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TERMS.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Voice.

THINGS I HAVE SEEN.

I've seen the rich man in his pride Rolling in gilded splendor by, And look on loved ones by his side With fondness leaning from his eye.

MISCELLANY.

THE ARTIST.

Day after day, week after week, yes, for years I dwell on this absorbing idea of my soul. I had seen it but a moment—that glorious picture, that to me had 'glories of Earth in it thin Heaven.' It was a genuine Correggio, and when the fellow who carried it, held it carelessly for one to gaze on whom he met, I riveted my eyes on it. I could not look away. I was charmed more effectually than bird by serpent. I gazed till the man went on with his burden, and then I followed, catching glimpses of the picture till he left it at the door of a splendid mansion. The door closed on my charmer, and still I looked and looked as if the picture would re-appear.

rest on a child's head. My mother's hand rested on my head many a time and oft; but never long, and never but to give me a 'box on the ear,' or a blow struck random-wise—the only condition accompanying which was, that it should be hard enough, and many a time have I been seen reeling on my way to work, praying most devoutly that my mother would die. I believe the first prayer I ever made was when about five years old my mother had knocked me down and kicked me out of doors, and I said in the fullness of my heart, 'O God kill my mother!' But my prayer was not answered, and my tormenter lived on. If my mother ever prayed, it was for more money. If she watched, it was to see that all worked well at all their might, and yet I loved her. How strong is the instinct that binds the child to its parent. She was kind to me at times, and I remember one set of kindness, for which I was very grateful at the time.

I had run away one day to go and watch the house that contained my idol. When I came home my mother told me she would whip me. I went to bed crying bitterly—I dreaded my whipping till I thought I must die of dread and I called 'Mother, Mother!' She came and I begged her to whip me then, that I might dread her no longer. Her heart I believe was touched, for she whipped me and not as severely as sometimes. I believe if there is any thing over which Satan gloats with unmingled delight, it is this fogging of children, especially when this heaven-dishonored deed is done by woman. I loved study when a mere child, and I would creep away alone to read and get my lessons because I was happy with books, and no one was present to knock me on the head or switch my poor bare feet. It happened to look off my book the better to consider what I was learning. But I was hurried up and whipped to school and whipped after I was there for being late or playing truant. I hated my teacher and I dreaded him. No one ever spoke kindly to me but my father, and he seldom spoke at all. He seemed to have made a tacit agreement with my mother to do all the talking and beating for both of them. My mother never reared me to do a thing—she always commanded. She generally said, 'Go and do that,' or 'Go along and do that,' and if I was at all slow, 'I'll whip you till you'll be glad to move,' was added. An undefined sort of dread or fear of all things, and a kind of sullen endurance came at last to possess me. I had only one comfort and that was in thinking of that beautiful picture. At night I thought of it till I went to sleep, and then I dreamed of it. But O, the horror of my days! Talk of slavery if you will—my slavery was as complete as any ever was; only I could not be sold and this was the curse of it. I might have changed for the better, possibly, could I have been put in the market. I had at one time saved a few pennies that were given me for going of errands for people, and I bought a ribbon for my neck, and after a time I thought a pair of shoes in the same manner. But I was never allowed to wear either without leave, and this was attained with so much difficulty that I gave up asking and only put them on when I could see it. Day after day I went through my routine of tasks, wishing 'Go to it, my dear,' and when I thought I should go to bed, I wished such wicked wishes, I said I could not how soon I went—and I remember wishing that I could go there and see if it really were a worse place than Birmingham, thought at worst I should not have to blister my hands all day moving or rubbing steel. When I was twelve years old I had borne tasks and blows and the ill-temper of all around me, till my head gave way and I went into a slow nervous fever. If my parents could have seen that a hard, revolting occupation, that a dirty street, a dirty shop, and a dirty, close attire, and more than all, the fever of the soul that eats like fire continually, were none of them particularly healthy, they would not have wondered at my illness. But as they knew none of these things they wondered and wondered why Providence had sent this affliction upon them. I believe my mother pretty soon settled herself in the belief that my illness was a judgment upon her, for not having whipped us all to church duty on Sundays, and me particularly, a flagrant sinner, inasmuch

as I read play-books in my little dirty attic all day Sundays, except when I was driven by *et armis* to church. My mother nursed me with the utmost attention. Her tender care, her absorbing affection when any one of us was ill, was truly wonderful. One of the few sentences that I remember hearing my father utter was this: 'Yes, yes, feed us with roast meat when we are sick and whip us to death with the griffin when we are well.' Could I have always been sick I believe I would not have exchanged my mother for an angel. Of her it might be said—

'O woman, in our hour of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, When pain and anguish rend the brow, A ministering angel thou.'

There were some things connected with this illness that made my wish it would last forever. I had found a mother, and such a mother! O how I hated to part with her, and I had an impression that the hard-working, ill-tempered calculation in pounds and pence would return with my health and strength. Oh how this strife for gain wears away everything human in men and women, and yet they will tell you they are only 'trying to get a competence'—'to provide for a rainy day'—'just striving to make themselves comfortable,' as if they must make themselves and all around them uncomfortable, yes, positively miserable, for the sake of being comfortable. An odd solecism this would be, if all the world were not at work to make it common.

I had strange visions during this illness—visions of an excited and nervous system and an over-wrought fancy. My soul seemed to create a world of its own, and people it with bright forms and beautiful pictures. These pictures! Whence came they? I have since seen them all. My Correggio and numbers more by the same hand were there. Raphael and his Lady-Love were there. Ancient and modern masters were there by their glorious creations. But how is this? I had seen only that Correggio. Settle it you can. I deal in facts, not in philosophy.

At last I got what was called well. But how far I was removed from health no one knew but myself. The old system was renewed, and I was seelid for tottering under burdens that it seemed to me impossible for me to carry, such was my weakness. I worked at my tasks, bracing myself up against something till my sight would leave me, and perfectly blind I would reel on to a bench, or the ground or floor, and lie till I recovered in some measure, for at these seasons my parents knew by experiment, that hard words or blows could not rouse me.

I will not dwell on weary days and nights that made my life a poison, that made the Heavens above seem brass, and that blotted out the beauties of earth. But what did I see of the earth? I saw that blackened, smoked horror of a city, where the highest bliss is to be allowed to commit a slow and terrible suicide. Yes, men count it their highest happiness to perform life-destroying labor for a life-destroying amount, for how ill adapted to health is their food, and even their water would have to be distilled, to make it fit to drink. I saw occasionally a few stunted shrubs, a few melancholy flowers. O, could I then have seen the glad green earth, the flowers, the hills and streams of clear water, the flocks of cattle and sheep, and the stars looking down on such a world, I should have gone mad with joy. But I have seen them, thank heaven. It has been said—that no man is all evil, that no lot is all woe—and I believe it, for a redemption came into my lot—or I thought so, and that is about the same. I was now fourteen, with a smouldering volcano of love and passion hid in my nature, though it had never been awakened into a flame.

My father's partner had a daughter just about my own age, and about this time we were put in the store kept by our fathers. I believe I was put there because my parents began to fear that I would die, confined to tasks as I had been, and Mr. Proctor sent his girl to help, because he had no boy.

Isabel was a beautiful girl. I say it now with judgment matured by years, and I hope by some little artistic skill. She had that rich development which England's daughters are famous for, even at this early age. I would not choose her 'now for a picture in which I would embody the highest beauty, for her hair was golden, and only Sully can make golden hair beautiful, and he would make the Witch of Endor, or any other witch beautiful on canvas. All his women are beautiful, if not surpassingly beautiful. But Isabel was beautiful enough, even with her golden hair, to be dangerous to one of my ardent and imaginative temperament. She had not been educated at all, further than to read; but I set myself to supply this deficiency and to my joy she soon wrote a legible hand. I had been a castle-builder from the day I saw that picture, and I now told Isabel my day dreams. She was an excellent listener, as some one has wittily said, 'a steady absorber,' and I fancied she appreciated all, because she patiently listened to all. Many an author and preacher had been cheered as I was. I had wrought my soul up into a tremendous love-fit for this fair young creature. I remember thinking she had but one fault, and that was, her name was not Mary. There was a modest propriety in every act of Isabel's that I have never seen surpassed. She had a kind, sisterly feeling toward me, and she felt, perhaps a little vain that she could do what no other person could do. She could draw me out. The silent boy talked to her, told her his inmost soul. 'The look-worm boy,' as I was called, left his books for her, and taught her. In a few months after this change in my fortune, I became more cheerful and happy, than I had ever been in my life. Once in a while my charmer would throw cold water on my enthusiasm by some such remarks as she made to me one day, when I was telling her of some of the gods of my idolatry, the old artists, and that I should one day paint a picture like that first flame of mine that I had often described to her. 'Oh!' said she, 'you must do no such thing! What is the use of such fiery things? Gloom, gloom, if that's your point, learn to paint wags like Ned Blake, and when I am thy wife I shall feel proud of such a painter, who can do something worth doing.' Such remarks from my lady-love broke in sadly upon my imaginations. I felt much as a man does who has fallen in love with a beautiful and superficially-accomplished girl, who he guesses is a mental paragon, and in the height of his passion hears her tell of 'wonderful phenomena,' and hears her say 'affection' for affection, 'paranour?' for tantamount, &c., &c. Well, I had grown happier and more healthful in a year's communing with Isabel, though I had 'to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.'

But a change was to come over me. There was a something within me that, like the ghost of Banquo, 'would not down.' Every thing that I had done through my life, of any importance, had been at first presented dimly and indistinctly to my mind. The impulses had grown stronger, and at last it had burst all barriers, and I have been swept on by a necessity that nothing could control. Thus it was with my love of painting. I had never seen paintings, any worth mentioning. My bashfulness kept me from an effort to see them. But that one remembrance lingered and burned in my heart, till the spirit of Correggio seemed to have come into my soul. A timid, awkward lad of fifteen, who dared hardly raise his eyes to any one's face, and who would go through an unfrequented street to avoid meeting an acquaintance—think of such a lad calmly putting on his hat and walking straight to the house that contained my Correggio—yes, it is mine now. When there, I rang the bell. A civil servant—sure sign of a gentlemanly master—answered it. 'Is your master at home?' 'Is he engaged with company?' I turned away with a heavy heart. The servant seemed to divine my feeling. 'If your business won't take long I think master will see you. Shall I give him your name?' -I thought I might as well make the trial then as I was nerved to it, as to go over the misery another time. This decision sealed my destiny.

The master gave orders to bring the lad in, I walked with a firm tread up to the gentleman, though I saw men as trees around me. Nothing was distinct. I said, calmly, though I felt as if I were choking—

'You have a picture, sir, that I want to see.' The gentleman eyed me from head to foot. 'I have a great many pictures,' said he. 'The cry of water in the desert, must give you an idea of my feelings. I clasped my hands, and exclaimed, with an earnestness that electrified all present—' 'Oh, sir, let me see them!' 'Why, what ails the boy?' said the good-natured gentleman, and, turning to a grave old man near him, he said—'I am half inclined to think here is a god-send to you, Sir Benjamin.'

What a world of Providences is this. I cannot say chances—for what chance could possibly have directed me to Sir Arthur Fielding's, and that, too, on the very day when Sir Benjamin West dined with this liberal patron of the fine arts. I saw the pictures, as I called them. I luxuriated amongst those creations of art. I drank in rapture at every glance. I knew not where I was. I saw only the paintings with one exception—I saw the old man, designated as Sir Benjamin, look at me, as if I was gazing with my whole soul in my eyes—I saw him burst into tears, and bury his face in his handkerchief—I thought it odd at the moment, but I was soon lost again, and I remembered no more till the gentleman from the house laid his hand on my shoulder and said—'My good son, you shall come again, but you have been here three hours.'

I started, and thought of the shop, and the consequences of neglect. With tears in my eyes I thanked Sir Arthur for the happiness I had enjoyed. 'This,' said he, 'is Sir Benjamin West, who will be happy to serve you if you love the fine arts.'

(Concluded next week.)

Bryant, in a late poem, 'The Husband Man,' dashes thus prophetically into the future:

The proud throne shall crumble, The diadem shall wane, The tribes of earth shall fade, The pride of those who reign, And war shall be His pomp away.

New York a Babel.—The following languages are now spoken in New York city, viz. Chinese, Manchou, Turkish, Arabian, East Indian, Moorish, Grog, Mendian, English, German, Scottish, Irish, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Austrian, Italian, French and Maltese, besides those spoken by several tribes of the American Indians.

In this world the poor are of three descriptions, viz. the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devils. As a general thing, the Lord takes care of his; but the poor devils look out for themselves.

'Mary, I am glad your head has got well.' 'Why?' said Mary, opening wide her large blue eyes with astonishment. 'Oh, nothing,' said Mag, 'only I see it's able to be out!'

The Wisconsin Phalanx, a Fourier association at Ceresco, is free from debt, 'cultivate 700 acres, and have a flour and a saw-mill.'

'Is that a lightning-bug in the street?' asked a poor blind old lady. 'No, grandmamma,' said a pert Miss, 'it's a big bug with a cigar.'

Extravagance in fine clothing is too often a recommendation to the eye, but not to the understanding of men. Dr. Franklin used to observe that 'a fine coat often covers intolerable ignorance, but never conceals it.'

A Town 'Us. A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman, exclaimed, 'Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might your name be?' 'Vy my name is Haunse Hoffenboffen-heiffenoffen-graiffenstein!'

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.

The Workers of Mass to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of his own labor, to limit for himself the hours of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 27, 1847.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM PLEDGE.

We whose names are annexed, desirous of restoring to man his Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to prevent all further traffic in the Slave Lands of the United States and to secure to the Slave of the United States and his free and exclusive use of the soil; and for any man for the Governor of the State, or for any member of the Legislature or of the Board of Public Lands, who will not pledge himself in writing to prevent all further traffic in the Slave Lands of the State, and to secure to the Slave of the State and his free and exclusive use of the soil; and for any individual hereafter in this State, in the enjoyment of the House of Representatives from any future debt or mortgage, not a full ten days in ten of the hours of daily labor on public works, or for any individual hereafter in this State, to be established, chartered by law.

REPEAL OF THE NEW POST OFFICE LAW.

The Publication Office of this paper has removed to No. 76 Central Street—in former place of publication. Persons wishing to transmit business with the paper or editor, are invited to call.

THE TEN-HOUR LAW IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The law lately passed by the Legislature of New Hampshire, making Ten Hours a legal day's work, will go into operation on the fifteenth of September next. Are the friends of Industrial Reform prepared to place themselves in a position to receive all the benefits of that law, and secure them to their children? Brother editors, now is the time for united and energetic action.

The opponents of the measure are not idle. If your chains are not thrown off now, you will soon find them again riveted, and that more firmly than before. Will you, by folding your arms and remaining inactive at such a crisis as this, tacitly admit that you meant nothing by your demand for a limitation of the hours of toil, or that you did not know what you did mean?

Public meetings of the friends of the Ten-Hour Law will be called immediately in all the large towns—in every town, in fact—and such plans decided upon as will give unity of purpose and of action. Manufacturing companies, and employers generally, will doubtless leave no means untried to induce their operatives to sign papers, pledging themselves to work the same number of hours as at present. Let no man, woman, or child do this. By union and co-operation an important step may now be gained, and gained forever. Shall it be done? Time will show.

Our friends in Nashua are awake on this subject, as will be seen by a notice in another column.

Brothers and sisters in Manchester, Dover, Claremont, Great Falls, and other places, what are you doing? If the friends of Industrial Reform in Lowell can assist you in any way, call upon us. We are ready.

"THE INDEPENDENT DEMOCRAT" is throwing missiles at the "Ten Hours Bill," passed by the New Hampshire Legislature. About a year ago one of its members—the Freeman—was a warm friend to a reduction of the hours of labor. How's this?—Lowell Voice of Industry.

"The Ten Hour Law will not reduce the hours of labor, in factories or elsewhere. Its authors do not intend any such result. It will also fail, we think, in limiting the working-men—the only object had in view by the demagogues who originated it. If the editor of the Voice will examine the law, he will see that it amounts to nothing practically.—Independent Democrat.

We have examined the law, and confess that it is not that we could desire, but it is something. There is in it the acknowledgment of a great principle. A legislative body has declared, in effect, that it is wrong to compel human beings having bodies that need relaxation and recreation to toil through that crave and demand development and culture, to labor twelve or thirteen hours per day, for the bare means of subsistence. Why will not the Democrat acknowledge and accept this? Is nothing to be received because all is not gained? If the Democrat is in favor of a ten-hour law, or is it not? A fair question, neighbor.

BLACK SLAVERY, AND WHITE SLAVERY AGAIN? We publish in another column a communication from our friend J. E. Thompson, formerly Editor of the Northampton Democrat, called forth by an article of ours published two or three weeks since.

The question of Labor and its Conditions, is getting to be one of absorbing interest, and men are beginning to see that the same principle underlies the whole industrial system of society. This principle is modified in a thousand ways, by local and temporary causes; and as a result, we have different forms and degrees of servitude, but in all forms and degrees it is servitude still.

The State Liberty Convention of Massachusetts, will assemble at Worcester, on Wednesday next September 1st. It is to be a mass meeting for the nomination of candidates for State Officers.

A QUEER PRAYER.

Some one has sent us a tract entitled "The Free Equippers' Prayer." It purports to have been delivered at TAMMANY HALL at a "Repeal" Meeting.

It contains some good thoughts on a variety of topics, and not a few lively hits at "Doctors of Divinity," Tract Distributors and "Pious and Holy Professors" in general. We make the following extracts:

May the Workmen work to their own salvation, not with fear and trembling, but with patience and firmness. May masters and anti-masters exercise forbearance towards each other. May all dishonest, and self-seeking politicians be disappointed. May our legislators, governors, and presidents, be wise and honest, and enact only such laws, as will tend to the interest and welfare of the whole, and do the people's business, to the satisfaction of the people. And may this great and growing republic, be a noble example to all nations, countries, and people, of justice, moderation, simplicity, and liberality; and may the people enjoy that peace and happiness which the truly enlightened only can know.

My time soon come when females will have their propertiation in society, when they will no longer be considered the plying and slave of men. May they cease to follow every vain or foolish and expensive fashion; and that instead of being so very anxious about dress—what they shall put on, or how gaudy they can make themselves appear, may they turn their attention to the cultivation of their minds—to the acquirement of such useful knowledge, as will assist them in performing the duties incumbent upon them, with credit to themselves, and ineluctable benefit to the rising generation, and may they be right examples of prudence, frugality, economy, kindness, and every other virtue which adorns their sex; and above all may they detest the profligate, duplicity, insincerity and hypocrisy, so much in vogue at the present day.

SICKNESS IN LOWELL. Death is very busy in Lowell. Dysentery, cholera infantum and typhoid fever are the prevailing diseases. The number of reported deaths have increased from the first week in July to the present time, as follows:

Table of Reported Deaths for the week ending July 8, 10, 14, 17, 21, 24, 28, 31, Aug. 4, 11, 15.

Total Deaths 187. The number of deaths for the same time last year, were less than 140—for 1845, about 47—for 1844, about 57.

Our readers may have been surprised and shocked to hear that, during one week, 300 deaths are said to have been reported in New York city, this season. New York has a population of 380,000, Lowell 30,000. If Lowell reported as many deaths according to her population, as New York did when it gave 300, it would have to record but 40 deaths per week—viz, to state it arithmetically—

380,000 : 300 :: 30,000 : 39 plus. Last week 54 deaths occurred in Lowell. If New York was as sickly as Lowell, it would record 484 deaths, or to state it otherwise—

30,000 : 54 :: 380,000 : 684. Is Lowell less healthy than New York? If so, what cause is there for it? Is it bad water? Poor sewerage—insufficient drainage—impure food—insufficient regulations—crowded population—poverty—dissipation? Can any one tell us?—Advertiser.

It is said that the above numbers fall very much short of the whole number of deaths, on account of the imperfect returns of the number interred in the Catholic burial grounds.

REV. J. A. GARDNER.—Andrew Jackson Davis' Revelations are attracting attention, in various quarters, as we learn from the papers. The American Nationalist, published in New York, has a notice of the work, in which the writer says, that in his opinion, the book does not contain a single original idea, nor a thought or principle, that may not be found in works long since published to the world. He thinks that the works of Swedenborg, Hobbess, Owen and Fourier, contain nearly all that is to be found in the "Revelations" of Davis.

La Rue Sunderland, has an article in the Chronicle of the 24th inst., in which he says that he thinks Davis has said many good and true things, and is entirely honest, as are the gentlemen connected with him in making his Revelations public; but that they are all more or less deceived.

We have not seen the book, and therefore pass no judgment upon it. CIVILIZATION.—A New York paper says that M. L. G. de C., agent of the French steamers, on Friday last, attacked Col. Webb, of the Courier & Enquirer, in Wall st., and attempted to spit in his face. Col. Webb resisted, and gave the aggressor a beating with his cane. O, Tempora!

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Two or three intelligent, and active YOUNG LADIES, to solicit Subscribers for the People's Paper, the Voice. Apply at 76 Central St., up stairs.

COMMUNICATIONS.

This department of "The Voice" is intended to contain the thoughts and sentiments of the People, prepared by a humane spirit, and clothed in his own language, which may be in some degree varied and conflicting; and for the views of which the Editor will not be considered responsible.

REPLY TO A WORKING-MAN.

MR. ENROT.—While engaged in obtaining subscribers for your paper, I have associated myself with persons who seemed to consider themselves as being a few grades higher in the social world, than those who are designated as Working-men. To these I have spoken of some of the evils resulting from so many hours of daily labor; to which they would reply: "Oh, we work—work harder, and more hours, than ever your operatives in the factories." But when they would be requested to subscribe for "The Voice," they would say: "Why take so many papers now, some of which are necessary to our business, that we cannot afford to; but go to the working-men and, without doubt, they will subscribe, as it is devoted to their interest." Now, I would enquire, does your correspondent belong to this class of working-men—viz: those who work chiefly at doing nothing; or, at most, whose chief business consists in keeping others at work, and planning how they may obtain the greatest possible amount of labor for the least pay? Or, does he belong to a class somewhat similar to the one, which he says, Prof. Stuart characterizes as property? Or, does he belong to neither of these?

However it may be, there are some things in the very courteous and truly gentlemanly communication of "Workingman," to which I would reply; although I did not dream of calling forth the indignation of any one, or of opening the way for anything like a discussion, when the article to which "Workingman" refers, was penned.

"Workingman" says: "I have thought it best to endeavor to put your readers rightly placing a few facts before them that they may not, in speculative calculations, depend on the assistance of our most learned ministers in the subversion of the present order of society."

This is very kind of "Workingman," and your readers should feel extremely obliged to him for preventing them from falling into a mistake which must have proved so exceedingly disastrous. And if any of them have so fallen I trust they will hasten to help themselves out of such an erroneous belief, as soon as possible. But does "Workingman" believe the "present order of society" so perfect that nothing better could be substituted? Why then do we look so earnestly to the time when we shall be admitted to the society of saints and Angels, in Heaven, if that society is to be more holy and perfect, than what we are already possessors? But will he tell there is any thing in Heaven which is too good to be upon the earth? Why, then, are we commended to "be perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect," since by being as good as God is good, (if such a thing were possible,) we should be unfit to dwell in the Earth? But if "present society" is not as perfect as it should be, (and if it is, what use in preaching to all,) is it not the duty of Ministers to do all in their power to effect a change for the better? Surely this tenacity of affection for "the present order of society," reminds one of some people with whom one occasionally meets, who, having got hold of some sort of a saying, (perhaps not originally their own, nor even witty in itself,) are so taken with the conceit, that they make a point of uttering it upon all occasions, and in all places, and they never seem to dream that anything wiser, or better, might possibly be said.

But "Workingman" continues: "It has been the purpose of all fanatical Reformers to divert ministers from their appropriate work—the cure of souls—to take part in their party contests; true, few of them have ever done so, and I think few ever will. They conceive their mission to be higher, nobler, more exalted than spending their time on merely worldly affairs."

In the first place, I would ask, how does "Workingman" unite two such terms as Fanaticism and Reform? Upon the same principle, I suppose, that it was said of our Saviour: "He hath a devil."

"The cure of souls," implies that souls are diseased. What, then, is the disease—what are its symptoms—and how is it to be remedied? If sin is the disease with which the soul is afflicted, is it not the imperative duty of the spiritual physician to search it out, and to try all means to destroy it? Does not the skillful physician watch closely every symptom until he ascertains the nature and seat of the disease in his patient, and then does he not administer that medicine which he thinks most likely, not only to allay the symptoms, but to uproot the disease itself? And does he cease the application of even the most powerful remedies, so long as he has the slightest hope of his patient's recovery? Nay, does he not continue to try some new experiment, even when he has no just hope? Or, does his principal business consist in keeping his patient, and those about him, in ignorance of his danger; and is it his only mode of practice to compound and administer some opiate, pleasant to the palate; and when he has the sick man fast asleep, then go

away and sagely pronounce him well? Or, again, because he would not be tolerated in, and paid for doing nothing, does an upright physician administer medicine for every other kind of disease except that with which his patient is afflicted, simply because it is more pleasant to the taste, and its first operations upon the system will occasion less disagreeable sensations, than the true specific; though he is aware that such a course of practice must be death to his patient?

And is it not a sin for one part of the world to strive upon every means of living, in order to make servants of the rest of the world? And if it is, sin, should not ministers preach against it? Oh, they conceive their mission to be higher, nobler, more exalted than spending their time upon merely worldly affairs."

What, then, are spiritual affairs, and how are they to be separated from the "worldly"? Why, I suppose, the spiritual consists in the minister's going to some appointed place, singing a hymn, making a long prayer, (learned, perhaps, from the prayer-book,) and then preaching—but what can he preach? He may say that God is good, and none will deny the truth or spirituality of such a saying; but if he tells his hearers to "be perfect, even as their Father in Heaven is perfect," he will thus imply they are not perfect, and if they are sinners, he must point out their sin in a manner that they will become convinced, in order that they may be cleansed therefrom, and their souls thus healed. But this he cannot do, unless those sins were committed in some way entirely unconnected with anything in this world, else he will be meddling with "worldly affairs."

He may visit the rich, and pray with them and tell them to be resigned to whatever an angry God may be pleased to inflict upon them, in this life; and how happy they will be after death; and all this if they only repent of past sins, (as, probably, they will not have it in their power to commit any more); but the good conscientious preacher must presume to offer any temporal relief, however much it may be needed. Oh, no! this would be spending his precious time upon "worldly affairs," and these should be left to other people. He may meet a beggar at the door with a piece of religious advice, for the "cure" of his soul, and send him away with a pious benediction, for this is his "appropriate work"; but he must in no wise give him a coat for his poor shivering body, for that is but a worthless lump of earth, at best; and the minister must not mind such, so-called "worldly" affairs.

Perhaps "Workingman" will say this is preposterous—that "ministers do sometimes render other than spiritual aid"—that temporal wants are occasionally relieved by them, and "they have been known to preach against sin in a specific manner."

Admit that they do, sometimes, do these things; do they not often omit to do them? Do they not generally preach with much more zeal against those sins which never were, and probably, never will be committed in the congregation to which they minister? For instance: they will expatiate with the most profound horror upon the dreadful sin of idolatry—the idolatrous worship paid to the heathen to their gods of gold and silver; but it is little they say about the homage paid by their own hearers, to their gold and silver images—the images stamped upon their gold and silver coins—or if they do say anything it is very much after the manner of Mrs. Norton, who, when she sees out in a half-crown, pulled the kittens ears, or, when she saw a collaring toy, "there didn't serve one like you, Johnny, you will hurt her." But Johnny fully understands his mother's look and tone, so he directly pulls kitty's ears and sets her squalling all the time keeping his regular eye fixed upon his mother's face, who gives her darling rogue, as she calls him, a sweet dotting smile, and then carelessly shrugs her head, she turns away with this simple remark: "Well, children always will be in mischief, and it is no use trying to keep them out of it."

But I am taking up too much space. I will defer a farther reply until next week. Ballard Vale, Aug., 1847. DEOISA.

NASHUA WIDE AWAKE.

Grand Demonstration.—A Meeting of two Thousand Operatives in the Town Hall.—Steps taken to Organize for more efficient action.

MR. ENROT.—On Monday night I attended a public meeting at Nashua, called by the operatives of the piece, for the purpose of ascertaining what was the best course to pursue if the corporations attempt to evade the law which declares ten hours to be a day's work. Mr. Trask, of Boston, was there, by invitation, and spoke more than an hour, and then gave way, for others to express their views on the subject under consideration. Here the audience called for a song from Mr. F. Royce of North Chelmsford, who complied with their request, to their evident gratification. Mr. Moore of Lowell was then called for. He spoke a short time on the their duty to themselves and humanity, at this important crisis. He called their attention to the fact that they were deprived of the pleasure arising from the cultivation of their mental faculties—that they were creating wealth on

slides and yet possessed none—that in order to know how to secure to themselves the product of their toil they were to obtain knowledge, and to do this and work the present number of hours was indeed impossible. He then appealed to them and asked if a new regulation was attempted to be imposed upon them, whether they would consent to it, that they had heard the enthusiastic N. O., that rung from all parts of the hall, you would have felt that your labor of love, was not lost there. Mr. Trask again took the stand, and with other good things recommended an immediate and thorough organization. The Chairman then addressed the meeting a few minutes in an eloquent and earnest expression of his determination to abide by the law, and never sign away his liberty. The meeting then passed a vote to organize themselves, and appointed a committee of five, to call a meeting for that purpose. The meeting adjourned at about half past ten o'clock.

WORS SE. FEARLESS.

BLACK AND WHITE SLAVERY.

TO THE VOICE: I was much surprised, on receiving your paper to-day, to learn that an article of mine in the Northampton Democrat, which I lately edited, had attracted attention and been commented on by various papers—among others, the Courier of your place.—Whether these papers were not courteous enough to forward copies of their attacks on my article, I know not. I have seen nothing of them, except through the Voice. I should be pleased to see the articles mentioned, and perhaps make some reply through their own columns, if they are liberal enough to consent.

I wish now merely to notice one idea put forth by the Courier, which states that such stuff as my article is, if ever comes from any one who cares for either the black or white slave, but is generally used as an excuse for a disgusting subservience to the southern system.

Now it so happens that I have published as rank anti-slavery editorials in the "Northampton Democrat"—I am my judge—as were ever published in any paper. I have only denounced slavery as being as bad as anything the Old Serpent could propose, but argued that negroes should be allowed the privilege of voting, and every other right and privilege allowed to the whites; that it is as wrong to deny or rob a black of any right or privilege as a white. If the editor of the Courier, Liberator, or any other paper, wishes to see the "papers," they can do so by signing their wish to you. I have—to the best of my ability—urged the abolition of slavery—of all slavery—not the mere substituting of one kind for another. We must expect, however, to be opposed by selfish capitalists, and those who are "disgustingly subservient" to the more profitable northern system—more profitable to the masters—some of whom seem quite anxious to bring the labor of the black slave into competition with that of the white, by reducing its compensation one-fourth. This would be fun to the capitalists, but death to us, who are slaves. We must demand that all slavery be abolished.

J. E. T.

Caterville, Aug. 14.

P. S. I see in your paper, that part of the comparison from the Democrat which speaks of white slaves being starved by millions, is omitted—presume the Courier &c. thought best to make that omission. While I was a master I required my slaves to work only 9 hours a day. Is the editor of the Courier a better friend of white slaves.

J. E. T.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS FLORENCE FURNISH OF DANVILLE, VT., WHO DIED IN LOWELL, AUG. 6th, 1847, AGED 18 YEARS. Sweet is the scene, when the virtuous die.

Never perhaps was his sentiment felt more sensibly than by the friends and relatives who watched with anxious solicitude around the dying bed of Florida E. F. So patient—so trusting and so full of love and tenderness toward all about her—so anxious to render every one happy, and to repay them for all their little acts of kindness and sympathy—so cheerful and resigned to her situation—so calm and unmoved at the approach of death, was she, that it was indeed good to be there. She had long been a believer in that Saviour "who gave himself a ransom for us, to be testified in due time;" therefore was there no terror to her soul—all was life, and immortality beyond the grave. She believed she should be happy, and that belief sustained her through all her sufferings, and even in death itself.—She was able to converse until within thirty minutes before she breathed her last, and did so with those around her. She often expressed a wish that her dear brothers might come; so that she could behold them once more, but that fond wish was not granted. They came, but too late! Florida had fled. In haste she had a sinful wading! She had fled, but sin had cast its withering, blighting mists over the moral faculties of the soul, or dried up the rich fountains of pure affection, and holy sympathy, which alone give to life all its true blessedness. She died in beauty like a rose Blown from its parent stem! See died in beauty—like a pearl Dropped from some diadem.

A lone, widowed mother, is bereft of her

youngest born, the darling child of her affection... seemed to one who from her very feebleness, seemed to claim any... receive more of that mother's love and tenderness...

TEN-HOUR SYSTEM. Tremendous Excitement at Manchester, N. H.—Meeting in the City Hall. Just as we are going to press the Manchester Democrat... containing an account of a crowded and exciting meeting held in the City Hall...

WORKINGMEN. Look upon the picture of a poor widow as drawn in the 'New York Commercial Advertiser.' In 1842 she commences business in Franklin Market with a capital of \$1,500...

Books for sale at the Voice Office. LABOR AND SOCIAL REFORM. POPULAR VIEW OF THE DOCTRINES OF CHA. FOURIER...

VALUABLE BOOKS. FOR SALE BY BELLA MARSH, No. 25, Cornhill, Boston. Britain and the People show the relation of the United States to the world... MILIKEN'S PAVING AND LAMING HOUSE...

Let this benevolent draw your hearts away from the vanities of earth, into that communion with God which shall elevate and purify the soul...

CO-OPERATION. One of the most prominent features of the present stage of human progress is the tendency to associated action and co-operation. The old maxim—"Union is strength"—is beginning to be felt and realized by the masses...

COLOSSUS. It is inclined to make a serious matter of what we apprehend our Co-operationist, "Working man," meant as simple luxury. We do not believe our friend made the statements contained in his communication as "sober earnest."

FOUNTAIN HOUSE. The undersigned, having received no intelligence explanatory of the wishes of the unknown individual who entrusted six hundred dollars to his care in January last...

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES. THE SUBSCRIBER, (No. 65, corner of Mott and John Sts.) is weekly receiving from a celebrated assortment of Millinery Goods...

Lozell, August 16, 1847.

WE republish the following, at the request of our Correspondent, as account of the bad errors which occurred in its first publication. Mr. Young—I send you the following section from a paper published in New Hampshire, in the year 1775...

THE SYSTEM OF LABOR. The following sensible paragraph we find in the Newburyport Advertiser. Read it. The case is precisely the reverse in the laborer's system, too generally from the other portion of the community...

SCISSORINGS. THE SYSTEM OF LABOR. The following sensible paragraph we find in the Newburyport Advertiser. Read it. The case is precisely the reverse in the laborer's system, too generally from the other portion of the community...

NOTICES. Of Meetings of Protective Union, Industrial Reform Association, I. O. of R., Sec. &c. The 1st regular meeting of Pastwick Tent No. 8 is fixed for that time of the meeting be changed from Friday to Tuesday evening...

NEW ENGLAND Truss Manufacturing Boston, Massachusetts. JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER, MANUFACTURER OF THE PATENT TRUSS...

REQUIREMENTS. The public attention is called to the remarkable exhibition of those who are commencing the study of the French language...

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NEW!—The Signal reports cases of Yellow Fever at Lowell. The Signal itself is a case of green fever.—Chronic. OFFICE, established at No. 112 N. 27th Street...

From the National Era.

EARTH-SHARING.

Listen, workers! Listen!
Ye who all your lives are toiling,
In the field and workshop moiling—
Lo! your serpent wrongs are coiling
Close round you! Ponder!

VENTILATION.

"The breath of man is in his nostrils" and according to the purity of impurity of the air we inhale, so may we expect health or sickness. The Almighty has wisely designed that labor should be one grand means of health to man; and in harmony with his great plans, motion is the principle of all creation's health.

consideration that a great number of males have to labor in narrow, confined rooms, and lit up with air-consuming gas, it is nothing but what we may expect to hear weekly of 333 deaths, as was the case in the week just referred to, and the mortality increasing even in a greater ratio as our population becomes larger, for although our wharves are lined with emigrants in the most miserable condition, and coming from scenes of desperate fever, yet it is said to tell that there is an excess of deaths by consumption over fever, showing that a gradual destruction of life upon a most gigantic scale is going on, and by a disease traceable in most cases to a want of free exercise in the open air.

The great mortar of disease, is a want of cleanliness and proper ventilation. As far as cleanliness is concerned, a speedy and cheap remedy can easily be had while there is plenty of water, but as for proper ventilation, it will be very difficult to effect a suitable reform. "Landed property is so valuable in our cities, that every inch is turned to the most money-making advantage, and our public promenade-grounds are more stoned in all our cities and villages than such places are in the other countries, probably because America is such a small country! There is one thing to which we would specially advert, viz: the necessity of having large bed-rooms. It is no uncommon thing in the construction of our buildings, to set off a place without a single window in it, about the size of a decent box, and call it a bed-room, because it measures six by seven feet. Sleeping rooms should at least contain one hundred and forty superficial feet, and never be less than seven and a half feet high, and have a Rumford ventilator in the window, and an Arnot valve in the chimney, or an open fire-place. All rooms should have a free access to the light of the sun, at any rate to the atmosphere, so that the impure air thrown off by the lungs or candles, can pass away, and pure air be admitted. Whenever gas is used, there ought to be some method of allowing the carbonic acid to escape through tubes at the eaves of the building, as invented by Ransom Cook.

In the city of Hamburg, where so many people live in cellars, it has been remarked by travellers, that blindness and all manner of physical imperfections prevail among the lower classes to almost alarming extent. While the whole world, therefore, is busy inventing and producing for the benefit of man, we must not neglect to provide for the greatest of all earthly blessings, health. Without health there is no enjoyment, and we believe that with proper ventilation and an abundance of pure water, no place need be unhealthy. Aids to proper places for manly exercises, such as large open-parks, for our young men to spend an active evening hour in instead of resorting to ball-rooms and billiard-rooms, our Anglo-Saxon civilization of civilization would be as fully preserved in our cities as in our villages, and that deterioration of muscular fibre and health be prevented in our people, which now appears in sad contrast with the apparent stalwart frames which the men of seven or six possess.

REPUDIATION.

There is probably no paper in the world that has done so much harm to the People's Cause within the past year as the New York Sun. The following article, however, on a subject which must, if the present war continues, soon become one of the most prominent political topics arises for much of the false doctrine it has disseminated. The debt for the Mexican war, which will probably be one hundred millions before the end of it, never ought to be paid, no matter in what shape it may appear, and all persons should be cautioned against becoming creditors of the government. The doctrine of the following article is irrefutable. —Young America.

National Debt. — A new position has lately been taken by some of the wisest and most patriotic men of the subject of national liability. They assume the plain and simple ground that people are not bound in honor or justice to pay debts which they had no share in contracting and for which they have received no equivalent. As an individual, no man is compelled to pay a note extorted from him by force or fraud for which no value was given. As a part and portion of the State, he has an equitable right of exemption from an onerous public debt. This of course will be as reluctantly admitted by crowned heads as equal birth-right, the divorce of Church and State, or any other republican innovation, but America will yet teach mankind this new lesson of national responsibility as it has the former. The world condemns it in the first surprise—then discuss—and finally embrace it as a just and pertinent law.

England's portion of the present debt of twenty thousand millions of dollars, which is distributed nearly direct to those causes. The direct cause of all fevers, is atmospheric impurity, and consumption, and a great number of other diseases, can be traced indirectly to the same source. Twenty-nine died in one week of New York of typhus fever in one week of last month, contracted some where in an impure atmosphere, and from the same cause indirectly, thirty died in the same week of consumption. There can be no doubt but that the least excess of carbonic acid gas is harmful to the lungs, and when we take into

country forever for its payment. Some day the people will repudiate this forced bond and with the brief and emphatic declaration that "the nation will only pay the nation's pro debts," they will sweep away the long account of taxes levied to pay interest on the countless millions wasted by their dead and buried oppressors. The score may possibly be wiped out in blood and revolution, but wiped out it will be before this century has passed away. There is a deep and living truth in the principle, and it will soon be established, that rulers cannot mortgage the sweat and blood of unborn generations.

An Appeal. — Our souls thrill with anguish as we look forth on the woe wherein so large a portion of our race lie weltering. How can we be mute, when a cry like "Bread or Blood!" is abroad in the air, wrung from the hearts of tens of thousands, maddened by starvation, in the midst of mountain-heaped plenty? Can we strike a truce with a Social Order, that invariably "muzzles the ox that treadeth out the born?" — An Order, whereof God-ordained Labor is a brand of inferiority, and idleness is the passport to condescension? — An Order which counts millions of them, "for whom Christ died," as cattle to be scored by the lash; and to be hawked to and fro in the market-place, — creatures without rights, without hopes, for whom exist no sacred relations or indissoluble ties, and last and horrible of all without personal individuality? Our hearts ache for that huge majority of our kind, to whom Life is so dreary a thing, smothered by ignorance, goaded by grim famine to hard, incessant, unattractive toil, hurst with squalor, and meanness, and for whom day unto day uttereth no speech and night showeth to night no knowledge of the Infinite Beauty and Goodness. To us 'tis a bewildering and marvellous, that professing Christendom can lie down in one quiet sleep till some movement has been made towards scuffling evils so enormous, — evils which the name it bears binds it to sweep from the face of the earth. Servant of Jesus! did God make and send men into the world to starve and go naked while your farms and warehouses groan with repletion? Why, God's beasts have food and clothing. Of men knowledge and joy are also a birth-right. How can you rest, till for every child of Adam is provided that and plentifully too, which shall make existence happy and glorious? It can be done, and 'tis to this, every end that you are named a Christian. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, and thou shalt love thy God with thy whole heart" — who doubts that the universal, unimpeded prevalence of these principles would straightway re-create the world. — Independent Magazine.

Physiological Duties. — Laws of Health. — Diet. — Natural food, wholesome in quality, moderate in quantity, varied and digestible, existing to satisfy nature, not a disordered appetite.

Labor. — Exercise a part of every day; useful employment; no idle moments; no laziness; producing sufficient to supply all the wants and comforts of life; and general cultivation of the body.

Pure Air. — The ventilation of sleeping apartments — sitting rooms — working rooms — loosed dresses; expansion of the lungs; oxygenation of the blood.

Cleanliness. — Daily ablution; frequent changing of apparel; cleanliness of houses, yards, cellars, stables, farms; and the land in general.

Sleep. — Early rising, but sufficient sleeping.

An evasive answer. — "Well, Pat, did you present that bill for payment, which I gave you this morning?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Well, what was the gentleman's answer?"

"Evasive, your honor."

"Evasive! what do you mean?"

"Why, your honor, he said he'd be d— if he would pay it."

Test of Intoxication. — A son of the Emerald Isle was asked the other day how he could tell that man was drunk? "Faith!" answered Pat, "I'd never be after saying that a man was drunk at all without I saw him try to light his pipe at a pump."

There is truth as well as poetry in the following quartette:

A woman with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is worthless,
As diamonds formed of dew.

Parings. — "Jenny, what is a member of Congress?" "A member of Congress is a common substantive, agreeing with self-interest, and is governed by eight dollars a day, understand."

"Dighy, will you take some of this butter?"

"Thank you, murr, I belong to the Temperance Society, had can't take any thing strong," replied Dighy.

"Death is the wages of sin." That's poor pay. We wonder that more people don't give sinning, and stand out for higher wages.

"What a dreadful thing alcohol is," says the moralist, as he rolls his liquid about. Consistency is a jewel.

The hog is your gentleman among beasts, because he does not know how to do any kind of work.

HARDLY a day passes that Dr. MORRILL is not consulted by one or more persons who have taken medicine for nothing or nearly nothing, because they were without being cured; and the reason is, because they were not cured by the medicine they used, but by the skill of the physician. Many of these cases are of a nature that require not at all. Many of these cases are of a nature that require not at all. Many of these cases are of a nature that require not at all.

The Dr.'s New Office on Middlesex street, is finished and furnished in an ample style with all the conveniences for the treatment of all diseases, and is open to the public with the best Nurses to attend to those who wish for it, and who would attend to the sick that wish to be treated at the office. The Dr. attends to all diseases which flesh is heir to.

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THE PEOPLE'S PAPER AND THE ORGAN OF THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY. Devoted to the elevation and improvement of the industrial classes and the final and permanent emancipation of labor from its present servitude, compulsion and depression.

In consequence of a deep felt regard for the present and future well-being of our fellow-laborers, and the urgent solicitation of many of our friends, we have decided to issue a paper, which shall be devoted to the elevation and improvement of the industrial classes, and the final and permanent emancipation of labor from its present servitude, compulsion and depression.

The paper is to be conducted upon strictly Independent Principles, embracing all prominent social, political and economical, with that spirit which shows no fear of favor, without the path of duty, and without any partiality towards any particular class or party. In our labor we ask and expect the cooperation and sympathy of the true friends of the Race—the honest Philosopher and Statesman, the learned and devoted Teacher, the hardy Farmer, the Mechanic and the Laborer or Spinner, who will not shrink from any sacrifice a better and more rational condition for humanity in which Labor shall receive its just rewards, and the State shall be benefited by its efforts.

Single copies, per Annum, (strictly in advance), \$1.25 Five copies to one address, \$5.00 Will our contributors and agents assist us in the cause, by procuring new subscribers, with the issue of the next number? (Send in the name.) W. E. VOYING, PUBLISHER EASTMAN, Lowell, Feb. 1st, 1847.

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AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME IX, FOR 1847. O. S. POWLER.

To improve man physically, mentally and intellectually, will be the object of this Journal. It will embrace all the principles of our entire constitution, the conditions of happiness, and the causes of misery.

PHRENOLOGY will be set forth in the most practical and instructive manner, and the principles of the art will be explained in a manner which will enable the learner to acquire a thorough knowledge of the science.

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