The Voice of Industry.

LIBERTY, ORDER AND JUSTICE IN INDUSTRY WILL INSURE UNIVERSAL WEALTH, KNOWLEDGE AND SOCIAL HARMONY.

VOLUME III. BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1848. NUMBER 27.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

PUBLISHED BY
D. H. JAQUES & JOHN ORVIS.

OFFICE, NO 5, WATER STREET

Miss Marietta Eastman, General Agent.

—TERMS.—

Single copy, $1.50 per annum. } Strictly in advance.
Six copies to one address, $7. }

Communications and *Remittances* should be addressed Voice Paper, to *The Voice of Industry*, Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANY.

[From Graham's Magazine for January.]

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And whelming oceans and trail'ng streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rivers from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand to hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory ever and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dreamer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And sad, low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce wearied from the love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass the spiritual shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by the moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls!
And only enter where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

Translated for the Voice of Industry.

ROSE AND MARGUERITE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES ROSTAING.

Adrien Marbois and George Felton had for some years left their college life; there, during eight years of the same studies, under the same discipline, was contracted a firm friendship, which the two young men still maintained more from habit than from real sympathy. Arrived both at that epoch of life, when the nature of the mind and character becomes determined and invariable, they felt a most marked difference of taste and opinion, opposes suddenly a barrier to the intimacy in which formerly their sentiments were mingled.

Adrien Marbois was, at twenty three, a handsome young man, whose large blue eyes breathed frankness, while his affectionate smile invited friendship. He was too full of love not to suffer much. Like all young people in general, he passed the moments of his present freedom in those easy amours, those attractions of the club and the fireside, chains too fragile, it is true, to take away, in breaking, an atom of the freshness of a generous soul, and yet discomfited had come. In the midst of a crowd of brilliant and gay young women, Adrien wore an untimely sobermess, a ridiculous and stupid gravity, as they termed it.

George Felton, on the contrary, dazzled at first by the glitter of the tinsel, under which the world often hides nakedness and sores, allowed himself to be seduced by its deceitful allurement. When at last his eyes were opened, he felt no disgust at that society which had so agreeably abused him, but contented himself with rendering it, whenever he could, evil for evil; but that without malice, and preserving the amiabiliy which nature had given him. So he became the king, the adored sultan of the same feminine circles, which held poor Adrien in pity.

One morning, the two friends met before the *Varietes*, after nearly a month that they had not seen each other.

"Fortune favors me to day, my dear Adrien. Twice this month I have called on you: gone out! I have sought you at the Circus, at the Opera: not there! I have enquired for you at the club and the *cafe*, disappeared!"

"Yes, I have somewhat changed my accustomed habits."

"And your friends also!"

"I have not yet commenced that reform, from which you shall be the first excepted. As for yourself, live to your old ways, you are returning without doubt from some nocturnal saturnalia."

"You say so because you think my toilet too *recherchee* for a morning walk. A few words will explain all that is strange in me: I am going to be married!!"

"Accept my congratulations. And you marry!"

"A charming figure, accomplished, and a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Let me present you to my future mother-in-law; she is a good woman who has grown rich by selling bonnets and millinery. You shall also see her husband; there is not his equal in cutting a garment. We are to receive some friends this evening; give me the pleasure of counting one more."

"You know, dear George, that I badly play the gallant cavalier among all these ladies."

"No matter, you shall talk politics, and it will not be noticed. To night; at Madame Stainville's, *rue Richelieu*—that splendid house."

"I remember it."

"The brilliant Felton pressed his friend's hand, and disappeared like a happy lover.

Adrien turned the *boulevard*, repassed the *rue Montmartre*, to the *rue de Cadran*; his eyes sought a house of sad and forbidding aspect, which he soon recognized; he entered. The porter did not wait his inquiry,

"On the fourth floor, at the bottom of the entry, as I told you yesterday, sir."

A few moments after, the young man turned the button of a badly jointed door, and entered a garret whose walls wore no more shelter than a mouldy green paper, and whose window stood at every breath, while the air sighed dismally through its wide cracks. In the darkest corner, he saw a straw bed, on which lay a poor invalid shivering under a scanty covering, and partly hidden by a linen screen stretched before her by some friendly hand.

The sick woman gazed at Marbois in surprise. He, with his natural delicacy, pretended to be a charitable lady who knew her sad condition, had charged him with offering her some aid, until a better time might come.

This offer caused a slight blush to tinge the thin pallid cheeks of the invalid.

"Thanks, sir; our poverty is not yet so great that we should accept the alms which belong by right to the still more unfortunate. Heaven, of all my possessions, has left me the most precious one, my child, my dear Marguerite."

Adrien by an involuntary movement, seemed to say: I know it!

"Thanks to her labor, we can meet our most pressing wants. Every day, and they are very long days to me, who from eight in the morning till nine at night, and sometimes later, am deprived of her cares, every day brings her wages, small it is true, but still enough: I feel too, that I shall not much longer portract an existence, the whole burden of which fallson a poor child. When I am dead, she will have a little rest. The good God, for my consolation, will reward her; I have deserved well of him, and will pray him to pay my debt."

Marbois dared not insist; he withdrew almost ashamed, and with saddened spirit; only leaving his name with the porter, who promised to use them discreetly for the poor woman's benefit.

At night, Adrien thought of George's invitation, and proceeded to Madame Stainville's house.

The workshops occupied all the lower story. Although the evening was well advanced, by the brace of work which escaped from the half open doors, he judged that the days work of these poor women far outlasted the day light. At the second story, the important voice of a servant announced his name to the numerous guests who thronged the saloon of Madame Stainville.

Forewarned by her daughter's amiable lover, George's stepmother made all the haste her portliness would permit, to receive M. Marbois. Adrian soon discovered that the whole moral and intrinsic value of Madame Stainville, was represented by a triple row of lace, worth perhaps four or five thousand francs, and a profusion of jewels which would have feasted the sight of a lapidary. Some thin hair was skillfully displayed from under a cap wadded with the most costly valenciennes and rich ribbons. Madam Stainville was worth just then, ten or twelve thousand francs, no more or less.

The husband was a little man of thin voice and figure, whom nobody seemed to take any notice of. Adrien, without wishing it, gained his entire confidence, by asking him what he had made from one of his workwomen, in the nine or ten hours exacted from her.

"Two francs, sometimes two and a half," answered M. Stainville, swelling with importance; "but we pay them for Sunday, when the season obliges us to work seven days a week."

"And how long does this season last?"

"There are two such seasons of three months each in the year."

Adrien felt deep pity for the poor women, and disgust at their employers. The latter barely traded in the liberty, the lives of the former, whose continued toil brought their master so many bank notes ahead.

Those sad thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Madame Stainville, who was opposing with all her maternal love, the entreaties of those who were teasing her daughter to sing. Rose had already danced three times, her toilet had tired her much; her good mother was alarmed at so great fatigues. But she had the pleasure of seeing her authority despised; Rose allowed herself to be conducted to the piano.

Mademoiselle Stainville sung with more method than taste, yet with grace enough to receive unanimous applause. She had besides shown a row of such pretty little teeth, her well shaped eyes wore an expression of such bewitching melancholy, her plump arm was so exquisitely rounded, that the applause was not for nothing.

Adrien felt neither so gallant nor so agreeable that his absence would be regretted or even noticed. So he passed unperceived from the saloon into the billiard-room, from there to the office and thence into the antiroom. Arrived at the door of the workshop, he thought he recognized the voice, but sharp and angry, of Madam Stainville.

"—What! going so early, Miss.—It is hardly eleven. Such laziness is a shame to you and injures my interest."

"My mother is very sick, Madam, and since this morning—"

"No excuses—You always have them ready. I must have some perseverance; you set a bad example here. Miss Marjolin, you may make up this person's account."

"O! Madam, for two years that I have worked for you, have I deserved this unjust—?"

"No more words—Your wages are ready for you—Go!"

Madam Stainville left the workshop. Adrien hid himself, that he might not meet her: he wished this harsh old woman, to throw over her sparkling diamonds and rustling laces.

The young seamstress soon came out, stifling her sobs and breathing her mother's name, to whom she could no longer carry her daily bread.

In the entry, a white gloved hand, was laid upon her arm.

"Ah well, Miss Marguerite, will you take the advice of a friend to night?"

"Leave me, sir—I have no friend. And I have already told you that your proposals give me horror."

"A friend who offers you a beautiful room and twenty louis a month, is not to be despised. Only a little love in return, and I will be contented."

Marguerite contented herself with shaking of his hand, and hastened from the house where cruelty answered to her wretchedness, from which avarice drove her, while Corruption, with pockets full of infamous gold, lay in wait at the den.

"You are a simpleton," said the fine cavalier, and, pirouetting on the heel of his polished boot, he hastened away to rejoin Miss Rose Stainville, whose lover he was.

Eight days after these events, so common that they are hardly worth relating, Adrian Marbois received an invitation on satin paper, to the marriage of Felton and Rose. The ceremony was at mid-day.

At eleven, Adrien went out, passed the dwelling of Madam Stainville, whose door was thronged with carriages, and kept on his way toward the "*rue de Cadran*."

But this time he did not enter the poor-house, a coffin, half covered by a few feet of old black cloth, and resting on two chairs, barred the door. Upon her knees on the wet pavement, her head resting on the coffin, which her arms embraced, as if to protect its occupant from the cold, was a young girl.

Some poor women came from time to time, to throw holy water upon the bier, and a look of pity on the mourner, murmuring, "poor Marguerite! she has lost her mother."

When the bearers took away their sad burden, the orphan followed them mechanically, as if obeying a magnetic attraction. Her swollen eyes had no more tears, nor her heart sobs; her face pale and still, in the midst of her long black tresses, hanging in disorder, seemed a bust of the virgin, hung with crape by the fancy of some artist.

And now was placed the last barrier, which in this world separates father and son, brother and sister, lover and loved. The man threw a clod of earth into the grave. The sepulchral clay echoing upon the wood seemed to say; This is mine.

Marguerite answered with two great tears, then sank upon the ground. Some birds flew around her, she threw them a piece of bread forgotten in her pocket. For twenty-four hours she had not eaten as much as they.

The moon was beginning to spread its silver veil over the tombs, when the keeper of the cemetery, a respectable old man, entreated the poor child to coffin away.

"You are good, sir, leave me here—to-morrow I shall be dead—then you can bury me by her side. If I go away, others perhaps will come, to take my place in the ground at her side, for this is a common burial place. O! I pray let me remain—and there above we will both pray God to bless you."

The keeper by kind words from his heart, and wise counsel from his experience, prevailed upon Marguerite to leave the sad spot, for a few hours. At the gate of the cemetery a carriage awaited her; the old man helped her in, placed himself at her side, and accompanied her to the dwelling she had hoped no more to enter.

There are woes so great as to deprive the mind of its activity. When a misfortune is too terrible to have been preconceived, the mind habituated to think it impossible, feels amazement as well as grief from it, from which double sentiment results a stupor, in which events foreign to their misfortune, however improbable they may be, excite no surprise. Thus was Marguerite not astonished at the carriage and the attentions of her protector. In the chamber now so solitary, she retook her accustomed place at the side of the bed, still warm, where she had received her last kiss. Upon a little table a potion was cooling in its porcelain cup; by it was a paper with these words: "In the name of your mother." She understood it, and drank.

Twenty-four hours of such mental prostration, would have ended in madness.

At daybreak, Marguerite was waiting at the gate to open at the entrance of the cemetery. The keeper appeared at last, and said to her:

"Come!"

She followed him without recognizing him.

After several turns they arrived before a little enclosure where the soil had been freshly moved. A cross was planted there, its two arms passed through wreaths. In the center of the sacred symbol, the orphan read the name of her whom she had lost. She thought a miracle had been wrought, and falling upon her knees, embraced the little cross.

One cry, one single word escaped her bosom, My mother! but it was the dike, which at last opened to give free course to her sobs and tears. The good child was saved.

When this first transport, whose bitterness exalted in tears, had lost its violence, Marguerite returned to question the old man; he had disappeared; but near by, she saw a young man of sweet and benevolent aspect, who with tearful eyes, gazed at her admiringly.

The young girl did not hesitate; he who had given a tomb to the unfortunate, who had thrown flowers in the path of the poor—he it must be who now shed tears for her—he, her guardian angel.

In less time than it has taken to read her thoughts, Marguerite, in spite of Adrien's opposition, had seized his hands, which she covered with kisses, silently consecrating to him her life and virgin soul, precious treasures, for both were pure.

A year had passed since the marriage of Felton, when he in his turn, received an invitation to the union of Adrien and Marguerite. He went to call upon his old companion.

"Receive, dear Adrien, my sincere congratulations—Whom do you marry!"

"Filial piety, wisdom and love—"

"Is that all?"

"That is enough for me."

"In what elime has grown, and where have you gathered so rare a flower!"

"It sprung up in a garret, which it has long embalmed; it flourished at the bed side of a poor invalid, whom its fragrance sustained for ten years; and blossomed upon a tomb where it thought to die for love.

"It is a flower which you one evening would have withered with the impure breath of a man of the world, and you are the son-in-law of her whose cupidity killed the mother of my betrothed. The future will perhaps show which of us has culled the most precious flower. To you the brilliant rose, for me the gentle daisy. *"

* Marguerite is also the French name for the daisy.

COMPETITIVE LABOR. The *Haverhill Banner*, speaking of the difference between Free and Competitive Labor, says:

Freedom of Labor can only exist under an organization of free laborers, who furnish their own capital, make their own laws, and provide for all the wants of society. *Competitive labor* is subject to capital, because motley, not organized, furnishes employment. Under competitive labor all sorts of frauds are committed, which may be mentioned, *pious frauds*, by which a few contrive to live and grow rich by doing the many; *commercial frauds*, by which laborers pay twice the value of articles consumed; *political frauds*, by which multitudes are compelled to be beggars, paupers or desperadoes. Labor left to itself runs a majority of laborers, as is seen throughout Europe. Laborers need to be organized as much as an army. If a town, county or State could organize so the Shakers do all would be comparatively rich. There would be no giving five hundred dollars for a house lot, which is notorinsically worth five dollars; there would be no taxes, fees and monopolies, which cheat all classes of men. Freedom cannot exist without organization. A choir of singers is a model of a association of laborers. The one sings, the other works by concert, by rule, by attraction.

A ANECDOTE. We cut the following anecdot from the Lynn *Pioneer*:

I did you ever hear the anecdote about the two Dr. Channings? You know there are two? We are "young doctors." One is a Doctor of Divity (or was, before he moved to a place wite all sorts of doctors are scarce) and the other is a doctor of Drugs. They both lived in Boston once. The Drug Doctor does now, and is jgood as a drug-man can be. Well, the M.D. was called upon one day by a countryman who was in search of the D. D.— The mitke was probably chargeable to the doorplai. But however that may be, the M. D. rinkt came to the door, and then ensued the folloing dialogue.

Countryman. Does Dr. Channing live here?

Actor. Yes sir.

Countryman. Can I see him?

Actor. I am he.

Countryman. Who—you?

Actor. Yes sir.

Countryman. You must have altered *considerd* since I heard you preach.

Actor. Heard me preach!

Countryman. Certainly. You are the Dr. Chtning that preaches, *and you!*

Actor. Oh, no! I see your mistake now! It's *my brother* who preaches, I'm the doctor *who practises!*

MEETING OF PARISIAN LADIES. The questions often asked, "How happens it that the French women are so far before the women of all her countries in their style of walking?" Under such answers as generally given to the question. Some persons account for the fact from the circumstance of their streets being so badly paved, and of their consequently being obliged, in passing along the streets, to make those short quick steps which are so much admired in their walking. This cannot be the reason; because in many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the causeway is as rough, and the pavement as bad as in Paris; and yet we see nothing of the light, graceful mode of walking, among the women of our provincial towns, which is the admiration of all foreigners who visit Paris. The other usual mode of accounting for the French women's mode of walking is attributed to the absence of carpets in the Parisian houses, and the circumstance of the floors being constantly rubbed over with soap, which renders them very slippery to walk on. This cannot be the right hypothesis any more than the other; for it is a well-ascertained fact, that English ladies who have gone to reside in Paris when they were young, and before their style of walking could have been formed, hardly ever acquire that elegance of carriage and elasticity of step, which all admire so much in Parisian ladies. My own theory is, that the graceful walk of the French is the result of that lightness of heart which is so marked a characteristic in the French character, and most of all in female character.

[From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.]

THE ARMIES.

BY DUGANNE.

PRESENT.

Have ye seen the marshalled armies,
Threat'ning heaven with fire alarms?
Gorgeous banners wave above them,
Flash like flame their gleaming arms!
Lo! their steeds the earth are stampling—
Hark! their brazen trumpets clang,
And the sulph'rous clouds of battle
Like a pall above them hang.

Shakes the ground beneath their onset—
Quakes the sky with answering dread;
And the iron waltz of battle
Whirls along with clashing tread;
Flash the flaming tongues of muskets—
Peals the cannon's angry roar,—
And the shell's loud diapason
Swells the awful din of war!

Besom-like, sweeps on the tempest,
Iron drops of murderous rain,
Thunderous fall the bolts of battle;
Crimson rivers cross the plain;
Islands rise where fall the bravest,
Islands formed of steeds and men;
From thearth they spring to being—
To the earth are turned again.

Iron hoofs are on men's bosoms—
Hearts are crushed by cannon wheels—
Still the drum-beat gaily soundeth—
Still the cheering bugle peals.
Ranks, like cliffs, are seen to tumble
In the winnowing whirl of fire;
Still the trumpet merrily clangeth,
Still the flags are mounting higher!

Back, fly back, behind those armies,
Move with feeble steps and slow;
Ranks of pale and faded maidens,
Clad in garbs of sable woe;
Lines of orphaned babes and widows,
Dying mothers—childless sires,
Merrily still resounds the bugle,
Brightly gleam the battle fires.

FUTURE.

Soul! look forth where shines the future,
Lo! where march, in radiant lines,
Glorious hosts with snow-white banners,
Banners bright with holiest signs:
Gleams the Press in golden glory,
Shines the Plough in silken pride,
Waves slow the Rushing Anvil,
Floats the pond'rous sledge beside.

Stalwart men, with limbs of iron,
Bear those gleaming flags above;
Men with lips and eyes of gladness,
Valiant souls and brave of love;
Rings o'er earth their loud hosanna,
Soar to Heaven those banners fair:
Hark! the eternal concave echoes,
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

O'er earth's plains sweep on those armies!
Mountains fall beneath their blows;
Lo! they choke the red volcanoes:
Lo! they grapple Iceland snows!
Rush their phoenix through black morasses,
Roll their cars through desert's gloom:
Dark miasma flies before them:
Shrinks in dread the hot Simoom!

Gleam with golden grain the deserts,
Shine the swamps with flow'rets bright:
Still march on those glorious armies,
Wave their flags in radiant light!
Ocean's storms to them are playthings:
Chained are Earth and Fire and Air;
Merrily rings their loud hosanna,
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Following close these conquering armies,
Dancing on with twinkling feet,
White-armed maidens and flower-crowned children,
Hand in hand—and heart to heart!
Hands are clasped in holiest union,
Joy, like incense, soars above!
Hail! Great God! the Industrial Armies!
Hail the eternal Prophet Love!

WESTERN EXCHANGE, Phila., Dec. 11th, 1847.

THE STREETS OF MEXICO.

It was the middle of November, but there was a May Mildness in the atmosphere. The sky was of that deep Italian sapphire blue, peculiar to elevated regions. As I ranged my eyes down the street from my balcony, the town seemed all alive with a teeming population; the windows of the houses stood open; fair women strolled homeward from mass; old monks shuffled along in their cruyled robes; the butcher urged his jaded ass with his peripatetic stall hung round with various meats; freshly-leaved flowers and trees in the court yards, of which I caught glimpses through the open portals; and in the balconies lounged the early risers, enjoying a cigar after their cup of chocolate. It was a lively and beautiful scene, worthy the pencil of that master-painter of cities, Canaletti, who would have delighted in the transparency and purity of the atmosphere, through which the distant hills, some twenty miles off, seemed but a barrier at the end of the street.

The plan of the city of Mexico is precisely that of a checker-board, with a great variety of squares. Straight streets cross each other at right angles and at regular intervals. The houses are painted with gay colors—light blue, fawn, and green, interspersed with pure white, that remains long unstained in the dry atmosphere.

The view of all these from the elevated tower of the cathedral (to which I soon repaired after my arrival in the capital) presents a mass of domes, steeples, and flat-roofed dwellings, frequently covered like hanging gardens, with flowers and foliage. Beyond the gates, (which you would scarcely think bounded a population of 200,000,) the vast plain stretches out on every side of the mountains, traversed in some places by long lines of aqueducts, sweeping to the city from the hills, and in others with lakes, cultivation, and beautiful groves, until the distant view is closed by the volcanoes, whose snows rest against the blue sky, uncovered at this season by a single cloud.

Below is the great square of the Plaza, a large paved area—fronted on the North by the cathedral, on the East by the National Palace, (the residence of the President,) to the south of which, again, are the museum, and a stone edifice recently built in a tasteful style for a market. The corner stone of this was laid after I arrived in Mexico, and before I left, the building was nearly completed. Until that time, its fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and most of the necessaries of the table, had been sold on that spot in shambles and booths built of bamboos and reeds, and sheltered from the rain and sun by thatched roofs. In the south-western corner of the square, the Parian, an unsightly building, (erected, I believe, since the revolution,) greatly mars the effect of the Plaza. It is a useful establishment, however, as it affords a large revenue to the municipality, and it is the great bazaar where every article requisite for the dress of Mexicans, male or female, may be purchased at reasonable prices. On the pavement which runs round at numbers of coaches, whose stands are in the neighborhood, and crowds of women with ready-made shoes.—*Brantz Meyer.*

THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

This is almost as yet a *terra incognita*. We know Europe pretty thoroughly. Asia has been traversed all its length by civilized travellers. With the geography of America we may call ourselves familiar. But how little do we know of the vast continent which lies wholly within the tropics, and of which the greater part seems shut up as effectually against the advance of civilization as if it were upon another planet! Indeed, the "mountains of the moon" would be subject to more accurate observation were they situated upon the satellite from which they derive their name. The efforts of civilized travellers have been for centuries directed to the necesses of this continent, yet four-fifths of it is blank upon our maps. Its whole centre is one broad, unexplored region, and the information obtained by recent travellers is of the most aggravating kind, showing us mines of wealth which it is impossible to work. Before giving the results of these discoveries, let us look upon Africa as the world has known it and as it may be familiarto most of our readers.

Egypt, the oldest and most civil country, in its antiquities one of the most interesting places on the continent, occupies a small portion of its northeastern border. The vast Nile has been explored to its sources by Bruce and other travellers, who have given us some curious facts. The Barbary States occupy the northern portion bordering on the Mediterranean. South of this, and stretching from the Nile to the Atlantic, is the great desert of Zahara. Along the whole western coast, are trading establishments or factories for trade in slaves, gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and other vegetable productions. This trade has been nearly monopolized by the English until lately, but now American enterprize has taken a large portion of it out of their hands. On this coast here the settlements of Sierra Leone and Liberia, established as colonies for emancipated slaves; but both, we have reason to believe, are in a wretched condition. The English possessions are at the Cape of Good Hope. On the eastern shore there are a number of independent sovereignties, which carry on a limited trade. The Imaum of Muscat is a prince of considerable liberality and enterprise. Quite recently, the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they, Englishlike, begin to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a country where none was marked upon any chart, and upon this they steamed three hundred miles without finding the least obstruction.

Having now passed round this continent, let us look into the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasure in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation. There are hundreds of woods, invaluable for dyeing and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles, sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without fall, shoal or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this, tributary waters of such volume as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting perhaps of a hundred months (rivers) ing probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navigable for sojourners. Upon this river are numerous cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country thickly peopled, even to the very heart of the interior, in the very heart of this continent, is a nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger winds its sweeping circuit, is indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublime country, this scene of rich fertility and romantic beauty, is apparently shut out forever from the rest of the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the white man there: for over this whole lovely country brood one dread malaria, and to the white man it is the "valley of the shadow of death." In expeditions after expedition, sent out from the English ports on the Island of Ascension, not one man in ten has re-

turned alive; all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful, but yet terrible fruit. It seems impossible for any Englishman to breathe that air. So dreadful is it, so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering for this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from the fabled Upas. This country, tempting as it is, can only be purchased at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think, that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, did so at the sacrifice of their lives.—*Simmonds's Colonial Gazette.*

BATTLE WITH THE HASTY PUDDING, Dr. Radcliffe was very remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases; he was once sent for into the country by a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey. The doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external would be of service; upon which he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty pudding, and when it is done let his own servant bring it up.—While the cook was about it, he took the man aside, and instructed him thoroughly what to do. In a short time the man brought up the pudding in great order, and set down the table, in full view of the patient.—"Come John," said he, "you have hasty pudding, and milk along with me, for I believe you come without your breakfast." Both began with their spoons, but John's spoon going twice to his mouth once, the doctor took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed a spoonful of the pudding in his face; John resented it, and threw another at his master. This put the doctor in a passion, and quitting his spoon he took the pudding up in handfuls, and threw it at his man, who battled with him again in the same manner, till they were both in a woful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the sight, that he burst into a laughter, which broke the quinsey, and cured him. The doctor and his man were well rewarded.

WHO'S TO BLAME.—A band of depredators which had hitherto defied the police of Paris, has recently been discovered and apprehended. Listen to the opening examination of their leader Thibert, and say where the wrong lies:

"How old are you?"

"As far as I can judge, about forty-five."

"What is your profession?"

"That of a thief."

"What was your father?"

"A thief likewise, and died upon the scaffold."

"And your mother?"

"A thief also, and died in the prison of Grenoble."

"And, when you were thus left alone, why sought you not to learn another trade?"

"Because I was driven from door to door; because no institution is open, *either to those who sin or whose fathers have sinned before them!*"

DIPLOMATIC NOVELTY. It is whispered that the minister of one of the European powers in Mexico, has suddenly demanded his passport, and will return home. This has created a great deal of speculation—especially as the minister never was known to pass Post before, in his life.—*Donkey.*

TRUE HOSPITALITY. I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man of woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things it they are curious in them they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and deep sparely and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

VALUABLE RECIPE FOR DYING BLUE AND GREEN. The following we clip from the Southern Cultivator. The editor says: "Take one pound of pounded logwood, boil it in a sufficient quantity of water until all the substance is out of it, then take about half a gallon of the liquor and dissolve one ounce of verdigris, and half an ounce of alum in it, boil your yarn in the logwood water one hour, stirring and keeping it loose. Take out your yarn, mix the half gallon that contains the verdigris and alum, then put your yarn into the mixture, and boil an hour, stirring and keeping it loose all the time, and taking it out every hour to give it air, after which dry it, then boil it in soapsud water, and it is done.

"The above will dye six pounds of cotton yarn an elegant deep blue. After which put as much yarn into the same liquor, and boil it three hours, stirring as above, and you will have a good pale blue, or boil hickory bark in your liquor, and you will have a beautiful green.

"Rest assured there is no imposition in the above. I think any Experienced Dyer reading the recipe will find it proves satisfactory."

AN AIR BED. Mr. A. J. Goodenough, of Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., has invented a new kind of bed to supercede the use of feathers entirely, and is somewhat peculiar. He divides two boards the length of the bed by a strip of leather sewn to fold on the top of one another, and unites these boards to iron legs, which have hinges for the purpose of clasping the boards and are braced together by portable slender iron rods. He uses double sheets of India rubber air tight for a bed extended and fastened to the boards described, by tacks or pins. By a tube communicating with the inside of the India rubber bag bed it can be filled with air and expanded, buoyant and soft as Russia down.

A DECOYERY. [BEN DISRAELI says that there may be hope for England still, as the sick man which it is predicted she will split is only a *shamrock*, after all.—*Johnny Donkey.*

AGRICULTURE. Husbandry and warfare will, some season, have their positions inverted; just as the executioner's is an opprobrious office now, instead of being a covetable post, as in some former times. In the end, it will be another, and in the world, as it ought to be, the scare of labor would be accounted as infinitely more honorable than those of battle; and a harvest of corn as a nobler achievement than knighthood. Culture of the earth, when worthily interpreted, seeming to us doubtless a sublimer idea than does the destruction of men, however valiantly done.—*Maxturia.*

TO MEND GLASS WARE. Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding thereto about a fifth part of water, and using a gentle heat; when perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so fast that the fracture will be hardly perceived.

☞ A New York paper contains an advertisement, announcing as "Lost—a cloth cloak, belonging to a gentle man lined with blue." The fellow must have been a drinker of "blue ruin."

FELLOW CITIZENS MACHINE. Mr. Samuel Ide, of Millville, N. J., a Scientific American, has invented a machine for cutting out fellows for carriage wheels, by a new and very ingenious contrivance. The fellow or material is placed and secured, by readily adjusted fastenings, on a horizontal circular table, at the requisite distance from a vertical revolving shaft, when passes through the centre of the table. Above the table, two or more arms project horizontally from the shaft; and to these are fitted, at the ends, the cutters or gouges, similar to a curved plough plane. The cutters are readily adjusted to their proper distances by set screws, and their descending progress is regulated by a suitable contrivance. Being put in motion by belts or gear, the machine will cut out four fellows, perfectly smooth; quicker than one man can do it by ordinary machines for the purpose. Mr. Ide is to apout to apply for a patent for the invention.

THE WELCOME.

A GEM FROM DAVIS'S IRISH BALLADS.

Come in the evening, come in the morning,
Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day were are plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees look far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"
I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose you,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountains its breze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O! your step's like the rain to the Summer-revived farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a Knight without armor
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars shine above me;
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.
We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy.
We'll look on the moon, and we'll look on the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her
O! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tuneffully streaming.
Till the sandals of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down Eternity's river."
So, come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

(From the Universalist.)

THE GOSPEL OF TO-DAY.

It is a pleasant reflection to every benevolent mind, that most, if not all, the reform movements of the day, contemplate the elevation and improvement of man as a *social* being. The folly of striving for individual exaltation, while society is so rife with injustice, and darkened by oppression, has long been apparent. The conflict existing between the various departments of active life, growing out of the system of competition now so prevalent in the fashionable world, excites and inflames the passions of the individual to such a degree, and urges him on if such is your selfishness, that it is of little or no use to attempt the reformation of the world, while the monstrous wrongs of society continue to exist. No one who has given the matter any serious attention, but will feel that the present state of society is unnatural and demoralizing in the highest degree. For two thousand years, the Christian Philosopher has labored unremittingly for the salvation of the world from the evils under which it groans. He has toiled, sacrificed, suffered and died, in the great work of redeeming his fellows from the thraldom of sin. But what has been the result? After centuries of strong and ardent effort, the world is still groaning with oppression, and the fair fields purpled with human gore, its inhabitants inimical to each other's welfare, and striving to advance their own good at the expense of each other's happiness, and even life. The various departments of business, are alive with struggling humanity, eagerly appropriating to itself as much of the outward comforts and luxuries of this life, as it can possibly bear. And in each department or sphere, countless numbers are pressing on in the race for honors and pelf, regardless of all but self—intent only on the great and absorbing work of adding to individual possessions, and advancing personal comfort and good.

We hear much said, at the present day, about the advantages of civilization—the blessings of an enlightened, cultivated State. But how manyfare there, even in our most advanced and refined communities, that feel the need of some reform, that may so equalize the fair field that reach the common comforts and necessaries of life? How many, who are in the heart of enlightened communities, are pining in poverty, dragging out a life of wretchedness and want? Alas! the majority of the inhabitants of the most civilized, Christian countries are bowed down by toil, crushed in spirit by oppressive laws, and blunted in moral sense by the heartless conduct of their fellow men. Christian Philosophers are seeing this, and are beginning to awaken to the startling fact, that, upon such, all their efforts for improvement and elevation, are nearly or quite thrown away. Men whose moral sense is blunted or obscured by oppression and hagged want, cannot appreciate or even understand, those sublime spiritual truths of Jesus, which were designed to reform and improve the world. They cannot understand how it is possible to love those who exact from them their blood and sweat, aye even their *very life!* They cannot "overcome the evil" of their heartless oppressors by offering up their bodies sacrifices to their cupidity and love of gold.

How, then, shall the reformation of man be accomplished? What is the avenue through which his heart may be reached? Where shall he be reached? We answer, by accomplishing the social renovation of the world. By taking away the oppressive burdens laid on him, and giving him native energy and freedom of will. The "Gospel of To-day," as it has been quantify termed, must be preached to the masses, and Christian Reformers must realize the imperious necessity of *some* plan of social reform. We would not dogmatically assert Fourierism to be the only practicable scheme, whether would we urge the completeness of and perfection of Owen's favorite enterprise; or insist upon any other modified plan, as being *the* one. This, and this only, are we prepared to assert, that some ideas similar to the one named, must become *the idea* of reforming spirits, and take the lead, before any permanent good can come out of the efforts of those noble souls, who under the broad banner of Christianity, and under the ample folds of philosophy, are preaching freedom from the dominion of error and sin.

This "Gospel" is now preached with earnestness and spirit, by more than one ardent friend of man. As a Christian Gospel, it is preached in public by one amply qualified to impress its truths upon the world. William Henry Channing has recently preached it with spirit and with power, to an assemblage of the people in Cincinnati, O., and, by the request, the sermon referred to was delivered at the ordination of a clergyman of that town, and has been published at the request of his friends. The character of this production is Christian, in its highest and best sense: not only Christian in its *idea*, but in its spirit and tone. Unlike many reform preachers, Mr. C. considers all parties, countries and position; and denounces only in the spirit of meekness, modesty and love. A few such reform preachers of Christianity are needed in the present day, and we hope God will raise them up for the defence of that which is emphatically the "Gospel of To-day."

BOSTON, MASS. P.

HINTS TO LADIES. Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen or five-and-twenty, during their prime of detestability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom a woman may give some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill-contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the altar—such men want not dolls for their companions; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Kingfisher, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet strings—faints if she has to face her husband—never in her life brought out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with pluin sewing; but who can walk more lightly than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherd's—can rise like a derrise at Almack's—ride like a foxhunter—and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's gloomy country-house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner-parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-quarter of bodice.—*Mrs. Thompson.*

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1848.

NEW TERMS.

The Terms of the *Voice of Industry*, will hereafter be as follows:

Single Copies, per year,	$1,50
Six " " "	7,00
Ten " " "	12,00
Twenty " " "	20,00

N. B. To ensure the advantages extended above to clubs, the whole number must begin at the same time and all be sent to one address, unless the names being written on the papers.

THE NEW BEDFORD MERCURY.

We last week promised a review of a communication on the "*Lowell System of Manufacturing*," which was borne before the public by the leaden-winged Mercury of New Bedford. We come to redeem our promise. One week, however, will scarcely give us room for an introduction. The communication in question is nothing but a tirade against the system which it eulogizes; it would be unworthy of notice—and yet we cannot help feeling ineffable contempt, for the creature whose meanness prompted and indited it. We hope not to lose our own self-respect, whilst engaged in the work on hand; nor would we do injustice to him, who has so manifestly prostituted his manhood, to prepend his vocation to the knee-service to capital. If there were not an audacity of falsehood in his statements and inferences, beyond all excuse, we could wholly forbear severity in our review. It is always our wish to be courteous, magnanimous and forbearing towards every body—and in cases where ourselves alone are interested, we will be so; but in a case like this, we will not affect a transcendental patriotism which we do not feel. We should forfeit our honor and integrity, were we to look upon such an effort as the one under consideration, by any other light than that of treason and conspiracy against the rights, liberty and happiness of the operative classes.

After premising that "there are some things about which one cannot be extravagant"—which are so perfect that you can't get within gun-shot of them, (which is much nearer than he has got to the truth, in this instance,) our author informs us how forcibly he has been struck with the following remark of Mr. Lawrencein his lecture on Manufactures, that "*The manufacturers are no longer dependent on government—they can take care of themselves.*" The secret will show why this is so. We wish to mention it here only to mark the reader's attention. There will be occasion to make use of this citation, as a text for a whole discourse, ere we have done with this subject. But let us hear our Lowell love-smitten beau speak for himself. Folks are apt to become *cracked*, when they ill so suddenly and desperately in love. Has, now, and hear our windmill grind.

"The manufacturing interest of New England is a new world. In Lowell especially, all the peculiarities and characteristics of its operative population it is alone: in its *police* it is a perfect *imperium in imperio*. It has been said, that an absolute despotism, justly administered (could such a thing be in a government) would be a perfect government. But the police of Lowell adds a trait which would not be found even in such a government, though administered with *perfect justice*: for, at the same time that it is an absolute despotism, it is a most perfect despotism. Every of its subjects may part from it at pleasure without the least scrutiny, or scan go from one mill to another from one room to another in the same mill without question. Thus, all the *philosophy of* which enters vitally into government by the people, and which so eminently promotes purpose and motive and impulse to improvement in every thing, is combined with a set of rules which the operatives have no voice in forming or administering; yet of a nature not merely perfectly just, but humane, benevolent, patriachal in a high degree. To understand all at is comprised in this description, it is necessary to see it, to learn the practical operation and to fully estimate its efficacy and tendencies. All this is the result of two things—a *perpetually changing operative population* and requiring the *to live in the boarding houses belonging to these porations*. Half a dozen short, simple sentences lay the whole of the Boarding House system. They were framed at the origin of Lowell, and have hardly been modified since. They constitute the organic law, the polity of the manufacturing community."

Right: "the manufacturing interest of New England is a new world;" but not a new world of comfort or of hope to the operatives. The very fact that its government "is a perfect *despotism in imperio*" renders the condition of the operatives, one of slavery and degradation, under which self-respect, frankness, and natural independence are crushed. And would any one except he were a lunatic, a fool, or a besotted tool of party interest, make the tail of a sentence swallow its own head, as our author does when he speaks of the Lowell *police* as being at the same time an *absolute despotism and a most perfect democracy*. Never has the light revealed a despotism so unrelenting, so oppressive, so fortified by the meanest espionage, so wholly oblivious of the rights of the subject, as is the Lowell system of Manufacturing—never before was there a government which in spirit and practice, so entirely regarded the subjects as legitimate objects of plunder. And we look upon its history, as having more fully than all other institutions combined, illustrated the dangerousness, the irresponsibility and certain tendency of all specially privileged bodies, towards unmitigated despotism, and contempt of individual rights.

What our author says of the liberty of "subjects to depart at pleasure and without the least scrutiny from these despotic regulations, is openly and palpably false, and his own statements make it out so, a little farther on in the course of his inflamed rapture.

The first thing to be done on entering upon service in a Lowell Mill, is to provide one's self with a "*Regulation Paper*," containing the rules of the establishment, by which the person is to be governed. In addition to the tyrannous rules therein contained, the girl learns that she will be obliged to *continue a twelve-month* in the station of operative to which she has entered. So far from being at liberty to go from one mill to another, or from one room to another, she cannot even change her employment at will, whatever may be the necessities of her case. If she happens to spend *twelve* instead of *ten* minutes at the breakfast table, and thereby fails to get into the mill before the gates are closed, she is obliged to enter the counting-room, where she must render an account of her detention. Perhaps with a reprimand she may be allowed to go to her work; but if the Agent choose, he may send her to spend the day in her room. But this is only one form in which operatives are made conscious of the "*human, benevolent and patriarchal*" providence of the Lowell system.

"All this," says our smitten satellite of the Mercury, "is the result of two things—*a perpetually changing operative population*, and requiring them to *live in the boarding houses of the corporations*." Well now, really, here is something to inflame the fancy of our youth. Stated however, in its severe outline, the fact stands thus. So oppressive, exhausting and severe are the labors of these mills, that from three to five years service in them, is sufficient to sap the vigor of life: then, with wasted health and gloomy spirits, the operatives drag home their attenuated forms to die in the obscure farm abodes of New England. It is fully established, both by science and experience, that few girls can endure five years of Lowell service, without suffering a complete prostration of health and life. When some few years ago, a convention of Louisiana slaveholders met and discussed the proposition, whether it were the better policy to work off a set of slaves in every seven years, or by milder treatment, to use them for a longer period, the whole land was thrilled with horror. But here we have a writer, who lays large claim to benevolence, humanity, and patriarchism, who is extravagant, even to idiocy in praise of the Lowell Factory System, which kills off a set of girls in a period of from three to five years. There is no system of slavery in the world, in so far as the system itself is considered, which is more destructive of life and happiness, than the world-noted factory *Regime* of Lowell. The English System, in so far as its tenure is regarded, is a heaven, compared with that of Lowell. The perpetually changing operative population of Lowell, is not owing to the clemency of the system, but to the fact that our wide and unoccupied territory is an obstacle to the formation of a permanent one; and to the other fact, that the operatives are young, healthy, unmarried women, whose homes are at a distance, and to which they repair to die, after their lives have been spun out, and woven up into cotton cloth. But the day is not distant, when Lowell will have its permanent operative population, and then may heaven deliver us from the task of depicting the villainy of its vaunted Regulations.

But the other feature of the system which has over our author all the fascinations of a charm, is, the requisition *that all the operatives shall board in corporation boarding houses*. This partial statement threw him into a paroxysm of delight. The full statement would have been fatal to his sanity. We will try to complete the statement.

The operatives are not only compelled to board in corporation houses, on pain of expulsion from the mills, but they must board where they are bidden. The Agents of corporations determine how many shall board in each house, and sleep in each room. They inspect the dormitories, in order to keep them full. They order a bed placed here and a trundle-bed there; they decide who shall keep boarding houses, and regulate the price of board. They decide when the girls shall go to bed and when they shall rise—they fix the hours for meals and allot the number of minutes for eating them—they determine the hours of toil and the wages therefor. Any opinion upon these matters, expressed in opposition to the decisions of the Agent, is treated as disorderly conduct, and the offender is "dishonorably discharged;" that is, she is dismissed, and her name is sent to the Black List of every corporation in the city; and she can find no further employment therein.

We have as yet only given a partial sketch of the beauties of Lowell. We shall not at present enter upon their arcana. Suffice it to say we can penetrate them, and will unfold some of them to our readers in our future revelations.

To be Continued.

EDUCATION.

We, New Englanders, often speak very boastingly of our Common School System, and of the unequalled facilities for the acquisition of an education, which our institutions afford. We have doubtless some cause for self-gratulation on this point, but like much of our Fourth of July glorification, about Universal Suffrage, Freedom of the Press, Trial by Jury, *etcetera*, it should be taken at a large discount. When we look about us for the tangible entities which these great swelling words are supposed to represent we find something very like a—*Humbug*, in their place.

We would not be understood to mean that our Common School System, is of no value. It has done much for New England and for Humanity. But it is notoriously inadequate to meet the wants of the age. It offers, professedly, what is called, as if in mockery, an *education* to all. What avails this offer to the thousands whom the stern necessities of life debar from its acceptance? What boots it that the world offers one Education, Wealth, or Fame, while it denies him the power to reach it? Of what benefit are our Schools to the hoards of ragged, filthy and obscene children of *sin*, who throng the perlieus of Ann and Cross streets? The House of Correction, the Jail and the State Prison are open to them, but the Halls of Learning, the Church and all other places where a refining and elevating influence might be exerted, are as effectually closed to them as though they were barred and bolted, guarded and patrolled police.

But what is the education of our Common Schools at best! One sided, imperfect, even in the simplest elements of knowledge; and utterly false in many things, it deserves not the name of education. Our higher Schools and Universities, develope the intellect at the expense of the physical system, and made those who are fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to find admittance within their walls more one sided than those who get their only culture at the Common School.—None get an integral development. Everything connected with our educational arrangements is fragmentary and false. We are entitled, by virtue of our threefold organization—Physical, Intellectual and Affectionate, to a threefold development—to an Integral culture. We are entitled to an Industrial, a Scientific and a Social Education. Our boasted Common School System can make no pretentions to give this even to those who are fortunate enough to enjoy its immunities. We design to indicate in a future article the way in which a better and higher development of the whole man, and, a truly Universal and Integral Education can be attained.

THE SUPREME DIVISION.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Supreme Division of the W. M. P. U., was held in Boylston Hall on Thursday of last week. There was a very full delegation, nearly all the Divisions being represented.

We were highly pleased with the general spirit of the meeting, though there were some exceptions to the largest liberality, we thought. We were more than ever strengthened in the conviction, that the movement is too strong, that it has too much vitality ever to fall through. There needs only patience, unity, and a determination to stick to our text, at whatever hazard, to secure the amplest success for our cause. Its benefit has already been too apparent to allow of our desiring in the onward course, or of getting at loggerheads on the minor points.

We were exceedingly glad to witness the readiness which all seemed to evince, in accertaining to the fullest extent, the nature of obstacles supposed to be in the way of success, at the same time that the almost unanimous voice was, "Hold on to the Union."

No matter what are the obstacles in the way of a noble course, a generous, wise, persevering and united company of men will surmount them all, and bear that course onward to complete triumph. So may it be with the Protective Union movement.

The meeting appointed a committee, whose business it is, to obtain a written legal opinion on the liabilities of one Subordinate Division for the debts of another. We are informed that the ablest counsel in the State is being obtained, not only as to the nature and extent of existing liabilities, if any, but also in relation to a form of organization, which will secure the complete safety of each Subordinate Division.

The growth of this movement has been astonishing; but its past progress has been as nothing, compared with what is indicated for the future. We are kept on a continual *quiver*, in answering calls for lectures from all directions. And applications for incorporation into the General Union are constantly coming to the Executive Officers. Thus are the thoughts and interests of men daily flowing into a sacred Union.

CONGRESS.

We commend the following which we cut from the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, to the special attention of all admirers of the beautiful arrangements of existing Civilization. It is not this a free country? There is no such thing as *White Slavery*, of *codise*. The poor girl has a perfect right to sell herself for *one hundred dollars*. Who will buy!

BUYING A SEMPRESTRESS.

WANTED—By a young GIRL, a competent Dressmaker, the loan of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, for which she will give one year and a half of her time as Dressmaker and Seamstress. The best of reference given as to capacity, &c.—*Public Ledger, Dec. 9.*

Thank Heaven that we live in a free country, where we have orations and fire-works every Fourth of July, and elect our own Representatives and Presidents, and have poorhouses and prisons built by Government, and Bibles and Missionary Societies instituted by the benevolent!

God save America, and make her armies invincible! What are the Mexicans but dogs? God save America!

But the poor seamstresses, who help *them*? Let us make a purse up, O ye millionaires, who ring money for medals! Let us raise a *hundred dollars*; and buy a semptress for a year and a half! We can speculate—we can double our money! Let us make her work for the slop-shops, and pocket the profits, and send aid with them to the Hottentots!

A semptress for a hundred dollars! She can make our daughters' dresses, and mend the childrens' stockings—ay, and take charge of the nursery, and wait out (when her work is finished) all that time, sitting a toy-couch, with a baby in it. To a famous speculation, O ye philanthropic patrons of popular charities!

A year and a half! That is a long time! But we must be careful! Let us examine her well, this sempstress! Is she healthy? Will she last? Perhaps the seeds of consumption are in her system! Perhaps she has a stitch in her side, or a dizzy headache, that may kill her in a month! Let us be wary.

And yet, after all, we can't lose much. We can work her as long as she can stand it—just as the factory owners work their operatives! Sempstresses are temporary, at best, in point of life—especially when they have mothers starving to death, or little brothers without shoes. O, it's a speculation!

And, besides, we may prevent her from committing suicide, and save a coroner's inquest, and the consequent expense. Or, perhaps, we may keep her from desperate crimes, and thus subserve good morals, and preserve our first young *men from* contamination. Let us speculate! Let us raise the *hundred dollars!*

But, if we do raise it—if we use this wretched semptress for a *year and half*, we must be careful and discharge her then. We shall have fulfilled all that conscience requires, and she must then shift for herself. But, after all, that is not to be thought of. She cannot last more than one time, if we use her as we do all the semptresses. And if she die on our hands, we can at least make something out of her, for post-mortem purposes at the Charity Hospital.

No mistakes, let us do this benevolent, this holy, this glorious act of humanity. Let us buy this poor semptress for a *hundred dollars!*

Correspondence of the Voice of Industry.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11th, 1848.

GOV. YOUNG'S Message is still the principal topic of conversation in political circles. The Whigs generally denounce it in no very measured terms. The *Express* says that not one vote can be obtained in either House (unless paid for with an office) to re-affirm the sentiments. The war Democrats of course rejoice to find so able an advocate of their cause in a Whig Governor. The Message is a firebrand that will get up quite a conflagration in the New York Legislature. *O tempora.*

Much anxiety is beginning to be felt on account of the non-arrival of the Steamship Washington. She is supposed to have left Southampton at least as early as the 21st ult. She is feared to have met with some disaster. We have little news. Business is dull. All are waiting for better times.

The *New York Globe*, a Democratic paper of the progressive stamp, is out with an article on the Ten Hour System, in which it speaks approvingly of a movement to fix the number of hours constituting a days work. We have long slowly but surely been progressing. The Organization of Labor will soon be seen on all hands, to be the great question of the age. Thoughtful men in all circles are asking what shall the end of all these things be? Pauperism and crime are seen to be on the increase. The laborer receives less and less for his toil, while provisions and rent are increasing. Capital grows more and more over Labor. We witness on every hand, in this great Babel of a city, the most abject poverty and destitution, side by side with the greatest wealth and luxury. Thousands who are able and willing to work, are at this moment, actually suffering for want of food and fuel. Poor homeless women and children sit shivering on the marble steps of lofty and splendid mansions, while the immates are revelling in abundance. Our miscalled Christianity builds marble cathedrals, and spends millions in converting the heathen of Asia, Africa, and the Islands of the sea, while in the cellars and garrets of our own cities men and women are actually *starving*, and multitudes of children are growing up under our eyes in the most heathenish ignorance. Verily, the "Greeks are at our doors." What shall be done? Neither Free Trade nor Tariff, neither Bank nor Sub Treasury, will reach the source of the evil. Home Missionary Societies, Bible Societies, Moral Reform Societies, Temperance Societies, and other religious, benevolent, and philanthropic organizations are utterly powerless. We feel that we can only send sincerely, to stay the deluge of Irreligion, Licentiousness, Intemperance, Poverty and Crime, which is sweeping over the land, but their efforts are unavailing. They at best only ameliorate slightly the evils under which society is suffering.

The question recurs, what shall be done? The Soil must be free; Justice must be applied to the distribution of the products of Labor; Industry must be organized, and our whole Social System remodelled. Men are beginning to acknowledge this. There is hope for the toiling and handless millions. Let them now boldly and earnestly plead their own cause; and their oppressors will be compelled to heed. Ultimately justice will be done and the Kingdom of Heaven will be established on the Earth.

SHAWMUT.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

This is the last opportunity which we shall have of calling the attention of our readers and of the public to the ensuing meeting of the League.

We are at times strongly made to feel that the Working Men never will do anything for themselves. They are so half-hearted in what ever they attempt, so servile under capital, and so inconsistent in their course that we cannot hope for much. If a meeting is called to promote objects dear to their interests, it is sparsely attended, is without a sustained enthusiasm, and comes so lonely off, that the whole affair is a matter of ridicule and contempt on the part of their oppressors, and the working men themselves go home in shame-facedness and despair. If a paper devotes itself to their cause, they are almost sure to desert or neglect it, while they patronize liberally those which are dumb as the

dogs of old, on the rights of the laboring classes — or which, if they notice them at all, do it with malicious ridicule. Thus they are doing to-day, in regard to the only paper in New England, which is devoted to their cause — aye, to the one which they professedly regard as the organ of their movement.

But we shall be happy, if the sequel of the ensuing meeting shall prove our fears groundless. Certain we are, their paper will not be much longer in existence, unless they are more true and faithful in its support; — and without an efficient organ in this day of newspaper reign, the Working Men's Movement would not be worth a snap of one's finger.

If you speak to mechanics of the movement of the Labor Reform League they will bravely tell you how strong the laboring classes are — how they might control Legislation and shape the nation's destiny, but when you look for the fruit of that bravery in deeds, you find the cowards have fled, and the army which you thought was legions, scarcely counts its ten.

Friends, we do not speak this in anger. Our words are but too evidently just; and so long as the laboring classes will desert the cause of Labor Reform, in its broad and comprehensive scope — so long as they will cling blindly and fanatically to but one idea, or the fragment of an idea — aye, so long as they profess well and bravely, but do meanly and cowardly, by bending the servile neck to capital, and by sustaining the shamefully corrupt parties, and party presses, so long as they allow the important movement of a Free Soil, the Homestead Exemption, Liien Law and Ten Hour System to be spit upon by indifferent and contemptuous partizans, so long, they will deserve the miseries and oppressions under which they suffer.

Let every working Man who wishes to vindicate himself from the suspicion of a narrow and indifferent spirit — who would prove his wisdom and devotion in the cause of Labor Reform, present himself in the greatness of true manhood, at the meeting of the Labor Reform League, to be held in Washington Hall in Bromfield Street on Wednesday, the 19th inst.

Friends, we know the Laboring Men of New England, by true and loyal combination, fearless and independent action may command the respect and obedience of the very interest which now treats them as slaves. Come, together then, in hundreds to the approaching meeting, there speak as the tempest speaks, sterner and stronger, but come still more for the purpose of *doing*, and sustaining your cause, with a deathless determination. Eighteen months is true enough to carry all the whole said measures if you will but work for them as you ought.

THE RHINE. A correspondent of the *Transcript* gives the following beautiful poetical legends of the Rhine. They will be interesting to those who visit Bayne's Panorama, in which the scenes of both are represented.

Lureley Berg. A short distance from St. Goar, an enormous mass of black basaltic pieces into the river; this is called Lureley Berg — it has a remarkable echo, and tradition has made it the haunt of a fair water-spirit — believed to be fatally to faithful lovers. The Rhine boatmen seldom pass without invoking her, and therefoes never fail to repeat "Lureley."

LURELEY.

"Lightly o'er the rapid Rhine, glide we to thy rocky shrine,
Lureley,
Friend of all the fond and fair,
Answer to thy pilgrim's prayer,
Lureley.

"Like the waves that glitter here, bright and gentle is my dear,
Lureley,
But her father's heart is stone,
Harder than thy craggy throne,
Lureley.

"As thy bold rock cleaves the tide, we are parted by his pride,
Lureley;
Teach us, oh thou friendly fay,
Like the waves to find a way,
Lureley.

"Who shall chase my lady's fear?
Lureley;
Who shall dry my lady's tear?
Lureley:
Hark! upon the passing wind,
Faintly floats the answer kind —
Lureley."

Lorrich. Beside the little town of Lorch, or Lorrich, rises the precipitous mountain of Keidrich — commonly called the Devils Ladder; tradition tells of a beautiful young heiress who was carried away by witches — and of a gallant knight who galloped up the mountain and released his lady love from the lofty tower, in which she was imprisoned.

SIR HILCHER OF LORCH.

"Though my lady love to a tower be ta'en,
Whose top the eagle might toil to gain,
Nor portal of iron, nor battlement bright,
Shall bar me out of her presence bright,
Why has love wings but that he may fly
Over the walls, be they never so high?
"Though my lady love be guarded round
By goblin warder, and grim blood hound,
Nor charmed lance, nor ban dog's spring,
One backward glance shall make me fling
Why is love hood winked, but that he may be
Blind to the danger another would see."

On this is the bravest Hilcher's lay,
As he gallops up the goblin way;
One false step at that noble steed! —
Tudu and thy rider art lost indeed.
One more bound, and together now
They are safe on the brink of the Kedrich's brow.

Hurrah — hurrah! his gallantly done!
The spell is broken, the bride is won!
From the magic hold of the mountain sprite,
Down she comes with her dauntless knight!
Holy St. Bernhard, shield us all
From the wrath of the elves of "Wieser Thall."

UNIVERSALISM. We acknowledge the reception of this unique publication. It is the organ of the Jackson Davis' School of Philosophy, and the medium through which the pschycological revelations of the "Clairvoyant and Seer of Poughkeepsie are to be communicated to the public. The cry of infidelity which has been raised in reference to this paper and to all who are connected with it, or with Mr. Davis, will pass for what it is worth, which is nothing. We commend the paper to all who are honestly inquiring for the truth. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

THE HERALD OF TRUTH. The January number of this best of monthlies, is on our table. With this number commences the third volume of the work. We need hardly speak of it in too high terms of commendation. Its pages are full of free, earnest thought. Its editor, Mr. L. A. Hine, manifests much industry, talent, and zeal. He is a believer in Progress, and in the Unity and final Redemption of the Race on the Earth, and as a consequence, speaks in a cheerful and hopeful spirit of Human Destiny.

The present number of the *Herald* contains a long and well written article on the Mexican War, one on the Governors Message, one on the Church of the Future, from which we propose to make some extracts next week, together with others on various subjects. Miss Alice Carey contributes a poem entitled "Legend of St. Marys." We copy the following beautiful stanzas:

An hour — and St. Marys' spires,
Like spikes of flame, no longer fires,
No longer the confessional fires
Shine redly on the drifted snow.

An hour — and the saints had claimed
That cottage hand, the village pride;
And he, whose frame in death disclaimed,
Was darkly weeping by her side.

While as a spray-wreath lay her brow
Beneath the midnight of her hair,
But all those passionate kisses now
Wake not the faintest crimson there!

Pride, honor, manhood, cannot check
The vehemence of hope's despair,
No soft hand steals about his neck,
Or bathes its beauty in his hair!

TO CORRESPONDENTS. W. H. W. of South Newmarket, N. H. Your letter ($1.00) was duly received. The information you desire concerning the North American Phalanx we may be able to give by and by, through the papers.

We will attend to the request of J. T. of Albany, N. Y. and others for information with regard to the W. M. P. U., next week.

CHLOROFORM. This new agent for producing insensibility to pain, is said to be far superior to sulphuric ether.

The New York Express queries if this may not be the revival of one of the lost arts! What says Middleton, in his tragedy of "Women beware Women," (1657) of this agent?

"I'll imitate the juices of old sorcerers
To this end, who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep; then — eat the diseased part."

Dr. C. T. Jackson, in a published letter, says, — the mixture is made as follows, according to directions given in Professor Simpson's paper:

Bleaching powder, (Hyper Chlorite of Lime.)	lb. iv.
Water,	lb. xii.
Alcohol,	lb. ii.

Mix in a capacious retort or still, and distil so long as a dense liquid which sinks in the water with which it comes over is produced."

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, has just entered its third volume. It has been much enlarged and improved in its appearance. It is earnestly devoted to the noble aim of pleading for the sanctity and inviolability of life, and for kindness to the erring. May success attend the philanthropic efforts of its publishers.

Published by Charles and J. M. Spear, at No. 40 Cornhill, at $2,00 per year.

PHONETICS. A distinguished German, Herr Zabdiel Hauritz, now in this country, is contributing a series of articles to the columns of the *Anglo Saxon*, on "Phonetics, or the General Principles of the Pronunciation of all Languages." The *Tribune* says:

Herr Hauritz has devoted many years to the investigation of this subject, having resided in various countries with a view to making the most extensive observations upon all the phenomena of human speech, and acquiring a practical knowledge of the languages of Europe and Asia.

This treatise, though bearing the indubitable marks of profound learning, such as we have seldom had the pleasure of seeing exhibited in this country, is nevertheless written in a style of extreme simplicity and adaptation to the common comprehension, worthy of admiration. Judging from those portions of the treatise which we have been able to perise, we should say that, this series of articles, alone, would be of far more value to any reader interested in the study of his own language, or engaged in acquiring a foreign one, than the yearly subscription price of the Anglo-Saxon.

GUARANTEISM. *The Harbinger*, speaking of that phase into which Society is now passing says:

In the United States, the principal existing feature of guarantyism is seen in the guaranty Societies, such as the Sons of Temperance, Odd Fellows, Working Men's Unions, and the like; which are already very prevalent, though they have as yet attained only the first stage of their growth. In England these also prevail to some extent, but the principal manifestation is a different and more decided one, as may be seen by the following extract of a letter from an associative friend, dated Nov. 26, 1847:

"Notwithstanding this, I think that if the French and Americans do not 'look sharp,' the Londoners will realize the lower forms of guarantyism before them. I assure you the many vast model lodging-houses which are rising in the town, are beginning to make people stare and speculate; and if the Phalanstery itself does not come, I believe that in the natural course of things, all London will rise into associative edifices of the lower kind."

GERRIT SMITH. The *Busy Bee* a smart little reform paper published in Albany, N. Y., says of Gerrit Smith:

"GERRIT SMITH says, in referring to mere Abolitionism, "that they (the Abolitionists) are digging their graves." He says that the poor white man's rights should be respected, as well as the black man's. The mere Abolitionists are a "pretty political party, to pretend to be the instructors of all other parties. Towards all such impudent shams," says he, let "our indignation know no limit." It will be recollected that, Mr. Smith is nominated for the Presidency by a class of good and true men, who do not recognize human rights and freedom for any particular Class or Nation, but for the universal family of man, commencing in our own country first.

EPITAPH ON SNOOKS THE RHYMESTER.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM LINDLEYS
La? Harry Snooks below has gone —
Earth none for that the worse is —
But have a care, ye souls in fire,
He brings along his verses,
Ah! where shall people scape this fard's
Rhyme-reading malediction!
Since even devils have to writhe
Beneath its dire infliction.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. *Messrs. Editors* — It appears to me that the people of Massachusetts should call the attention of the Legislature to the subject of the *death penalty*, as early as possible the present session, in order to have the subject more thoroughly discussed than it ever has been. I fear there is too much apathy, indifference, thoughtlessness, and want of feeling on this important subject, and an effort should be made to bring people to their good senses.

The taking of the life of a fellow creature, it would seem, is as important a matter as can come before any assembly of legislators, and the law authorizing the act should have the voice of the *whole* people in its favor, after every *other* line had been tried and found ineffectual in the prevention of *crime*, for, if the safety of the community can be as effectually secured without the taking of life, then we have no *right to take it*; on the other hand, if the safety of the community cannot possibly be secured without taking the life of the murderer, then of course, it must be taken. There are many and good reasons why the life of the murderer should not be taken, and one is, it cannot restore the dead to life, or benefit the friends of the deceased; on the contrary, it cuts off all possibility of the murderers reformation, and thereby prevents his ever being able to afford any assistance or consolation, which he might do were his life spared, and his reformation effected, to the friends of the deceased or other members of the community, for it is possible to make a good citizen of a man, even after he has been convicted of murder.

On the ground of true philosophy, we hope for all possibilities and certainly no one will say it is *impossible* to reform a man who may have been guilty of very great crimes. Another reason is, that the death penalty does not operate equally; in case one man should kill another in a fit of anger, and without premeditation, he is hung for it. Another man lays his plan, in cold blood, to murder his neighbor; he succeeds, but in doing it, is obliged, in order to save his own life, to murder his neighbors wife and children under the most aggravated circumstances. And you can punish him *no more* severely. All you can do is to hang him.

Another reason is, it tends to, and actually does brutalize man, destroys all the better principles of his nature, and makes him a savage of the worst kind.

It goes on the principle of doing wrong, because the *murderer* has done wrong; that is, it murders *him* because he has murdered another man, with this difference,— it is revenge or interest that drives on the murderer, while the *law* has neither to gratify.

Another reason is, the innocent are so liable to suffer; and who can contemplate such a scene without horror! The fallibility of human tribunals *should* operate very strongly with legislators in such a case. But I shall tire your patience and so will close here for the present.

GEO. ROBINSON.

BOSTON, Jan. 1st, 1848.

MR. VOICE: I am one of those who look with interest upon the steady growth of the Working Men's Protective Union. I rejoice in its success; I should mourn at its defeat. Being a member of this glorious Union, I would say to my brethren, Be not afraid — united we shall stand. The greater the obstacles which are brought forward to oppose us, the firmer should we be bound together. Has one Division nullified its connection with the Union? then there is more for us to do that remain. Let us adopt the watchword of the patriot Jackson, "The Union must be preserved!" And as the poet makes the Polish children say when one prince deserted the patriot standard, I would say to the Union,

"I would that every knave he has left behind
Might strip the patriot cloak and follow him"

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth,
but the righteous are as bold as a lion."

If the working people are to be benefited in any measure, they must work out their own salvation. It does not become us then, who are engaged in this good work, to be alarmed at the sound of every tin horn that's blown, or to tremble when the first gun is fired at our fair fabric. Let us, like old Nehemiah when he was re-building the walls of Jerusalem, say to those who would annoy us or retard our progress, "We are doing a great work, and cannot come down. — PEG.

PATHETISM — BOOK OF HEALTH FOR THE MILLION, are the titles of two pamphlets by La Roy Sunderland. These treatises have been carefully read. The latter should be in the hands of "millions" who might be saved from an early grave, if they would abide by the practical remarks on Bathing, Diet, Exercise and so forth.

The former work throws much light on the mysterious subject of which it treats, and every one who wishes to be enlightened should read Mr. Sunderland's works, go to his Lectures and to see the man himself, who I think is what he calls himself, the most pronounce man to be "a public benefactor," and I see no evidence of this in a card of acknowledgment by the Parent Washingonian Total Abstinence Society in this City, of ninety-four dollars thirty-one cents, to alleviate the "suffering poor of this city."

I have attended Mr. Sunderlands Lectures and as so much has been said in their praise it would seem quite needless for me to enlarge.

May public Lecturers follow the example Mr. Sunderland has given. M. F.

NEWS ITEMS.

CONGRESS. The battle between Liberty and Slavery is progressing in the Congress of the United States. On Wednesday of last week, Mr. Hale of New Hampshire, made a powerful speech on the Ten Regiment Bill, in which he showed himself a true and brave man. Mr. Webster also spoke against the Bill. Mr. Case, Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Davis of Mississippi supported it.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATION. No important business except the installation of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, the choice of Councillors and the reception of the Governor's Annual Address, has yet been transacted. We shall notice the message in our next.

The following are the names of the Councillors elected.

John P. Bigelow of Boston,
Charles Russell of Princeton,
Jesse Murdock of Carver,
John Porter of Buckland,
John Chapman of Salem,
Abraham R. Thomson of Charlestown,
George Bliss of Springfield,
William Mitchell of Nantucket,
E. L. Keyes of Dedham.

MEXICO. The most contradictory rumors, with regard to the probabilities of peace continue to be received from Mexico.

General Scott is to be, or has been recalled. Gay communications from Washington. The papers are speculating with regard to his successor.

A COURT MARTIAL is to be held at Vera Cruz to try Generals Worth and Pillow and Col. Duncan, on the charges preferred against them by Gen. Scott.

General Scott has issued orders requesting the immediate return to Mexico and to their several commands, of all officers now in the United States on leave of absence.

GEO. MILLER. In the Municipal Court of Boston on Saturday last another indictment, containing twelve counts, was found against Mr. Miller. He gave bail.

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA. Advices by a late arrival, state that the inhabitants of Central America were about to appeal to the United States for aid in resisting British encroachments. If this is true, difficulties may ensue, as our government has repeatedly declared its intention of not permitting any foreign power to acquire a new foothold upon this continent.— *Newburyport Advertiser.*

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT. Among the new members elected is L. J. Papineau, the ex speaker of the house under the old order of things, and who left the country during the outbreak, and resided for a long time in Paris.

☞ Arrangements are about being made, we understand, to remove the Marine Telegraph from the Merchants' Exchange building to the cupola of the Old State House.

OCEAN STEAMERS. The Washington, from Southampton, with one day later news, is in her twentieth day. The Missouri, from Havre is in her seventh day. The Cambria from Liverpool, is in her tenth day. All these steamers are going to New York.

THE STOVE.

PERSONS in want of the best, most economical and the most beautiful Parlor

AIR-TIGHT COOK STOVE.

ever made, will do well to call and examine one JUST INTRODUCED, which for neatness, economy and convenience far surpasses anything now in the market.

Also continue to Manufacture and sell the HATHAWAY PARLOR STOVE, notwithstanding the united efforts of all dealers in town to check its sale, continue to be sold in unprecedented numbers and invariably gives perfect satisfaction. Also, constantly on hand the most extensive assortment of other COOK, PARLOR, AND OFFICE STOVES, THE NEW ENGLAND, JAPAN, AND ENAMELLED WARE that can be found in this City or elsewhere. Call and see for yourselves.

H. T. BUTLER.

aug25 46 Central and 4 Prescott streets, Lowell.

DAGUERREOTYPE MINIATURE ROOMS.

52 CENTRAL STREET,

(Corner of Hurd Street, Lowell.)

MINIATURES taken at these rooms in the most approved style, and in any weather, with or without colors, and gilded in the nicest manner, whether sold for a high or low price.

The Public are respectfully invited to call before obtaining Miniatures elsewhere, as the prices shall be as low as any in Lowell and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

S. H. HASTINGS.

Lowell, June 4.

WM. D. VINALL

SURGEON DENTIST.

☞ Office 21 Central Street, ☜

Where he continues to perform all operations on the Teeth with the utmost skill and care, on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to cleansing and filing carious teeth, with gold or any approved substance now in use, and thereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

Also, he inserts Mineral Teeth on a gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require. Another very important branch of Dental Science, consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure, without springs.

☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted, &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would further say, that the most aggravated pains from decayed teeth, can in most cases be speedily relieved and the tooth saved.

I. MASON LEARNED,

EATING HOUSE,

No. 31 Congress Street.

Cor. of Congress Square, near the Post Office;

MEALS served all hours of the day. Strangers visiting the City, will find this a pleasant place to dine.

Boston, Dec 24. 3m

BOOT, SHOE, AND CLOTHING WARE HOUSE,

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WILLARD RUSSELL & WILLIAM HAYWARD,

Dealers in

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and clothing of all descriptions. Also, Umbrellas, Parasols, & Parasols.

LAWRENCE, Sept. 19, 1847.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office, No 24 Central street, opposite the Post Office.

TEETH inserted at this office, on fine Gold Plate, from one to an entire set.

Also, filling cleansing and extracting done with care and warranted.

Lowell, April 23, 1847. 41.

BENEFITS IN SICKNESS.

LOWELL HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY,

Established in Lowell, will contract to insure males between the ages of 16 and 50 years — allowance of $4, $6 or $8, per week during sickness, for any term from 1 to 5 years.

(*Premiums Payable Annually.*)

ELISHA HUNTINGTON, President.
FREDERICK PARKER, Secretary.

OFFICE — No. 78 *Central street (corner of Central and Hurd streets,) LOWELL, MASS.* 6 oct29

NOTICE.

The principal business Office of the *Voice* will hereafter be at No. 5 WATER STREET, BOSTON, instead of No. 76 Central Street, Lowell. All letters and communications sent by mail should be directed to *Boston, Mass.*

OUR LOWELL OFFICE.

The Office of *The Voice of Industry* in Lowell is removed to No. 11 John St. Albert C. Hill is our Agent.

Letters and Communications deposited in our Letter Box at No 11 will be received and attended to. Subscribers who take their papers at the Office will find them there.

NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

The New England Labor Reform League will hold a public meeting in the City of Boston, on the third Wednesday of January, 1848, at ten o'clock, A. M., at WASHINGTONIAN HALL; to be continued two days — when all the friends of Labor and National Reform are cordially invited to attend. Let every town in New England send at least one delegate to represent them. It is hoped that the friends of the cause generally, will rally on that occasion. Arrangements will be made for the entertainment of those who may come from abroad.

Per Order,

H. J. STONE, *Secretary.*

☞ W. H. CHANNING preaches every Sunday afternoon, before the Religious Union of Associationists, in Washington Hall, Bromfield St. Let all who wish to know what the religious views of Associationists are, go and hear Mr. Channing. They will at least hear more profound, eloquent, and earnest discourses from him than from any other preacher in the city. The best music continues to be the only charge to be heard at these services.

TO DIVISIONS OF THE W. M. P. U.

At the last Quarterly Meeting of the Supreme Division it was "Voted, that each delegate be a Committee to make an effort in his Division in behalf of the *Voice of Industry.*" A few of the delegates have done nobly. Shall we not hear from others. We will send five copies for $5,00, and any larger number at the same rate.

AGENTS WANTED.

Several trustworthy and efficient Agents are wanted to get subscribers for the Voice. Apply at No. 5, Water street, Boston.

REFORM DIRECTORY.

☞ The FEMALE INDUSTRIAL REFORM AND MUTUAL AID SOCIETY, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the reading Room, 76 Central St. All ladies friendly to the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the sex, are respectfully invited to unite their united efforts, by their presence. H. J. STONE, *Sec'y.*

I. O. OF R.

Equality Tent, No. 7, I. O. of R. meets every Mon. day evening at 8 o'clock, at Masonic Hall, Merrimack street.

Pawtucket Tent, No. 8, I. O. of R. meets at the above Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

S. OF T.

Lowell Division, No. 34, Sons of Temperance, meets at Rochdale Hall, 76 Central street, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

D. OF T.

Harmony Division, No. 9, Daughters of Temperance, meet every Thursday evening, in Sons of Temperance Hall, 76 Central street, at 1-4 before 8 o'clock.

W. M. P. U.

☞ The WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, DIVISION No. 1, meets at No. 5 Bulfinch Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES G. JONES, Sec'y.

☞ Working Men's Protective Union, Division No. 9, holds its meeting on Monday evening, at No. 3, Boylston Hall, Boston.

JOSEPH CAREW, Sec'y.

☞ The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 6, (Manchester, N. H.) holds its meetings in Merrimack Hall, Elm street, every Wednesday evening.

S. D. CLARK, Sec'y.

☞ The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 4, Lynn, meet on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on Union st., opposite the 1st Universalist Church.

☞ The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 11, (Lowell) holds its meetings at Humanity Hall, Market street, over Protective Union Store, every Saturday evening.

JOHN CARL, Sec'y.

JONATHAN LADD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Commissioner for the State of Vermont,

OFFICE — Spaulding's Block, Merrimack St. North of the American House, Central street, Lowell, Ms.

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In Ten Times, Greater

than that of any place in Boston, as every suit is expressly made for this purpose, and cases of Boys Goods can not ever work, *of all sizes and styles*, to fill the orders of the numerous citizens and strangers, who buy where they can buy cheapest, and where the Greatest Assortment may be found — a fact which all may be satisfied of by calling as above. In connection with this branch of the business an immense quantity of

MEN'S CLOTHING,

of every fashionable pattern, may be had here, at

Two thirds the Cost usually charged at other places.

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The cheapest and best scientific paper in the United States is the new paper entitled the

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NEW ENGLAND

TRUSS MANUFACTORY,

Boston, Massachusetts.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES, at his old stand, No 305 Washington St., opposite the Old Colonnade Theatre Entrance Avenue. Also, Abdominal Supporters, for Prolapsus Uteri, Trusses for Inguinal, Abdominal, Suspensory Bags, Knee Caps, Belts, Boards, Heated shoes for deformed feet. Trusses repaired at one hours notice, and made to answer otherwise as well as new. The subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years, and fitted so many for the last 15 years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases.

Convex Spinal Trusses; Dr. Chase's Trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Lewis; Trusses of Galvanized Metal that will not Rust, having wooden and copper pads; Redd's Spiral Truss, Rundell's do; Hanson's ball and socket; Sherman's patent; French do; Bateman's do. Double and Single; Stone's Trusses; also trusses for children, of all ages. Dr Fletcher's Truss, and Marsh's Truss, Dr. Hall's Truss, and Thompson's Hatchet Truss, and the Shaker's Rocking Truss, all kept constantly at this establishment. Whispering Tubes, and Ear Trumpets that will enable a person to converse in a low tone that is loud of hearing. All ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters or Trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years experience in the business.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

TESTIMONIALS.

The undersigned take great pleasure in recommending to the favorable consideration of those who are unhappily afflicted with Hernia, Mr. James Frederick Foster as a skilful and competent person in the manufacture and fitting of Trusses. We have employed him, (some of us for over twenty years,) and therefore speak from a personal knowledge of his abilities. His early advantages, his long experience in the business, and the large number of individuals whom he has relieved in every variety of cases, render him in our opinion, equal, if not superior, to any manufacturer of the art. One father, Dea. Gideon Foster, of Charlestown, was master of the poor-house in that town, for upwards of twenty years, during which time he frequently availed himself of the opportunity, and made application of his Trusses to a great variety of cases, with great success; some of whom were of a very complicated and distressing character.

It is well known to all who have occasion to wear Trusses, that their great excellence consists in the adaptation to the body, at the same time, of the right patient. Any ordinary mechanic may make a truss, but none, but a skilful practitioner can apply it in such a manner as effectually to relieve and oftentimes radically cure the complaint.

Our experience has convinced us that Mr. Foster has thoroughly attained this knowledge. The certificates of Dr. C. T. Wyman and other eminent physicians, which he has shown us, fully sustain the opinion we here express.

David Dodge,	aged 75	Sam. Payson,	aged 85
Newhall Martin,	" 78	Sam. Etheridge,	" 33
James R. Turner,	" 40	Arnold Southwick	" 48
John Lack,	" 66	Uriah Tufts,	" 78

Charlestown, March, 1847. July16—1.

MEDICAL CARD.

HARDLY a day passes that Dr. MORRILL is not consulted by one or more persons who have been taking medicines for months and years for old Chronic Diseases without being cured; the reason is, because they do not apply to a skilful and experienced Physician at first, or perhaps not at all. Many dose themselves up with Mercury, Copaiba, Nitre, &c. obtained at apothecaries; others apply to inexperienced or self-styled physicians, who make cures not nearly worse than the disease, and the bad effects of which are equally as difficult to remove. Then the number of cases when they are called on, are, who suffer for years, both mentally and bodily, for want of discrimination in the first instance in obtaining an experienced physician, induces us to advise all afflicted with delicate complaints to be extremely cautious in the selection of a physician,— call on one in whom you can place confidence, as early as possible after contracting disease, take his medicines and attend strictly to his directions until a perfect cure is effected; your health and money may thereby be saved.

The Dr's New Office on Middlesex Street, is finished, and furnished in the best style with all the conveniences that wealth can purchase, so that the sick can wish for, with the best Nurses to attend to those that wish for a nurse; also a new spacious Parlor for the sick that wish to be treated at the office The Dr. attends to all cases which flesh is heir to.

Ladies that prefer can consult with one of their own sex at Dr. Morrill's residence, near the Post Office, Middlesex Street.

P. S. Needles, the Medical and Surgical Institute, No 9, Middle street, and No 11 Middlesex street, at his New Office, opposite the Machine Shop, established for the cure of all complaints, and a cure warranted in all private complaints or no pay taken. Medicines expressly for sale, certain to eradicate every disease in the shortest possible time.

☞ Our Celebrated Drops and Pills are for females who are seeking relief from their maladies, and all are invited to call and be restored to health, as a cure is warranted in most cases, if taken in time. More than twelve years experience has taught him the safest and surest means of remedies in every case.

ALSO — Midwifery attended to at all times. The Dr. can be found at all times, day or night, at No. 9 Middle street or at No. 11 Middlesex street, at his New Office, near the Railroad Crossing. July16—1y

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WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.

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A LADY is desirous to form Classes for Instruction in A Penmanship at her residence and in Schools or private families. Her method is a simple one, and is attained; imparting great ease of execution with elegance of style.

For Lessons to individuals, $8 the course (24 Lessons) In Classes, $6. For further particulars, and specimens of writing, apply to Miss MACDANIEL, No. 1 Central court.

For references apply at this office.

Boston, Dec. 10, 1847. tf

TO THE LADIES

MRS. GIRARDIN, French Female Physician, respectfully informs the Ladies that she has removed to No. 244 Washington St. up stairs, where she continues to attend to Ladies in all kinds of diseases, peculiar to females, but particularly Prolapsus, Leucorrhea, Bad Spinal diseases, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Cancers, and Uterine Mis. to cure, Fits, Palpitation, Nervous complaints. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Boston, Aug. 7, 1847. aug7

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

[Song of the (British) Northern Star]

A SONG OF THE STARVING.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Now, hark ye on the highland,
Now, hark ye in the glen,
Throughout our fertile island,
The song of starving men.

"There's honor for the weaver
While money's in his span;
There's plenty for the reaver:
But there's nothing for the man!

"There's wealth for building churches,
"There's food for hound and steed,
But the country is a desert,
For the pauper in his need."

Now, hark ye in the cottage,
Now, hark ye in the hall,
The people have the power,
If they only had the will!

Let him still hug a fetter,
Who brooks to be a slave,
And calls the man a *tetter*
He knows to be a *knave*.

As long as ye will truckle,
So long will they oppress;
Rise not to win from *abject*,
But from *yourselves*—redress.

Now, hark ye in the palace,
Now, hark ye in the hall,
Ye nest of silent malice!
And ye inner of bloody thrall!

Can ye face the judging nation,
Ye vast domestic war,
And made their desolation
The foundation of your gain?

Then down, each tarnished 'scutcheon!
And down, each blotted fame!
Ye million paupers dying
Cry shame upon these pilgrims name!

Now, hark ye on the highland,
Now, hark ye in the glen:
Remember that ye struggle
With *measures*, not with *men*.

Ye need not crush the mighty,
But take away his might!
We ask not retribution,
We ask but for our right,

And he is not by brother
By whom a wrong is done;
Ye visits on another
Of what we would shun.

Then, hark ye on the highland,
And hark ye in the glen,
Throughout our blessed island
The song of stricken men.

The shipwrecked sailor wending
To a haven of safe rest;
The Indian Red deer wending
On its lonely forest nest.

They feel no exultation,
On earth, or air or sea,
Like the guidance of a nation
That has striven, and is free!

☞ The abolition of slavery was declared in St. Bahts and its dependencies, on the 9th of October. These are under the dominion of Sweden.

LITERARY SUPERSTITION. We understand that a petition is about to be presented on behalf of numerous chemists—chemical, historical, and allegorical—to be permitted to retire from the service of literature, and be placed on the Supernumerary Roll, on the ground of their being completely worn out. *The Lernean Hydra*, Cincinnatus, Hercules, with his labors, and Garrick, whose position, between tragedy and burlesque, is Sterne quite a bore, will, it is expected, be put upon the list, and allowed to retire into private life, on the score of extreme age. Any writer falsely accused of being drawn into public notice by attempting to make them do duty any longer, will be severely punished. The Augean Stable is also to be shut up until further notice, and literary trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the critical law.—*Punch.*

A handsome reward will be paid for any new historical or classical illustrations; to replace the veteran body, whose retirement has been considered advisable, in consequence of its strength having become utterly exhausted by being too much employed.—*Punch.*

A TOUCHING SCENE. A scene of an affecting and interesting character, was witnessed last evening in Camal street, near the corner of Camp. A young girl, pale and worn, accompanied by a little boy, seated herself on the stone steps of a house, evidently exhausted, and the little fellow knelt by her side and looked tenderly and sadly into her face. While they were thus resting together a comfortably dressed man and woman, with the flush of health upon their cheeks, who were passing down camal street, stopped before them, and it was painfully interesting to witness the changing countenances of all. The tide of feeling which surprise and happiness had stopped in its source, burst the barrier, and the young girl rushed into the arms of the woman, crying, "my mother!" But she was soon caught to the heart of a father, as also the little boy, and the happy couple told the persons who were present that the girl and her little brother were their children whom they had left with their friends in Ireland, being unable to bring them when they emigrated, but had subsequently sent money to pay their passage to this happy land.—*N. O. Mercury.*

FORGOT HIS SPECTACLES. Some years ago, there was attached to the Park Theatre severity old gentleman—a man who had lived long enough to realize the truth of the aphorism of Dr. Johnson, that:

"Superfluous lags the veteran of the stage."

His name was Chapman. He had been a good actor. One night Hamlet was up for performance, and just before the curtain rose, the actor who was to enact the

"Ghost of Hamlet's Daddy,"

was almost the missing, and Mr. Simpson was in some doubt if he could go in and tell "Royal Dane!"

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

In his emergency he asked Mr. Chapman if he would do the ghost? "Aye, that I will," responded the complaisant actor, and in a trice was caparisoned "in complete steel," ready to "visit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous, and to talk of madness."

The good old actor, doubting his perfection in the words, took a book of the play, and stationing himself by the wings looked it over, that he might be ready and perfect when called for. As he was near-sighted, he was obliged to wear spectacles when reading. Presently he was summoned, and on he went, every inch of a ghost. He had scarcely *stalked* alone upon the before the audience broke forth in one uncommon mad unpardonable fit of convulsive laughter. The actor in his haste to meet the "Royal Dane," had forgot his glasses, and the astonished audience beheld before them the ghost of the King of Denmark in spectacles.

☞ A musician near Eccles, Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door, thus:—G. Sharp. A wag of a painter, early one morning, added the following significant words—"In a flat."

SHAKSPEARE, IN THE SENATE OF GEORGIA. In Georgia state Senate, Shakspeare has been lately mentioned in the reports as follows. On the 7th of December, Mr. Foreman laid upon the table the following resolution, which was read and ordered to be printed:

Resolved, That the Reporters of the Senate
"Shall nothing extenuate
Nor set down ought in malice."

CAMEOS. Cameo bosom pins are made of conch shells. The art was confined to Rome for near half a century, and to Italy until the last twenty years. The first Cameo made out of lady's shell by an Italian in Paris, and now about two hundred are employed in making Cameos in that city. The number of shells used annually twenty years ago was about three hundred—the whole of which were sent to England, the value of each in Rome being about seven dollars. The number used in France last year was one thousand and five hundred francs in value, (shells) forty-four thousand eight hundred. The average value of large cameos made in Paris last year was about two hundred thousand dollars. In England not more than six persons are engaged in the trade. In America about the same number! but yankee genius has entered the field of cameo art, and soon we shall be provided with cameos, made by hands, to deck the bosoms of our republican girls.

EFFECTS OF NOT KNOWING FRENCH. Not long after the general peace, when all classes of English travellers, admitted and unlicensed, polished and unpolished, flocked to the continent, in search of the classical and the picturesque, one of these pilgrims met a companion sitting in a state of most woful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one, of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. With great anxiety he inquired the cause of this suffering. "O," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide book. To my astonishment, I found there that the water, of this lake is very poisonous! O, I am a gone man; I feel it running all over me. I shall only a few minutes to live; remember me to ——!"

"Let me see the guide book," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "*L'eau du lac est poisonous*," the water of the lake abounds in fish.

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

"I never was better," said the dying man, leaping up, with a countenance radiant as the sun on a fine May morning.

"What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

OCCUPATIONS.

There is a continual antagonism between the theory of our government and the practice of our people. We boast of our emancipation from the prejudices as well as the political despotism of the past, and yet cling to the social errors with as much tenacity as if they were indubitable truths. Each day we listen to glowing tributes to the superiority of our government to all others, in the great and glorious attribute of elevating the masses, elsewhere down-trodden, into high and honorable, and yet, each hour in each day, we see in every community the most contemptuous spurning of doctrines, which, according to the theory of our system are full of wisdom, patriotism and virtue. Democracy repudiates the artificial social distinctions which prevail in monarchies and aristocracies, and teaches the equality of all, and declares that genuine merit has its source in the union of an intelligent head with an uncorrupt heart, and that degradation can result only from vice and crime. And yet nothing is more common than to see persons branding honorable and necessary pursuits as disgraceful, and giving to other professions a superiority which in the eye of reason, and the faith of democracy, does not belong to them.

It is a melancholy truth that no community has yet become so wise as to place a just estimate on the various pursuits of life. There is no community in which he who labors with his hands for a subsistence, is not by some extent, considered disgraced thereby. There are but few of us who maintain that decent practical respect for the dignity of our political system, which would cause us to place the proper value on professions, and to ascribe merit only to those to whom it justly belongs. Sometimes it seems invariably happens, that we associate social decency with certain professions and social inferiority with other pursuits. Abstractly and practically we view the preacher, lawyer, or physician as a more respectable man than the hatter, tailor, or shoemaker. This very unrepublican preference is very prevalent in our country, which it is hard to understand why, other things being equal, the man who makes a good hat, coat, or shoe, is not as respectable and as useful a citizen, as another who preaches a sermon, or administers pills and powders, or pleads a speech before a jury. If these are capital democrats in politics, but we are very unrepublican in society.

In those portions of our confederacy in which slavery prevails, it is easy to understand how it has happened, that he who labors with his hands is considered disgraced. Wherever a system of slavery exists, its victims are necessarily ranked as inferior beings, and whoever, by his avocation, approximates the daily condition of the slaves, must participate to some extent in their degradation, in the estimation of those who live without labor. Hence it results, that in all the slave States the dignity of conferring mechanical occupations are invariably considered degrading, and they who follow them are never to be met with in the saloons of fashion, or at the tables of the rich. However gifted with native talent, and however he may have developed and improved that talent, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brows, is regarded as an inferior member of the community. Men with intellect scarcely sufficient to distinguish them from the beasts that perish, men whose eyes are vivid with the dubious light of idiocy—whose hearts are full of dead sentiments, wasted affections, and depraved feelings—persons in fine, that stamp of imbecility and bestiality, whose coffers are well filled with the bequests of ancestry, or the winnings of luck, or the caprices favors of fortune, in all slaveholding communities have a right, according to the prevailing social faith, to contemn the freest, intelligent, and virtuous mechanic, whose only disgrace is that his cheeks are embrowned by his exposure to the elements, and his hands made hard with constant toil. These miserably unwise and unrepublican prejudices against labor, are the necessarily and natural adjuncts of a system of slavery, and if these exercise control to slaveholding communities, there would be less cause for surprise than exists. But unfortunately, in all our democratic States, the same prejudices against labor prevails to some extent. Equality is every where our boast, but artificial distinctions every where prove our weakness and our shame.

We hold that a competent mechanic is more respectable than an incompetent professional man. An ingenious craftsman is more worthy of social consideration than an empiric or a quack in medicine, who has a license to make death an incident of disease; or than a pettifogger in law, whose rapid harangues rouse pity in all generous hearts. We hold that a preacher who, to illustrate with eminent forcibleness the truth that suffering is inseparable from human life, inflicts wounds and unedifying discourses, on each successive Sabbath, on the ears of unoffending Christians. And yet the quack, the pettifogger, and the sleep-compelling preacher are welcomed with smiles beyond those dwellers of the mechanic, however ingenious and intelligent he may be, is tolerated but for a moment, and is despatched with a hasty nod and a smile of gracious condescension.

No arguments of ours are necessary to prove how wrong, how unrepublican, how unchristian such artificial distinctions are; neither is it here required of us to demonstrate the decency and the dignity of honest labor. Distinctions between men are proper; but all distinctions that recognize merit in certain pursuits and attach disgrace to other pursuits, are thoroughly unwise and absurd. Men of congenial tastes and opinions should be and will be drawn together—the man of elegant manners and cultivated understanding, cannot be expected to yield continuous companionship with one who is not only rough in exterior, but is also unrefined in thought. Between such persons, there are few of these points of contact, but little of those blending of sympathies, which are essential to social enjoyment. Nature and common sense indicate those distinctions between men that it is right to observe. Against those we have not a breath to utter, while we denounce as utterly unwise and unjust, those preposterous distinctions which result from a fancied degradation of labor and an unjustifiable contempt for those who by the accident of birth, or by their connection with some profession, are relieved from the necessity of manual labor.

Let parents do all they can to give their children the blessings of a good education, and to encourage them to accumulate knowledge and to preserve their hearts unblemished by vice, and then in whatever pursuit it may be their lot to labor, they will deserve and win the respect of all good men. If a mechanic desires to cultivate a love for knowledge and a taste for the beautiful, they would not only lighten their toil, but they would add greatly to their usefulness, and the happiness of all with whom they are associated in life. Youth is the season for the implanting of those tastes and desires which when developed and invigorated, confer true respectability. As a general rule, those who labor with their hands for a livelihood, pay but little regard to their minds. If mechanics were generally men of cultivated understandings, the wretched artificial distinctions, which now make them out as inferior, would rapidly disappear. However debased the employment may be against labor, it could not long continue to be the disgrace of our communities, if the minds of those who are engaged in it were enlarged and embellished with the graces and achievements of literature, science, and philosophy. The observance of a true republican spirit in the distribution of time, would enable all to make a very respectable acquaintance with the labors of men of genius. Every man utterly wastes hours, which if spent in well-ordered reading, would conversant with the intellectual achievements of those great men who have enriched literature and advanced science in past generations.

PRACTICABLE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

I have lately become a convert to the principles of the Association, by a course of reflection naturally arising out of the experiences of my vocation. Being an architect by profession, I am daily made acquainted with the disastrous consequences of competition among builders—consequences which finally fall with a paralyzing influence on the Arm of Labor. A gentleman about to build a house, has his plans and specifications all drawn out in form, and ready for execution; and the master Carpenter will be compelled to erect him a superior building of the best materials and workmanship. Having specifically determined as to what his residence shall be, he invites a dozen builders to examine his plans, and so forth, and gives them a proposal, each of them, what they will agree to erect said house for. It very rarely happens that there is not so much as from one to three thousand dollars difference between the highest and lowest bidders, in cases where the highest offer would be, say seven or eight thousand dollars.

Now, he who puts in the highest offer, has estimated as low as he thought possible, being so confided to do in order that he may underbid the resident, and so obtain the contract. This is a case, then, where three thousand dollars are by the system of competition, plainly taken out of the hands of the laboring classes, and applied to the already full coffers of the rich man.

The same evil consequences result from competition more or less in every branch of labor, and in view of this state of things, I would ask whether a system of monopoly ought not to be adopted to protect the interests of the laboring classes against the absorbing powers of wealth? A joint-stock association of all the builders in the City, properly managed by a board of directors, could easily monopolize all of the slaves, must participate to some extent in their degradation, in the estimation of those who live without labor. Hence it results, that in all the slave States the dignity of conferring mechanical occupations are invariably considered degrading, and they who follow them are never to be met with in the saloons of fashion, or at the tables of the rich. However gifted with native talent, and however he may have developed and improved that talent, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brows, is regarded as an inferior member of the community. Men with intellect scarcely sufficient to distinguish them from the beasts that perish, men whose eyes are vivid with the dubious light of idiocy—whose hearts are full of dead sentiments wasted affections, and depraved feelings—persons in fine, that stamp of imbecility and bestiality, whose coffers are well filled with the bequests of ancestry, or the winnings of luck, or the caprices favors of fortune, in all slaveholding communities have a right, according to the prevailing social faith, to contemn the freest, intelligent, and virtuous mechanic, whose only disgrace is that his cheeks are embrowned by his exposure to the elements, and his hands made hard with constant toil. These miserably unwise and unrepublican prejudices against labor, are the necessarily and natural adjuncts of a system of slavery, and if these exercise control to slaveholding communities, there would be less cause for surprise than exists. But unfortunately, in all our democratic States, the same prejudices against labor prevails to some extent. Equality is

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR

L. P. NOBLE, PUBLISHER.

The leading purpose of this journal is, the discussion of the question of Slavery, and the advocacy of the principles of Liberty, Humanity, and Universal Peace, as given to Social and Political Questions of general interest, but not are the interests of a Pure Literature overlooked.

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Publisher of the National Era, Washington, D. C.

LOWELL WATER CURE ESTABLISH.

A NEW HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION, situated on the banks of the Merrimac, about fifteen miles from Boston, by rail, in the city of Lowell, is now open for the reception of invalids.

In fitting up this establishment, the proprietor, Dr. R. DARRAH, has spared no pains or expense in making it one of the most comfortable, convenient and desirable houses, for the accommodation of those resorting to the public.

The Harbinger House is constructed with two entire sets of Baths, each consisting of Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fountain, Eye, Spray, Flowing, Cold or Warm; and all so arranged as to be entirely private, and easy of access, by invalids, at all times, from each wing of the house, and by the proprietor, or by gentlemen, the other by ladies. The house is so warmed as to render it perfectly comfortable, even in the coldest weather.

The "Water Cure" has been particularly successful in preserving their patrons unblemished by vice, in chronic Gout, incipient stages of Consumption; Nervous Debility; Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, with its train of symptoms, as Costiveness, Headache, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, &c.; Fevers of various forms; all cutaneous diseases; Scrofula; Rheumatism; and Congestive diseases peculiar to females, &c.

TERMS, for board and treatment, in this establishment, will vary from Six to Ten Dollars per week, according to the room occupied.

All communications addressed to the Physician, (postpaid) Lowell, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

DR. R. DARRAH, *Proprietor.*
H FOSTER, M. D., Physician. 3m nov26

MEDICATED VAPOR BATH ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 12 Pleasant Street, Boston.

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DR. M. M. MILES.

THIS is the oldest institution of the kind in New England, and the success attending the application of various diseases, has more than met the most sanguine expectations of the proprietors. Its popularity is increasing, every day. It has recently refitted, in a most elegant manner, and Patients can be furnished with medical treatment, board, and nursing, at reasonable prices.

Ladies who may wish to enjoy the luxury of these celebrated baths, or who may require medical aid, will be waited upon by female attendants, who have been constantly engaged in the business for a series of years. Their department is entirely separated from the gentlemen's.

The Medicated Vapor Baths are among the most efficacious agents ever invented, for curing every kind of disease; and in connection with other appropriate medicines, and medical treatment, they will effect a permanent cure in all cases, within the reach of human skill, and have proved a remedy in hundreds of cases, when every other means had failed.

These baths do not resemble the system of steaming practiced by Indian Doctors, and Botanic Quacks, and rely upon their directions being strictly followed.

Testimonials can be produced from the most eminent Physicians in the city; also to many other highly respectable individuals.

The following kinds of bath are administered every day in the week (Sundays excepted) from 8 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon.

Whitlaw's Medicated Vapor Bath.
Iodine Vapor Bath.
Plain Vapor Baths and Shower Baths.
Portable Vapor Baths constantly on hand, and for sale.

Dr. Miles can be consulted at his residence every day, from 6 o'clock A. M. to 1 P. M.

July 15—1

REMOVAL.

L. GIRARDIN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FORMERLY OF PARIS,

STILL continues to practice, with as much success as heretofore, the Medicated Vapor Bath and Water Cure, without extra charge, to all who find their advantage to call at his office,

244 Washington street, Boston,

Dr. L. G. has for the last ten years, paid particular attention to the treatment of the following Diseases, viz: Rheumatism, Consumption, Scrofula, Spine and Hip Complaint, Scrofula, Fever Sores, Sore Legs, White Swellings, Cancer, Tumors, Spasms, Fits, Diseases of the Skin, Chronic Diseases, and all kinds of deformity. Without the use of Medicine, the use of the knife or mineral medicines. Charges moderate. In all cases where patients must be Post Paid.

N. B. Dr. L. G. has no connection with any other office, and his medicines can only be obtained as above.

aug8

MILIKEN'S

EATING AND LODGING HOUSE.

Rear of 185 1-2 Washington Street, Boston.

ROOMS AVOYDITE.

(ENTRANCE TO LADIES' ROOMS, NO. 16 PROVINCE HOUSE COURT.)

MILIKEN, having established himself in his several commodious, respectfully invites his friends and gratful thanks to his friends and the temperance community generally, for the liberal patronage which he has been extended to him, and is as ever, *ready to accommodate* to the fullest satisfaction and at the usual moderate prices.

HIS HILL OF FARE embraces the first in the market, and will spare no pains to please the eye and the palate, and hands which he rendered his establishment one of the *most popular places of resort in the City of three Hills.*

DESERTS of every variety which the market and season afford, and will be served in the accomodate direction, and in a manner that cannot fail to please.

☞ Open on Sunday at meal times. ☜

July 16—1.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken the

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

(Formerly kept by A. W. Rockwood, Esq.,)

CORNER OF BEACH STREET AND BRIDGE STREET, BOSTON,

and is prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders. The location is one of the most pleasant and healthy in the city; it is in the fashionable vicinity of the the Boston and Worcester, and Western Railroad depots, and is but a short distance from the Boston and Providence and Old Colony Depots.

About twenty rooms have recently been added to the house, and the whole has been thoroughly repaired. The construction of the house is such, and its appointments with the furniture, so complete, that it is enabled to accommodate Boarders at unusually low prices, and every effort will be made to render it a neat, quiet, and desirable resting place for the traveller.

aug18 H. HAMLIN.

MUFFS.

THE LADIES are well aware that the best place in the city, is to the fashionable variety sold MUFFS and FURS *one third cheaper last season*, than any one else in the city. I would give notice that I have the most splendid assortment of Muffs and Furs that were ever offered for sale in Lowell, and will sell them *One-Third Cheaper* than they can be found elsewhere.

☞ Ladies from the Country, in pursuit of FURS, will do well to look for No. 90 Merrimack St. where they can buy Good Muffs for *One Dollar and Fifty cents* a piece.

Lowell, Oct. 13, 1847. oct13 3m

THE HARBINGER.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SIXTH VOLUME.

In presenting to the Public, the Sixth Volume of the Harbinger, the Editors would give a brief statement of its proposed character and aims.

The Harbinger, from its commencement, has been the advocate of a Social Reform, which shall embrace, reconcile, and be founded in the reciprocal interests that are essential to the true life of Humanity,—which, in maintaining the rights of Social Labor, would reclaim the immense claims of Capital,—which seeks to combine the elevation of the working classes, by the introduction of such principles of Association, and such systems of industry, with the widest development of Art and universal, spiritual culture, and which would destroy the fruitful sources of antagonism, oppression, and inhumanity which now exist in the relations of men, by the establishment of such principles and elements as will necessarily produce a comprehensive and harmonious unity.

The principles of Social Science, discovered and illustrated by the immortal genius of CHARLES FOURIER, have always occupied a conspicuous place in the expositions of the Harbinger, and will continue to be set forth and maintained, with the earnestness which their vast importance demands, but without intemperate zeal or sectarian exclusiveness.

The Harbinger will discuss all questions relating to the progress of society, the past history of the race, the present aspects of civilization, the great humanitary reforms of the age, the Rights of Woman, Education, Marriage and Home, in the light of Associative Science; with what is accomplished in the Science of all elements of truth, goodness and beauty; in whatever institution or direction it may be called to consider.

In conducting the Harbinger, the Editors have the Editors intend to relieve it of the abstract character which it at one time had, and to make it more popular, and of a much larger space to General Topics to the News of the Day, and to Comments on Passing Events. They are in possession of great facilities for presenting copious and authentic summaries of domestic and foreign intelligence, which they will do in the best style, and their industry and vigilence. While they maintain an independent position, with respect to our leading political parties, they do not mean to abstain from the freest criticism of their movements. Great attention will be paid to the selection, and the most compact and useful portion of every well-conducted weekly newspaper, so as to be readable and interesting. We shall always find in its columns an entertaining miscellaneous and varied miscellany, in addition to the topics which give it its distinctive character.

In short, the Editors design to spare no pains to make the Harbinger an attractive and valuable Journal to all classes of readers,—to give it access to circles beyond those which have heretofore generally resorted to, to meand the approval of the public and an extensive circulation, by the various interest of its contents, and the variety of its matter, and the manner of presenting it.

The present volume of the Harbinger appears in a greatly improved form, and will hereafter be issued on the same low price which has made it one of the cheapest papers in this country; and in the respect, under the present arrangements, it is probably not surpassed by any weekly journal.

The Editors rely for the liberal support of their enterprise on all the old friends to whom the Harbinger has become as necessary as the daily bread, and on many new ones who now form an acquaintance with it for the first time.

We request our friends, and the friends of a free and independent press, every where to produce the circulation of our paper. Give the Harbinger a fair trial and if it does not perform more than it promises, we will not complain of desertion or neglect.

The Harbinger is published every Saturday Morning, at No. 9 Spring St., New York, and at 111 Washington St., Boston.

It is edited by PARKE GODWIN, New York, assisted by CHARLES A. DANA, in the Department of Foreign Intelligence, and by WILLIAM H. CHANNING and JOHN S. DWIGHT, in Boston.

TERMS

(Invariably in Advance.)

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July24 tf

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aug28

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Historical Evidence of Genuine Christianity from the Bible, by John Prince, Pastor of 2d Universalist Church in Danvers, $1.00.

Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shew, M D., 50 cents.

For sale by BELA MARSH,
No. 25 Cornhill, Boston.

Oct8 3mos.

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OPPOSITE ENSEX STREET CHURCH.

DR. S. C. HEWETT is attending, as usual, to multitudes who are daily resorting to him, and to them and to the public, for their continued patronage.

To those who have never been Dr. Hewett's patients, and have long suffered from Chronic Diseases, and various treatments he will say, that no man was ever blessed professionally, as Dr. H. is, unless he has enjoyed great fame and profit through his unrivalled success; and that he has cured a great number of dollars and cents, formerly received by his slanderers, to fill their coffers and their friends' pockets. Dr. Hewett practices the Medicated Vapor Bath, Shower, Douche, Hose, Paralytic Affections, Scrofula, White Swellings, and all diseases of the bones and muscles, and Bone Setting.

N B. Dr. Hewett will visit patients at their residences, in Boston and its vicinity.

Hours for consultation, from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Consultations gratis. Dr. His charges never exceed one dollar per visit. Medicines furnished at his low circumstances, liberally considered. All letters must be post paid, to Dr. H. enclosing a dollar, or certificates of over 1000 of his important cures.

BOSTON, AUG. 7, 1847. aug8.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, No. 62 Merrimack street, Lowell, and John st., is weekly receiving from importers, in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinery Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found in any other city.

T. P. ADAMS,
Lowell, Sept. 28, 1846. 3m

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

AS one who is well acquainted with the professional skill, and practice of DR. F. MORRILL, I would say that it is a reproach to the age to witness the extent of practice he now enjoys, and it is equally surprising that any should be led to which his practice increases, which is ample evidence of his past as well as present success. His long and diligent attention to the study and treatment of certain diseases of disease, has placed him, as a medical practitioner, to a rank second to none in the country. He cures many in speedy and *gladness* patients in all parts of the Union, who have unhappily contracted

As one who feels a deep sympathy for those who are unfortunately secured by the effects of those fearful alarming diseases which are so prevalent in our country I would sincerely advise you, instead of going to *Boston* and other places, among an alarming host of *knavish empirics*, who eagerly and unfeelingly draw your money from you, without giving you any relief, to make reasonable application to Dr. M., who will qualifiedly warrant you a cure, by the *secret remedies*, and for a moderate compensation. His extensive business has made it necessary for him to open another office in this city, which is most admirably adapted to accommodate sensitive patients, where they can consult the Doctor, and be strictly secret be observed. ☞ See his advertisement in the different papers.

H.

September 24, 1847.

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY CHRONOTYPE.

EDITED BY ELIZUR WRIGHT

PUBLISHED BY WHITE, POTTER & WRIGHT, 111 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

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It also gives the news from all parts of the country in the most condensed and intelligible style.

The DAILY LIST is already very large—so large that it will be increased only on condition that the paper recommends itself by its importance to the cause of its vicinity, by slip or otherwise, in advance of its regular publication, still be supplied with the Daily Chronotype, in exchange for its weekly, and have our best thanks and due credit by mail.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1847.

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THE OBJECTS OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL may be summed upon one word—PROGRESS.

Progress in Social Science, and especially in those departments of Social Economy, which are immediately secure to every human being the primary conditions of bodily and mental Progress and Improvement—namely, a sufficiency of excellent Food and Clothing—with Dwellings, well ventilated, well drained, well lighted, and cheerful Homes—with Gardens and Parks—Amusements,—Leisure, Books and Education.

Progress in Freedom, both for body and mind; from the Fears and Superstitions, the Oppressors, and the Bigoted of all countries.

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In carrying out these objects, the Proprietor and Editor of the PEOPLE'S JOURNAL seeks the aid of the enlightened and Philanthropic of all sects, and parties. Agreeing to differ where difference must exist, here many and how mighty are the questions on which all Philanthropists are agreed!

Crosby and Nichols, 111 Washington St., Boston, Publishing Agents for New England.

PROSPECTUS OF

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

AN ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Devoted to the Elevation and Improvement of the Industrial Classes and the Final and Permanent Emancipation of Labor from its present suicidal, competing and depressed condition.

In consequence, of a deep felt regard for the present and future well-being of our fellow laborers, and relying upon the support of the friends of Labor and Social Reform, throughout the country, the undersigned propose to issue a Weekly Journal, to be called *The Voice of Industry.*

The paper is to be conducted as heretofore upon *strictly Independent Principles*, opposing all projects and measures, political or ecclesiastical, with that spirit which knows no fear or favor, but which will, by pleading and advocating all cardinal truths with perseverance and sincerity of purpose.

In our labors we ask and expect the cooperation and sympathy of our friends in Boston, Lowell, the Present Philosophical and Statesman, the untrammeled and devoted Reading the hardy Farmer, the Mechanic and Artizan—and the Toiling Sons and Daughters of Industry at the Loom or Spindle.

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In addition to its leading objects, the Voice will contain Tales, Poetry and Miscellaneous Reading of an instructive and interesting character, together with a summary of News, Domestic and Foreign.

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All communications for the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed (Post Paid) to "The Voice of Industry, Lowell."

Subscribers wishing to continue or persons becoming subscribers, will please send the money for one or more *in Advance*, the focus all renewed subscriptions should be made by or before the expiration of their payments.

Postmasters are authorized to frank letters containing notices of removals, non-acceptance, discontinuance and all other Post Office business.

Advertisements of a useful and proper character, inserted at reasonable terms.

Miss MARITATE EASTMAN, our General Agent, is authorized to transact any business relating to *Subscriptions, Advertisements, Payments, &c.*

Lowell, Dec. 1, 1845.

D. H. JAQUES,
JOHN QUINCY.

BOSTON, NOV. 26, 1847.

AGENTS.

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Gloucester, G. W. Rowe.
Lynn, N. W. Brown.
E. Bridgewater, J. B. Parker.
Plymouth, Lorenzo Barnes.
Hingham, Robert Lord.
Worcester, J. S. Pierce.
South Acton, E. A. Russell.
Fitchburg, Lathrop, Sawyer & Co.
Northampton, Wright & Co.
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Danvers, Jefferson Putnam.
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