



\$1.25 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME III.]

AN ORGAN OF THE PEOPLE. BOSTON AND LOWELL, FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 15, 1847.

[SINGLE COPIES 3 CENTS.

[NUMBER 14.]

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Published simultaneously at Boston and Lowell, every FRIDAY morning. Office in Boston, BREA MARSH, 25 Cornhill; in Lowell, 76 Central street.

D. H. JAKUES, PUBLISHER.

MISS MERTHABLE EASTMAN, GENERAL AGENT.

TERMS.—Single copy, \$1-25 per annum. Strictly in ADVANCE. Five copies to one address, \$5. Communications and Remittances, should be addressed, Post Paid, to the Voice of Industry, Lowell Mass.

See Prospectus on the last page.

POTRY.

To feel the beautiful, to say the true,— To look with hopeful Hope for what is coming—

These are A poet's duties; he who doth them not, Is none. Calder Campbell.

FLOWER TEACHINGS.

BY LILLIE NORA.

There is meaning in the flowers Which to spirit glance,

Sweeter than the odor-showers That o'erhurl our senses.

They are ministers of wisdom— Glory-winged Angels,

Who will teach us, if we list them, Beautiful Epigrams.

In the stillness, in the shadow, In the pathway byways,

Glorying all the meadow Glad as in the highway,

Down among the hazel nestled, Hidden close together,

On the hill-top, where they wreathed— With the windy weather,

Dancing with the dancing tinkles, On the brooklet's edges,

Where the luminous water wrinkles Round the peary ledges,

Blushing to the lovely maiden In the garden bowers,

Till her heart droops, sweet'er-er-laden, Like her dewy flowers;

Or amid mosses and dingle, Careless of their loneliness,

With their sweetest hearts they mingle, Royal-jets, but throneless,

Ever doing their sweet duty In their many places;

Beautiful for love of Beauty, Not for human praise;

To the sun's kiss and the breeze' Giving blush and sweetness,

With a will that never ceases, Till their life's completeness.

When our feet their bosoms trample,— Sweaver for the crushing,

With forgiveness, dear and ample, All their hearts are pushing,

Sweetly in their lives they teach us, To be calm and firm;

To stand and earthlings over-reach us— Never once to waver;

But beneath the weary knicker Of the vile, bloom blantly,

Knowing grief is never thankless, Though the proud pass dimly;

Then as best so meekly dying, Being heathen through brownness,

Like a Queen of Beauty, lying 'On her death-bed, crowglow,

Not a low breath of repining, For the bloom they're leaving,

For their very stork-like twining Life-gems in the weaving,

So they live and perish, never Wanting any treasure,

For they live in us forever, At their filial measure.

If like them we make our growing Sweetly to forget all;

And one bloom'd-hopes, death-ward going, Seed-hunks of the Vial.

MISCELLANY.

OBEDIENT INSTRUCTIONS.

"Well, Julia, suppose I ask your father—his refusal cannot make things much worse than they are at present. Suspense, Julia, is the cause of the most bitter feelings."

"We must not be hasty, Robert—our situation requires caution; by a little management we may possibly succeed, gloomy as the prospect seems to be. Now don't say anything to papa yet—I had much rather you would not. The best possible way for us to accomplish our wishes, is not to advance too soon."

"Too soon, too soon, Julia! Have we not waited two long years and more? and have

you not all along been preaching that same doctrine, 'too soon, too soon, indeed!'"

"Well, don't be angry—I row that frown from your countenance and look pleasant, and we will immediately set about some plan by which to effect what you so much desire.—Come, smile away your anger—the skies of love are sometimes clear."

Robert Moultrie loved Julia Hallowell, and she loved him; two years or more had passed since they had agreed—come well, come well—to trudge through life together. "Two very long years! Two years seem an eternity to wait upon the eve of bliss, and to delay a happy consummation."

Julia's father was a wealthy shipping merchant residing in the port of Charleston, S. C. Some of the old inhabitants remember the firm of Hallowell & Haddington. He was an upright and highly honorable man, but whose pique was supreme law wherever his power could be exercised.

Robert Moultrie was a clerk in the counting room, and his salary, which was his sole dependence, though far above the pittance generally allowed to young men similarly situated, amply sufficient to warrant his assuming the expenses of a family, did not elevate him to that importance in presuming upon the hand and heart of the daughter of the wealthy shipper.

The character of this young gentleman was unimpeachable, and he was as much respected for his talents as he was for his correct deportment; but (but, it is a wicked word) the curse of Gehaza was on him—he was poor!

Robert had been in the counting-room of Mr. Hallowell since he was 14 years of age. He had grown up in the family, and by the side of this lovely heiress, who had been promised to a thing of wealth and show. The thing was in the Indies, amassing riches to lay at the feet of his bride, but his soul had on it the stain of dishonor, and Julia had vowed before her God that she would never be his wife. Mr. Hallowell knew that Robert generally attended his daughter to church, and that he went and came with her when she visited her acquaintances, and so on—but he never dreamed that wily Cupid was pitching his darts successfully into the bosoms of both; and the arrows of the little god were firmly fixed, and he dealt out the silken cord until they were far out upon the sea of love, too far to proceed or return without each other.

"Do tell me, Robert, what is the matter with you? I have been a witness to your downcast looks and sorrowful appearance until I have become melancholy myself. What is the matter, boy?"

This question was asked by Mr. Hallowell one day when Robert and himself were alone in the counting-room; and if any individual has passed a like fiery trial, he can have some idea of Robert's feelings, when the very man whose daughter he loved so well was contriving the best plan to learn from him the secret of his unhappy appearance, and addressing him in such kind and affectionate language. It went too deeply, however, into the recesses of Robert's heart, for him to return an immediate reply. Mr. Hallowell plainly saw that there was something on his mind that made him unhappy, and he wished to remove the cause, whatever it might be; he urged a candid revelation of all that affected his feelings, and promised his assistance to relieve him, whatever it might require. Robert succeeded, however, in putting him off that time, and trembled at the thought. At their next meeting, he related the matter to Julia.

"I thought," said she, laughing, "you were not so anxious to ask the old gentleman as you appeared to be. Now that was a stumper, Robert. Why did you not tell him? Why did you not? His ha, ha!"

"Julia, do you think he suspects?"

"Not a whit more than does the king of the French."

"Well, Julia, to tell the truth of the matter, I left this morning with the intention of telling him all about our affections for each other—and if he refused, I determined to act for myself, without further advice; but when I came before him I felt something in my throat as if I was choking, and I could hardly talk to him on business matters—much less on love affairs."

The lovers continued to meet often, and the return of the older admirer from the Indies

being soon expected, it became necessary that they should prepare for the trials that awaited them. In short, Mr. Hallowell was endeavoring to ascertain the cause of Robert's apparent unhappiness, more from good feeling towards the young man himself, than for the unimportant mistakes made by him in his accounts. The next opportunity that offered, he repeated his former questions, and insisted upon an immediate reply.

Robert stammered and stammered a good deal before he could answer, but at last he did say: "Why, sir, I am much attached to a young lady of this city, and have reason to believe she is equally attached to me, but there is an obstacle in the way, and—"

"Ah, indeed! And does the obstacle amount to over a thousand dollars? If it does not, you shall not want it. I'll fill up a check now. Have all the parties consented?"

"Why, sir, the cause of my—the—that is—the cause of my uneasiness is, I am afraid her father will not consent."

"Why, who is he? Refer him to me. I'll settle the matter."

"He is a rich man, sir, and I am not."

"His daughter loves you, does she?"

"I think—yes, sir."

"She says so, any how, don't she?"

"Why—I—yes—she—yes, sir, she has said as much."

"Is the old fellow very rich?"

"I believe, sir, he is tolerably well off."

"And he won't consent? By the powers of love, he must be an old Turk—he won't they? Here give me his name, I'll soon settle the matter. But stop—has he anything against you? Does he know me?"

Here the old gentleman went over a string of questions which Robert felt no disposition to answer, and which it is not worth our while to relate. The conclusion of the conference left Robert in possession of a check for a thousand dollars a letter of introduction to Parson Green of the Presbyterian church, and the following advice from the lips of his father-in-law in 'prospective.' He was to run away with the girl, to use Mr. Hallowell's carriage, and the black water, George, was to drive them.

Robert governed himself in strict accordance with the advice given, and before dark the parties were before Green, whose scruples of conscience quitted by the introductory letter. They were soon pronounced husband and wife, and jumped into the carriage, followed by the blessing of the parson, whose fee was a small part of the thousand dollar check. George was directed to drive to a rich old childless uncle of Robert's who lived about five miles from the city, and to whom the secret was told. The old man, thinking the joke was too good to be enjoyed alone, sent out for some of his neighbors. Midnight found the jovial assembly demolishing the good things provided by the aunt, and laughing over the trick played on the wealthiest shipper in the south.

Early in the morning, Robert Moultrie and Julia attended by their uncle and aunt, went to the house of Mr. Hallowell, the young couple being anxious for the effervescence of a father's wrath to be over, and the antiquated pair to witness the reception, and if necessary to act as moderators between the parties. They were met in the parlor by Mr. Hallowell, whose first words were: "You young rogue, you! Little did I think how my advice was to act upon me. Well, Robert," said he laughing, "you certainly caught me that time, and you deserve to be rewarded for the generalship you have displayed. Here, my boy—my son, I suppose I must say—here are deeds for property worth ten thousand dollars, and henceforth you shall be my partner in business."

IRISH HEARTS.

At this moment, when the sufferings of the Irish people engross so large a share of public sympathy, the following sketch of Irish character may not be found uninteresting. To us it seems touching and truthful. The story itself prefaces the incident by stating that he found an Irish family, of a husband, wife, and several children, on one of our lake steamers. They were in great destitution; and the beauty of the children was the theme for the admiration of all their fellow travel-

ers. At the request of a lady passenger, who having no children of her own, was desirous of taking one of the little Irishers and adopting it, the narrator addressed himself to the head of the family. We do not know the author of the sketch, and give it as we find it.

"Although," says the story teller, "I had considerable doubt as to the result, I offered my services as a negotiator, and proceeded immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair. 'You are very poor?' 'Yes, sir,' said he. 'Poor, sir?' said he; 'ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of us, for we'd be about equal.' 'Then how do you manage to support your children?' 'Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or another. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they don't.' 'Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?' It was too sudden; he turned sharply round. 'A what, sir?' he cried; 'a relief to part from me child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from my body, or the heart torn from my breast? And relief, indeed?—God be good to us, what do you mean?' 'You don't understand me,' I replied; 'if now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?' 'No sir,' said he; 'the heavens know that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but do tell us what ye're driving at.' I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to one of his children; and if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

"This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love, and a child's interest was evident and touching, at length he said: 'Oh, further, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and have a talk with Mary—that's the mother of them, and it wouldn't be right to be giving away her children afore her face; she knows nothing at all about it.' 'Away with you, then,' said I, 'and bring me an answer back as soon as possible.' In about an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?" "Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he, "but I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above 'll give us strength to bear it."

"Very well, and which of them is it to be?" "Faix, an' I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. "Here's Nora—she's the oldest an' I want her mother so much—but then—oh! I tear an' aiger—I's myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first that comes wid a blessing! There, sir,"—and he handed over little Nora—turning back he snatched her lip in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty, father's kiss, saying through his tears: "May God be good to him that's good to you; and them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pother."

Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Nora with me.

I took her down in the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time, I saw my friend, in about an unneeded making signs for me to come out. I did so—and found he had the other child in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" said I. "Well, sir," said he, "I ax your pardon for troublin' you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we were thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Nora, because—the creature has a look of me—but here's little Biddy, she's purtier far, an' as you please, sir, will you swap?"

"Certainly," said I, "whenever you like." So he swapped up little Nora, as though it

were some recovered treasure; and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy who remained with us all night; but in the morning when we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making mysterious signs again at the window, and by this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms."

"What's wrong now?" I inquired. "Bo the bokey foy, sir, an' it's myself that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see, I've been talkin' to Mary, and she didn't like to part with Nora, because she had a look of me; and be me soul, I can't afford to part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother, but there's little Pauline, sir, there's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more—he'll never be any trouble to any one, for he takes after his mother he'll have the brightest eye; and as he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap, sir?"

"With all my heart," said I, "it is all the same to me,"—and so little Pauline was left with us.

"Ah, ah," said I to myself, as I looked into his big laughing eyes, "the affair is settled at last. But it wasn't, for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby in his arms, cried out: 'It's no use, I've been talking to Mary, an' we can't do it. Look at him, sir—be the youngest and best of the bunch. You would n't have the heart to keep him from us. You see, sir, Nora's his look of me, and Biddy has a look of Mary; but be my soul, little Pauline has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' little bits av both av us all over. No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from us.'"

TRUTH AND PROGRESS.

BY S. FLEMING.

We have been placed upon this earth, gifted with physical and intellectual organizations, whose legitimate employment is the acquisition of happiness, and the acquisition of happiness is necessarily inseparable from the investigation of Truth. The inherent excellence and dignity of our nature, and the manifestations of an untrammelled philosophy, forcibly teach, that our physical and intellectual capacities have been designed, and are beautifully befitted for the outworking, the accomplishment, the consummation of a high and proportionate purpose, and nature and philosophy alike demand their thorough and unrestricted application to every legitimate department of discussion. The period is rapidly approaching, when the dogmas, speculations and idiosyncrasies of Theist, Economist or Theosophist, Liberalist, Radicalist or Conservative, it matters not how much sanctioned by authority or supported by age, must alike be discarded and dispensed, if unaccommodated to the spirit of Truth and the development of Progress; when dynasties, governments and constitutions, with their proud fleets and armies, and embattlements, must be cut down as by the stroke of the empyrean bolt, unless subordinated to the wants, interests, increasing intelligence, increasing responsibilities, and to the redemption and regeneration of Humanity.

"I bear the soul of Man around me waiting, Like a great sea in frozen fetters breaking, And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray, Tossing huge continents in scornful play, And crushing them with din of grinding thunder, That makes old Empires stare in wonder."

Men of Truth and Progress, ye who with firm hope look forward to the coming of a better time—who can claim kinship—and in kinship there is unity—with good and great—the huge and only heroes of the Iron Past—who have the intrepidity to avow your convictions of Duty and of Right, let no circumstance or consideration induce you to recede; though the world scoffs, it cannot scath you; though the clouds scowl, and the storm beats angrily and fiercely, though fatigued and disheartened, shrink not from buffetting the opposition and contumely of the Passers, for the homage and veneration of the Future—Pittsburg Telegraph.

A woman in Philadelphia lately applied to a magistrate for a warrant to arrest the devil. The officer declined for want of jurisdiction.

THE MEXICAN WOMEN.

The following extract from a letter of George W. Hughes, captain of the Topographical Engineers, will interest some of our readers:

The women are rather under what we regard as the usual size, slight in figure, well formed and graceful, and while a few are beautiful, many of them will young and good looking and agreeable. Their hands and feet are small, with well turned ankles. They have generally white teeth, good mouths, magnificent black eyes, and glossy black hair, the dressing of which they daily bestow much pains. They appear to be amiable and kind hearted, and are said to make good wives and mothers. They are cleanly in their habits, for most of the towns and haciendas being situated upon running streams, they have every advantage of bathing, of which they avail themselves with much superfluous clothing. Their usual dress consists of thin slippers, without stockings, a cloth petticoat, usually red, and a chemise which exposes more of the person than is in most countries, considered to be consistent with disregard for modesty; but this is the custom of the country, and I am not disposed to criticize it. With a rosary around the neck and golden ear-rings, and you have the female costume complete. When they go abroad, the rebosas is generally worn by all Mexican women, its quality depending on the condition of the wearer. To their ordinary domestic duties they add the weaving rebosas and blankets. The latter are worn by them as an outer covering, and is literally a "bed by night, a garment all the day." Many of them are of fine texture and of great beauty of figure and color. Their prices vary from \$3 to \$75, and even to \$100. Many of the better class of females are well educated and accomplished ladies, who would grace the saloons of the most polished capitals.

The wealthy class live in a style of great luxury and I have seldom partaken of more elegant and sumptuous entertainment than at their hospitable boards. The services of china are beautiful and rich, the courses follow each other in rapid succession, and the fruits, confectionary and wines piled upon a gentleman whose curiosity induced him to count the courses at a dinner, assured me that they exceeded twenty in number.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

D. H. JACQUES, EDITOR.

W. F. YOUNG, W. T. G. PEIRCE, Regular Contributors.

LOWELL. FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 15, 1847.

ARE THEY? One more slinking from the coast, One more weary of the toils!

We are often asked, with reference to individuals known to have been formerly engaged, with apparent earnestness in the cause of Reform, "Where are they? We miss them from our ranks. We no longer hear their voices in the Council, or witness their prowess in the Field. Where are they? Have they gone over to the enemy? Perhaps they have—perhaps they have not. 'T matters little. He that is not for us is against us. If these individuals have ceased to protest against the evils and abuses of the existing order of things, their silence is an implied admission that they favor them; and their influence is against, rather than in favor of, a removal of those evils, or a reform of those abuses. One cannot serve God and Mammon, at the same time. Many persons belonging to the class of which we have spoken, may say that their hearts are still with us; that they wish well to the good cause; and that they should rejoice at our success; and they may speak the truth, but at the same time they are doing us more harm than our open foes. Actions have more weight than words.

The number of those who have been counted in our ranks, but can be counted there no longer, is not small. Why have so many withdrawn before the battle is ended? From various causes, some of which we will proceed to name.

1. Many united themselves with the friends of Progress from purely selfish motives. They hoped to make the cause of Reform subservient to their own personal aggrandisement. Falling to do this they had no longer any motive to remain with it. The only cause for regret in this case, is that they remained so long.

Let them pass!—A few short hours, And our onward march shall leave them To their own care.

2. Others entirely devoid of faith in positive principles, but dissatisfied with things as they are, sought refuge in our ranks from the ever-present demon of Unrest, which haunted them. But they brought with them their old habits of grumbling and fault-finding, and

were restless and unsatisfied still. They wished to see the old house torn down at once, but had no materials out of which to construct a new one. So far from this they had not even a plan matured for the construction of one. What could we expect from this class? Plainly just the result we have seen. "Let them pass!"

3. The third class is the largest. It is composed of men and women of strong impulses and high hopes, joined, in many cases, with the warmest sympathies and with great goodness of heart, but with little knowledge, faith, and less power of endurance and perseverance. Persons of this class have from time to time, under more or less excitement, rallied around the standard of Progress, in great numbers, and we have succeeded ourselves to be identified with the apparent success which has crowned our efforts. They have engaged in the work at first with the greatest enthusiasm. But this has not lasted long. They have been disappointed even more sadly than those of the other classes. When they first came out of the thick darkness of Conservatism, the "Paradise" to be "Regained" seemed, to their dazzled vision, but a "Sabbath day's journey" distant, and they deemed that the march to the "Beautiful city" would be but a triumphal progress. When they began to realize that this is delusion; that rivers and mountains and deserts lie between them and "The Mecca of their life-long dreams," and the legions of foes through the highways and the passes of the hills, courage fails them and they turn back, or linger by the way-side. Or, if this is not enough to discourage them, there is more. They look around them and see those whose interests are at stake and who should be marching on, shoulder to shoulder, in perfect harmony, turning their arms against each other, lending themselves as tools to a designing Demagogueism, following most unworthy leaders to their own destruction, or lingering behind in heartless contentment with their servile and degraded condition, and ready to say, in the tone of the fabled Lotus Eaters: "Let us alone." They find too that the cause of Reform is unpopular; that they must brave the sneers and scoffs of the world, if they adhere to it. More still; perchance friends grow cold towards them, and home is no longer home; and it mountains and rivers and forests and foes failed to daunt them, they cannot stand before this array of difficulties. They are weighed and found wanting. Well, we wish for no unwilling service, and we say to each "as he or she turns back to go with us no more."

"Pass!—True hide thee 'mong his spools; One more slinking from the coast, One more weary of the toils!"

PROTECTIVE UNION.—NO. VI.

But what is this "Protective Union"? What are its principles? How is it conducted? I will endeavor to answer these questions, as they will naturally arise. My object is not to find fault, altogether, (as some of my good friends, the grocers seem to think,) but to try and put my brother Workmen on the track where their condition will be at least tolerable. The design of this institution, as understood by its founders, was not merely pecuniary gain, but something higher and nobler. The present saying may serve to open the eyes of some to other reforms, who would otherwise remain in the dark; for those who are engaged in any one reform are generally willing to lend an ear to another. Just get a wedge entered, if it be no bigger than a pumpkin seed, and then lay on with the battle of Humanity and their hearts will soon be open wide enough to admit all true Reform.

I do not know of any better way to explain the objects of the "Union," than to give the following preamble to the constitution:

"Whereas there are many of our fellow workmen, who have so small an equivalent returned them for their toil—although laboring excessively, to the deterioration of health as well as to the neglect of the intellect—that in very many cases, no surplus remains after the purchase of the necessities of life; hence indigence, and in the event of sickness, not only destitution, but without that kindness and sympathetic attention to which their case lays claim.—Whereas many evils arise from the isolated way in which the laborer as a man of small means, purchases the necessities of life; therefore, to unite the little fund of the producer, and purchase in season, as do the wealthy class, their fuel and groceries, would, it is obvious, secure to the brothers a larger share of their products than otherwise can be,—and, whereas, we most firmly believe it is the imperative duty we owe one another and ourselves, to give all the information in our power for the procuring of a sure, steady and profitable employment, that we may have deeds of genuine sympathy, which not only manifest themselves in relieving the destitute, and ministering to the sick, but those which strike at the root of poverty. Therefore, to secure such desirable objects, we resolve ourselves into an association, and agree to be governed by the following Rules and Regulations."

Associations composing the "Workmen's Protective Union" are termed "Divisions," and are numbered by the "Supreme Division" in the order of their admission and recognition. Any person is eligible to membership who is of good moral character, and who is

capable of earning a livelihood or has some viable means of support, and who does not use or vend intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Each person on admission, pays a fee of three dollars which helps to make up the trading fund, and a loan of fifty cents to the Supreme Division to create a standing fund whereby they can trade advantageously. The last mentioned sum however is refunded to a member on his leaving his Division. There is likewise a monthly assessment of twenty-five cents. "The money received for admission fees, monthly assessments &c., is expended in the purchase of fuel, groceries, provisions, for sick benefits and such other purposes as the Division may direct. All the funds of the Division may be kept in active use in making purchases; while two fifths of the funds shall be liable at all times for the payment of sick benefits."

Besides the usual quota of Presidents, Secretaries, &c., we have a Board of Commerce, consisting of five persons, who have the management of the mercantile department. A Financial Committee of five whose duty it is to audit the books of the Financial Secretary and Treasurer; and see that the other business is kept straight. A visiting committee of five whose duty it is to visit the sick and minister to their wants.

The "Supreme Division" is composed of Delegates elected from the several Divisions of the "Union." Each Division is entitled to one Delegate to every twenty-five constitutional members. "The S. D. has jurisdiction over all Divisions associated together, under the name of the W.M.P.U. so far as to ensure strict conformity to the principles of the 'Union.'" "It has sole right and power of organizing new Divisions—of receiving appeals in relation to, and deciding all constitutional questions, and redressing grievances arising between Divisions."

This is but a rough outline of some of the features of this institution, which will by and by work wonders in the mercantile world. It has been said that the sick, infirm and those who are too poor to pay the admission fee, are debared the privilege of trading at the store. It is not so, as they can one and all by making their circumstances known have the right to trade on the same terms as the members.

But how are the goods purchased and how sold? Your capital must be so very small that the articles purchased cannot come a great deal cheaper than at the grocers. And, then, again it must cost something for transportation, expenses of store, &c. Well thought of, I will explain the matter. In the first place, our capital is small, but it is turned so often that the trade of Division No. 11 is not far from \$1,000 per month; and that of Division No. 10 cannot be less than that amount. Both of these Divisions are located in this city, (Lowell.)

Perhaps the trade of one Division cannot effect much in point of cheapness, but when we take into consideration twenty or thirty doing their business through one agent (the Chairman of the Board of Trade of the Supreme Division) it will at once be seen that our goods must come as cheap, yes, cheaper than those of our grocers. A man that buys six or eight hogsheads of molasses each week, and other goods in proportion, as does our agent, will get them at a lower price than the man who buys but one. I saw our agent (the Chairman of the Board of Trade) purchase Tea for twenty-five cents per pound, which they were selling at the same time to the grocers for twenty-seven and a half cents—quite as a difference.

As to defraying the expenses of store, transportation, &c., I will say, we add six per cent, above cost, on all articles, which is sufficient to meet all incidental expenses.

I did intend to speak of some other things in connection with this subject, but on account of the length of this article must defer it until next week.

GOETHE.

We cut the following from an old paper. We are told that the introductory remarks were written by Dr. F. Lloyd of Louisville, Ky. The translation of the Inscription to Faustus we think very good. "Among the great men who have gone down to the tomb since the beginning of the present century, no one name would seem more certainly destined to live for ages than that of Goethe. During a life-time extended beyond the ordinary duration, he continued to delight and instruct his contemporaries; his name and fame have gradually spread over the whole civilized world, and the common consent of Christendom has exalted him to the same rank with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—the great creative minds which have appeared among men. The name of Goethe has long been a familiar sound to our ears, but his writings may be said to be comparatively unknown to us: except by a small section of New England scholars, the literature of Germany has not been cultivated in the United States, and the translations of the few works of his which have appeared are seldom to be met with.

To expect to present an adequate idea of the grandeur of Goethe's mind by quotations—however numerous or well chosen—would be as absurd as the conduct of the student in the old Greek jest, who carried about a brick as a sample of the house which he offered for

sale. Yet the writings of the great German abound in precious gems, fitted to charm the fancy—to move the passions—to purify the heart.

In turning over the pages of an old magazine which we have just seen of the celebrated dramatist was sketched the plan of this work was a student, but the poet while Goethe lived. The printing of the inscription recalls to the poet's mind the companions and friends of his youth, with whose voices and presence the conception of the drama is associated; visions of early days float around him at the moment, but he looks out beyond them, from the threshold of old age, into strange countenances and an altered world—the early friends for whose praise he had toiled, and the youthful days radiant with hope and joy for ever passed away. All readers will admire the sweet, mournful beauty which breathes through the following stanza:

THE INSCRIPTION TO "FAUSTUS."

Again, fair images, ye flutter here, As erst ye shone about the monarch's eye, And may I hope that ye will linger here? Will my heart leap as in the days gone by? Ye through before my view, divinely clear? Like sun-beams conquering a cloudy sky! Beneath your lightning-glance my spirit burns, Magic is breathing—youth and joy returns! What forms so beautiful of happy years? What lovely shadows float before me first? Like an old song still tingling in the ears, I have the voice of loves and friendships past— Renewed each sorrow and each joy appears. 'Tis marked life's changing labyrinthine waste: The friends return, who past in youth away, Cheated, alas! of half life's best day. But all they cannot bear my closing songs. Those hearts, for whom my earliest lays were tried, Departed, alas! the friendly throng, And dumb the echoing spires that replied. If some still live this stranger world among, Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide, Whose woe unknown my grief must tempt, Whose very praise is sorrow to the heart! Again it comes! A long unvoiced phantasm, A wish that call calm solenium-faun; My song is swelling now, now lowly stealing, Like Zephyr's harp, by varying breezes fanned; 'Tis follow tears, my weakness revealing, And silent auditors shall hear unnumbered, —Dull forms of days 'tis before me flee, The Past—the Past alone, seems true to me!

N. P. ROGERS.

We were made glad, a few days ago by finding on our table a long looked for hook—the Writings of N. P. Rogers. We loved Rogers almost as much as in the flesh, though personally unacquainted with him. We love him no less now that he has passed through that change which the world calls death. 'Tis pure and free and loving spirit, knows nothing of death. Rogers still lives and labors among the Immortals, for the salvation of our poor sick humanity. God never withdraws good spirits from our earth. They are needed here, to aid in the great work of human redemption. The Race is a unity. It has many members but is one body. All must be saved or damned together. All good and free spirits, whether in the body or out of the body, are laboring to save all, and usher in the "Good time" in which God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. Rogers lives too in the pages before us. They bear the impress of his earnest thought. They repeat to his eloquent and soul stirring words, they plead for truth and freedom and humanity and their plea will not be unheeded. The work contains 380 pages and is "got up" in good style. It sells for \$1.00. The kindness of Rogers which faces the title page is worth that price.

The Introduction is from the pen of John Pierpont, and is worthy of its place—which is saying much. Of the body of the work we need not speak. The writings of N. P. Rogers, need no commendation from us. They possess a charm that is irresistible, to every lover of truth and freedom. We advise all who can to get the book at once. Subscribers for it, in Lowell and vicinity will find their copies at the Voice office, where a few copies are for sale. Best March, No. 25 Cornhill, Boston has it, as they are seen by his advertisement.

ORGANIZATION OF LABOR. I have just been reading a work upon the Organization of Labor—an excellent work and one which it would be well if your readers—every one of them would read. It might assist them in solving some very knotty questions which they, as labor reformers, as well as the world around, are trying with their might to answer. It is by Math Briancourt (Breant). A Mr. Shaw is the translator of it from the French. It is a very fine work. It gives one a good deal of pleasure while he reads it. He almost thinks heaven has really come upon the earth, and that the prayer of the "Beautiful One" was already fulfilled. It certainly is a foretaste of it,—that time, I mean when the Heaven Kingdom, as the Germans say, will be upon the Earth—that time, when this barren earth will be covered with blossoms—human flowers—like a young cherry tree in spring.

Really, one in reading this work is half inclined to be a little "Froreish," especially that part of it which threatens to make "Industry attractive." And if what is herein said be true, and who when he reads it, can doubt, it certainly can be made a pleasure

instead of a most unwelcome task as it is now. The first and second parts are excellent beyond praise.

Really, I never read anything in my life more interesting—never, have I been happier than when reading the second part of this little book. It contains only about one hundred pages, and costs the trifling sum of 25 cts. or ought to be for sale at your office.

Come reader, go to the Voice office—clearly, and purchase one of these books—and read and learn what God has in store upon this earth for you and I and his wretched millions.

LOWELL PHRENO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

This is the name of a society that has just been organized in this city for mutual instruction in Phrenology, Physiology and the Law of Life and Health. Their meetings, which are held every Thursday evening, at No. 76 Central street, bid fair to be highly interesting and profitable. We advise each of our city readers as are interested in the studies pursued,—and all should be, to avail themselves, if possible, of the opportunity offered to improve themselves in a knowledge of them. It is proposed to have a library connected with the society.

ASSOCIATIONISTS OF LOWELL are requested to take notice that meetings will be held every Sunday evening, at No. 76, Central, at until further notice. A correspondence has been opened with affiliated Unions, and individual Associationists, in various parts of the country, and some very interesting letters will be read at these meetings. All persons interested in Social progress, whether believers in Association or not, are cordially invited to be present. Liberty will be given to any who are so disposed, to ask questions or urge objections.—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is Good."

The following are the appropriate remarks of the Albany Freeholder in relation to the Governor's Proclamation restoring the Antislavery to citizenship:

The Governor has finally performed a long deferred act of justice. He has restored Messrs Earl, John Van Steenberg, Edward O'Connor, and Smith A. Boughton to citizenship. Two hundred thousand hearts will beat in thankfulness at the announcement of this deed of justice and mercy.

W. M. P. U. The demand for the papers containing the articles on the Protective Union, has induced us to believe that a pamphlet work containing in a condensed form the information which the People want on the subject is much needed at the present time, and we propose soon to publish such a work if sufficient encouragement is given to warrant the undertaking. More on the subject next week.

PROTECTIVE UNION. Divisions have lately been formed in Salem, Lynn, Andover, and Sandwich Mass., and in Winslow Falls Vt. We understand measures are being taken to organize one in Concord N. H. This is right; keep the ball in motion. By and by the people will be wise enough to take the matter of exchanges into their own hands, throughout the country.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH. The Oct number of this monthly is on our table. The Herald is one of the best periodicals of the age. We do not it is true see the beauty or value of some of its articles. They may nevertheless possess both. It is published in Cincinnati Ohio, and edited by L. A. Hinc.

CHRISTIAN REFORMER. We have received the first number of a small, neatly printed paper with the above title. It is devoted to Theological and Physiological Reform, and the upbuilding of Christianity. This number contains several very good articles. We wish it all success. C. Stearns Editor and proprietor, Boston Mass.

THE VOICE. Are the friends of the Voice, aware how much they have it in their power to assist it, by a trifling exertion? We need five or six hundred additional Subscribers very much. A little extra attention on the part of our present subscribers would give us this number. Shall we have them?

LECTURES. Four Friends in various parts of the country deliver Lectures on Labor Reform, Protective Union and kindred subjects, some one from Boston or Lowell, will be happy to visit them and speak on those subjects. Further information may be had by addressing the Editor, Lowell, Mass.

GIESS. Emerson says, "The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd his lamb; the farmer his corn; the miner his gem; the sailor coral and shells; the painter his pictures; the girl a handkerchief of her own sewing."

LIBERTY NOMINATIONS. The Liberty Convention at Concord, last week nominated the following gentlemen as candidates for the State Senate, for Middlesex county: (Ois. Fettee, of Newton; David Goodale, of Marlboro'; Jas T. Woodbury, of Acton; J. Mass. Hatch, of Ashby; Charles Foster, of Somerville; Geo. Minot, of Reading.

Agents. We want good agents to visit every town and village in New England, to get subscribers for the *Voice*. First rate encouragement will be given. Shall we not have them? Call at the office and learn our terms, &c.

CORRECTION. That poem "Life" published in our last, was wrongly attributed to T. B. Thayer. It appeared originally in the *Dial*. We do not know the author's name.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Freedom of thought and of expression, and individual responsibility for both.

LOWELL WATER-CURE HOUSE.

Last week I promised to say something of this Establishment which promise I will now redeem.

It is situated in Dracont, about fifteen minutes walk from Lowell Post Office, upon an elevation commanding a view of the city of Lowell—which looks very fine—especially in the evening when the factories are lighted up, if you will not let any of those ugly thoughts disturb your mind which such a scene is apt to bring in some minds. But if you do not like to look up on cities with all their woe and wretchedness, want and suffering, upon factory walls with the sad history they tell of the laborers within—voluntary (?) prisoners brought there by necessity—a power stronger than the iron of the Pirate slave ship or the rude whip of the southern master—you may look above and beyond its smoky limits into the "city of our God," which, so far as its earth is concerned, is not just what it is to be—but which is, after all, away in aiding the "cities of our men." The building is the one formerly occupied as the boarding-house of a "Dracont Academy," which, by a happy mistake, a fortunate misfortune will have a greater blessing to the weary ones of earth than its founders ever dreamed of.

"Doubtless the "Builder who builds while the work-men by the tyles" designed this as a Water-Cure asylum, for its internal as well as external arrangements are such as the most judicious would have made, with a view to its present character. But with the additions which have been made by its present proprietor under the direction of one who has visited the different Water-Cure institutions in the United States, or at least the more important ones, this Establishment is unquestionably the best one of its kind in this country.

For it is an improvement—designed so, upon all the others. Their defects in this have been remedied—their wants in this provided for. And when it is said of this "House," "The arrangements for warming it are such as to make it as comfortable and pleasant in the winter to the patient as is necessary, it can be said in truth, which is not true of some others of great pretension. The principle bath-rooms are on the second story—on which the rooms per week, including board, range from \$7.00—which it will be seen will accommodate those persons who cannot well go up or down stairs. The attic rooms are six dollars per week which will accommodate another class of persons with either less funds, or in case in the locomotive part of them, while the rooms on the first floor rent for \$10.00 per week and are beautifully carpeted, cushioned and sofa'd, to fit the wants and satisfy the tastes of yet another class, who have more than a "friend in need" than either of the others, or are more willing to part with their money than the others. So it will be seen all may be suited—the rich as well as the poor. The baths are supplied with the very best water which Dracont can produce—water, which if you take the city of Lowell could drink, would send at least one half of its allopathic life-takers—sometimes called Doctors—but upon the world, useless and destitute, or else into better business—for it can't be expected that they would find any other place, all being full, unless we take it into their heads to follow their patients and thus make room for others. But Doctors are few who will run the rash risk of making their own medicine. I never heard of one so verdant, and be immediately stepped out" of his profession. The Water cures are of course exceptions to this, they always take their own medicine.

Every thing at this "House" is done up in good order, I mean systematically, and you see your days away without hardly knowing you are gone. You are "packed" in the morning, if it is best you should be, which then you have got warm enough is followed by one of the several baths, by which time the breakfast bell rings and calls you down to a table of cracked wheat and milk, fit food for our gods, or what else you may choose, though after you have been there a while you will choose nothing else, after which you are introduced into the gentleman's parlor, where another bath is served up for you, a feast of the soul, after the approved way, but as I have not much of a taste that way, only when the soul itself faints, I will say only this, to this diet all are invited none commended. Then follows the exercise of the patients, then the "sitz" bath 10 to 15 A. M., then at 1 o'clock the other bath rings again, always a welcome announcement to Water-Cure patients, at 4 P. M. another general "sitz" bath, when at 6 P. M. some supper followed by "foot baths" (the "sitz" and pleasant dreams. Thus the time is divided. I have said not a word about the

Physician but next week together with the experience of
Hydro.

WHO ARE REAL PRODUCERS?

In considering the question, who are the ministry and support of our country we must ascertain, if possible, who are the real producers of the necessities and comforts of life; for those and only they, are the supporters of our country.

And what are the first and most important amongst the necessities of life? Why, food, shelter and raiment, because those must be supplied before any advancement—either intellectual or moral, political or religious, can be made; consequently the persons who produce those indispensable, are the supporters, and of all other classes the most important in our country.

Who, then, are the real producers? Is the man who buys to sell again, a producer? Is the man who is seeking every opportunity to take advantage of the necessity or ignorance of his neighbor a producer? Is the man who sells tape, thimbles and sugar-plums, a producer? Is the man who sells his fellow man, a producer? Is the man who sells rum, a producer? Is the man who sells opium, a producer? Is the man who thumps the piano, a producer? Is the man who makes "long prayers" and "foolish sermons" a producer? Is the man who goes into, to make long pleas and "play upon words," a producer? Is the man who is growing rich upon the hard earnings of his fellowman, a producer? Is the man who owns large ships, a producer? In short, is any man a producer, who is not an Agriculturist, Mechanic, or manufacturer? Perhaps you will say it is easier said, than answering questions, and I shall argue with you; and if I cannot answer them, and the above questions, you must not take it for granted that they cannot be answered.

I will, however, at some future time, attempt an answer, and if I fail to give a satisfactory one, it will not be the first time in human affairs that a failure has taken place.

I have long thought of the condition of the producing classes, both in Europe and America, and have felt, and do still feel a strong desire for their improvement and elevation, knowing that their happiness will increase just in proportion to their advancement in moral excellence. In Europe there are but poor prospects for ameliorating the condition of the working classes under their present abominable system of government. In our country, we have the matter in our own hands, and if we only make a just use of the means we have in our own power, we shall accomplish much for the good of mankind, and whatever is done must be done by the working people of New England, and in the first place we must do something to check this insatiable spirit of avarice that is making slaves of so many of our citizens, even on the soil of "good Old Massachusetts," the "land of the free, and the home of the brave." This diabolical spirit requires as strong a vein here, as it does south of "Mason and Dixon's line."

Now, then, another question comes up, how shall this spirit of avarice, so infamous, so degrading, so wicked, and so full of evil, be kept within the bounds of reason and common sense? This question must be laid on the table, until a more favorable opportunity offers for its consideration, when it will be amongst those uncertain events, for subjects multiply in more than geometrical progression, and words follow words, and thoughts on thoughts arise. Believing it wrong to trespass too long and too often upon your own good nature, and that of your readers, I will put a stopper on here.

W. M. P. U.

We will send the *Voice* to Divisions of the Working Men's Protective Union, on the following terms:

Five copies, per annum, \$5.00.
Ten " " " " 9.00.
Twenty " " " " 18.00.

Friends, let us hear from you.

AGENTS WANTED.

Several trustworthy and efficient Agents are wanted to get subscribers for the *Voice*. Apply at 76, Central street.

LADIES

You can buy Paracels, Paracetals, and Sul Shadac, one third cheaper than N. PICKARD, 90 Mermaid street, and all kinds of other articles in the city—Also, Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags, very cheap.

Boards Wanted.

Two Gentleman boards can be accommodated with board in a small family on Barrett street. Inquire at this office.

REFORM DIRECTORY.

Notice of Meetings of W. M. P. U., 1. N. A., U. of A., I. O. of O. R., &c., &c.

W. M. P. U.

THE WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 3, Boylston street, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

THE STORE

DEAR SIR: I want of the best, most economical and the most beautiful Paper.

AIR-TIGHT COOK STOVE

INTRODUCED by Act of Congress and examined and approved by the War Department, for use in the Army.

NEW ENGLAND

Truss Manufacture

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER, Corset and Truss Maker, 46 Central Street, Boston, Mass.

THE UNDERGARMENT that presses to recommending itself is the Elastic Truss, which is made of the finest materials, and is the most perfect of its kind.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

TESTIMONIALS

The undersigned has seen and used the Elastic Truss, and can testify to its superiority over all other trusses.

VALUABLE BOOKS

FOR SALE BY BELLA MARSH, No. 35, Cornhill, Boston.

Atlas for the People, showing the position of the United States in Europe, and the position of Europe in the United States.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

History of the United States, by H. S. Giddings, 12 vols., \$10.00.

Removed To 25 Rowe Street.

OPPOSITE ESSEX STREET CHURCH.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Dr. G. H. BENTLEY is attending, as usual, to the medical needs of his patients, and has removed to 25 Rowe Street, opposite Essex Street Church.

Books for sale at the Voice Office.

LABOR AND SOCIAL REFORM. Popular View of the Doctrines of Chas. Fourier, by Park Goolby. Price 25 cents.

Organization of Labor and Association, by Math. B. F. F. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

Address of the President of the American Association of Laborers, by Geo. S. S. Price 25 cents.

BURT & WATERMAN.

Tremont Temperance House, 10 Broadway, New York. Transient Board \$1.25 per day.

MILES C. BURT, H. WATERMAN, JR.

KENNEBEC & PENOBSCOT.

VIA BOSTON & MAINE RAIL ROAD.

Trains leave Lowell every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7 A. M. For Portland, they depart at 10 A. M. For Bangor, they depart at 1 P. M.

Trains leave Lowell every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 A. M. For Portland, they depart at 10 A. M. For Bangor, they depart at 1 P. M.

Trains leave Lowell every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7 A. M. For Portland, they depart at 10 A. M. For Bangor, they depart at 1 P. M.

Trains leave Lowell every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7 A. M. For Portland, they depart at 10 A. M. For Bangor, they depart at 1 P. M.

