repose? Very pretty picture that to write about; but we fancy the sober reality to be quite another thing altogether.

After all, it is eas. to write a book that is to do right. It is easier to smooth over and plaster up a deep festering rotten system, which is sappling the life-blood of our nation, widening and deepening the yawning gulf which will be long swamp up the laboring classes in dependent servitude and misery, like that of Europe, than it is to probe the very bottom this death-spreading, now defusing, unhappy land!

Dr. John's

Who? Are there any in this our little "Circle" that would not prefer to make any sacrifice whatever, to live in seritude and ignorance on God's *free earth*? No! we will call no man master, save Christ. We will know no distinctions among men, save what virtue and integrity of soul shall give! Our hands, our hearts, our interest, our lives, all are pledged to the work of emancipation, elevation, and reformation! God giving us his grace to direct, wisdom to execute, and unwavering trust, we confidently expect and will flow down in blessings, of which will now fill up the days to come.

Sisters, let us be encouraged to labor yet more abundantly! Let the thought that we are engaged in a good work serve us on all occasions.

Our battle is not to the strong alone, nor the race to the swift—but to the righteousness of the cause.

By order of the Com. of Arrangements for the meeting of the Friends of Freedom at Antislavery Hall, on

next s'even o'clock, to m'k

Let every member of the t'rry and officiarly to

By order of the Com. of Arrangements for the meeting of the Friends of Freedom at Antislavery Hall, on

next s'even o'clock, to m'k

W. T. G. PRATT

Lowell, June 11, 1846.

OZ. SOCIAL MEETING—our meet at Anti-Slavery H. for social interests, and to

of Human Elevation. A gen-

Lowell, June 11.

A new Post Office has been established at Winona Falls, Chittenden, county, Vt., and W. B. Hatch appointed Postmaster.

The U. S. Gazette says the whole num-

ber of Roman Catholics now in the capital of

New England, is estimated at \$1,000,000 at least, or more than one-quarter part of the entire population of Boston.



# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

## THE WEALTH OF OUR COUNTRY.

The progress of the mechanic arts in this country, and the constantly increasing and continental development of the inventive genius of our own enterprising and skillful mechanics are distinctive and happy features in the policy and measures of our government, by which the energies and efforts of thinking and acting men are encouraged and fostered, and intelligent, scientific, and highly gifted minds brought to bear and operate upon the subject of improvement in all the great and diversified arts, designs and occupations of social life.

"It cannot be doubted that the inventive powers of the mechanics of the United States during the last half century, have far exceeded those of any other country, or any time, and, during the same time, of being of the own free Republic can have every portion of great magnitude for display; improvement in the globe, and the plastic arts in this country, machinery and the authorized trade and try, has almost old world. Go to England; commerce and merchandises, cities, and the visitor American skill will meet you at almost product glance. In France, too, American most prize has forced its way and meets with ready welcome. Spain, also, is willingly receiving at the hands of our mechanics, the avail of their ingenuity and skill, and many are the specimens of American industry which may find way to distant ports; and still inward, even, the eternal city—almost beneath the walls of the Vatican, exhibits the fruits of "Yankee" energy and persevering enterprise, while, far up the Mediterranean New-England sends the product of her looms and manufacturers, and the great auctor of the Ford, in the construction of a most expeditious railway, holds the thousands of most expert mechanics, under the superintendence and control of an American engineer. These facts speak volumes in favor of American ingenuity, and evince not only the power, but also the wealth of the nation; for contend that industry well directed, and talent properly encouraged, is the only legitimate source of wealth to any country, and without which the gems of Golconda, the silver mountains of Potosi, or the gold of Mexican mines is comparative poverty; the truth of which ascertain the melancholy picture of those half-civilized and degraded countries strikingly manifested: Who were some of the greatest and best of those names held in lasting and glorious remembrance not only by their own countrymen, but by the whole civilized world? The noble Socrates, the father of Grecian law, was educated a stathary;—Cincinnatus the ornament of his country's ploughman;—Washington a painter;—Washington a farmer, and Franklina printer.

Great and glorious are the characters, and honored the names of such men; and what has soiled at the work-bench of the anvil, or followed the plough and cultivated the soil, but has felt that his employment was caused by such illustrious examples? Who but would feel it to be a desecration of his noble calling to exclude it for stock-jobbing and speculation, although a fictitious and usurped factory name for wealth might respond to his mercenary efforts? No one, we venture to reply, who feels his true dignity, would thus degrade himself from his honorable station; and we can appeal with pride to the intelligent mechanics and workmen of our land, as the great bone and sinew of the nation and the true hope and bulkhead of our country as its most true and faithful adherents; their motto, "Industry," and their purpose, "to excel;" they are the only true representatives of our country, wealth and future glory.

## Hanging On.

There are certain stores that modest, unassuming folks will not enter to purchase goods. The reason they give is this. The salesmen hang on to us—determined we shall buy the goods whether we want them or not. They seem determined that we shall not leave the shop without laying out our money. If we tell them we wish for different articles, they will declare, they cannot be found in the city! Such a course may succeed for once; but it injures the mind of females, who generally know what they want and how much, and they will seldom call again. Young clerks should be taught better and never insist on selling an article to a person who does not want it. An accommodating, but not too talkative person will sell double the goods, and secure better customers than one who is full of gab and will not permit a customer to leave the shop. If he has tried to talk his wife into an expensive purchase—a shop-keeper hangs on and insists on selling goods. Depend upon it, females who are thus importuned will never return to the store and go any where in preference to purchase their goods.—[Portland Tribune.]

"SAH, sir!" exclaimed an elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a powerful preacher! he had in the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits, and as many bibles in pieces!"

An eastern paper says—"The greatest case of love is that of a youth in Kentucky, who got into a hollow tree, where he had sat a whole week, peeping through a knot-hole at his lady love, as she sat sewing bairnskin petticoats at her window."

**Mortal Contrasts in Every-Day LIFE.**  
Have the courage to discharged a debt while  
you have the money in your pocket.  
Have the courage to do what you know is right,  
but do not need, however much your eyes  
would weep over it.  
Have the courage to speak your mind, when  
it is necessary that you should do so, and hold  
your tongue when it is prudent you should  
do so.  
Have the courage to speak to a friend in a  
soft, cool, even though you are in company  
which are richly attired.  
Have the courage to own you are poor, and  
thus dispel poverty of its sharpest sting.  
Have the courage to make a will, and that  
at once.

Have the courage to tell a man why you  
will not lend him your money.  
Have the courage to eat the most agreeable  
acquaintances you have, when you are con-  
vinced he lacks principle.  
A friend should  
be with a friend's infirmities, but not with  
his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for  
honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and  
your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity;  
your courage exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes  
when they are able to pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at  
the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in the  
winter, and insur your wife and daugh-  
ters during the same.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and  
propriety to fashion, in all things."

Have the courage to acknowledge your ig-  
norance, rather than to seek credit for knowl-  
edge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide an entertain-  
ment for your equals, within your means,  
no beyond.

Have the courage to take a good paper and  
to pay for it always in advance.

## A Lesson in Tenderness.

I once asked John W. Edmonds, one of the  
inspectors of Sing Sing Prison, how it was  
that Wall-street money, brought into sharp  
collision with the world, had preserved so  
much tenderness of heart. "My mother was a  
Quakeress," said he, "and it is a serious con-  
viction she had with me when I was four or  
five years old, has affected my whole life. I  
had joined some boys who were tormenting a  
kitten. We chased her and threw stones till  
we killed her. When I came into the house I  
told my mother what we had done. She took  
me by her lap and talked to me in such moving  
terms about my cruelty to the poor helpless  
creature that I suffered as if my heart  
would break. Afterwards, if I were tempted to  
do anything unkind, she would tell me to  
remember how sorry I was for having hurt the  
poor little kitten. I never forgot that circum-  
stance. For a long time after, I could not  
sleep, when I became a man, I could never  
see a torn suffering wretch run down by his  
fellows without thinking of that hunted  
and pelted little beast. Even now the glow  
of that lesson, and the recollection of my dear  
mother's gentle lessons, comes before me and  
the prisoners at Sing Sing, and forever ad-  
monishes me to be humane and forbearing."—

—Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.

## Poverty.

Start not at the labor of honest poverty  
it is to poverty that we are indebted for the  
discovery of a new world; it made Franklin a philosopher, Hogarth a painter, and Napoleon the conqueror of Europe. The mightiest minds that ever astonished the civilized  
world, were nurtured in the vale of poverty;  
they were their incentive to action, their stimulus  
to glory and immortality. Pin-up, not vice,  
is the great bone and sinew of the nation and the  
true hope and bulkhead of our country as its  
most true and faithful adherents; their motto,  
"Industry," and their purpose, "to excel;" they  
are the only true representatives of our country,  
wealth and future glory.

To FLAMMERS.—Consider your calling both  
in respect of your character and of your name,  
and qualified of your course appear.

Never hire men to do a piece of work that  
you can do yourself.

Instead of spending a rainy day idly, repair  
whatever wants pending, or post your ac-  
counts.

By following these directions, time will  
bring the reward of true industry.

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably  
surprised the other day to find a plump tur-  
key served up for dinner, and enquired of  
its weight when it was obtained. "Why," said  
he, blacked, "the turkey has been roasting on  
our fence-tree stakes, or do you mean its size  
for its own end?"

The last case of mortosity, is that of a lady  
who disowned her lover, a sea-captain, be-  
cause he is speaking of one of his voyages, he  
and that he hugged the shore.

**GOD'S FEELING.**—We knew a blunt old fellow in the State of Maine who sometimes hit the nail on the head more pat than the philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for his "good feeling." Every body joined and said the man possessed excellent feelings.  
"What has he done?" asked our old gen-  
eral again.

"Oh! in everything he is a man of fine, be-  
nevolent feeling," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow  
again.

By this time the company thought it neces-  
sary to show some of their favorite's doing.  
They began to cast about in their minds, but  
the old man still strolled, "What has he done?" They owned that they could not  
name anything in particular.

"Yet," said the cynic, "you say that the  
man has good feelings—but benevolent feelings.  
Now let me tell you gentlemen, there are  
people in this world who get a good name on  
account of their feelings. You can't tell one  
generous action they ever performed in their  
lives, but they can look and talk most be-  
nevolently. I know a man in this town that  
you would surely, rough and unamiable  
man, analyzeth he has done some acts of kind-  
ness in this country than all of you put together.  
You may judge people's actions by their  
feelings, but judge people's feelings by their  
actions."

**THE LADIES OF ITALY.**—In form the Ital-  
ians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally  
acquire a fair gait and bearing. It isaston-  
ishing that our ladies should persist in that  
ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and  
that necessitate must be, beautiful. Why many  
an Italian woman would ravel for vexation if  
she possessed such a waist as some of our  
ladies require only by the longest, painfulst  
effort. I have sought the reason of this  
difference, and can see no other, than that  
the Italians have their glorious statuary con-  
tinually before them as models, and hence  
endeavor to assimilate themselves to them  
whereas, our models, are those French  
stuffed figures in the windows of millinery  
shops. Why, if an artist should presume to  
make a statue with the shape that seems to  
be regarded with us as the perfection of har-  
monious proportion, he would be laughed out  
of the city. It is a standing objection against  
the taste of our women, the world over, that  
they will practically assert that a French milli-  
nary understands how they shall be made  
more than nature herself!—*Madame's Travels*  
in Italy.

**THE ROLLING PASSION.**—Southey, in his  
*Wanderings, etc., etc.,* writes—When  
I was at —, a sum made hirsopage from  
Irish money. The first thing for which  
she insisted, when she reached the house,  
which she was to seat, was a looking-  
glass. She had entered the convent when  
only five years old, and from that time had  
never seen her own face."

Here is a pleasant story from Walpole's  
correspondence, it seduced us into a hearty  
laugh when we were very dull, and far from  
cheerful. Perhaps it may have a similar effect  
upon some temporarily lugubrious readers:

"I must add a curious story, which I believe  
will surprise your Italian surgeons, as it has  
amazed the faculty here. A sailor who had  
broken his leg was advised to communicate  
his case to the Royal Society. The account  
he gave was, that having fallen from the top  
of the mast, and fractured his leg, he had  
dressed it with nothing but tar, oakum, and  
yet in three days was able to walk as well as  
before the accident. The story at first ap-  
peared quite incredible, as such applications  
were not known in tar, and still in  
oakum, nor was a poor sailor of so wonderful a  
cure. The society very reasonably de-  
manded a full relation, and I suppose the  
captain of the vessel who had suffered from a  
similar accident, who was a member of the Royal  
Society, and who had written to the Royal Society  
that his leg had been really broken, but had  
been made use of no other application than  
tar and oakum, and how they should  
cure a broken leg in three days, even if they  
could cure it at all, was a matter of the most  
wonder. Several letters passed between the  
society and the patient, who persevered in the  
most solemn assertions of having used no  
other remedies, and it does appear beyond  
a doubt that the man speaks truth. It is a  
little uncharitable, but I fear, there are some  
persons who might not like this abbreviation of  
attentiveness and expense; but on the other  
hand, you will be charmed with the plain,  
honest simplicity of the sailor. In writing  
to his last letter he added these words:  
'I forgot to tell your honors that the leg was  
a wooden one!'"—[Ex. Paper.]

**THINGS IN AMERICA.**—This country has a  
frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We  
have a line of sea coast of nearly 4,000 miles,  
and lake coasts of 12,000 miles. One of our rivers  
is twice the size or length of the Danube,  
the largest river in Europe. The State of  
Virginia is one-third larger than England, and  
the territory of the United States is capable of  
sustaining a population greater than that of  
all the kingdoms of Europe collectively, and  
with vastly better accommodation at that.

**The following rare morsel is from one of**  
**Dow, Jr.'s patent sermons:**  
"My friends, and many of you (city Folks,  
especially) are inclined to meanness,  
know some who are as vastly little—it may  
be allowed to use the term—that when they  
are brushed from earth into the devil's dust,  
the old chap will have to put on double  
magnifying spectacles and poise for a long  
time amid the rubbish of mortality, before  
he can find them. There is neighbor Right-  
ist, in some respects a worthy member of  
my congregation, and yet, I regret to say he  
is mean enough to chaise a fat musquito,  
through a five mile swamp, for the sake of  
his net. To his credit, however he made a  
sacrifice for the good cause, of putting an  
unfortunate looking penny in the box, and  
going supperless to bed." And neighbor Stick-  
in-the-mud, too, if he had the power, and  
could enrich himself thereby would brush the  
silver star from the firmament, snatch the  
golden sun from the sky, and sell the moon,  
for brass; and if sixpence was required at  
the gate of heaven, rather than pay the fee  
I verily believe he would rise from his resting  
place at midnight and pick the lock with a  
ten-penny nail."

**A MEDICAL HONORABLE.**—Did you say I  
was fit to carry swill to Mr. Brown?

"Well, sir, I require you here, in the presence  
of these gentlemen, to recall that insult, or  
you will have to take the consequences."

"I am ready, willingly to repair the injury  
I have done you."

"Well, see that you do it quickly, sir."

Brown turned round to the gentleman, and  
said—

"Gentlemen, I have done my friend, Mr.  
Smith, here, the injustice to say he was not  
fit to carry swill to a swine; at which he  
was very indignant. Now, gentlemen, I desire  
you to recall that remark, and do here take  
great pleasure in saying, that Mr. Smith is  
eminently qualified for the important office  
of carrying swill to swine! I hope this apology  
will be satisfactory to Mr. Smith, and that his  
excellent qualifications will be duly appreciated."

Mr. Smith disappeared.

A subscriber to a newspaper being called on  
to pay his bill, got off by saying that on the  
first he did not order the paper, or if he did, he never paid; and if he did, he paid so long  
(if he didn't) he had nothing to pay; and  
if he hadn't he could plead the act of limitation.  
"How do you manage to snooze at such an unmerciful rate?" replied Barney, rubbing his eyes,  
"whenever I go to sleep I pay attention to it."

**PROSPECTUS**  
OF THE  
**VOICE OF INDUSTRY,**  
ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,  
ORGANIC LAW AND NORMATIVE  
ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT NO. 16, CENTER  
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CHARITY, HONOR, INTEGRITY, COURTESY,

TRUTH, INTEGRITY, INDEPENDENCE, IN-  
DEPENDENCE, INDEPENDENCE.

N. B. He would further add that I most severely  
feel pain from decayed teeth, in no case less than

## DENTISTRY.

DR. MCGEE, corner of Central and High streets,  
specifies his office as the "Dental Office,"  
permanently located at the above address.  
He is constantly attending to all  
patients referred to him.  
He is the best dentist in Lowell,  
Mass., and the cost of his services is paying his  
fees.  
Filling up of teeth by  
the use of improved instruments.  
Part and whole teeth inserted at this office at a  
nominal charge.  
A large number of teeth  
are filled with  
gold, and some  
are set in  
gold and silver.  
He performs  
operations with  
extreme  
skill.

## FOSTER'S

## MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.

**THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND** is a  
concealment of Venice for the removal of dis-  
ease. Skins are powerful, and action quick  
and durable in removing deafness, and softening the  
skin; it is applied to the head, feet, neck, etc.  
It effects a cure to many prominent individuals  
in this city, failing hair, lost teeth brought out in,  
water, when hair grows, and tooth is pulled, and the  
skin is dried over a day.

The Mountain Compound is highly adapted to ladies  
and toilet rooms, and the inventor has sold  
hundreds of boxes. It is made by the  
same process that makes the best article ever offered to the market. It gives  
the hair a brilliant, clear, healthy color,  
and renders the moist dry and turbulent hair  
soft and smooth several days after its application.  
Unlike most articles of山藥, it is  
not animal and does not affect the skin,  
and is not astringent, but is astringent  
and cooling.  
Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER, 651  
Street, Lowell.

## DAGUERREOTYPE ROOMS.

WILLIAM ALSTON, who occupies the  
corner of Merrimack and Franklin Streets, has  
recently opened a Daguerreotype room, and  
invites all persons to inspect his specimens. His  
arrangements are such that he will take minutes of  
any portrait, and can satisfy any individual in  
private residence. In style of execution and  
precision in boldness of character and beauty of ex-  
pression, the best. Price, \$5.00.

## PLEASE CALL, & EXAMINE SPECIMENS.

PLATED WARE OF ALL KINDS SILVERED,  
PLATED WARE, SILVER & SILVERED,  
PLATED BRASS & SILVERED.

MINERALS COLLECTED on go plate or pair  
from single tooth to a whole set, less or more,  
as circumstances may require.

Another very important branch of Scientific  
knowledge is the theory of gases, or the principle  
of atmospheric pressure without which the  
Earth cannot be inhabited.

**H. B. PRICK.**—PRICK—For a Year in  
Ages.

## LADIES THIS WAY.

C. DARRIN & CO., vomit, respectively  
and those they have to the Citizens of Lowell and vicinity,  
for the manufacture of all kinds of *Claws*, *Misc-*  
*Antiques*, *Brass*, *Silver*, *Gold*, *Shells*, *Rings*, *Silk*, *Leather*, *etc.*

No. 5 Merrimack Street, Lowell; we intend  
manufacturing nothing but the best, as well as cheap,  
and all these bought, or will be sold at a low  
price, when returned, and will be made them by exchange  
or otherwise.

Lowell, April 17, 1846.

## E. B. LEWIS

**HAIR-DRESSER AND PARUMERIE,**  
REAR OF STAGE OFFICE,  
No. 9 Center, Lowell.

## SILAS H. GOODWIN

**DEALER IN GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, WELRY & CO.**

TORREY & WOOD'S Brick Block, near Store  
Pitchbury, Mass.

## HENRY J. LOPEZ

**DEALER IN GOLD AND SILVER STITCHES,**  
RIDGEWATER, STATE OF NEW YORK.

REPAIRS—Repairing done in the last manner, at short notice.

## Fitchburg, Oct. 18, 1845.

## S. & C. SHEPLEY

**PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS.**  
Offer for sale an extensive assortment of  
School, Miscellaneous & Blank Books.

They are purchased upon the most reasonable  
terms, and will be sold at a low price at  
other bookstores in Worcester County.

## Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 1845.

## Book and Job Printing

neatly executed at the  
Office of *Voice of Industry* No. 16, Central St.

## HANDS, SHOEWELLS, SHOEMAKERS, SHOEMAKERS,

BOSSES, FAMILIES,  
CLOTHES, JUSTICE BLANKS,  
BALL TICKETS,  
CARDS, CIRCULARS,  
etc.

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With entirely new material, and  
done Term.