The Voice of Industry.

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—TERMS.—

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MISCELLANY.

THE NUN.

From the German of Uhland

BY MRS. S. C. H. MAYO.

Through the still cloister garden,
Went a maiden pale and young,
Lit by the moon's dim flashes;
And lovely soft tear-drops hung
Upon her silken lashes.

"Oh, well for me my true love
In the dust laid low;
I dare again to love him,
He is an angel now!
An angel, I dare love him."

The image of the Virgin
She reached with trembling feet,
It stood in the soft glimmer;
Its smile so mother-sweet,
For love she did not blame her.

Sank at its feet upraising,
She in heavenly peace reposed,
Till Death, the Love restorer,
Her eyelids softly closed.

Her veil waved downward softer.

N. Y. Tribune.

From The Odd Fellow's Offering.

THE IRISH DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"And so you won't go with us, Jamie!"

"Hush, darling—you know I cannot leave my old mother, long widow she is, even for love and you, Mary; but if you'll not forget me, in the far country you're going to, when God wills, I'll follow you!"

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, this parting is quite breaking my heart—but don't ask me to stay again—God bless you, and keep you true."

James Burke was the only child of a poor widow, living in the southern part of Ireland. Mary Conway was the youngest daughter of an intelligent and respectable family, neighbors of the Burkes. James and Mary had been lovers from childhood, and at the time when they are introduced to our readers, all who knew them were smiling approvingly upon their fitting betrothal.

Times was just one's ideal of a warm-hearted, high-spirited, frank, and handsome Irishman. Mary was a fair, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, with much more of delicate fragility of figure than often belongs to her country-women.

Some four years previous to the period of the parting scene, with which we commenced this sketch, Mary's only brother, Willie Conway, went out to America, to "seek his fortune" where he succeeded so well in business, that he became anxious to be joined by his family.—This consisted only of his parents, Mary, and the orphan boy of an elder sister, a fine little fellow of eight or nine years. The sobbing young man sent home nearly all his earnings to defray the expenses of the voyage, and promised his friends a snug and happy home, on their arrival in the stranger-land. From their age and many infirmities, his parents were long averse to going, but finally yielded to his earnest solicitations.

Poor Mary! the same sense of filial duty which bade her go with her parents, forbade her urging her love to accompany her, for did Mrs. Burke could not risk the voyage, having been an invalid for many years; and so they parted, and the emigrants took ship for Quebec.

For the first week of the voyage all was fair above and calm below; but then came on squally and tempestuous weather, and the mad waves tossed about the stout ship like a toy, and the fierce winds drove her wildly on her way. Our poor emigrants had much to endure; Mary, all herself, was yet unceasing in her attendance on her aged parents, who became so wasted and enfeebled by sea-sickness as at last to be hardly able to rise from their berths—One night, when they had been about four weeks at sea, Mary, after watching till her dear ones slept, laid her aching head on its uneasy pillow, for a brief rest. The tempest which had raged throughout the day had somewhat abated, but a heavy fog lay on the deep, like a white robe on the stormy bosom of a Medea. The ship still rolled, and plunged, and groaned, like some huge monster in the death-agony, and for once, in her life of simple piety, sweet Mary knelt not in her orisons. But, to use the expression of one of her country-women, she "went on the knees of her *heart*," and from the berth where she lay, fervently arose the prayer of a subdued and trusting spirit. She fell asleep with a tear on her cheek, and her heart with love and old Ireland.

She was awakened by a rush of feet on deck, and the cry of "Let go the anchors!" succeeded by the rattle of chains—a heavy plunge—another—a silence as of death, and then a joyful shout "She holds!—She holds!"—then a wild cry of "She drifts!!" and then the ship seemed lifted out of the water, with a fearful crash, and the shock like that of an earthquake! *She had struck!* Then followed shoutings, and hurrying too and fro, and cries of terror, the clear, quick tones of command, and the sharp crack of breaking timbers.

The vessel had been driven upon a large rock, and was parting in the middle, the stern being highest out of the water. Word was given for all to seek that part of the ship, as the only hope of safety; but before this object could be accomplised, many poor creatures perished, from missing their way in the darkness, or from that sudden insanity which danger often engenders. But Mary Corwin, with matchless coolness and courage, conducted her parents and nephew, bewildered age and terrified childhood, safely up to the crowded stern, and saw them, one by one, let down by ropes to the rock beneath. Morning was just breaking as she herself descended, and she lifted her blue eyes to heaven, with an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness. Alas! she had seen but the beginning of sorrow. It was intensely cold, and she found her feeble parents shivering and trembling in their thin garments. Morning advanced, but the weather grew no milder, and the sea winds yet blew bitter chill. "I am dying with cold," said the poor old father, as he sat, shrinking and bending under the keen gusts, his long white locks saturated with spray. Mary turned suddenly toward the rocking ship.

"Where are you going!" said the mother, faintly.

"*Back*, to get some covering for father and you."

"Young woman," said a seaman, standing by, "it may be death to do that—the ship may part any minute."

But she gave no heed to remonstrances, though they came fast and clamorous; she seized on the rope, which still hung from the ship, and by a superhuman effort, climbed to the deck, and went forward to the steerage.—In a few moments she reappeared, threw over on to the rock a bundle of clothing, and again slid swiftly down the rope. She had brought her father's cloak, from the berth where he had left it, and a blanket, which she wrapped around her mother, saying:

"You see I have come safely back, for God was with me, mother dear."

Before half an hour had passed, a loud crash was heard, and a mountain wave swept away the whole of the forward part of the vessel!

As the day wore on, and the fog lifted, the shipwrecked held council gravingly, the hopeless mass of their situation. They were cast upon a perfectly barren rock, separated from the land by many rods of foaming surf, in which no boat could live an instant; at sea, no sail was in sight, and on the shore no signs of human life. They were on the coast of Newfoundland.

But the mother and daughter were absorbed in a fearful affliction, which was coming fast upon them.

On that desolate spot, the husband and father was dying. He bade them good by, with a faiting voice—he gazed on them with a thrilling tenderness of the last, last look—the breath ceased on his lips—his white face grew rigid, and his spirit dwelt where "there is no more sea," nor hunger, nor cold, nor death.

When the first wild burst of grief was o'er, Mary left the lifeless form with her mother, and searched around until she found a wide fissure in the rock, somewhat sheltered by an overhanging ledge. She then gently took the body from her mother's convulsive embraces, and laid it there. She kissed once again her father's lips, chilled more with the tempest than the recent touch of death; smoothed the thin hair upon his brow, and wrapping his cloak more closely around him, turned and left him forever. She herself was trembling with cold, but she thought not once of robbing her poor dead father of his winding sheet.

Rest thou, old saint, with thy cross upon thy breast! Though thou liest not deep in the dear bosom of thy native land, but where billows dash around, and the wet sand drifts over thee; though thy loved ones may not come to weep above thee, though no living thing be near thee but the wild sea bird, dipping her white wing in the surf—God's angel has marked the spot, and when earth's graves are opening, and the sea gives up its dead, thou shalt arise from thy cold, hard couch, on the wave-lashed rock!

Soon after Mary returned, she perceived a shout from their companions told them, that the despaired-of help was at hand. On looking to the shore, she beheld four or five men, pointing three huge Newfoundland dogs to the rock. As soon as the noble creatures caught sight of the sufferers, they sprang eagerly into the surf. How sturdily they breasted the waves! how gloriously they leaped forward to the rescue!

One after another, the shipwrecked were lashed to these gallant deliverers and carried safely to the shore. To the kind inquiries of an aged sailor, who, at each return of the noble dogs, had said, "Now, daughter," Mary simply answered, "Not yet," and remained holding on her lap the almost inanimate form of her mother. At length the mother seemed to rouse herself, and opening her faded blue eyes, those eyes into which Mary had so often looked for hope and encouragement, she said: "I will *obey*, darling—for my child's sake, the good God may give me strength to pass through the troubled waters."

Mary assisted to lash her carefully to one of those mute deliverers, and with arms clasped about and partly supporting her, she accompanied her far out into the surf, and committed her to the angry deep. And there stood Mary Conway—amond her the wild sea—her black hair on the wind, her lips parted, and her clasped hands outstretched before her—yet all unheeding sea and wind, for her heart was with her eyes and her eye was with her mother. She saw those aged limbs float out on the wave, and that gray hair tossing like seaweed in the surf. She saw the cruel wave pass over her—she saw for a moment her white, calm face, as she was borne up on the succeeding billow, turned full upon her—she saw her dimmed eyes open, and, oh, God! amid the sea and the storm, a daughter caught the last look of affectionate recognition from a dying mother! But Mary knew it not; still stood she, statue-like, watching with wild intensity the receding form of her last parent; the only change of attitude and expression was the swelling and falling of the chest, and the gleaming and fading of the eye, as her mother's form appeared and disappeared in the trembling waters. Nearer, still nearer the firm earth—the white surf covers her—a rush of stalwart men—they are bearing her up the beach! "She is safe!—she is safe!" and with eyes thrown heavenward, Mary falls fainting. But the old sailor was by her side; she felt not the rushing of the waters as she too was borne to the shore, and when she next awoke to consciousness, she was stretched beneath a sheltering cliff, and beside, oh, joy, her *mother!*—oh, despair, her *dead* mother!

Not a word, not a tear, not a sigh, betrayed the agony of that broken-hearted girl, as vainly and still hopelessly she strove to recall that departed spirit. They came around her, the kind-hearted strangers, yet she saw them not; and the mute saviors, yet she heeded not their caressings; but with her mother's head against her breast, she sat amid the sands, buried in her deep, deep woe.

At length, when, with tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks, those friendly strangers would take her from her lifeless mother, Mary seemed to arouse. They told her that she must go with them many miles, to find a shelter—that night and a fiercer tempest were coming on, and that she must leave her dead *unburied*. She pressed her hands around her throbbing brow, and a little ere sad blue eyes rested for a moment in gratitude upon them, she gently waved them to depart, saying, calmly, "I will follow." And they left her—a kind fisherman bearing her little nephew in his arms—and she was alone, alone with her dead.

Impressing one long kiss upon that icy brow, Mary Conway rose from her kneeling, and going yet further from the sea, dug, with her own hands, a grave for her mother in the sand. She then bore thither, in her arms, as though it were a sleeping infant, the emaciated form, and laid it down to its last slumber—took the kerchief from her own breast, spread it over the beloved face, and then carefully replaced the sand. She knelt above the shallow grave, and with her crucifix pressed to her lips, murmured a brief prayer for the soul of the departed—there, on the wild desert shore, with ocean's voice for a dirge, and the tempest for a requiem. Then, in that utter desolation of spirit which has no outward manifestation—that great agony, fenfed in its voiceless stillness—she turned, and meekly followed the foot-prints in the sand, which told where her shipwrecked companions had gone before her.

A pale young mourner, sitting in thy darkened chamber, giving way to thy sorrow with passionate abandonment, listen. The angels have called hence thy mother, and thou hast indeed known the grief of griefs; but if still unreconciled to Him who willed thy bereavement, behpnk thee of one whose own hands laid to rest her best beloved ones, shroudless and coffinless—one who litterally buried father and mother, and *had no time for weeping*.

The unfortunate met sympathy and kindness in the fisherman's house, which they reached at last, and the next day Mary Conway and her nephew proceeded to the nearest town, where she sought and found employment for them both, intending to seek her brother, as soon as she had earned sufficient to defray her traveling expenses. All her money and papers had been lost at the time of the wreck, and most unfortunately, the shock of that disaster, and her succeeding afflictions, had drived from her mind all recollection of her brother's place of residence. She but remembered that it was somewhere in the State of New York, and she finally resolved to go at once to the *city* of New York, where she hoped to hear of the place she wished to find. At last she reached that great metropolis, still accompanied by her young nephew, for her widowed sister, when dying, had given him to her, and she was ever faithful to the holy trust. She soon procured a situation for herself and little charge, in a boarding-house where she remained about a month, still unable to recall the name of the village to which her brother had directed her. But one day, a stranger arrived, and on his trunk being brought into the hall, upon the card affixed to it, she recognized, with a cry of delight, that lost, that blessed word!

The next morning saw her and little Alick on the deck of one of the Hudson steamers, waving adieu to the few friends who had followed them to the wharf. At Albany, Mary took passage on a canal boat, and travelled many hundred miles westward; and always and every where, though attractive in appearance and so unskilled in the ways of the world and utterly defenceless, she met but kindness and friendliness. There was about her the sacredness of sorrow—the impress of suffering on her brow, and the tearfulness of her down-cast eye, were eloquent though mute appeals to the generous American heart.

She reached S——— at last, and was clasped, half fainting, in her brother's arms. Oh, who could measure his joy! "He had heard of the wreck of the vessel, and supposed that *all* he held dear on earth had gone down with her.

Mary found a neat and comfortable home awaiting her, and soon life seemed not so cold around her—a few sunbeams fell upon her path, and the crushed flower, happiness, took root in her heart again.

She wrote to, and heard from her lover in Ireland; his mother was still living, but very feeble, requiring his constant care.

'Twas on her second summer in America, that sorrow came once again to pour Mary Conway; came at the season when mourning and sadness seem most unnatural—in gorgeous June, the festal month of all the year—came before the first flush of rose time was past! Her pride, her dependence, her noble, devoted brother, came home, one noon, from his work, with a heavy eye, and the fevered blood rushing through his veins like lava, flung himself upon his bed, and never rose again.

One evening, as Mary sat by his side, watching him earnestly, for she knew that "the hour was at hand," he said, faintly, "Pray, my sister;" and the stricken girl knelt, and lifting up her voice clearly and calmly, in a prayer all faith and fervency and submission, commended the passing spirit to its Creator, When she rose up, she looked upon the face of the dead.

On the day of the burial, little Alick was taken ill, with a milder form of the same disease, and there was none of kindred left, save his broken hearted sister, to follow Willie Conway to the grave. She saw him laid to his rest, with an intense yearning to lie down beside him, and share his cold pillow; and she turned toward her desolate home, with a depth of anguish in her soul, which only God could sound.

But the strength which had been given at the death-bed scene, and at that awful moment when the first earth fell upon the coffin, now that all was over, forsook her utterly. She grew faint, reeled painfully, and would have fallen, but that one, who, at that moment entered the graveyard, sprang forward, and supported her. "Mary, dear Mary!" said a familiar voice, "oh, don't you know me? and is it so we meet at last?"

She looked up—it was Jamie, her Jamie from over the sea.

My dear reader, I have not been playing upon your sympathies by fables. I have not been beguiling you with a fiction. I myself have heard the simple story which I have related, from the lips of Mary *Burke*. And would to Heaven, a life so exalted by the grandeur of woman's love-prompted heroism, and made so serenely beautiful by filial piety and Christian resignation, might have some better chronicler, some more enduring memorial!

* * * * * * *

THE CONFESSION.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
And nought I cannot rest.
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain to do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me,
It has weighed me ever so.

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear!
My lands are broad and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear!
My kin are kind and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she has taken
Tho' busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my fainting breast;
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate, and can't digest.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LADIES' EMBELLISHMENTS.

The perfumes of the Babylonian chemists were celebrated all over the world. The men, dressed with great splendor; but the women, universally ladies in terms of royalty, were arrayed with exceeding magnificence. The queens had certain districts set apart for maintaining their toilets and wardrobes. One province furnished a veil; another a girdle, and these districts were named accordingly—one being called the queen's mantle, another the queen's girdle, &c.

The Greeks, even in the heroic age, in universality, fashion and refinement, were strangely blended, indulged in showy costumes and ornaments, and the ladies painted their faces to heighten the charms of nature. Still, with all these loads of finery, the ancients were strangers to many of the elegancies of modern dress. Instead of shoes and stockings, they went with the legs bare and sandals on their feet; and they were without linings, shirts, drawers, pins, buckles, buttons, or pockets.

But when we come to the refinement of Athenian civilization, we find the ladies spending the whole morning at the toilet, washing, painting, arranging their elaborate headdresses, curling their hair in ringlets with hot irons, and dressing themselves in robes of so light and fine a texture, as to reveal the outlines of their forms, and every motion of the bodies. Female beauty was never displayed with more art or elegance.

The Roman ladies added to the refinements of the Greeks. In the morning they went to the bath; then came the grand operations of the toilet, which required several hours and many assistants. One dressing-maid was exclusively employed in combing, curling and dressing the hair; another attended to the perfumes; a third disposed of the jewelry and dress, and arranging the suit to be worn for each day; a fourth was employed entirely in the preparation and laying on of various cosmetics and paints, while several others had their particular departments, all acting under the direction of one general superintendent, whose taste directed the formation of the *tout ensemble*; while madame herself sat before the mirror, studying her smiles, glances and attitudes; and if she was fretful Juvenal, sometimes punishing the faults of her attendants with the most unfeeling severity.

Among the ornaments of the Roman ladies, were hair-combs of ivory, gold and silver pins with heads of pearl, chains and rings of gold, purple and white ribbons, and precious stones. Entire artificial head-dresses, with all these ornaments, could be purchased in the shops, and false tresses and ringlets were as common two thousand years ago as at the present day. Red and golden hair was the fashionable color; dark hair was dyed light, and gold dust was mingled with the head-dress, as was powder, at a much later period. The Roman ladies also removed superfluous hair with tweezers and depilatory powders, and painted their eye-brows, and wore artificial teeth.

The materials of the costume at this period, were linen, cotton, woolen, goat's hair, and camel's hair. Silk was brought from Persia into Greece three hundred and twenty-three years before Christ, and from India to Rome, A. D. 274. In the reign of Tiberius, the sexes made a law prohibiting men to debase themselves by wearing silk, which was fit only for women. In 555, two monks brought silk-worms from the East Indies to Constantinople and the manufacture became common in the West. Silk was worn in England in 1286, at a ball at Kenilworth Castle. In 1620, silk weaving was introduced into England; and King Edward the Sixth was the possessor of the first pair of silk stockings.

The Anglo-Saxons and Danes considered their hair the most attractive ornament. Young ladies wore it in flowing ringlets; the married, more confined. To have the hair cut off, was such a disgrace to the female sex, and a sufficient punishment for any crime. The priests were ordered to shave off their hair, as an extreme mortification. Theese, in Ireland, preached that long hair was criminal. St. Wallstan, says William of Malmsbury, "rebuked the wicked of all ranks with great boldness; but was particularly severe upon those who were proud of their long hair. He reproached them for their effeminacy, and denounced the most dreadful judgements upon them."

The love of finery early led to such boundless extravagance among the nations of Europe, that sumptuary laws were passed by various countries regulating the dress of different classes, and placing limits, beyond which it was not allowed to pass. Such was the case in Greece and Rome, and also in other countries in Europe. Several such edicts were published by Henry Fourth of France, who saw his exhausted kingdom drained more rapidly by the emulation of finery in his female subjects.

When we consider the greater cost of articles of luxury, it will appear that the dress of ladies to the fifteenth century, was far more expensive than any known at the present day. Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch, wore on her head a silver coronet, her hair was tied up with a knot of jewels, her dress was magnificent, and her gloves were of silk broidered with gold; and silk at this time was four pounds sterling a pound, and was only allowed to the nobility.

A very striking change was effected in England, during the reign of Edward Fourth. All luxuries of dress were looked upon as wicked, and even natural beauty was looked upon as such; a peculiarity of sin. The women, full of this fanaticism, laid aside all ornaments and luxuries of apparel, and some carried the idea so far as to burn their costly clothing altogether; and it is recorded that one of these came into the church where Cromwell was, without so much as the first garment of modesty, which the night be, as she said, a sign unto the people.

At the Restoration, everything went to the other extreme. Cloth was prohibited, to be opposed in everything to the republicans, dressed with the greatest extravagance, and the costumes of the court of Charles II. both in their fashions and their immodesty, faithfully depict the licentiousness—who was in a measure the direct consequence of the other puritanical extreme.

When unoccasioned by law, female costume has been governed by the manners and morals of the times. When the dress conceals the person, it is an indication of great purity or jealousy—when there is much exposure, we may be confident of a corresponding laxness. In Venice, that ladies, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, dressed in such thin, light stuffs, that not only the shape of the body but the color of the skin could be distinguished through them. In France, in the fourteenth century, the women appeared half naked in the public assemblies, and in the public walks dressed so much like men, that they could scarcely be distinguished from them, except by the voice of nature.

The practice of artificial compression of the waist was in the fifteenth century, in Italy, where the men, according to Brantome, had their waists so compressed by the machines of iron.

It was only toward the beginning of the last century that the impression became general that the dress should be guided by nature and imitated by painters and sculptors in the master-pieces of art, was too large, and systematic efforts were made to bring it into proper dimensions. Stays were invented, and the female waist, under its influence, was brought into the shape of a hourglass, or an insect. Asses' lungs pressed up into the throat, and liver jammed down into the abdomen—a stomach compelled to digest, and a heart to beat, under a heavy pressure—it is impossible for a man of correct taste not to laugh at the caricatures of female beauty. Behind this artificial production, it is not to be supposed, however, that stays and tight-lacing held their sway steadily, from their first invention to the present time. On the contrary, they soon met with a powerful opposition, and were denounced by both physicians and connoisseurs in female beauty; and fashion, ever tending to extremes, made waists, as much too large as they had been too small, and by the aid of various stuffings, about 1866, every lady appeared with a waist out of proportion with the rest of her person. This did not last long, and small waists came into fashion; and longer or shorter, sometimes with the girdle just under the arms, sometimes close upon the hips, small waists have pretty steadily held their ascendancy until the present day, when the ladies really show a disposition not to deform their most beautiful proportions; and we see women again as nature made them.

The height to which the female dress is worn, has been subject to curious and rapid changes. About the beginning of the last century, it was highly indecent to show two inches of the neck; about the middle of it, the dress had descended very low upon the shoulders; a few years after, every lady was muffled up to the chin; and so alternately, the ladies have been misers and prodigals of their charms.—*Dispatch.*

FOXES COUNTERFEITING DEATH. Mr. Murdie, the writer of the article "Fox" in Harlington's Cyclopædia, relates from his own personal knowledge, the following particulars:

One morning early, a man in the North was going to his work through an furze bushes (gorse) common, and came upon a fox stretched out at length under the side of one of the bushes. The fox was drawn by the tail and swung right and left, and then laid upon the ground, but not a symptom of motion or life did he show. The man, never doubting Reynard had gone the way of all Foxes, and nothing loth to add a fox skin cap to the list of his personal garniture, and the brush to the tail of peacocks' feathers and other ornamental trophies over the little looking-glass that stood inclined from the wall of his cottage, took the animal by the tail and swung it over the one shoulder, at the same time placing his mattock on the other to keep up the balance; and, having done so, onward he trudged to mend the high road. The animal had counterfeited death to admiration, and he did not mind being carried in the manner of a dead fox; but he had no inclination to undergo that species of dissection which the point of the mattock was ever and anon giving to his ribs; so, at last, he gave that decisive snap which is the characteristic life of foxes. The man felt that something was the matter, but knew not very well what; so, throwing the fox and mattock from him, he turned round to face his foe, whoever he might be, and, in turning, he espied his dead fox at the distance of fully fifty yards, making for the break with all imaginable speed.

We shall mention one other anecdote, which came within the personal knowledge of the writer of this article, because it throws some light on the mode of action of the fox.

The parsonage of Kilmorac, in Invershire, is situated in a highly romantic spot, and the clergyman of Kilmorac was a man of great taste and very hospitable, and he accordingly endeavored to provide for his guests all the good things which his glebe could afford. Opposite a well-stocked poultry yard is an essential requisite in such cases; but here foxes were so numerous and their neighbors of the poultry yard were out of the question. A poultry house was thus requisite, and the reverend doctor prided himself on a little one, having constructed one which was completely fox proof, and, for a good many years it had been impregnable. A friend of ours had, one night in this romantic and hospitable house, and, one article for the breakfast table, fine-laid eggs from the stronghold of the hens. Force, of course, is the form in which the proprietor presented itself. Every perch and every nest-hole was bedabbled with blood; dead hens lay in dozens on the floor, and in the middle was a full sized fox, stretched out at full length, and apparently a sufferer in the common mortality. The maid never doubted the death of the fox but attributed it to a different cause, namely, that he had sojourned himself on the roosting that he had burst. Here were three causes to rouse the mingled wrath and contempt of the servant; and, after some exclamations, she took him by the tail and swung him with all her might into the cesspoole in which weeds accumulated the requisites for garden compost. The fox fell safely and rose again speedily, and scoured away and he gained the cover of the woods, leaving the servant in utter consternation.—*Couch's Illustrations of Instinct.*

* * * * * * *

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TRAPPERS. The trappers of the Rocky Mountains belong to a race seems more approximating to the primitive savage, than perhaps any other class of civilized men. Their lives being spent in the remote wilderness of the mountains, with no other companion than Nature herself, their habits and character assume a most singular and contrast of blending, mingled with ferocity, appearing to take colouring from the scenes and objects which surround them. Knowing no wants but those of nature, their sole care is to procure sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the rigorous climate. This with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the human instinct of primitive man is ever alive, for the purpose of guarding against danger, and the provision of necessary food.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in the art of taking them in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human life as well as animal life, with as little scrupule, and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws, human or divine, they neither know, nor care to know.

* * * * * * *

bears; daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what the uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brutal state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life.—*Buxton's adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.*

* * * * * * *

"Do my ears deceive me!" said Augustus Fitzpoin in a rapture, at the opera, "can these be the sounds of heaven, or do my ears deceive me!"

"Your ears may deceive you," said old

Rogers, in a semi-audible voice. "But they don't deceive any body else—they're the only true index we have of your character."—*Boston Post.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR SILK. A letter from Leipsic, (Saxony,) of the 14th, says, "The cotton spinning mills at Berlin, has lately brought into the market a new species of fibrous thread, which is extremely long and silky, white in color, and spun, and woven like other ordinary facility. This primary material, which possesses even in a superior degree, all the qualities of silk, is about to be compounded, from its simple and rapid fabrication, and from its price being very low as compared with that of silk.—The appearance of this new article of commerce has caused a great sensation among the dealers at the fair in Leipsic, and an Englishman has offered the inventor £20,000 for his secret, but was refused, as the owner intends to reserve to himself all the benefits of his discovery."—*Gahignani's Messenger.*

PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF LEDYARD THE TRAVELER. Mr. Beaufoy had an interview with Ledyard just as he was setting off on his last expedition, and repeats the following passage from his conversation:—"I am ashamed," said Ledyard, "to be hardship. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremities, and have suffered, I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a madman, and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honor will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds."—*Ledyard's Life.*

IN ANGRY PRINCESS.

A tide of fierce
Invective seethed to wait behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam.
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gathered together; from the illumin'd hall
Long lines of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of savoy shoulders, thick as beaded ears,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes;
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamor grew
As of a sacre world Babel, vast as hell,
And worse confounded: high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking Peace.
—*Tennyson's Princess.*

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guaranteed a permanent home on the earth, the fruits of industry secured to him, or to limb at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in everything.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1848.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

We cut the following portion of a very remarkable paragraph from the *National Era*:

We know that statistics have been occasionally collected, to show that the laborer in Great Britain is worse off, in relation to wages, food, and clothing, than in former times. Those statistics have not satisfied our mind, especially when we have adverted to other statistics, demonstrating that the mortality of all classes has greatly diminished, and the average longevity of the people greatly increased, during the last 50 years, in Great Britain. And we must shut our eyes to all the authentic reports of the press of that country, if we chose to deny that there has been a decided improvement in the intellectual condition of the working classes. As for the "downward progress" of "Wages Slaves" here, we must have something beside the mere assumption of *Young America*, something more than imperfect reports of the occasional condition of the working classes in two or three of our large cities, peculiarly exposed to transient accumulations of foreign immigrants, before we can admit it as a general fact. In Massachusetts, it is stated, the wages of farm laborers are higher by twenty-five or fifty per cent, than they were twenty years ago; and we know that in the great West, the land of the industrious cannot fail.

Indeed! "*Occasionally collected!*" Where has the Editor of the *Era* been for the last twenty years? Has he never heard of "Parliamentary Reports" of "Minutes of Evidence," before select Committees of the House of Commons, of "Reports of the Anti-Corn Law League," of "Inquiries into the Depreciation of Labor," of "Factory Commissioners' Reports?" Has he never heard of Baine, of Wade, of Hallam, of Mc Culloch, of Colquhoun, of Chadwick, of Taylor and Gaskell, that he speaks of statistics having been "*occasionally collected*," showing the reduction of wages in Great Britain, when these statistics are "thick as leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa!" But what if not a scrap of those huge documentary evidences had been collected, which for the last quarter of a century, have made the Parliament tables groan, there are other evidences of the depreciation of wages, food, and clothing, in Great Britain, so overwhelming that we live man could resist them. "Not satisfied!" with them! Why, if the ghosts with bones, of all who have died of starvation and starvation fever, within the British dominions for the year past, should rise and swear to the truth of this evidence, with hands upon the Keys of Heaven, it would not be more overwhelming than the bare facts themselves render it—the fact of the famine, and that it originated under a system of *land monopoly*, and ranges based upon free competition. You shall not take up an English Review, which does not abound with facts, statistics, reports, &c., demonstrating the depressive tendencies of wages: not a British novel, that does not illustrate the deepening degradation of the working classes.

But our cotemporary speaks of "other statistics demonstrating that the mortality of all classes has greatly diminished, and the average longevity of the people greatly increased, during the last fifty years in Great Britain!" We must here confess our ignorance of any such statistics, and as to the "authentic reports of the press of that country" relative to the intellectual improvement of the laboring classes we frankly say, we don't believe them. For we are in possession of the authenticated Reports on Crime" in Great Britain, which show that within the last forty-five years crimes have increased about sixty per cent, or *four times as fast as the population in England*; and that in Scotland, it has risen *twenty-fold* faster than the population. And again, if the laboring classes in England are more intelligent to day than they were fifty years ago, it is not owing to their improved condition, but to the natural tendency of competition in labor. Among the millions who ask for an employment, where only hundreds can obtain it, the most intelligent are chosen. The millions must turn to begging and to crime for support. This is the *rationale* of our cotemporary's statistical puzzle.

We return to the "sanitary condition" of the laboring population of Great Britain. We do not say that the Editor of the *Era* may not have seen facts, which go as far in his estimation to "demonstrate" the diminished mortality of the British Laborers, as others do to prove their improved intellectual condition. This is to be accounted for in the same way as the apparent intellectual improvement. "*All classes*" in the Statistical Dictionary of Great Britain includes, the nobility and gentry, the merchants and manufacturers, the middle classes and laborers. But there are swarms of beggars, thieves, prostitutes, inmates of work-houses, alms-houses, and so forth, which belong to no class. They are the residuum of society. They once formed a part of it. This class only figures in the reports upon crime. The fact is, that improvements in machinery, have so far outstripped the means of production, war, famine, pestilence and the political economists in the means of killing off human laborers, that there is a vast surplus of them, and under the tendency of free competition, the poorer of the middle classes descend to the condition of laborers, and the better class of laborers, take the places of those still lower. The demand of labor is so disproportionate to the supply that only the most robust and intelligent can obtain full employment. But what the longevity of the laboring classes of that country is compared with that of the other classes, may be learned from Chadwick's well known "Report of the Sanitory Condition of the laboring Population of Great Britain." In Manchester and Liverpool, where the proportion does not vary materially from that in other manufacturing cities, it is found that the average of life is:

IN LIVERPOOL 1840,

Among gentry, professional persons, &c.,	35 y'rs
" laborers, mechanics, &c.	15 y'r.

IN MANCHESTER,

Among gentry, professional persons, &c.,	38 y's.
" laborers, mechanics, &c.,	18 y's.

But the *Era* says the average longevity of *all* classes has increased. Then it is owing to climate or other endemical causes which do not proceed from social injustice. Our cotemporary has omitted to inform us whether the health of the laboring classes is relatively better now than formerly, when compared with that of other classes. Will it tell us what is to be done with those who are the mere lees in this great social vat of land monopoly, wages—slavery and free competition? If we could prove to Mr. Baily that the physical, intellectual and moral condition of the slaves was actually improving, would he be satisfied to do nothing for their emancipation? We opine he would be ready to show up the fallacy of such reasoning. And so we put the question to him, is the relation of hired service, of competitive wages a just one? i. e.

The *Era's* statement relative to farm laborers in Massachusetts will sound oddly enough in the ears of Massachusetts people. We should like to know where the arithmetic is, which proves to that if you take thirty from one hundred, one hundred and twenty-five will remain. The average day wages for farm labor twenty years ago, was one dollar a day and board. Now the average wages per day, is one dollar twenty-five cents in summer, and one dollar in winter, in some cases with board, but as often without it. But rent, fuel, flour corn and potatoes, beef, pork, butter, all and nearly all the great staples of consumption in the laborers family, have had a far more than corresponding increase of cost. So the fact really is that farm labor, like all other commodities really smaller wages than it did twenty years ago. But why does the editor of the *Era* speak of farm labor only? Why not look at the wages of mechanics, operatives, and even *beggars!* The truth may be told in a single sentence, wages of all kinds have suffered a constant depression, and labor has fallen more and more under the dominion of capital.

We, conclude by expressing the hope, that the clear head and vigorous pen of our cotemporary will be ere long enlisted in behalf of the rights of the Laboring Classes universally. Is not the Rights of Labor the question which really engages both *Young America* and the *National Era?*

ORGANIZATION.

We have repeatedly urged the importance of so organizing the new principles of commerce, as rapidly advancing, as to ensure their success. Confidence in Union appears to be beautiful. There cannot be too much of it. But we must have not only the sentiment of confidence, but also such an organization of our principles, as to ensure success. Let there not be a hook left for a doubter to "hang a fear on" or for a despiser of our principles to rest a hope of their overthrow upon. A wise captain may be fully confident of a safe voyage, but nevertheless, he does not put to sea without his life-boats. We are certain that any amount of good feeling merely, will be insufficient to conduct the "Protective Union" bark safely over the stormy sea of conflicting interest and funny cabalism, which it must pass to triumph. We must have wisdom to direct, and industry to employ measures, which with good feeling will secure this great hope of the work-people. We have a few more suggestions to offer upon the necessity of thorough organization of the Union, and we are confident they will meet a response among all the friends of the cause.

There have been of late somewhat vigorous efforts put forth, to bring the Supreme Division into disrepute. We are happy to know, however, that the attempt has been a vain one. A Supreme Division or a Central Organization in which the representatives of all the Divisions shall be represented and preserved, is a matter in which we have no option. Our only choice is, between one *organized* and under our own control, or one which will spring up under the action of free competition, and grow into a great freebooting establishment. Trade, like politics, will have a governing centre, and the only question left us is, to determine whether it shall be under the control of the consumers, or that of monopolists and jobbers. Why, the very idea of organization implies the relation of parts to each other, so as out of the whole to form a perfect unity. If there is no organization corresponding to the functions which the Supreme Division is intended to perform, there will be no end to competition between the several Divisions, to speculation, to the fraudulent system, to adulteration of commodities, and there will be no other principle in trade, than that of "every man for himself."

It is generally pretty well agreed that we must have a Grand Centre, at the Head of Trade—not an independent one, and irresponsible head, but one which shall bow low, and make confession of its deeds to the People, whose servant it is. But there is a great variety of opinion as to how it shall be constituted. Some, and those of longest experience in the movement, think there should be, not merely a Board of Officers, whose duty it should be to run about the city, twenty times in a week, to buy a few hundred dollar's worth of goods, as the several Divisions may send their orders for them; but that there should also be a fund at their disposal with which merchandise might be purchased whenever the most favorable terms should be offered, and that there should also be provided a general depot or store, where such merchandise might be kept until called for by the consumers, through their official agents. Others there are, who are jealous of anything so complicated—they don't relish the idea of creating a fund, to be handled by Directors and Agents. They are doubtless honest. So are those who think differently. Now we venture to offer the opinion that the notions of the former class are in the main right, and that they will come to be adopted by our friends as sound, within six months. The great end to be sought in Trade is, justice in the distribution of wealth, and that rests on economy in the modes of distribution and of doing business. Does any one suppose that as the Board of Commerce is now compelled to do business, they can do one-half the amount which they will be called upon to transact one year hence, if all the Divisions which will be then formed shall choose to employ them? We think not. And besides, the great want of economy in doing business in this way would discourage new Divisions, from uniting with us, if it did not vitiate the attachment of the older ones. Again, this movement has already acquired importance enough, to have a head-quarters, where the Directors may be found at certain hours of the day, and where some accredited Agent may be found at all times.

Here are to-day, four hundred families, who make their purchases through the Union. They ought to be able to obtain their flour, pork, lard, butter and fuel, directly from the producer. Now suppose they should do this at the cheapest commercial rates; could it be done under the existing provisions of the Supreme Division? They ought to make contracts for it at or before harvest time. But how could this be done without the requisite means? Supposing five persons to a family, each family would require say four barrels of flour a year; which multiplied by four hundred, would amount to sixteen hundred barrels. But what place is there for storing it? Plainly then, without it, we shall be compelled to buy flour of speculators. The laboring classes must continue to eat dear bread, and all for the want of a thorough organization of a movement which is eager to bless them. It is not an over estimate to say, that one dollar out of a half on every barrel of flour consumed, might be saved by an economical method of buying. Here then would be an aggregate of twenty-four hundred dollars, saved to the several Unions. A like saving would accrue from the other articles before mentioned. But it is seen that more than enough would be saved to pay for the whole, to defray all the expenses of a Central Depot, including the salaries of all the officers and agents employed. How can such provisions be dispensed with when the major part of the commerce of the country shall have been brought into this form? Let it be remembered that we do not urge this for adoption until the Divisions themselves shall ask for it. We must wait here for this week, but shall continue the topic next week.

☞ We intended to say something of the Social Meeting of Division No. 20, held at the Stone Church in Suffolk St. on Tuesday of last week; but we don't know as it would be best to occupy too much space in speaking of local matters. And though that was only an isolated affair, yet it was an index of the feeling and intelligence which characterize the great cooperative tendencies among the Working Men. We are about done fearing for the success of this movement. If the Protective Union had a more perfect organization, we should feel quite at rest. But that will come, as the friends shall find the necessity of economizing means, and establishing such a thorough system of counterpoises, that fraud and failure cannot ensue. We must have such an organization as shall attract each Division towards a common centre, and bring all into perfect unity of action.

We will only add in respect to the meeting, that we rarely ever attended a better one. The speeches were in every sense excellent, simple, earnest, forcible, and many of them of a high order of eloquence. The entire tone of the meeting was admirable; its unity and enthusiasm cheering. Never before have there been schools so important for the people as these weekly meetings of the Divisions. They cannot be too steadily pursued, nor too earnestly recommended to the favor and attention of our friends every where.

Since writing our notice of the Social Meeting of Division No. 20, a friend has kindly furnished us with the following report of the speeches and proceedings.

Tuesday evening, March 7, 1848. Attended a "Social meeting" of Division No. 20, W. M. P. U., held in the Suffolk Street Chapel, Boston. The meeting was opened by the reading of some American and English papers, on the subjects of Labor and Land Reform, by the President of the Division, Mr. De Rochmand, after which, the meeting was addressed by Mr. Orvis, the Editor of the *Voice of Industry.*

Mr. Orvis remarked that he was ever ready to respond whenever a call was made upon him, but upon the present occasion he felt somewhat fatigued in body and mind, having been engaged for the last five or six weeks in lecturing before several Divisions in the Union. He spoke of the W. M. P. U. as being destined to create a mighty revolution in the commercial world. Associations similar to ours had already been established in the Old World, as well as in our own country,—we now numbered twenty thousand, with applications now in the hands of the Secretary of the Supreme Division for organization of new Divisions. So great was the demand upon the time of the Secretary of the Supreme Division in answering letters of inquiry from various parts of the country, concerning the W. M. P. U. that the present incumbent, he was informed, would be under the necessity of resigning that office. He urged upon subordinate Divisions the importance of sustaining our union with one another and with the Supreme Division. The time was not far distant when we should do our own Importing, have our own ships, &c. Commerce was to society what the heart, arteries, veins and so forth, are to the human system. He said some would deposit their surplus earnings, when they were so fortunate to get any—in the Savings' Bank—but, said he, they little think that by so doing, they are furnishing the means for speculators to cramp and grind us down more and more. Our Institution was a Savings' Bank to the poor man, where he could receive more than four or even six per cent. for his money. He spoke in strong terms of the want of confidence in one another, we were a band of Brothers aiming at the same great object, the amelioration of the condition of the laboring man. In relation to paying sick benefits, as laid down in the Constitution, he thought if we did justice to ourselves, and toone another, we never need be charitable.

After the first speaker, a beautiful Song, called "The Mother and her Dying Infant," was sung by Mr. Woodbury, accompanied by the Æolian Piano, which the Reporter acknowledges to have been one of the most affecting pieces he ever heard.

Mr. Kaulback was then introduced. He gave some general outlines of the Institution from its commencement up to the present time. He spoke of the vast trade that might and would be carried on by the several Divisions, an interchange of commodities had already been received from the North, East, West and South, asking for information respect to our system of organization. Even the "Far West" had applied for information. He stated, also, that cases of Boots and Shoes had been sent down from the Division in Holliston, in this State, to one of the Divisions in Providence, R. I. The Supreme Division ought to be sustained, if for no other reason than for the benefit of inferior Divisions who were located at a distance from the market. We were too apt to be selfish, we must not be so in this movement, we should seek to benefit all. He spoke of the poor seamstress who was obliged to labor early and late in order to get her daily bread in making shirts at ten cents apiece! He thought Divisions might benefit that class of the community even more than they nowdo. A fund might be raised in each Division of one dollar from each member, and expended for other, to make up the loss, overhead sum, and a fair compensation paid for the labor would insure better work and greatly benefit our wives, daughters and sisters. The garments could be placed on sale in the Division store, or several Divisions might combine together and open a store specially for that purpose. He spoke of our Union as being a Temperance organization, persons did sometimes get into the Division who were in the habit of using intoxicating drinks, he thought they could not become members without violating the Constitution. In his Division the Investigating Committee was held to answer for such admissions, it was considered a neglect of duty, the sale of intoxicating drinks had already been felt in some Divisions.

The next speaker introduced was Mr. Turner. He began by saying that it was the custom in this country first to introduce the solids, such as Roast Beef, &c., but he thought he should prove to be the fruits and vegetables which was the case in Eden. He might judge from the almost incessant laughter of the audience while he had the floor. He related several anecdotes of the slaves in South Carolina which occurred during a three year's residence in that State. While there working as a mason, his New England white slave driver asked him and his fellow laborers to begin work at five in the morning. They used to work about fifteen hours per day, with an intermission of only one hour for dinner. The slaves commenced work at seven in the morning and were allowed *two* hours for dinner. He was told one day by a slave that he was setting a bad example to the niggers by going to work so soon after dinner. The remark struck him very forcibly at the time, which caused him to exclaim—"Am I a Freeman—a native of New England, with a white skin, come out here to set these slaves a bad example, and be reproved by them too? He very sensibly came to the conclusion that he was, in one respect, the greater slave of the two, by making money his god, he was made the greater slave. By making money our god we shall be in danger of losing our rights, which can never be regained only at the point of the bayonet. He spoke of the grocery dealers who were filtering tetras, having been greatly shaved by them, he thought if our Union should cease to exist and the Divisions go down, the traders would take a double advantage of us—they would not only skin our pockets but they would "hang us by the heels and skin our bodies, hair and all." The laboring class reminded him of one of old, who "toiled long and caught nothing," we labor and the capitalist reaps the benefit, they eat the beef, we gnaw the bone.

A song was here sung by Mr. Woodbury, the burden of which was

"The rich man gets the luxury,
The poor man gnaws the bone,
The burden of the song long sung,
There must be something wrong."

Horace Seaver was next introduced. He spoke of concentration of effort—urged the importance of sustaining the Supreme Division. He, is a member of Division No. 1. The first article purchased was under discussion when he first entered the Division. It was a chest of Tea. The Division then consisted of six members. His mind reverted back to that period in our history when the Mechanics of the Northend met in '75, to discuss the great Tea Question on board his Majesty's ship in Boston harbor. The result of that *first* discussion led to freedom from the yoke of a tyrant—the second, to the Union of five thousand mechanics in these United States. So large a number had not been banded together for the last 12 years. Our cause was a noble one—we must work and act together. Labor should be confined to a less number of hours—it should be better paid—it should be paid for in cash, not orders: orders lead to the almshouse or to the ley arms of city. The goods sold by traders were more or less adulterated—sugar was sanded—coffee mixed with peas—flour chalked, &c. We can buy pure articles and sell them too!—we shall then have less need of the Doctor and sick benefits. He spoke in favor of aiding the poor seamstress, and concluded by quoting the language of Jefferson—That "one half of the world seemed born with saddles upon their backs, the other half, booted and spurred, ready to ride them."

The meeting was then closed with singing, at 25 minutes before 11 o'clock.

THE NOTEBREEL. This rare little monthly, rose-bud, is, after several dainty omissions, again upon our table. It is an excellent thing, and well merits the favor it is winning. We take the following beautiful poem from it, the author of which is an old and cherished friend, who as yet has written little, but whose fine gifts render a neglect to do so, quite inexcusable. We hope it will be a pledge of the earnest offerings which she has resolved to make in future. We should be proud to grace the columns of our unpretending paper, with any favors which our fair friend may please to bestow upon us.

"GOD BLESS YOU."

BY ELIZABETH A. SARGENT.

Sweet winged words, that sour above,
When spoken by the lips we love,
Like incense from its altar-stone,
From hearts by sorrow bolder grown;
And the blessed love descending,
The thirsty soul new vigor lending!
Yet falling stilly, like the dew,
And to their holy mission true—
And when the deepest shadows fall
Upon our pathway like a pall,
Or all the heart's most cherished things,
Its hopes and bright imaginings,
Then feels the pinions of the boon—
The answer to the human!

Oh *charmed* words! I may not tell
How over my spirit, they shall swell;
Stilled is the memory of a tone,
That dies not, though the whole be gone!
As to the sound all ever clings
The tones of ocean's murmurings;
And never after sounds, I ween,
Can swelling seem so much of earth, been!
Oh, charmed, like the Eastern tale,
When other words could not prevail!
When lips beloved silent utter this,
It opes the golden gates of bliss—
Of blessings rare the wondrous key,—
The magic "Open Sesame!"

Oh *holy* words! of power the same,
As when in days of old it came
From hearts that glowed with prophecy,
Yet hearts that loved so humanly!
And one who loves and prays to Heaven,
Never vainness the blessing given
For when the words are winged by love
They can but choose to soar above.
Sad words are these—and memories bringing,
Of moments when the heart has felt
With tightening grasp unto another's,
As, after days, it clasped no other's,—
But holier for the tear the sigh,
Which bore the heartfelt prayer on high.

A FRAGMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

Light moves 11,875,000 miles in a minute. In one year, then, it would reach a distance of 6, 247, 596, 985, 415 miles.

Herschell has discovered nebulæ so far away in space that light would require 2,000,000 of years in coming from them to us. This makes their distance to be 12,495,192,970,830,000,000 of miles. So that, in looking at such objects, we are not looking at what now is; but reading a history of what was 2,000,000 of years ago. (Where now is the "6,000 years" which only have elapsed since the beginning of all things?)

Now imagine a space, whose diameter is twice this distance, which would be, twenty four trillions, nine hundred ninety thousand three hundred eighty-five billions, nine hundred forty-one thousand six hundred sixty millions of miles. Such a space we occupy the centre of; and our telescopes reveal to us the whole of the region thus enclosed. And when our instruments are sufficiently improved, (as they will be,) we shall find that all this is a mere point to what is beyond.

Does this make the imagination feel its balance and what is dizzy vacuity? Loses the eye its hasty gazing into such depths? Does the mind flagge in attempting to span such immensities? At first it may be so; but soon, if we look in reverence and humility, our relations with the ALL will appear as they are, more determinate, tangible, congruous; our mental and spiritual eyes, as well as our corporeal ones, will see brightening before them, and our mind and soul will expand forever, without becoming attenuated.

Comets have sometimes come within 4000 miles of the Sun's surface, moving at the rate of nearly 4,000,000 of miles per minute. Such an inconceivable velocity was required to resist the Sun's attracting it to itself.

One of these cosmopolites visited our solar systems, its path being along one arm of a parabola: (of course that must be its only visit.) As it approached our central luminary, the planet Jupiter attracted it out of its course in such a manner that it circled round the Sun twice, as if it would adopt our system for its abiding place; when, coming into different proximity with Jupiter, that planet pulled it back again, bidding it begone forever, as if it were an interloper; which mandate it obeyed on the other arm of the parabola.

O comets! lonely wanderers of the infinite abysses, whence and what are ye? what laws do ye obey? and what lesson is it your mission to teach us? Are ye but fragments detached from those vast nebulæ far away from us in the depths of space? Do ye not obey wider, more universal laws than our little planet can, inasmuch as ye roam over so much more of the profound spaces? And are ye not couriers from those dim, far regions, with cosmical messages from one solar and stellar system to another, ever gathering and distributing intelligence for regions of creation wide apart? Do ye not tell us that the universe is a unit, as ships plying between nations tell that the human race is one? We know not now; but a day will come when we shall be able to read you. CRD.

Correspondence of the Voice of Industry.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, January 15, 1848.

The custom house duties of this island are extremely high. Flour is here an article of general consumption—nearly as much as ours with you. The direct duty on each barrel is $1 15: there is also a port-charge of $1 50 per ton on all American vessels. This of course brings the price of flour very high—say from $18 to $25 per barrel.

Good fair brown sugars are sold here for 2½ cts. per pound; whites at 3½ cts. Thus you see that the planter here has to pay from 600 to 1,000 pounds of sugar for a barrel of flour.

As the "lex talionis" pervades your national councils, you place a duty of 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, or from 86 to $10 per box on their sugars. This American import duty, added to the Cuba export duty of $1 per box, freight, merchant's profits &c., brings the price of sugars with you, to from 12 to 13 cts. per pound—thus forcing the American farmer to pay from 300 to 450 pounds of flour for 100 pounds of sugar.

As it is a universally acknowledged fact that no wealth exists but what is produced by the laboring masses, every statement which shows to them the oppressiveness of their taxations, is well, as it is only necessary to open their eyes to the extent of their self-consolidated wrongs, and to the fullness of their powers, to effect an easy, complete and peaceful redress.

I therefore subjoin the following correct estimate of the phases through which the value of agricultural productions passes, to reach that point which secures immense revenues to governments and merchants, while the *wealth creators* are ground down and brutalized by oppressive labor and poverty, without knowing the cause of the immense disparity of condition between themselves and their neighbors.

Cost of one barrel of flour delivered at wharf in Boston	$5 00
Freight to Cuba,	1 00
Spanish custom house import duty,	10 15
Merchant's commission here for selling ($20 a 5 per cent.)	1 00
Boston merchant's profit,	2 85
Sold here for Cash,	$20 00

Proceeds invested in

Two Boxes=500 lbs. Sugar, a 2½ cts.	$18 00
2 boxes for packing same, a 1 00,	3 00
Merchant's commission here for purchasing ($18, a 2½ per cent,	45
Spanish custom house export duty, a $1 per box,	2 00
Freight=2 boxes=1 barrel, a $1 per box,	3 00
Boston custom house duties=500 lbs. sugar, a 30 per cent.	16 80
Wharfage, drayage, insurance, &c.,	$1 00
Boston merchant's profit,	2 75
Sold for Cash 600 lbs sugar, 7 cts.	$36 00

I will now follow the value of a barrel of sugar shipped by a Cuba merchant to Boston and back.

Cost of 300 lbs of sugar a 2½ cts.,	$4 50
Barrel for same,	50
Spanish custom house export duty, (1 box a $1 per box,)	50
Freight to Boston,	1 00
Boston custom house import duty—200 lbs. a 7 cts. = $14—30 per cent.	4 20
Wharfage, storage, insurance, &c.,	50
Boston merchant's commission for selling, $14 a 5 per cent,	70
Cuba merchant's profit,	2 10
Sold for Cash 200 lbs. sugar, a 7 cts	$14 00

Proceeds invested in

3 barrels of flour a $ 6 7,	14 00
Freight to Cuba, a $1 per barrel,	3 00
Spanish custom house import duty—3 bbls a $10 15,	30 45
Storage, trucking, insurance, &c.,	1 50
Boston merchant's commission for purchasing—$14 a 3½ per cent,	35
Cuba merchant's profit,	10 70
Sold for Cash 3 barrels of flour, a $ 20 00	60 00

We all know very well that a barrel of flour (200 lbs.) can be delivered in shipping order at the wharf in Boston, for $5.

By the above we see that a barrel of sugar can be delivered on shipboard here for $3.

Hence it is evident, that if the oppressive government taxes were removed from each country, that the American farmer or miller could receive for his flour, an equal weight of sugar, after paying the expenses of freight, which would be lighter were the present port-charges removed.

A Tom, American custom house measurer, is frankly say, we don't take about eight barrels

under deck. Therefore, a vessel of one hundred tons, apparently carrying a cargo of sugar, and two or three men, takes a cargo of eight hundred barrels, exclusive of her deck load.

Were the port-charges abolished, she could well afford to make a voyage (60 days) from Boston to this place and back for $300 the trip, or $250 for each way. Now, $250 (the price of the outward voyage) divided by 800, (the number of barrels of her cargo,) gives a freight of 31½ cts. per barrel. As it might be convenient to employ an agent, exchanger or merchant on one or both ends of the voyage, we will call his services worth 19 cts. per barrel, which is very liberal. The planter is as desirous of your flour as you are of his, sugar, and, therefore, pays freight and expenses one way, you doing the same the other.

Thus we see that a barrel of sugar (200 pounds) could be afforded in Boston for a barrel of flour and 50 cents, which is somewhat more favorable to the farmer than to exchange a barrel of flour for 50 to 75 pounds of sugar. The Cubans would be equally benefitted, and governments would be driven to direct taxation on property, which would be correct, as 99 per cent. of our revenue is expended for the protection of property—personal protection costing but a very slight moiety. COSMOPOLITE.

Correspondence of the Voice of Industry.

PHILADELPHIA, February 28, 1848.

Last week was a showy one with us. Henry Clay was received with much pomp, pride and circumstance, and so were the remains of a defunct officer.

Mr. Clay undoubtedly possesses a giant intellect, and is not without redeeming qualities of the heart, but the political tendencies of the country are sufficient to warp the generosity of an angel. I could not forget, as he passed my window, that when the war fever was at its height, he, like a weathercock, catching the first breeze of public feeling, turned to its source, the people, and at New Orleans, regretted that it was not in his power "to kill a Mexican with his own hands." I also remembered that when the still-small voice of the people's conscience had increased to a whirlwind's force in condemnation of the war, again like the weathercock, he stood at Lexington, Kentucky, and pointed directly opposite to his former position.

So with Webster. Under the "October sun" of Philadelphia, we hear him toasting "our country right or wrong," and again when it is suggested in convention in Massachusetts to stop supplies for the army, we hear him exclaiming that "gentlemen had stole his thunder."

Similar inconsistences are to be found in the history of almost every prominent politician in this country. Such fact clearly indicates to my mind, that they have no fixed principle of right, but catch the popular ideas when large enough to be ridden and borne on by those, arrive at eminence and wealth.

The last remark will perhaps as well apply to the clergy and other professions. As a general rule, they so called "first men" were never the originators of any reform, whether religious, political, or scientific.

Theatres, gambling houses, rum shops, drunken politicians, &c, are not so much corrupters of society as they are indices to guide its elevation or depression; let us inform ourselves; calmly promulgate and demand our rights; show a firm and strong front of numbers, intelligence and firmness, and we need not be surprised if our bitterest opposers turn directly about to our position, and say, "why gentlemen, you've stole my thunder."

This is a very jimmy city, inhabited chiefly by bandati, jazzaroni and literati, all of whom operate upon original principles; the staple manufactures of this place are mammoth newspapers and magazines,—pocket pugilists,—doctors and dog-killers!

Speaking of dog-killers, a singular monomania has seized upon our city fathers of late, to accuse all the canine species of hydrophobia, which idea and its consequences threaten soon to exterminate the race;—of dogs, I mean,—not aldermen.

It was my luck, last Sunday, as I strolled through Southwark, to observe the Anglo Saxonism of the b'hoys sticking out to some extent. A party of about one hundred was executing the area of liberty over eyes, stomachs, and shins; the usual number of antagonists, who reciprocated the politeness.

In the simplicity of my heart, I supposed it to be a riot, but was informed that it was merely the weekly devotional exercises of the freeman classes of two rival institutions for the education of b'hoys, viz, of the bonners and killers.

Why do not the police prevent such disgraceful outrages? I enquired of a bystander.

"The beaks and pals, cuss 'em! would get their hobs pelted and their peepers buffed if they stuck their snifters round these cribs," was the euphonious reply.

As the combatants were dragged off they were removed to a dilapidated building very near, which is used by them as a hospital.

This class of people, divided into the bands of Killers, Bouncers, Rats, Fancies, and Slashers, hold several of the suburbs of the city in complete possession, excluding the police from the discharge of their duties. About a year since a party migrated to an island in the Delaware, just above here, fortified themselves, captured and robbed a vessel, and although their rendezvous and depredations were well known, the police dared not disturb them.

The *Voice of Industry* is a winning golden opinions from the people here. Really, you deserve a subscription list of twenty thousand subscribers. If those of the working men at the north who are consumers of tobacco, and who declare that they cannot afford to subscribe, would but reduce their smoking and chewing expenses three cents each week, and appropriate that sum to the "Voice," you would have ample pecuniary resources, and they would enjoy a triple advantage, viz:

1st, They would have instructive and interesting reading matter for the present, and an ample source for reference in future.

2d, They would find their sympathies enlarge and by constantly reading suggestions as to their rights, would be better prepared to claim and receive them, and

3d, They would be much better without the smoking and chewing than with it.

F. L. T.

While we are anxiously expecting copy from Mr. Jaques who was absent in Lowell on business, we received the following painful letter from him. Now we hope the friends of the *Voice of Industry* will remember Mr. Jaques is he deserves. He merits far more than three dollars a week from the Division of the W. M. P. U., of which he is a member. Every Division is indebted to Mr. Jaques, to an extent which they have not as yet acknowledged. Mr. Jaques' poverty, the anxieties of business embarrassed by debt, and the depressing responsibilities of the *Voice of Industry*, have unpropitiously upon the immediate cause of this dangerous attack. There is no probability that he will be able to attend to business for sometime to come if indeed ever. We urge our friends to prove the beauty of fraternity in this time of need. It is but a just claim upon them. Mr. Jaques has labored for the last six months as no man would who was not devoted to high duties, he has done so, with no reward but that of a good conscience. It was an old and just injunction "not to muzzle the ox that treds out the corn."

We hope that all our subscribers whose subscriptions have expired will make this an occasion for remitting the money for the coming volume; and also, that all who are in arrears will promptly pay them off.

It will be seen that this misfortune will tend more than ever to embarrass the affairs of our paper, and it will be impossible for us to proceed only as those who are under obligations to us are prompt to discharge them, and those who are the friends of the Working Man's Organ afford us their aid and co-operation. And the best way to do that will be to double its number of subscribers.

Francis Kern, *Pres't.*
James E. Ingraham, *Sec'y.*

Sandwich, Feb. 27, 1848. mar 10 3t

March 14, 1848.

Dear Orson: I am sorry to write bad news. I am at the Water Cure House, and am not able to go off. I was taken with a bleeding at the lungs or stomach, and came immediately here. The hemorrhage has been stopped, but I am weak, and I don't know when I shall be able to do any thing. This is bad! Do the best you can! I hope I shall be with you again in two or three days, but God only knows.

JAQUES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. E. T., *Greenfield.* Your favor came safely. Thank you. Will notice your private remarks by and by.

A. X., *Waterbury.* Always on the alert. Your missives never go amiss.

J. W., *Hebron.* We think best to adhere strictly to our terms of publication.

W. M. P. U., Div. No. 38 will do us a favor by completing their club of twenty, and forwarding the money. Our terms are strict and will be observed!

Division No. 35 will confer a favor by doing likewise.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MIRROR AND CASKET. The second number of this little monthly has appeared greatly improved in appearance and contents. We learn from a private source that the object of this monthly is the mental, and moral improvement of the Operatives of Newburyport and other Manufacturing towns. And we are informed that the publishers are true friends of labor, and will make the *Mirror and Casket* a means to its elevation. In so far as it is devoted to these objects, it has our hearty approval and friendly welcome. And we trust it will never become an instrument of oppression to those whom it professes to befriend, as did the world-notorious *Lowell Offering*.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND is now published and edited solely by Charles Spear. It has been recently enlarged and improved, and is now a very interesting and instructive paper. Mr. Spear is one of the most sincere and persevering philanthropists of the time, and is devoting his time and energies to the relief of one of the most needy and neglected class of human sufferers, "Released Convicts;" and to the amelioration of Prison Discipline. We hope that those who are able will not allow Mr. Spear to struggle alone against fearful odds as he has hitherto done.

ITEMS.

HON. HENRY WHEATON died at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, at the house of Dr. Jarvis, in Dorchester, to which he was removed from the Tremont House.

A destructive fire occurred in this city, on last Friday night, in the large granite-front building on Washington St., between State St. and Court Street. The large Printing Establishment of Messrs. Damrell and Moore, lately owned by Dickinson and Co., was totally destroyed. Several clothing and dry goods stores were also destroyed. Loss not fully known, but estimated at between two and three hundred thousand dollars.

THE TREATY OF PEACE has been ratified with several amendments by the Senate and approved by the President. The amendments are, striking out Mr. Sevier of Arkansas as a special Commissioner to Mexico to obtain a ratification of it by the Mexican Congress.

Mr. Clay, from all accounts, is likely to be wafted into the Presidential Chair, on the tuneful and dowdy wings of KISSES.

The New York papers, publish accounts of the massacre of six English residents of Canton by the inhabitants of some neighboring villages. It is thought that matters may come to serious issues, between Great Britain and the alleged offending villages.

Special Notices.

POETRY OF THE PRISON!

FIRST LECTURE—ONE NIGHT ONLY.

CHARLES SPEAR, Editor of the Prisoner's Friend, proposes to deliver *one lecture* on the "Poetry of the Prison," in Phillips' Place, (nearly opposite the Stone Chapel, Tremont Street,) on *Thursday evening, March 23d*, at 7½ o'clock.

The Lecture will consist of sketches of distinguished Statesmen, Divines, and Poets, who have written in Prison. The whole illustrated by specimens of their Poetry, composed in the cell.

Part I. James Montgomery. Madame de La Mothe Guyon. John Bunyan.

Part II. Wm. Dodd, L. L. D. Daniel De Foe. Walter Raleigh.

Tickets admitting a Gentleman and Lady, 12½ Cents. For sale at the Prisoner's Friend Office, 40 Cornhill, and at Crosby & Nichols', Washington Street.

21st Division W. M. P. U., located at Woburn, Mass.

All persons are hereby forbid trusting any person or persons on account of this Division, by order of the Division,

THOMAS DOLIVER, *Pres't.*
J. W. Taylor, *Sec'y.*

NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE. The Annual Meeting of the New England Labor Reform League, will be held in the city of Lowell on the third Wednesday and Thursday (22d and 23d) of March 1848, in the City Hall, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. The Meeting will continue two days, and the friends of Labor and Moral Reform, are cordially invited to attend. It is hoped that there will be a full attendance, as business of importance will come up for transaction.

PETER ONDERDONK,
JAMES CAMPBELL, *Pres's.*

Division No. 31. All persons are hereby forbidden to give credit to any agent or member of Division No. 31, W. M. P. U, as it is the established rule of this Division to buy and sell for cash only.

WILLIAM THOMPSON *Sec'y.* JESSE TUTTLE, *Pres't*
EAST BOSTON, Feb. 20, 1848. Mar 1, 3t

DIVISION NO. 23. The 23d Division of the W. M. P. U. located at Sudbury, designing to do their business entirely on the Cash system, hereby give notice, that the Division will not hold itself responsible for the payment of any *Bills*, contracted by any individual on account of this Division; and that the rule they have adopted, neither to give nor receive Credit, will invariable be adhered to in all cases.

FREEMAN HOWE, *Pres't.*
WILLIAM COTE, *Sec'y.*

March 6, 1848.
mar 10 3t

It being the settled policy and established rule of the Working Men's Protective Union to buy, and sell their goods for Cash only, asking no credit and giving none,

All persons are forbidden to give credit to, or trust any one on account of any agent of the Stoneham Division of the Working Men's Protective Union, as no one is authorized or permitted to contract any debts for said Division.

JOHN TUPPER, *Pres't*
ALBERT J. WRIGHT, *Sec'y.*

Sto. Div.
W. M. P. U.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING preaches every Sunday afternoon, at Washington-street Hall, Bromfield Street. *Seats free.*

Market Reports.

HOME PRODUCE MARKET.

[Reported for the Boston Pearl-Finder.]

	PROVISIONS.		
Butter, lump, lb	15@18	Lard, Western keg	8@9
Butter, firkin,	15@17	Lard, City	8@11
Butter, very nice, lb	20@25	Veal,	8@11
Eggs, doz,	12	Calves, whole,	3@7
Beef, fresh, lb	6@8	Mutton,	8@12
Beef, corned, lb	6@8	Chickens,	12@14
Beef, smoked,	10@12	Turkies,	12@14
Pork, fresh,	6@7½	Geese,	6@7
Pork, fresh,	5@6	Rabbits, pair,	6@16
Pork, salted,	5@6	Duck, pair,	75@100
Hams, Boston,	9@11	Quail, doz,	150@200
Hams, Western,	8	Partridge, pair,	40@50
	GRAIN.		
Codfish,	3@4	Fels,	6.8
Haddock,	3@4	Pickerel,	10@12
Lobsters,	5@6	Tongues and Sounds,	6@—
	VEGETABLES.		
Potatoes, bushel,	112	Cranberries,	300
Potatoes, Sweet,	137	Squash, lb,	3@4
Turnips, Russets,	37	Onions, bushel,	75
Turnips, white	50	Turnips,	45@50
Apples, dried, lb,	3@4	Figs, lb,	10@20
Apples, bushel,	100@150	Oranges, doz,	12@50
Walnuts,	250	Lemons,	12@50
		Figs, lb,	10@20

BOSTON MARKET.

Tuesday, March 14th.

FLOUR—The market continues firm. Ohio $6.37, and Michigan and Genesee $6.50@6.75 per bbl. Further sales Pennsylvania and Howard Street at $6.00, 4 months.

GRAIN—Very little Corn unsold; yellow last $6@30, and good Southern white, 57@58c per bu.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET

[Reported for the Traveller.]

TUESDAY, March 15, 1848.

At market, 75 Beef Cattle, 600 Sheep, and 600 Swine.

PRICES—BEEF CATTLE—A few extra at $7—first quality at $6.25@5.75—second $6, $5.50@5.

SHEEP—Sales at $2.50 $3. $3.50 and $5.

SWINE—Sales at wholesale, 4½@5c.

WESTERN MARKET—CINCINNATI.

[Reported for the Cincinnati Herald.]

Feb. 16th, 1848.

Wheat per bushel,	80c	Potatoes, per bushel,	45c
Corn, " "	26@30c	Apples, " "	55@75c
Oats, " "	20@25c	Butter, lb, in roll,	18@20c
Rye, " "	45c	Eggs, per doz,	7@8c
Barley, " "	40@45c	Eggs per doz.	12@15c
Flaxseed, " "	80@90c	Tallow, per lb,	4@6c
Hay, per ton,	$12@14	Chickens,	12c
Wool, per cwt,	$2.00@4	Ducks,	16c

Marriages.

In this city, 7th inst, by Rev. George M. Randall, Edward F. Miller, of Boston, to Maria Jenkins, of Newton.

7th inst, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James Tenbert, to Miss Hannah Evans, both of Lowell.

At Cambridge, 8th inst, by Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. George Reed, to Miss Mary Jane Calor.

At Medway, 8th inst, Mr. Joseph D. Leland, of this city, to Miss Mary P. Adams, of M.

Deaths.

At Portland, 9th inst. Amos Nichols, Esq. 55, Deputy Collector of Customs.

In this city, 7th inst, of consumption, Capt. James Paxton, aged 41.

8th inst, Henry L. Bascom, 30.

At Medway, 8th inst, Joseph S., son of J. N. Marshall, Esq. 19.

In Lowell, March 7th, Widow ABIGAIL PIERCE, aged 79.

Directory.

OF THE W. M. P. U.

SUPREME DIVISION. Meeting the first week in January, April July and October.

President, Francis Kern.
Albert J. Wright, *Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 1, Boston. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 3 Boylston Hall. Benjamin Warren, Sr., Universalist church building.

J. Weaver, *Pres't.*
Charles C. Jones, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 2, Roxbury. Meeting Tuesday evening, Union Hall, Roxbury, Warren St., near Washington.

T. S. Barrill, *Pres't.*
Edwin Litchfield, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 3, South Boston. Meeting Thursday evening, corner of Fourth and C streets. Store in same building.

E. S. Williams, *Pres't.*
Geo. D. Howard, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 4, Lynn. Meeting Tuesday and Thursday evening, at Store on Union street.

Edward A. Hobbs, *Pres't.*
J. J. Perkins, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 5, Boston. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 15 Merrimack street. Store at same place.

Henry F. Dalton, *Pres't.*
S. H. Gooding, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 6, Manchester, N. H. Meeting Thursday evening, No. 2 Union building, Elm st. Store No. 4 Methodist church building.

E. F. Reed, *Pres't.*
Charles W. Barker, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 7, Cabotville. Meeting 1st and 3d Thursday evenings, in a room over Cabot's Factory. Store on Cabot st.

William Brown, *Pres't.*
M. Pinney, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO 8, Canton. Meeting Monday evening at Store, corner of Washington and Bolivar sts.

W. D. Hall, *Pres't.*
Reuben Tubbs, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO 9, Nashua. Meeting Saturday evening, at Boutwell's Temperance Hall, on Factory st.

Martin Crafts, *Pres't.*
E. Greenwood, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 11, Lowell. Meeting Saturday evening, Hemming's Hall, Merrimack st.

John B. Fish, *Pres't.*
Jonathan Weeks, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 12, Worcester. Meeting Saturday evening in Hall over Spring's Store, 31 Main st.

Charles E. Staples, *Pres't.*
Charles H. Finch, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 13, Hudson. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Store, basement room of E. H. Warren's shop.

John R. Goodwin, *Pres't.*
A. B. Warfield, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 14, Springfield. Meeting for business on the 1st and 3d Thursday evenings of each month; for discussion every Wednesday evening, in room attached to Store, Wilson's building, near R. R. depot, on Main street.

William B. Hastings, *Pres't.*
Chauncy Sanderson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 15, North Chelmsford. Meeting Monday evening, at Store on Merrimack st.

J. B. Parker, *Pres't.*
B. W. Dexter, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 16, Lowell. Meeting 1st and 3d Saturday evening of each month, Columbian Room of St. Paul's Church, Hurd st. Store on South st.

E. Redfield, *Pres't.*
O. Perry, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 17, Lawrence. No Report.

DIVISION NO. 18, Hopkinton. Meeting Saturday, Hayden Row.

T. Leonard, *Pres't.*
Reuben Smith, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 19, Milford. Meeting, Town Hall.

James W. Hurd, *Pres't.*
H. N. Wyeth, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 20, Boston. Meeting Tuesday evening in Suffolk Hall, corner of Cedar and Suffolk st. Store on Suffolk st.

Elias H. *de* Rochemont, *Pres't.*
Charles F. Chassen, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 21, Cambridgeport. Meeting Friday evening, at Store, Hovey's Block, Main st.

Randall Taylor, *Pres't.*
J. F. Long, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 22, Charlestown. No report.

DIVISION NO. 23, Sandwich. Meeting Monday evening, in Stone-room, Town Hall building.

Francis Kern, *Pres't.*
James E. Ingraham, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 24, Salem. Meeting Wednesday evening, No. 80 Washington st. Store of same street.

Moses Eastman, *Pres't.*
Stephen Kimball, *Pres't.*

DIVISION NO. 25, Lynn. Meeting Wednesday and Saturday evenings, at Store, Chestnut st.

Stephen Kimball, *Pres't.*
Samuel Collins, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 26, Winnisiki Falls, Vt. Meeting Saturday evening, Store, Main st, Bellows Falls.

Moses Marshall, *Pres't.*
J. C. Wallace, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 27, Andover, Frye village. Meeting Monday evening, at Store.

William Cole, *Pres't.*
Joseph Skilled, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 28, Lynn. Meeting Monday and Thursday evenings, at Store, Hovey's Block.

Wm. P. White, *Pres't.*
Thomas Collyer, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 29, Charlestown, 2d. Meeting Wednesday evening, Athenian Hall, Main st. Store on Main st, opposite Phœnix Hotel.

Charles Cowan, *Pres't.*
Cyrus Peabody, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 30, Lynn. Meeting and Store not reported.

William P. Parker, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 31, Woburn. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Wade's Hall, Pearl st, rods north of Woburn centre.

Thomas Doliver, *Pres't.*
J. W. Taylor, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 32, Bangor, Me. Store, No. 16 Central st.

Thomas Carey, *Pres't.*
Samuel Darling, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 33, Providence, R. I. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Store, No. 259 North Main st.

Welcome Arnold, *Pres't.*
W. J. Waterman, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 34, East Boston. Meeting Tuesday evening. Store, south side of Meridian square.

Jesse Tuttle, *Pres't.*
William Thompson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 35, Lynn. Meeting, 1st Monday evening of each month, at room over No. 37 South Common st. Store, No. 37 South Common st.

Aaron Lummus, *Pres't.*
Joseph M. Bowen, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 36, Randolph. Meeting Wednesday evening, in Silas Alden's Building.

E. A. Allen, *Pres't.*
Darius Payson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 37, South Abington. Meeting Tuesday evening, at Rockdale Hall. Store on Main st, opposite Andover Bank.

Benjamin F. Washburn, *Pres't.*
Joseph C. Stevens, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 38, West Medway. Meeting Tuesday evening, in room adjoining store.

A. J. Gibbs, *Pres't.*
E. G. Ware, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 39, East Stoughton. Meeting Tuesday evening, in Hall over Store.

Charles A. French, *Pres't.*
James Winslow, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 40, Roxbury. Meeting 3d and 4th Friday each month, at Union Hall. Store, corner of Washington st. and Suffolk Place.

Joseph B. Young, *Pres't.*
Alfred Lee, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 41, Stoughton. Meeting Saturday evening, at Temple Hall. Store at Stoughton Centre.

Judediah Adams, *Pres't.*
James Capen, 3d, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 42, Worcester. Meeting Wednesday evening, at Store, Newton's Block, No. 3 Front st.

Calvin Newton, *Pres't.*
W. T. Hildrup, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 43 East Randolph, Mass.

Gideon Howard, *Pres't.*
Thomas West, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 44, Manchester, N. H.

James A. Grigg, *Pres't.*
Ayman B Batchelder, *Rec. Sec'y.*

DIVISION NO. 45, Providence, R. I.

Jared W. Scovell, *Pres't.*
Alva M. Stetson, *Rec. Sec'y.*

Advertisements.

ALBERT J. WRIGHT,
PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 3 Water St. Boston.

Books, Circulars, Handbills, &c., Printed quick and cheap mar17tf

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MUFFS. The LADIES are well aware that I sold MUFFS and PURRS *one third cheaper* last season than any one else in the city. I would give notice that I have the same special advertisement of Muffs and Flurs that were ever offered for sale in Lowell, and will sell them Ware Two Third Cheaper than they can be found elsewhere.

P. S. Ladies from the Country, in pursuit of PURS, will do well to look for No. 90 Merrimack St. Store, they can buy Gold Mufts for Gold Dollars. Present opens a plenty.

Lowell, Oct. 19, 1847. ap19 1m

HART & WATERMAN,
TREMONT TEMPERANCE HOUSE,
110 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Transient Board, $1.25 per day.

MILES C. BURT. H. WATERMAN, JR.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

DR. F. MORRILL

is happy once more to make his grateful acknowledgements to the public for the generous confidence bestowed upon him, as a Physician, and for the unusual patronage he has received for the last twelve months. If pecuniary remuneration were the *only* reward to be received for administering relief to the afflicted and distressed invalid, there would be far less motive to practice the healing art—the pecuniary profit of the afflicted portion of humanity, this is not their equity the man, there is a deep, mental feeling arising from the performance of deeds of healing human flesh, and relieving pain, which never can *enjoy* from mere pecuniary gain. He acknowledges his satisfaction with the success that he has enjoyed, and he believes that he has been the source, from which flowed much relief to the afflicted, and declining invalid. Repeated written communications, as well as personal testimonies, can be given in evidence of his own country, and also from the Canadas, respecting the efficacy and relieving properties of his medicines, which he has found to be in accordance with the letters. He asks for no *other recommendation* than the consciousness of having relief to the thousands whose unfortunate want of a judicious education, and whose sad ignorance of the precious laws of their physical constitution, have so often plunged them into the depths of human suffering. Feeling, as he does, the importance and importance of his calling, with full confidence in the efficacy and salutary effects of his medicines, he would still say, come and I will relieve you.

"A WORD to you WHAT." To those who have been treated medically by Dr. M., he deems it unnecessary to offer any word of *caution*; but to those, who may know him not, and who are seeking relief from diseases of any name or nature, he would particularly hope of a secret or private character, he would say he cautions as to where you make your first call. When you are informed that Dr. Morrill is the only *advertising* physician of any reputation in Lowell, you will no doubt place your confidence in him, pungent these into the disease of disease, and the reader will not make this insertion did he not know that his own community were aware of the truth. If there are those who can obtain a *pregnancy* name, irrespective of the means by which it is obtained, it may be said that such enjoyments are not to be envied; but for one

"Give me an honest fame, or give me none."

N. B. DR. MORRILL has fitted up his new office, from MIDDLESEX STREET, to MIDDLE STREET, on the most retirement known in No. 9, opposite the Post Office. He will be found there in the great rel, Law, Medicine, Statistics, &c. Choice specimens of American and Foreign Medicines will also be given including Reviews, &c. A weekly list of the patents issued by the Patent Office Washington will be published—the whole forming a complete family Medical Journal.

The Weekly National Whig, one of the largest newspapers in the United States, is made up from the columns of the *Daily National Whig*, and is published every Saturday, for the large price of $2 per annum, payable in advance. A double sheet of eight pages will be given whenever the news matter shall justify it.

CHARLES H. FENTON,
Proprietor of the National Whig.

P. S. All daily, weekly, and semi-weekly papers in the United States, are requested to insert this advertisement once a week for six months, noting the price for publishing the same at the bottom of the advertisement, and send the paper containing it to the National Whig Office, and the amount will be duly paid. Editors of other newspapers are also requested to notice the National Whig in their respective columns. $15@20 jan26

LOWELL WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

A NEW HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION situated on the banks of the Merrimack, about fifteen minutes walks from the City of Lowell, is now open for the reception of invalids.

In fitting up this establishment, the proprietor, Dr. H. DARRAH, has spared no pains or expense that might be one of the most comfortable, convenient and desirable locations for Hydropathic purposes, that offered to the public.

The Bathing House is constructed with two entire sets of Baths, each consisting of Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fomentation, Eye, Sponge, Flowing, Cold or Warm; and so arranged as to be comfortable, easy and easy of access, by invalids, at all times, from each wing of the house, one of which is occupied 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 the following complaints: Rheumatism, whether of chronic Gout, incipient stages of Consumption, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, with a train of symptoms, as Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Jaundice, &c.; Fevers of various forms and enumerous diseases; Scrofulas and Spinal Complaints, which have resisted all other treatment.

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

All communications addressed to the Physician, (post paid) Lowell, Mass., will be promptly attended to.

DR. H. DARRAH, Proprietor.
H. FOSTER, M. D. Physician. jan 29 mo26

I. MASON LEARNED,
EATING HOUSE,
No. 31 Congress Street.

Cor. of Congress Square, near the Post Office.

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

Boston, Dec 24. 3m*

WM. D. VINALL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Office 21 Central Street,

Where he continues to perform all operations in the Dental Art on their beauty and their preservation. Particular attention and labor bestowed on Children's teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, and thereby insuring the proper order of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

Mineral Teeth inserted on gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are recommended as durable, and require Another very important branch of Dental Surgery, which is the adjusting of sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure, without pivots.

Teeth cleansed, extracted, &c. Terms moderate and every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would further say, that the most agreeable pain from decayed teeth, may in most cases be speedily relieved and the tooth saved.

JONATHAN LADD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Commissioner for the State of Vermont.

Office—Spaulding's Building, North side of the American House, Central street, Lowell, Ms.

WANTED. An intelligent and well educated young lady wants a situation in a printing office, to learn to set type.

Enquire at the Voice of Industry Office.

Feb 18 — 2

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MINIATURES taken at these rooms in the most approved style, and in any weather, with a clear, not colory, and gilded in the nicest manner, whether sold for a day or for ages.

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

Lowell, June 4. S. H. HASTINGS.

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Facts for the People, showing the relations of the United States to Slavery, embracing a History of the Annexation and other subjects. Compiled from Congressional and other authentic documents by Louisa Moody. Price, 20 cents.

The Crisis; or, Facts in its; or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by Parker Pillsbury. Second Edition, revised and improved, 15 cents.

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

Oct 8. 3mos.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON CITY, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR; JOHN C. 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 main principles of the Liberty Party. Due attention is given to Social and Political Questions of general importance; nor are the interests of a Pure Literature overlooked.

It aims to preserve a faithful record of important events, of inventions or discoveries affecting the progress of Society; of public documents of permanent value; and, during the sessions of Congress, to present such reports of its proceedings, as will convey a correct idea of its action, but of its spirit and policy. The debates on the subject of Slavery, of Slavery and the Mexican War, expected to arise in the next Congress, will occupy a large share of its columns.

Arrangements have been made for extending and enriching its already valuable Department of Home and Foreign Correspondence.

It is printed on a mammoth sheet, of the finest quality, in the best style, at $2 a year, in advance.

The generous spirit in which the *Era* has been welcomed, by the Public Press, and by very liberal patronage it has received during this, the first year of its existence, encourages us to hope for large accessions to our subscription list.

It is desirable that subscriptions be forwarded without delay, so that they may be entered before the approaching Congress.

All communications addressed to

L. P. NOBLE,
Publisher of the National Era, Washington, D. C.

THE DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

IS PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, EVERY DAY, (Sundays excepted,) at 6 P. M. Sundays excepted, and is served to subscribers in the city at the Navy Yard, in Georgetown, in Alexandria, and in Baltimore, the same evening, at six and a quarter cents a week, payable to the sole agent of the Whig G. L. Gilchrist, Esq., or to the carrier. It is also mailed to any part of the United States, for $4 per annum, or 32 cents a week, payable in advance. Advertisements of ten lines or less inserted one time for 50 cents, two times for 75 cents, three times for $1, one week for $1.25, two weeks for $2.75, one month for $4, two months $5, three months for $10, six months for $16, one year for $30, payable always in advance.

The *National Whig* is what its name indicates. It speaks the sentiments of the Whig party of the Union on every question of public policy. It advocates the election to the Presidency of Zachary Taylor, subject to the decision of a Whig National Convention. It makes war to the knife upon all the measures and acts of the Administration deemed to be adverse to the interests of the country, and exposes without fear or favor the corruptions of the party in power. Its columns are open to every man in the country, for the discussion of political or any other questions.

In addition to politics, a large space in the National Daily Whig will be devoted to publications on Agriculture, Mechanics, Commerce, and all other matters of general Law, Medicine, Statistics, &c. Choice specimens of American and Foreign Medicines will also be given including Reviews, &c. A weekly list of the patents issued by the Patent Office Washington will be published—the whole forming a complete family Medical Journal.

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