

# VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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## POETRY.

### The Reformer.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,  
Shouting the goddess shames of man  
Along his path.  
The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
Within its walls his glided home  
With pale alarm.  
From his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in;  
He shone where his pillow ever had  
To down the din.  
"Spare," Art implored, "your holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn turret spire;  
Mark Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forsaker!"  
Gray-haired Use who, dead and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed sign,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
His seat o'er-crown'd.  
Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
Overhung with pale locks of gold,  
"Why sittest," he asked, "in dark surprise,  
"The fair, the city?"  
Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet fiercer flashed his ax's gleam;  
Shattering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.  
I looked: around the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster ascended the Builder too;  
No springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.  
"I was but the ruin of the old—  
The bearing of the wrong and ill,  
Whence I took the All time had,  
Was living still."  
Calm grew the frown of him I feared;  
The frown which would me pass'd to awe,  
And left behind a smile which cheer'd  
Like breaking day.  
Green grew the grain of battle-plains,  
Over spangled war-mounds glared the cove;  
The shaggy foresting frook by chains,  
The spade and plow.  
Where frowns'd eyes, with pillow gone,  
And cottage windows, frown'd and wain'd,  
Look'd out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills beyond.  
Through myosotis walls, like Heaven's soft hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams stray'd,  
And with the gold gallowspore  
The young child play'd.  
Where the doated victim in his cell  
Had count'd of the weary hours,  
Glad school girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowding with flowers.  
Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruiting grow.  
The cotton right, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of Wrong alone—  
These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fester like the World shall grow  
From their decay.  
Oh! backward-looking row of time!  
The now is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.  
So wisely taught the Indian seer:  
Destroying Seva, forming Dharma,  
Who make by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.  
As jilly as in that old day  
Thou moanest, didst thy sirea repine,  
So in his time, thy child grows gray,  
Shall sigh for thee.  
Yet not the less for thee or thou  
The eternalist of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats!  
Take heart—the Water builds again—  
A charmed life of goodness hath;  
The tares may perish—but the grain  
Is not for death.  
God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night;  
He, who made and saved the world is gray  
With morning light.  
[Fountain, for 1847.]

## Miscellaneous.

### A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY JEANNE.

The young wife sat alone in her pleasant chamber, and her husband's last letter was in her hand. The paper looked soiled and worn, and the hand writing was nearly illegible; they might well appear thus, for the letter had been carried in Margaret's bosom and read amidst tears, until every word was engraved on her heart. It was many long months since Harry Leslie departed, to engage in profitable business, and prepare for the emigration of his family to a distant land, and since that letter came, bringing news of his safe arrival, no tidings of the wanderer had reached his home.  
For a long time Margaret hoped all might be well; she prayed for patience, and strove to console from her father and her children the grief which was stealing the bloom from her cheek, and driving her such long, weary nights of anxiety and fear.  
But the gray-haired parents saw her true feelings, and almost rejoiced to see that Margaret only thought lest she was widowed in her youth, while the old man had learned the sad story that the wine cup over which Harry loved to linger, was leading him down into dark paths of degradation and shame.  
Circumstances at length obliged him to reveal to his sorrowful child the truth, and she had gone to her chamber to search vainly in that old letter for a denial of the facts to weep her tears of agony alone.  
The young wife sat long in her widow holding companion with her own troubled, suffering spirit. She gazed—but not upon the sweet valley which lay sleeping calmly in the moonlight; she listened—but it was not to the low soft breathings of her unconscious children—she looked up to the quiet watching stars, and willy pruned them to guide Harry Leslie back to his home—and the stars returned to poor Margaret glances of hope; she felt as though the eyes of angels were watching her in sympathy, and she was consoled.  
That very night the subject of Margaret Leslie's prayers and tears, was sleeping in the streets of a distant city. Aye, in the streets, with only the blue starlit sky for a covering, with his head gray stones of the pavement for a pillow. Oh! could that be him, for whose faithful eyes had been weeping, and faithful hearts yearning with unutterable love? It was too true. There, covered with its rag and shame, by the wreck of a stately form, perhaps, too, the wreck of his noble spirit.  
That evening he had exchanged the last article of value which he possessed for the poisonous opy; and ere midnight the wretch who trembled and destroyed, had driven his helpless and homeless into the street. He tottered along slowly, sometimes creeping like a blind insect, until he last, exhausted and nearly insensible, he crept close to the wall of a building which cast over his wretchedness a friendly shadow, and fell asleep.  
When the inebriate awoke from his death like slumber, he was in the full possession of his senses, and he looked around him bewildered, and wondering where he was. He thought he had been sleeping for the first time in his life with no enemy above him—but the starry heavens; yet not for the first time, for now he remembered that once in his boyhood he had gone with the hunters over moorland and mountain, and slept on their beds of fragrant heather. But that was in his mountain seat, and then he was young and pure and free; now he was in a strange land, friendless, degraded, and enslaved. As memory led him back to the past, reason and common sense asserted their power, and all his dark life was as clearly pictured before him. He could see the gradual stepping stones by which he had descended into this whirlpool of vice, he saw that he was now in the very depth of misery and want—and in these last moments there were pale faces, which seemed to approach and look mournfully into his own. Poor Leslie! Those pale faces made him nearly mad—oh how he hated and loathed himself! He looked willy around upon the dark stones to find something with which to cut his wretched life, but saw nothing but the thought of the bowl, but felt too weak to rise. A length he gazed up to the stars, and they seemed to look down into his weary, tortured soul with so much compassion that he became again calm and capable of reflection. There in the stillness and quiet of night, with only the stars for witnesses, he promised himself to forsake strong drink forever, to seek employment and become a better man.  
With the morning sunbeams, Leslie, strengthened by his good resolutions, presented himself to those whose reputation for generosity and kindness had reached his ears,

and encouraged him tearfully, told his story without reserve, and begged employment.—But he was destined to meet with disappointment, and all that long day did he wander in his fruitless search. Some had never known temptation, his shabby and miserable dress prejudiced others, but though he told his touching story simply and with a manly and truthful face, no hand was stretched forth to save. Poor Leslie had hoped and struggled to retrace his fearful steps, but his heart sank under his many discouragements, and he again sought to drown his misery in the intoxicating draught.  
Mr. Marshall had quitted his store earlier than usual one evening, and was walking briskly homeward, when his attention was arrested by a group of boys gathered around a drunken man who was vainly endeavoring to protect himself from their insults, with his terrible curses. At length he fell violently upon the rough stones, and a loud laugh from his tormentors fell painfully upon the ears of the gentleman who suddenly appeared in their midst, dispersing them alone by the dignity of his manner, and kindly offering to conduct the inebriate in safety to his home. To this kind offer however, no answer was returned. The drunken man was evidently injured by the fall, and as Mr. Marshall's generous feelings forbade him to leave a fellow creature in such distress, he called a carriage and had him conveyed to his own home.  
When the consciousness of the drunkard again returned, he found himself in a comfortable chamber, decently dressed, and his benefactor stood at his side. No word of censure or rebuke fell from the lips of the excellent man as he stood contemplating the change a few hours had made in the being before him; but he gently said—  
"My son, I found you in trouble and have been happy in offering you a shelter; you are now entirely recovered, and I will send you to your friends or home."  
Only a look of wild anguish, replied to his kind offer, and again he said mildly—  
"My son, I pity you, and it may be I can your story without fear."  
Oh! how those tones fell upon the ears of the stranger, the tones of the good old man's voice awaking in his heart the same feelings that the blessed glances of the stars had aroused there when he struggled with himself, alone and wretched. Tears streamed down his sunken cheek, as he informed his host that he was a foreigner with neither friends nor home.  
"My name," said he, "is Leslie; and sir, I have tried to shake off my fetters, to be a man once more, but no one will employ a drunkard. I am a hopeless wretch, and only wish to die unknown. God bless you, sir, for your kindness, it quite overcomes me, but I hope for nothing but a grave."  
The old man looked distressed and sorrowful, and hardly knew what to do; arouse in Leslie less discouraging feelings, but at length approaching him in a solemn and tender voice, he said—  
"Harry Leslie, have you a wife or child?"  
"Sir," exclaimed the inebriate,  
"I say Leslie, have you wife or child?"  
"Oh, my God!" groaned he, conscience smitten, "why did I ever leave them? Margaret, my own true wife, my golden haired Kitty, my true Willie; and he covered his face with his hands.  
"For golden haired Kitty, and wee Willie, and your anxious wife—"  
"Oh sir!" exclaimed Leslie wildly, "never thus they know aught of my wretchedness and degradation. Better far that they should weep a father and husband dead, than mourn him a living disgrace."  
"Leslie do you still love that wife, those children?"  
"Love them? God knows."  
"Then struggle and restore to them and to yourself happiness—I believe firmly, that you may be reclaimed. Tell me when you last heard from your family?"  
"It is a year, a long year," and the poor man groaned.  
"And you have neglected a beautiful wife, your fair haired children; you have given them sorrow and loneliness; and anxious watchings. But I seek not the augmentation of repentant tears, my young friend; if you desire to restore them and yourself to all the happiness of former years, I will assist you."  
"How?"  
"I will give you employment, you shall sign the pledge and keep yourself out of the way of temptation; at the end of the year you shall return to your own. Think Leslie, yesterday you were a—"  
"Brute," ejaculated the redeemed, as he fell upon his knees and hailed the old man as his father—his deliverer.  
"My son," said Mr. Marshall, muttering his own deep emotion, "I will leave you

now to your own reflections, pray that you be not led into temptation, and he left him alone.  
The plans of the good merchant were speedily arranged. He would employ Leslie one year, and allow him to board in his own home, thus giving him the blessing of a family. Mrs. M. entered heartily into her husband's plans, and her wanderer began a new life with a heart swelling with gratitude and repentance, with courage and hope.—The thought of his distant home, and the heart treasures it contained, cheered him in his hours of labor, and when evening came he found by the quiet fireside of his employer, comfort and peace. Oh, how he longed to send over the waters one mistive, full of the breathings of his affection, and longings for forgiveness! But his benefactor had advised him to wait until the time of his trial was past, and he should be confident of success; should be certain that his reform was thorough and complete. Leslie felt the justice of his friend's remark, and was satisfied to know that ere another summer, golden haired Kitty and wee Willie would come to dwell with him in an American home.  
The year of Harry Leslie's trial is past, and he is taking his leave of the good pair, whose kindness had been his salvation.—"Harry," said the old man, I have just arranged a little affair which you must consent to. You know my business will depend principally upon you next year, and I have a house not far from the store which you shall have rent free, if you will accept it. I am going down to the wharf with you, and as we shall pass, you must step in and look at it—and then you can tell Margaret just what kind of a place you are coming to."  
"Harry's heart was too full for words, and wringing the old lady's hand he quitted the house which he had learned to love so dearly, and with a feeling of sadness directed his footsteps towards the place of embarkation.  
"Harry," said Mr. Marshall, "here, here is the place;" and they entered.  
It was a pleasant and comfortable dwelling, and a servant ushered them into the parlor. Harry looked around him. Surely this was never opened—his own dear Margaret, wee Willie and golden haired Kitty were in his arms!  
**Who's to Pay?**  
The Cotton Whigs, whose exponent Mr. Winthrop was when he voted the \$10,000,000, supposed, beyond a doubt, that the people would be made to pay the war expenses by the *hocus potus* of a tariff, under which tariff their cottons would flourish like pigs in an everlasting clover. They had not the slightest thought that they themselves would ever be called on to pay, really, one red cent of the hundreds of millions that might be spent.—They must begin to see that they, as well as Mr. Winthrop, made a mistake about the darling tariff. It is well over with tariffs in this treacherous world. They have nothing to do but to pack up and be off as fast as they can. Polk's revenue tariff,—as cunning a tariff as could have been devised to help him on in his nefarious war,—has got to be off. The bulk of this war bill, if ever paid, will have to be paid by a DIRECT TAX. Immensely cheaper and easier will it be to pay the whole of it so. And when the direct tax comes we shall see the comfort of the cotton whigs, and the rich Texas democrats.  
That tax will be laid on principles of justice. Where the man who is worth one thousand dollars pays one, the man who is worth two thousand will have to pay four dollars, and the man worth \$100,000 will have to pay \$10,000, the tax increasing as the square in proportion to the property. There is no sense in taxing one simply in proportion to property. One tenth of one per cent, is more severely felt by the possessor of one thousand dollars, than ten per cent, would be by a man worth half a million. As the rich cotton lords thought to tax every poor man's shirt to pay for this war, let them feel for their principal and interest, their stocks and dividends the full load of the cup they have commended to their lips. We think it will be a lesson to them. We should like nothing better than to see Mr. Abbott Lawrence and Mr. Nathan Appleton, the authors of those beautiful sang-froid letters to the Texas Committee, musing over their cash and putting a few stocks on the market to make out a tax of \$100,000 a piece, to pay for the Mexican war, and meet the pledges of their "however bounded" congressmen. And, gentlemen, we live in the confident expectation of seeing you have to do it. It is out of the question your pulling either cotton or wool over the eyes of the people much longer. You voted what you confidently supposed was their money to pay for this infernal crusade for slavery. They will vote chiefly your money finally to foot the bill. Rely on that gentlemen.—[Chronotype.

**Pat and the Tariff.**  
I was standing, a few days ago, on the deck of the steambark Trenton, when conversation was directed to a newly invented machine, which proved to be an implement of husbandry, and quite complicated in its construction. Among the many questions as to its use, was one by a son of Erin, whom I shall call Jim; when the following colloquy took place between him and another from the same green isle, whom I shall call Pat; and who was evidently something of a wag—and instantly took the idea to have a little fun with his less informed countryman, to the great amusement of the bystanders:  
Jim—What is that?  
Pat—Is it you don't know what it is, after being so long in the country, too?  
Jim—Faith, and I don't—I never seed the like afore. Divil a bit I know, if it ain't for diggin paraters.  
Pat—Ha, ha, ha loch, the simple numbe-kall that ye are. Why, that is the new tariff, ye blockhead, ye.  
Jim—in amazement—Och, by ray soul it that the new tariff so much talk'd about; and divil a lie in it?  
Pat—It's nothin' else, an' divil a lie, at all, at all.  
Jim—Och, domp the thing; but it'll ruin the country; it's me boss see the laborers will have no work with the new tariff, and the country ruined—and I see nothin' but starvation before me two eyes, I don't. Let's throw the domp thing overboard, and save the country from starvation, now when we have a chance?  
Pat—Is it yer boss see this country's ruined.—And ain't yer boss a whig?  
Jim—Sure, and a good whig he is too—and so am I.  
Pat—So I thought, and yer just the fool to believe every thing yer boss tells ye about the new tariff, ruin, low wages and so on; don't ye see I've made a fool of ye myself? You believe that was the tariff, and wanted to throw the innocent creature overboard, and fool ye as to believe every thing that's told ye, without reading and inquiry; for ye self—such ignorant men as ye self is, that will a man tariff (pointing to the machine), is, in honest truth, a farmer's machine for sowing his grain for the people to live on; and instead of its being an instrument of destruction and ruin, it is one of the instruments for filling our stomachs with bread, and so ye may call it the new tariff if ye like, and ye'll know more about the new tariff than I've ye did.—Ye'll better go home now, and tell yer boss he's either a knave or a fool, (faith may be a little of the two mixed) when he undertakes to cram such nonsense down the throats of honest an intelligent men, so ye had.  
Jim made his exit, grumbling.—[Pennsylvania.]  
**WESTERN VIRGINIA.**—A writer in the N. Y. Tribune, who is perfectly delighted with this region, writes thus concerning it.  
"Western Virginia embraces about four hundred miles of the Ohio river, giving therefore, through the various rivers that traverse her country, commanding outlets westward, while her eastern outlets are now being increased by railroads from Gandyote to Richmond, and from Parkersburg to the south branch of the Potomac river, there intercepting the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and also the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This Parkersburg route, from all that I can glean, will soon be carried into effect; indeed, so momentous is it looked upon, that at Cincinnati it was informed that a continued railroad route from Cincinnati to Parkersburg has been already surveyed. The completion of this route will tend to control the entire trade of the Ohio and Mississippi waters, and also open the mineral resources of western Virginia. I would I had Stentor lungs to arouse the people of this region to this acquisition! Her forests would then team with our hardy frontiersmen, while the European migration, an conflict, would seek for none other westward than that of the Ohio Dominion? Indeed I met quite a number of English and German families, good practical farmers, who had just arrived and were settling in this region. They told me that there were a great many of their countrymen coming out to settle in Western Virginia.  
The crops are superb and abundant, consisting of wheat, corn, rye, oats, Sec., Sec., and fruits and culinary vegetables of all kinds. There is nothing that our northern and southern States can produce, but what grows here profusely. They, however, want more of our northern enterprise to develop the vast resources of this truly rich region of country.  
An editor at table, being asked if he would like some pudding, replied, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to make room for it."



VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.

The Rights of Man to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to hunt 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 NOVEMBER 20, 1846.

The Industrial Reform Plea.

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 President of the United States, who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the States and of the United States, and to cause them to be held out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; and for any man for the Governorship or the Legislature who will not so pledge himself to the Freedom of the Public Lands, to a Limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in this State, to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to ten of the hours of daily labor on public works or in establishments chartered by law.

RETURN.

FRIENDS AND READERS.—The varying events of this circumstantial life, have again, after an absence of six months, allotted to us the editorial charge of the "Voice of Industry"—the organ of a mighty reform in the industrial relations of mankind. And though bringing, as we do, an increase of physical strength, a growing faith in the principles of Labor Reform, and a renewed determination to do all that abilities and circumstances will permit, to hasten their adoption; yet a lively sense of the magnitude of the cause, the obstacles to be surmounted, and the necessity of wise and judicious action, brings also an increased weight of responsibility, and causes us to feel inadequate for the task. But with a firm reliance on the immutability of Truth, and the generous co-operation of good minds and sincere hearts—men and women whose love of oppressed humanity does not end in empty sounds and windy declamations, we are not without hope, that our efforts will prove valuable to society, especially the working classes, and an acceptable offering upon the altar of human progression.

Upon returning, we find many new readers and correspondents,—minds to, with whom we have but little acquaintance, and whose knowledge of us, perhaps is equally as limited; therefore it seems due to all parties, that we should express our hearty concurrence in the leading measures which have been advocated with zeal and ability, by our predecessor, who as you have already learned, has taken another field of labor.

It is not in any other country, by mere judicial palliations, or legislative expedients, while the essential rights of man, are not practically recognized by our political compact. It is also vain to expect social, intellectual, or spiritual elevation, where the means of improvement are removed so far from the people by intervening causes, that they become subjects of speculative admiration, rather than real facts. That this is fast becoming the case in this country, no unbiased, observing mind can fail to see. The great tide of industrial enterprise of America, is approximating with fearful rapidity to a Monied Despotism, which while, it may tolerate the name, and even form of freedom, will be reared upon the violated rights of the toiling millions; and nourished by their blood and tears. Already are off people beginning to partake of the bitter fruits of the great Upas that has been cultured through ages of darkness and servitude, and is now casting a night of gloom over many of the fairest portions of God's universe. The clanking chains of the Southern bondmen, the deplorable destitution in our large cities, and the privations and sufferings in our manufacturing districts, speak in tones too audible to be misunderstood, that much remains to be accomplished before America can be truly free. To assist in this great and good work, is our mission—"the emancipation of Labor"—and through that, the Racially placing every human being in position to realize their true destiny, instead of being aggressors and aliens by birth, and crowding themselves through the world, the mere pignions of chance. In this warfare we have no weapons to use but those of truth and love, free from any desire to wrong or misrepresent our fellow men; and in our dealings with the wrongs of mankind, we shall not fail to pay due regard to the force of education, usages, and customs; but at the same time, we have but very little sympathy with those "who call themselves eminent practical men" because taking the world as it is, they have conformed to the world as it is; and endeavor to make to-day as much like yesterday as possible, hoping that the resemblance will be transmitted into tomorrow.

In the faithful discharge of our duty, we doubtless shall be called upon to speak with plainness even to severity, of many of the existing customs and transactions around us, which we shall not do from any fault-finding disposition, but because it is a duty; and at all times we shall endeavor to avoid everything like clamorous recklessness; believing as we do, that the citadel of the human heart cannot be taken by storm, but by the omnipotence of reason and truth, clothed in the fitting habiliments of candor and sobriety.

In again resuming the editorial duties, we hope to receive the co-operation of our old friends and contributors, in various parts of this and other States, who have heretofore rendered us valuable aid and counsel; and when it is taken into consideration, that no person should occupy the editorial chair as a leader or dictator, but as an instrument to facilitate the thoughts of others, as well as to communicate his own, the necessity of a united effort of thought and action will be quite apparent to all who sympathize with us in the present contest for human Liberty and happiness. Let us have a concentration of bold and true thought, that shall wake the people from their apathy, and cause them to realize that—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. On such a sea we now are afloat; And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our venture."

Such a union is to save the working classes from the thrall of industrial anarchy, and form the golden chain of redemption to the race. See to it friends, that you withhold no thought that will give encouragement, or deed that will strengthen us in our future labors.

Wm. F. YOUNG.

Our Financial Affairs.

It becomes necessary for us to state to the readers and friends of this paper, that its receipts thus far, have fallen considerably short of its current expenses, and consequently the burden of this deficiency, has borne heavily upon a few of its friends. That the Voice has received generous and substantial aid from several devoted friends abroad, we most gratefully acknowledge; but the weight of its pecuniary responsibility has rested upon three or four Workingmen of this city, whose deep felt interest in its behalf, has led them to bestow most liberally their hard earned substance for its support. Now when it is known that over two thousand copies of the paper are issued weekly, it may seem strange to some that any deficiency should occur. But to tell the truth, friends, a large portion of its subscribers are an actual loss. Many have not paid at all, others fractional sums, costing perhaps all they were worth to collect them; while others have sent the summary notes—"discontinue!"—without paying arrears, or even postage. At this crisis of affairs, therefore, the friends have come to the conclusion, that the good of the paper demands that no subscription be received without the assurance of some reasonable sum that the subscription price be raised to \$1.25 per year, which will take place in a short time, with some valuable mechanical improvements. When the present low price of the Voice is contrasted with the amount of reading matter it furnishes, we trust that no individual who desires its success, will fail to give this proposition a cheerful response. In the meantime all subscribers received before this arrangement is consummated, complying with the above requisitions, will be entitled to the present terms until their subscriptions expire.

The present publishers are anxious that the paper should increase in interest and worth, that it may meet the wants of the laboring community, and they will spare no efforts within their power, in making it really the "people's paper"—free and untrammelled by party or sect; and in doing this, they trust and believe that the many warm friends to the cause, will not permit them to suffer any further serious pecuniary loss.

The Voice of Industry, the only paper in New England devoted to the cause of Labor, should not suffer for want of support; but every workingman and woman who has anything to appropriate for reading matter, should subscribe for a paper which is laboring in their behalf.

Friends, the more means you place in our hands, the more effectually and successfully can we prosecute your work. Recall that our enterprise is not one of self-aggrandizement, but one eminently philanthropic in its aims; and gladly would we send the Voice gratuitously throughout New England, to every son and daughter of toil, had we the ability; but in alling it we are confident that you are putting your mites into a treasure that will reward you ten fold.

In addition to the leading objects of the Voice, we shall devote some attention to miscellaneous and scientific subjects; and with the assistance of an intelligent brother mechanic, with whose writings our readers are already acquainted, we shall be able to furnish a weekly synopsis of such passing events as will be profitable and instructive.

These few remarks, we hope may not prove altogether ineffectual in stimulating our friends to action; and we trust each and every subscriber will see the immediate necessity of furnishing us with the amount of their subscription, and of using their influence in gaining for the Voice of Industry, an extensive and permanent circulation.

INFORMATION WANTED.—A large number of honest inclined whigs of this city are anxious to find some logician crooked enough to prove to them that Schouler did not sell himself to Wm. Livingston at the late election. A liberal remuneration will be given.

Information to Buckham.

For the benefit of Mr. Buckham, of the Boston Courier, and such other Whigs as are "embarrassed for want of information" on the measures of Reform, we copy from the Tribune the following Resolutions, passed by the late Wm. Nominating Convention at Washington Court, Michigan.

Resolved, That landed democracy being the true foundation of public prosperity, and a just and economical government, and the accumulation of landed property in the hands of capitalist, being a great public evil, a Homestead, of adequate value, for every family ought to be exempt from execution on every debt heretofore contracted, and inalienable by mortgage.

Resolved, That av distinction in the privacy of citizens, on account of race or color, is anti-republican and anti-christian, and ought to be abolished.

And whereas, the extravagant pay of Congressmen and other federal officers, by holding out splendid pecuniary prizes for unscrupulous political intrigues, has had the productive of the most disastrous effect upon the moral character and policy of our Government; therefore

Resolved, That to be deemed compensation of Congressmen ought to be reduced as to its present amount, and the salaries of all Federal officers ought to be reduced in like proportion.

Resolved, That all State officers, without distinction, ought to be elected by the people, and that Senators and Representatives ought to be chosen by single Districts.

We also extract from the same Tribune a series of Resolutions passed by a Democratic Nominating Convention of the same County, on the 15th ult.

Resolved, That Land Monopoly and Speculation are one means by which scheming capitalists extort millions annually from the honest toil of the hardy pioneer, and a reduction of the public lands would but increase this oppressive evil in the new States and settlements of the West, and unless the lands of the public domain be reserved for the actual settler at some limited quantities.

Resolved, That the exercise of such an enormous patronage by the President of the United States, particularly in the appointment and removal at will of so many thousands of public officers, is well nigh centralizing the government in one vast monarchy in the hands of the national executive. Resolutions are therefore created all the wealth of the country, and the more there is expended to carry on our State and National governments, the less there can be left for the laborer's share; therefore sheer labor and honesty dictated that the salaries of all public officers should be so reduced as to correspond with the reward of productive industry.

Upon the subjects a general meeting of the Democrats of New York City, on the following:

Resolved, That for the purpose of giving a chance to every able and willing-to-labor citizen to become a free-holder, we are opposed to letting the Public Domain into the hands of any man in any manner save in limited quantities, to the actual settler and real cultivator.

Upon the above, the Tribune most sensibly remarks:—"We trust the new Members of Congress from this City will not forget the passage of these resolutions. We will take care that they shall not."

But what use to discuss this question in a Whig paper? It is inequitable, for not the Whigs generally opposed to all elemental reforms and fairness that any good may thereby be effected?—We answer, That remains to be seen. We believe they are quite as ready to support the reforms as their opponents if they are not, we mean that they shall be. When Brougham stood up to advocate the Parliamentary Reform bill in the notoriously hostile House of Lords, he said in substance, "I am constrained to tell you, my Lords, that through this House, or over this House, Reform will be carried." So it is now and here with many Reforms of which the necessity is not yet generally realized, long will be. So it is emphatically with regard to Land Reform. Let us labor on in patience and in hope."

Can any of the political wiseacres who show such wonderful ingenuity in discovering the essential difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, inform us how much Michigan Whigery differs from Michigan and Tammany Hall Democracy; especially just before election?

Some one has sent us a number of the Lancaster Courant published at Lancaster, Mass., in which the editor assumes to be remarkably wise in relation to legislating upon the hours of Labor and says, "you might as well attempt to regulate a man's appetite by law, compelling him to eat just so much per diem, let him be sick or well."

A poor fellow, can't see that the hours of labor are already regulated by law, in the case of corporations, and that law as potent as the written in the Statute Book, compelling men and women, old or young, weak or strong, to labor "just so" many hours per day on penalty of the torments of the "black list" and no labor at all.

For want of room we cannot dispose of the article more consistent with its genius than by quoting to our evidently blind cotemporary the following:—

"There was a small tin town, And he jumped into a Corporation boat, And scratched out both his eyes."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The poetic "Impromptu" will appear in our next. Friend Grant's letter, too late for insertion this week.

ELECTION RETURNS.—We are unable to give a statement of the National Reform vote of this State at the late election as the "howers that be" have been very careful that all deserters from the old Dynasties be put down "Scattering." If we are not "negligent observers" of the "signs of the times" there will be a "Scattering" among the "regulars" ere long.

The National Reform vote in Worcester ran as high as 72 which speaks well for a beginning.

"YOUNG AMERICA" comes to us this week with a severe and justly merited article on the official announcement by President Polk, of the sale of twelve millions of acres of the Public Domain, which is soon to take place. We shall copy part or all of the article into our next.

To our friends in the City, we would say, that we have at last procured a faithful carrier who will serve them hereafter in due season. Please forward your names.

THE DAILY SENTINEL of Providence, a spirited and liberal little paper is about being enlarged. The Sentinel is emphatically reformatory in its sentiments, as the article on "Progress" in the number before us clearly indicates, and we wish it success in a field where reform is so much needed.

We understand that Mr. Lawton one of the whig candidates for the Legislature from this city, declines standing as a candidate at the next trial. The cause of his defeat appears to be, that he, unfortunately possesses too much political integrity for the "whole hog" wire pullers.

Upon the "Workingmen's ticket" for Senators for Middlesex County, was the name of David Middleton, of Andover. We hope they do not vote for the annihilation of county lines.—(Courier.)

The "Workingmen" went about as far out of the county of Middlesex in the above case, as the whigs of Lowell did out of the county of political honesty when they selected the editor of the Courier to represent them in the next Legislature.

GODEY'S LADIES' Book for December is before us, more beautiful and chaste than ever, and with fair promises that the next Volume will exceed even the last. The enterprise and perseverance of the publishers, is sufficient guaranty that their promises will not remain unfulfilled.

The Courier that Mrs. Margaret Vance, who lived on Dutton St., came to her death last week under highly suspicious circumstances. Upon investigation it seems that rum was the cause of her death. By a bill accompanying the commission, it appears that about six gallons of Liquors were furnished the family of Mrs. Vance (consisting of herself, husband and five children) in the short space of seven weeks, by a Grocer. Yes, by a Grocer whose business it should be, to furnish food and nourishment, in exchange for the hard earned pittance of the poor, instead of liquid destruction.

THE WORKINGMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION is gaining ground rapidly. Divisions are starting up all over the country, Penitentiaries and the flames of commercial destruction. In the Old Country also, like institutions are combining the producing classes, and will ultimately produce an entire revolution in the commercial transactions of Europe. We shall give some account of their progress in our next.

The fire Saturday evening, about half past 6, was caused by some varnish taking fire in East Merrimack street, Belvidere. The inside of the shop was pretty well smoked up, but the damage by fire was trifling—if we except Mr. Morey's hand, which was severely burned in getting the burning kettle out of the shop.—Advertiser.

IMPORTED SHEEP.—Nine of ten sheep of the Leicester breed, imported from England, by Hon. Henry Clay, passed through this city yesterday, on their way to Ashland, under charge of a shepherd, who came with them.—Pittsburg Gazette.

This Henry is determined to continue his old business—pulling wool.

PROFESSOR BOND announces in another column that he will give a musical entertainment on Thanksgiving evening. Mr. Bond's high reputation, together with the valuable aid he is to receive, is sufficient guaranty that the occasion will be one of rare interest.

We rejoice to learn from the Subaltern that Mike Walsh is in a fair way of recovery from his recent illness, (caused it is supposed by hemorrhage at the lungs.)

Mike's introduction into the New York Assembly, will prove an event of much interest generally; and of special interest to some of the "old Hunkers" of that State.

THE SABBATH.—A Convention convened at Indianapolis, on the 16th of December next, to take into consideration the best mode of preventing a desecration of the Sabbath.—(Cincinnati Herald.)

Who are the Lowell corporations going to send as delegates?

COMMUNICATIONS.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1846.

DEAR VOICE.—Political excitement for the last few weeks, has made the denizens of this great village "air." There was considerable frothing and foaming among the political demagogues; 'gas' was freely administered to the vermin,—always especially the prejudiced, they always consuming a large quantity. The Whigs had forbidden; a schism having occurred in their ranks a few days before election. The "Conscience Whigs," those who were overawed in the Faneuil Hall Convention, not daring to say 'boo,' broke out of a sudden, in opposition to Mr. Winthrop, the regular nominee. Mr. Charles Sumner was selected; but declined—Dr. Howe was nominated, accepted, and was run; the ballot box, however, told the story. News from England a few days before had advanced the price of flour; dough, consequently had an upward tendency as the overwhelming majority of the so called 'dough face,' Robert C. Winthrop, proved. The "Cotton Whigs," as a natural consequence, have made merry, proclaiming their success and the triumph of sound principles. It may be so; but in the face of their and their god-like Daniel, I doubt it. Some principles are they!—to cherish, foster and encourage institutions that tend to oppress and plunder the people! What are their paper money shops but places for speculators to get 'accommodated,' that they may forestall everything in the market; that for what the laboring consumer wants, he must pay not a fair, but an exorbitant price? What are their cotton corporations, but institutions to subject labor to their arbitrary laws without an appeal, denying that those who granted them their privileges and suffer them to exist, have a right to say a word about their inhuman conduct. Sunday is desecrated, and character—that which is as dear as life—trafficked with impunity by them. Not satisfied with a Protective Tariff, they must have a 'high' protective tariff, that the people may be freely at the jugular vein. Glorious principles indeed!

The Democratic party cannot say anything either, for land monopoly is encouraged among them as much as personal property among the Whigs. Opposition is all that keeps them together; principles I cannot see as they have any. A few officers have a few dollars too much salary; what a 'blasting' they make about it! Retrenchment is all you can hear from them. Humanity is a little cared for with them, as with their opponents; property is the all absorbing topic, morally or privately; they know little and care less about your Ten Hour System in institutions created by law, or of the Inalienable Homestead. So far behind the times are they, that they had the audacity to put up in this city, at the late election, "paper manufacturers," ruin distillers and dealers; this was truly the height of the ridiculous. The people, however, submit to these inconsistencies—eye-gouge for them—they cry out against the times, how hard they are; and individuals, what aristocrats! Well, the times will be hard and men aristocratic, so long as the people, those especially who labor, make themselves. Can they expect respect from those to whom they have granted privileges to rob and plunder them of their time and money, both? If they want inequality and distinctions, poverty and crime, let them keep voting whigs and democratic tickets; they will get satisfied. I am inclined to think, eventually. The only principles that can benefit them are those of the National Reform. When men realize that they have a right to the Soil—that the public domain belongs to them, not to the government, they will begin to feel that they are not dependent upon capital. The Inalienable Homestead! that's the talk, for those who wish to live and let live. As I believe that doctrine "pure religion," without further remarks for National Reform, I subscribe myself

Yours, NED.

You should look before you Leap.

PLAGIARISM. My Louis Strack figures in the Lowell Voice of Industry as the author of an original poem called the "Angels' Serenade," which is not original at all, but a poor translation from the German of Uland. So says the Chronotype of Nov. 16, and as by the above article the public may be induced to give the editor of that paper credit for more wisdom and learning than he is entitled to, and as, also, the charge he has preferred against me may be credited, I will simply state the reason why I wrote the poem to which he refers, and what my fountain was from which I drew my idea. Some time since a German melody of peculiar beauty and graceful sweetness, composed by Himmel, and entitled "Die Rose—or Die Alexia send dich" (the existence of which had long been known to me), fell into my hands, and ever anxious to contribute my share in advancing the musical taste of this community by introducing as many as possible of the gems of the art, which had been introduced upon birth-place in my native land, I resolved upon translating the German poetry into English, and then publishing the song with my own arrangement of accompaniments. The song was translated and the accompaniments arranged, and so sent to Boston for publication, but the publisher returned the manuscript, saying that the beautiful melody was



but illy married to verses so crude. My opinion was not at all at variance with his, although the translation was strictly literal, as far as rhyme and rhythm would allow. Still instead upon publishing the song, I concluded to write a poem myself, that might not prove unworthy of the air, although I must confess that to me, who cannot lay any claim to poetic merit, the task was a very difficult one. A long time I searched in vain for a fitting subject, when I chanced to recollect the following story which had been told me in my childhood.

Once upon a time there lived in a small village in Germany, a beautiful maiden whose name was Rose. Her father died when she was very young, and after his death she was the only child and comfort her mother had left in this world. She instructed the darling of her heart to walk in the ways of God, and the mother's example of meekness and piety, and her strictness in observing all religious ceremonies, was eagerly adopted by the young daughter, so that when she grew up, she received on account of the excellence of her heart, her gaiety, beauty and piety, the name of the "Rose of the Village." Every body loved the widow's daughter, and all vied in gaining a smile from her beautiful lips. She was often sought in marriage, but her heart remained untouched, and her entire love she devoted to her mother and her God. This lasted a long while, till at last every body in the village thought she could not love any man in the world, so as to marry him. But one day a cavalier arrived in the village and stopped at the inn called the "Sun." He was a very handsome man, and he wore rich jewels, and kept his servants and his horses and his carriage. He also played the guitar very sweetly, and sang most beautiful songs. At length he had lived at the inn about a week, he happened to see Rose, and being struck by her great beauty, he found means to be introduced to her. He talked to Rose so enchantingly, and sang such sweet songs to her, and made her such rich presents, that he bewitched the poor girl's mind, and gained her entire affection. None was now more happy than poor Rose; but her happiness soon turned into misery, for the cavalier was a gay deceiver, and though he had sworn never to forget her, and always to love her, he started away one morning, without telling Rose any thing of his intentions, and shortly after she heard that her lover had married a very rich and very beautiful young lady. From that time, Rose was never again seen to smile, and she who formerly had been the pride and the boast of the village, fell sick, and wasted away her life in sorrow and in tears. At last she grew so feeble, that she could not leave her bed, but she continually prayed for the welfare of her treacherous lover, and spoke of the bliss that awaited her in heaven. One night she suddenly started from her sleep, and told her mother, that her lover was without her, and she protested that there was no one, as she could hear no music at all. But Rose persisted in saying that she heard the sweetest music to which she had ever listened, and upon her mother's assuring her that she was entirely deceived, she all at once exclaimed, "Oh, mother! the heavenly angels are singing songs to me, and have come to carry me away to heaven. Look how beautiful they are—how radiant their wings—and see what bright garlands they bear in their hands. Ah, oh, there is one bearing a crown of glory, which is offering to me. Mother, good bye—good bye, dear mother."

Two days after this, she laid poor broken-hearted Rose in the cold grave.

This is the material out of which I have framed my little piece of poetry, "The Angel's Serenade." Have given the story almost word for word, as far as I can recollect it, and as it was related to me by an old grand aunt, who knew a great many stories of the same kind. If Uhlend has written a piece of poetry on the same subject, the thought is no more original with him than it is with me, and if my poem resembles Uhlend's so far that it may be called even a poor translation, I feel myself highly flattered by the compliment, for Uhlend is one of Germany's greatest poets, although I have never had the good fortune to see his "Angel's Serenade."

If the words are crude, it must be recollected that I was restricted to three stanzas, to a rhythm in which I never saw a piece of poetry in the English language, and to a melody which sometimes required that four syllables should make sense—and that sometimes even a monosyllable might bear repetition three or four times. If the editor of the Chronotype knows nothing about these difficulties, I would advise him to try and see how well he may succeed. At all events, he must be a shallow critic if he cannot discern a translation from an original composition, particularly when he professes to be acquainted with the original. I therefore insert in to-day's paper a translation of Goethe's Mignon's Song—which is a translation, and in my opinion a good one, if else adherence to the original without sacrificing the rhythm or sense, can be called a good translation. Here the editor of the Chronotype will find that I have not taken even so many liberties as many a translator will assume in translating prose into prose. The language, also, flows along very smoothly, and presents the full meaning of the original. I may, perhaps, without being thought vain, pass this eulogy on my own production, as Mr Chronotype condemned an

original poem as a bad translation. But I dare say his chief objection was more to make a display of his knowledge, than to accuse me of plagiarism, for I repeat that I never saw the poem of Uhlend's, to which he alludes—though Uhlend is no stranger to me. I should also know when a translation from the German is good—for the German language is my mother tongue.

I will close by merely stating why I suffered "The Angel's Serenade" to appear in the Voice at all. Sometime since I received a paper from a fair one in the country, and it could not be less than return the compliment. Thinking that one which contained something of my hand might prove more acceptable than if I were, perhaps, to purchase the "Chronotype" and send it, I published the Angel's Serenade. I am sorry that I have been compelled to make any private matters so public; but the other evening I was even in the open street attacked by a crazy man, and if I had not used some means of defence, the public might have considered me whipped.

LOUIS STRACK.

For the Voice of Industry.

Goethe's Mignon's Song.

BY LOUIS STRACK.

Knowest thou the land where blooms the citron tree?

And fledge drink the orange sweet you see?

And smile and smile and smile from the sky—

There grows the myrtle and the laurel high—

Knowest thou the land?

Oh, there! oh, there!

Would I with thee, oh my beloved one, flee!

Knowest thou the house, with pillars grand and tall?

The rooms so high and lofty, and the hall?

And smile and smile and smile from the sky—

What here they do, and here they die, into thee?

Knowest thou the house?

Oh, here! oh, there!

Would I with thee, oh my protector, flee!

Knowest thou the meadow where the clover blooms?

Where through the meadow the blue path runs?

In caverned woods the ancient gnarled brood—

The ewings rush down, and over them the flood.

Knowest thou the meadow?

Oh, here! oh, there!

There points our way, oh father, let us flee!

There points our way, oh father, let us flee!

Citizens' Temperance Meeting.

In pursuance of a call signed by a large number of the citizens of Lowell, a large meeting was held at the City Hall on the evening of the 23d inst., to consider the present alarming prevalence of intemperance in the city, and devise means to stop its onward ravages. The meeting was organized by appointing Dr. E. Huntington, Chairman, and J. K. Fellows, Secretary. The following resolutions were submitted to the meeting, and adopted in behalf of a committee previously appointed.

Resolved, That it is the right and duty of every citizen, by appropriate and judicious measures, to protect and defend the persons, possessions, peace and well-being of its members, against the effects of inordinate and hurtful appetites, passions and lusts; and against the appetite for intoxicating drinks, let less than that which is the duty of every citizen to resist and conscientiously to observe and obey.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the legally constituted guardians of the public welfare, and conservators of the public peace, to see that the laws of the Commonwealth, restraining the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, are observed, and enforced, if need be, by the infliction of their penalties. And we will upon the officers of our Government to whom this duty appropriately belongs, in view of the alarming prevalence of transgression, to address themselves to the most wakeful, vigorous, and persevering performance of their duty in this respect.

Resolved, That the good citizens of Lowell will give to their Mayor, Aldermen and Peace officers their fullest countenance and support in all lawful endeavors to enforce the laws in this respect, and especially will they give them information of all known violations of said laws, to the end that said violations may be legally prosecuted by proper officers.

Resolved, That all persons who are in violation of the laws of this State, and whose names are furnished to the Mayor and Aldermen of this city.

Which is respectfully submitted.

John Aiken, Josiah Curtis, Linus Child, S. W. Hanks, Committee.

After enthusiastic addresses by Ross, S. W. Hanks, U. C. Burnap, and A. A. Myers, Dr. J. Curtis and Linus Child, the meeting adjourned at the resolutions, and appointed Mr. E. Burnap a committee to procure the City Hall for weekly meetings, &c., that the proceedings be published in the several papers in this city. The meeting then adjourned to the call of the committee.

In consequence of the report of the above meeting having come to us late, we are unable to give but a brief synopsis, but shall speak of the subject hereafter.

Mr. Leland's Letter—Democratic candidate for Senator.

HOLTON, Oct. 27, 1846.

Gentlemen: In answer to the several propositions contained in yours of the 23d inst., I am glad to have before me a document and a favor for, so far as an opportunity has been afforded me (or the principles which they contain). The second, third and fourth are somewhat new to me, therefore I am not prepared to give a definite answer. Should the measures contemplated in them appear to me essential to the advantage of the interest of the laboring class, they will at all suitable times and places receive from me the same support that the first and fifth will.

Respectfully yours,

WALTER LELAND.

To John S. Fletcher, Wm. F. Young, Joel Hatch, Committee of the Industrial Reform Association of Lowell.

FREEDOM OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.—This vital question seems to be gaining more and more of the attention of the public. The impolicy as well as the absolute injustice of allowing speculators many of them with borrowed capital, to buy up these lands for the purpose of raising their prices and preying upon the hardy yeomanry who wish to settle and cultivate them, is beginning to be viewed in its true light. An article upon this subject which appeared in this paper a short time since, was lately read at a meeting in New York city, by the Secretary of a Political Society, and was stated by him to have been written by the democratic candidate for Congress in this District. We would remark, however, that we cannot claim the compliment paid to us, because, although we fully approve the sentiments of that able and well expressed article, we did not write it. It belongs to the junior editor of this paper.—[Northampton Democrat.

PARK PLACE LODGINGS.—What are the homeless and homeless wretches who have been sleeping on the sward in the Park to do now, is the ineluctable question advances upon them? This is a question we ask ourselves whenever we pass through the now lonely and desolate Park. A few days since we counted seventeen outcast beings lying on the cold sward, or stretched upon the benches about the fountain, among whom were two females, honest, we presume, because, if otherwise, they would soon find open doors amid the haunts of vice. If the corporation authorities would not deem us meddling, we would suggest that they erect tents for such as these, and also build some of capacity sufficient to accommodate families, who are driven out of miserable hovels and filthy courts by soulless rapacious landlords. We will be satisfied with almost anything upon which we can secure homes for all upon the land. God speed the time! We may speak ironically, but we feel deeply and bitterly. Still faith and hope are strong, and we "hide our time."—[Young America.

The Whigs had a glorification on Tuesday night last over their recent victory, by setting off powder and fire works around the Park and in Union Square. Let us ask the Whigs if it would not have been more in accordance with reason and Christian charity to have distributed the amount that was required to purchase these gewgaws among the suffering and starving population of our city, than to so wantonly waste it upon so meaningless a dumb show as was that night exhibited, to say nothing of the danger of accidents from the falling rocket poles.—[Young America.

One regiment is required from each of the following States, to wit: PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI, and one of mounted men from Texas.

Com. Conner's official account of the successful attack on Alvarado confirms the Telegraphic despatch of Saturday night, and the statement of the Pisicayne's correspondence. —[Journal of Commerce.

THE NORTHAMPTON DEMOCRAT is informed that the Voice has been regularly mailed to that office.

GENERAL LEWIS CASES of Michigan is engaged to lecture before the Institute next week.

The Next Convention.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, held at Lowell, Nov. 9th 1846, it was thought advisable to change the time and place of the next Convention, on account of the ineluctable season of the year, and the distance which must be passed over without a conveyance by cars. Voted, that this Convention be called to meet in Boston, the 14th Wednesday and Thursday of January, 1847.

It was thought such change would be for the interest of the League, inasmuch as many more friends would be able to attend it, than could possibly attend at Woonsocket R. I. We hope this alteration will meet the approval of the Friends generally.

Also that all the friends to the improvement of the condition of our race find it in their hearts to be there, and ready not only to speak but to act in the Reform movement.

Rec'd Sec'y. H. J. STORR.  
LOWELL, Nov. 15, 1846.

DEATHS.

REPORTS OF DEATHS IN LOWELL, during the week ending Nov. 14th, 1846.

Nov. 6th, Frank H. LORRY, 2 yrs, convulsions.  
11th, Abner BARNETT, 23 yrs, typhus fever; Rebecca KENNEDY, 47 yrs, aneurism; 12th, Rosamond RICHARDSON, 17 yrs, typhus fever; Ann M. CHASE, 68 yrs, disease of the heart; Mary A. WIGGINS, 36 yrs, dropsy of the brain; Christopher ARNOLD, Jr. 6 yrs, convulsions; 14th, Joseph SCOTCH, 34 yrs, disease of brain; William G. DEXTER, 13 months, diarrhoea.

DAVID WELLS, Supt. Burials.

NOTICES.

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

Wm. J. KAUBER, Sec'y.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 4, holds its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on Court, opposite High street.

RICHARD A. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 3, holds its meetings on Monday evening, at No. 2, Boston Hall, Boston.

All Divisions will be accommodated with goods on the same terms as those of the 90-store open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 9 o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH CARW, Sec'y.

From the Young America.  
Letter of Gerrit Smith.

Gerrit Smith, among others, was applied to for his consent to be brought forward for nomination as the Free Soil candidate for Governor at the recent election. He declined, but in doing so, it will be seen that he took occasion to express, in emphatic terms, his approval of the National Reform cause.

The following is his letter:

PETERBORO, August 27, 1846.

GROVER H. EVANS.—Dear Sir—Your letter of the 22d inst. did not reach me until this hour.

I feel a deep interest in the objects of the "National Reformers"—but, I cannot consent to be a candidate for civil office.

I have never held a civil office. My total want of relish for public life is one reason why I have never entered it. My care to do my father's vast concerns, beginning as it did with the beginning of my manhood, is another.

These reasons exist at the present time, and will undisturbedly continue. It is proper, however, to add that had I desired office, I was quite too odious to get it.

I hope, that your Convention will be guided by a higher than earthly wisdom. Then it will choose for its candidates men of true benevolence—men who pity the poor, and whose prayer and corresponding effort is that no man be poor, and no man be rich—that no man be overvalued, and that no man be undervalued. Then it will choose for its candidates men of peace—men who seek bloodless moral victories; whose reformatory weapons are none other than reason and love.

Be patient, be kind, my brother. The cause you serve is a good cause. It will prevail—for it is dearer to the Great Heart of Heaven than to any of our little hearts on earth.

Very respectfully, your friend,  
GERRIT SMITH.

In 1815 it took twenty-five days to carry the news of the battle of New Orleans to Washington. It took only seven days to carry the news of Gen. TAYLOR's battles to the Government.

We acknowledge the reception of a letter containing \$2.00 from our friend E. W. P. of Boston.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

By L. M. Wieting M. D. is delivering a course of Lectures on the above interesting subjects at the City Hall, which we have highly commended. We regret having been unable as yet to attend.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

Seven thousand Volunteers called for.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17—noon.

The War department has made a requisition calling into service eight additional regiments of volunteers.

One regiment is required from each of the following States, to wit: PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA, LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI, and one of mounted men from Texas.

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DAVID WELLS, Supt. Burials.

NOTICES.

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

Wm. J. KAUBER, Sec'y.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 4, holds its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on Court, opposite High street.

RICHARD A. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 3, holds its meetings on Monday evening, at No. 2, Boston Hall, Boston.

All Divisions will be accommodated with goods on the same terms as those of the 90-store open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 9 o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH CARW, Sec'y.

THE LOWELL INDUSTRIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION hold their regular meeting MONDAY evening, at No. 76, Central st., where they will be happy to meet all who are interested in the producing masses. G. H. MARSH, Sec'y.

Thanksgiving Concert!

M. A. BOND respectfully announces that he will give a CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music, on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 26. Mr. Bond takes pleasure in announcing that he will be assisted by Messrs J. B. WOOD, W. I. N. MEX-SALAZAR, Mr. L. S. COOK, and several Amateurs who have kindly volunteered their aid.

Tickets 25 cents—may be obtained at the usual places. Doors open at 8 o'clock concert will commence at 14. About 7 o'clock, precisely.  
Lowell, Nov. 15th, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DR. THOMAS C. BRUGHAM has opened an office on Market st., nearly opposite the Bath House, where he will be happy to attend those who may favor him with a call. All persons afflicted with chronic ailments, even of the most deadly character, Scrophulous Eruptions of the skin, Ac. would do well to consult Dr. B. If he does not effect a speedy and permanent cure, no charges will be made.

M. B.—Disease attended to with promptness and success. Dr. B. has a large number of cases of the same kind being called at his office at any time.

He also keeps on hand a good assortment of Family Medicines.  
Lowell, Nov. 15, 1846.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, my Wife ANN HOLT has this notice to forbid all persons from troubling her on my account from and after this date.

EDWARD HOLT.  
Lowell, Nov. 9, 1846.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

L. DODD is adding a prime assortment of Books and Stationary to his stock of Books and Stationary, and will sell as low as the lowest at No. 4 Central Building.

Nashville, Oct. 2, 1846.

G. E. Cheever.

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

A splendid assortment of rich Jewelry and Fancy Goods very cheap at 112 Merrimack street—Watches, Clocks, and Jewels of all kinds repaired in the best manner and warranted. Next the Telegraph office.

Lowell, Oct. 2, 1846.

PRIVATE LESSONS.

The subscriber has taken a room (No. 7, Second floor) in the Bank Building, where he will give instruction in WRITING, French, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, and other studies, if desired; for the accommodation of those who cannot attend the evening School.

Open every day except Saturday, from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Call and see H. J. JAGUES.

N. B. Jagues' & Co's Copying School, is now open, at Anti-Slavery Bldg, 36 Central street, (next opposite the Post Office). Instructions given in English, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, Phonography, and various other studies.

oct30 3m.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY.

WE have not received; but we have received this morning, from NEW YORK and BOSTON,

15 Cases of New, Rich and Fashionable FINE L. GOODS,

to which we will call the attention of the reader.

NEW SUEDE, BROWN, GREEN, RED, BLUE, and every color, in the most fashionable styles, and of every quality, and at very low prices.

The whole of which will be offered at unprecedentedly low prices.

The following items will convey a slight idea of the many advantages accruing to purchasers at this establishment.

1 Case of Gold Alpacas, 26 pair of sh, worth 62; 60 pair of Silk Alpacas, 26 pair of sh, worth 25; 2 Cases Very Rich Calicoes, English Style, worth 200; 1 Case Very excellent Cottons, worth 60; 1 Case very excellent Calicoes, 50; 2 Cases Flannels, (White and Red) worth 25; Delaines, 16; worth 15; 1 Case French Goods, worth 10; 1 Case of Green Linen, worth 10; 1 Case of Blue Linen, worth 10.

Thousands of other Bargains equally desirable and equally affordable.

On opening one splendid Establishment, we claimed the first position in the city. This position has been awarded us by the indubitable verdict of public opinion. We are constantly being supplied by the press of Public Patronage, to enlarge our borders—and unobscured and encouraged by the ungrudging approbation of the public, we have enlarged our establishment to the maintenance of the high character which it has attained, as emphatically, "The Mart for the Million."

One of the firm constantly attends the Boston Association, and our system of business is perfectly organized, and our prices are so low, that we are enabled to sell at the lowest possible price, and to leave miles in the rear all possible competitors.

Great variety of Goods, of Merrimack and Kirk Streets.

PEABODY, HARRIS & DUDLEY, Proprietors.

Lowell, 20th.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. F. GLADWIN would inform his patrons, and all other persons who may be in want of the services of a Dentist, that he has removed his residence, No. 96, Merrimack street, one door west of Dr. Eay's edificatory, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may have occasion for his professional aid, at all hours of the day and evening.

The health of Dr. Gladwin's residence in Lowell, and the large number of his patients, have rendered it necessary for him to resort to the common practice of pulling. He would therefore, merely state that he is prepared to perform the same in the most judicious manner, and in the approved manner. All materials which he uses are warranted to be of the best quality, and he will be equal to the extraction of any teeth in the mouth, or to the fitting of any artificial dentures, either on gold or iron plate.

Dr. G. will insert a plate of teeth—either with or without the use of gum—such as will warrant to be retained by the patient.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE ALONE, without the use of heat or springs, and to answer all purposes of the Machine.

Any responsible person, who may require it, will be supplied with a full set of teeth, at the quality of the work, and the accuracy of the fit, before payment will be required.

Information is permitted to refer such as may desire the following particulars, to the following persons, who will be happy to furnish them, and nearly all retained by atmospheric pressure alone, from one to three years.

Mrs. C. E. Jones, "J. Pratt,

"E. M. Gardner,

"W. Williams,

"C. Clark,

"H. W. Water,

"Dr. D. Jones,

"Wm. North,

"Mrs. T. A. Baker,

"George Walker,

"C. F. Leighton,

"M. Hodgdon.

Prices for work will be as low as the prices of any regular Dentist in this city or State.

Lowell, Aug. 15, 1846.



