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POTRY.
To feel the beautiful, to say the true,
To look with loving hope for what is coming—
These are
A poet's duties; he who doubtless not,
To note.
Chas. Campbell.

From Poems by H. H. Rowwell.
LONG AGO.
When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking on the Past and Gone—
While the clock with drowsy fingers,
Nicks a hour slow the minutes longer—
And the children, dully learning,
Tell of Luce to Dost returning—
Then my lonely chair around,
With a solemn mournful sound—
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one count them o'er,
Voices that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words whose music-lingers yet—
Hazy faces, pale and fair,
Shallow looks of waving hair—
Gleams bright and white, pure thro',
Songs forgotten many a year—
Lips of deep fragrance—eyes
Brighter, bluer than the sky—
Ours, bleached from Paradise—
And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long and gloomy day,
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

It may be proper to state, that this piece was partly written before I had seen the beautiful verses of Mr. Longwell upon a somewhat similar theme—verses which will be read and loved as long as true taste and tender feeling shall endure.

MISCELLANY.
From the People's Journal.
THE BLACK JOKER.
A LEGENE OF ULSTER.
BY FRANCIS BROWN.

"This is the first of April, boys; an' a could 'sould'-sday 'tis!" said Dennis Dougherty, as he leaned lazily over the broken fence of a large rough field, where a number of young men with all sorts of agricultural instruments were collected, in order as they said, to put down the crop for Widow Lannigan, the crat'or, whose husband had departed in the seed time of the year, leaving her possessed of the said field, a low thatch cottage, one cow, and seven young children.

"Come over an' help us, an' that'll warm ye," rejoined one of the party, who was busy in arranging what he called "plough tackleings." "Troth an' ye might, an' I'd be glad to see an' Widow Lannigan a blood relation till the girl ye fought three cows for at the last fair of Feen's; an' the speech was followed by a general shout of laughter.

"Thank ye, all gentlemen," said Dennis, taking off his cap, "but without changing his recumbent position." "Troth, I wud do something for the Widow, but there's corinth thorn at home, and the morrow's the fair at Gorthin. You'll be going there, of course, Phil Moran; he continues addressing himself to the first speaker; "for Pat Shanahan told at the station yesterday that there was a letter for you from Ameriky; but it's forgotten myself I am—Good luck to yer work, boys; an' as way run Dennis, as if in great haste, towards his own cottage.

interrupting the young man's meditations, "may be that letter," said Mary Flynn, "had come to myself if I could believe a word that came out of Dennis Dougherty's mouth; but is it at this time you expected it? Anyhow, ye'll see the mornin', plaze God!" "I'll see the day, Faray," said Phill. "Take you a place at the plough, an' I'll start with the Blessing of God, an' be back at sunset."

"Aye, but maybe it's a foot he makin' in ye," observed another of the associates; "shure it's the first of April!"

"First or last, I'll beke ivery bone in his body if there isn't a letter for me in the post-office of Gorthin." And young Moran sprang lightly over the fence, followed by the wishes of the whole party for "a good journey, and good news at the end of it."

Phil Moran and his companions inhabited that wild district in the west of County Tyrone, known to the natives by the Irish name of Munterloony. It consists of a succession of bleak hills and barren moors, covered with the heath and bogs of centuries, varied only by brown tracts of sterile sand, and terminating to the eastward in a dark, wintry looking mountain, from which its designation is derived, whose misty brow seems to wear the fog and showers of an everlasting November.

Yet amid the unreluctant waste, wherever a spot can be found capable of cultivation in the most primitive sense, arise the solitary huts and far scattered hamlets of the peasantry, poor and careless as the generality of their class in Ireland, with no means of subsistence but their patches of corn and potato-ground, and acquainted with abundance only in the article of fuel, so liberally supplied by the bogs among which they lie hid.

On either side lie the territories of civilization, Gorthin on the east, and Feeny on the west, being the nearest villages, whose Sunday masses, active cantabulary, and periodical fairs, enliven the devotion, settle the quarrels and give scope to the commerce and mirth of the community.

Yet limited as the dwellers are in both resources and fortunes, there are not wanting among them the same contending interests, passions, and prejudices, which create and perpetuate the turmoil of the world's great capitals, but act more powerfully as they are confined within a narrower sphere.

The bogs have their potatoes, too; beans and bellies are still found among their huts and cabins, though after a fashion befitting the locality; and at the period of our story, which is now about fifty years ago, Phil Moran had been pronounced "the real murr of a boy" by all Munterloony, for his dissenting voice being that of Dennis Dougherty, who delivered the vote in favor of himself.

Phil Moran was the son of a wid'ow occupying a turf-bunk cabin and an adjoining potato-field, in the shelter of an almost overhanging hill. Her husband had been a soldier; but he perished in the first American war; and she, though poor and sickly, struggled to bring up her only child, till time turned the balance, and Phill became the support and pride of his mother—having grown a tall and handsome youth, whom she said, "any parson wud take for a born gentleman, that took to the d'ggin' for pleasure."

Indeed, Phill was more slender of frame, and delicate of aspect, than seemed suited to the toils of his station; but he was, in the expressive language of his people, "an brave boy;" industrious, temperate, and high spirited, and equally ready with wit or service to either friends or strangers.

gambled Phill Moran with the restless envy of an unsuccessful rival; especially since Mary Flynn, the purtyest girl between Gorthin and Feeny, wud two brothers in Ameriky makin' powers of money, accepted from the hands of young Moran, at the Christmas fair, and afterwards sported on all occasions, "a real thurtees-shell comb an' ninepence;" while she decidedly refused "a green sash at fifteenpence," presented to her by Mr. Dougherty, with the declaration that her "beauty entirely flogged both Venish and Diana."

From that day Dennis carried on a species of covered warfare against Phill. Hostilities indeed never broke out between them, for young Moran was not inclined to commence a quarrel, and his friends were so numerous that Dennis considered it unsafe to provoke him at either fair or wake; but he took a shorter and surer path to vengeance, by bearing a full report of the courtship to the ears of Mary's family.

They could not tolerate such a proceeding, as her father was the proprietor of three cows, while Widow Moran possessed only one; and his two oldest sons, who had emigrated, like many of their class, for the purpose of earning something to help their struggling relations, had long since repaid their passage money, borrowed from the priest of their parish, and written to request Mary to keep a high head, as they would earn a fortune for her, and send her a silk gown.

Many were the endeavorers of the old man and her two remaining brothers—for Mary's mother was long since dead—to recall the girl to a proper sense of her rank and expectations; but as the widow's son had superseded the promised fortune and silk gown in her affections, it was determined at length as a last expedient to prevent a disgraceful alliance, that she should be sent to acquire a fortune and sufficient esteem for herself with her two brothers in New York.

His gentleness being of course consulted, signified their concurrence in the scheme by sending Mary a ticket for her passage on board the Shamrock, which sailed from the nearest seaport of Londonderry, with an intimation that "Ameriky was the place for a purty girl to learn her own value." And said she did carry in the month of February.

The parting was bitter between Phill and Mary. As Father O'Farrel, influenced by the proprietor of the three cows, had positively declared, against lending Phill the wherewithal to cross the Atlantic, and nobody else either could or would advance it, so the pair parted with an abundant supply of tears and promises, on the latter of which Phill rested in confident expectations of a letter.

Dennis Dougherty had contrived to manage so skillfully, that though all suspected his hand in the affair, the proof could not be brought home to him; and the young men remained on their former footing of distasteful acquaintance.

Yet, in spite of his friends' doubts, young Moran could not help giving way to the natural inclination of believing what he wished; and with all the money which the house could afford—and that was two shillings—in his pocket, he set out from his mother's cabin on a journey of nine weary miles, over moor and mountain, to redeem that precious epistle.

"My blarney go wud ye late and early, my dear Phill!" said the widow, half audibly, as her son departed; and Phill, dear, she added, in a louder key, "don't stay late, for the moors is cold!"

"No fear, mother! said the boy, as he looked smiling back; and hurrying up the steep hill side, he was lost to her anxious view.

ing, she was seen toiling through the deep drift to the cabin of the Dougherty's, to inquire if they had heard any news of Phill. Nothing had been heard; and Dennis then acknowledged, for the first time, that it was all joke about the letter, invented to make an April fool of him.

The day wore on, bright and breezy; the melting snow poured in turbid streams down every hill-side and through the deep ravines. The widow went from house to house, beseeching her neighbors to assist her in seeking for her son; for no assurance that he had remained over night in the village could quiet her anxiety; and about a dozen young men, with that readiness to serve the distressed which ever characterises the Irish peasant, started at once on the now perilous path which Phill had taken the day before, in order, as they said, to bring the decent boy home from Gorthin."

But poor Phill's well-worn hat, seen thro' a deep snowdrift in the centre of a wide swamp bog, known as the Ould Sheekin, about midway between the village and the widow's cabin, arrested their attention; and, on farther search, the body of the unfortunate youth was found buried beneath it, in one of those deep excavations in the peat moss formed by the peasantry cutting it away for fuel.

How he had met his fate was never ascertained, but as it was found he had rested in the village in hopes that the day might clear up after his disappointment at the post-office; it was supposed he must have lost his way in the midst of the deepening twilight and the blinding snow. His poor mother, when she saw the corpse brought home from her own cabin and never returned to it. It was said she was seen wandering in distant counties long after; but what became of her was never known.

The very day of the funeral a letter actually arrived from Mary; but it was answered by Father O'Farrel, and she wrote to Ireland no more. Poor Phill's death was lamented by all, who knew him; and Dennis Dougherty said he was "main sorry for the boy; but it was the Lords will, and a body" could not be blamed for a joke."

Days, weeks, and months sped on; later events and less mournful subjects wanted the most pertinacious gossip from the story of poor Phill. The turf cabin fell to ruins; the potato-field was given by the landlord to the Doughertys, and old Flynn took charge of the cow, which further increased his stock.

The summer, the autumn, and the winter came and went. March was near its close; but, by one of those contrasts which occur often in variable climates, the weather was unusually mild, as the preceding season had been severe. Warm sunny days tempered the air and dried the bogs to such a degree that the peasants determined to commence the important labor of cutting turf.

"You needn't be goin' over the mornin'," Dennis said the second of the Doughertys, meeting his eldest brother as he returned, spade in hand, from the potato ground in a clear spring twilight. "You needn't be goin' over in the mornin' to court Kate Callahan, or her fine heifers—God knows which way yer after!"—for Flinty Mick was here the day as mad as a throoper, because he hadn't done the duty days, an' we'll all go to the bog the mornin' wud the rest in the neighbors, an' the blissin' in God!"

Be it known to our readers, that Flinty Mick was the local designation of the bailiff, and duty days are certain days of labor exacted from the peasantry by worthies of this class in Ireland.

Duty day or not, said Dennis, with a self-complacent swagger, "it's all wan to me; an' for Kate Callahan, she deserves honor for the sake of knowin' what's what whin she sees it."

Little more passed between the brothers, and that little was amicable, for the entire family were satisfied at the profitable investment their eldest brother intended to make of his affections.

sleepers were at once roused by a strange and piercing voice at the small window exclaiming—"Dennis Dougherty, this is the first of April, and Phill Moran wants you in the ould Sheekin!"

"The summoned man sprang from his bed. 'What's that, in God's name?' inquired the father, but there was no answer; none of the brothers would go out; one of them said it was a dream, and another thought it might be an owl, but Dennis crept shivering back, and laid himself down without a word.

Scarcely was the sun risen, when the men of the neighborhood assembled for the purpose of proceeding, as they generally did, in a body to cut turf. The Doughertys, as it was remarked afterwards, seemed strangely forgetful of that singular occurrence; and even Dennis, though he said his prayers with more than usual fervor that morning, appeared careless and unconcerned when he set out for the bog.

Nothing was thought of said of the transaction for several hours. The day was sultry and breezy, and towards noon Dennis, who had been employed in what is called paring the bog, in a solitary place close by one of those deep chasms filled with dark and it was thought featureless water, was suddenly parried from his two companions, who were called, to assist in another part of the bog."

For some time, in the heat of labor, the lonely worker was forgotten; but when their midday meal arrived, brought by the hands of careful wives and mothers, his brothers returned to call Dennis. They found his hat and coat thrown upon the bank, his spade stuck fast in the moss, and deep marks of feet on the brink of that bottomless pool, as if a life's struggle had been there; but among the pranks of that district his story is still mentioned as the Black Joke.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

It has often been remarked that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand; no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehensions may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and the shadow, rather than light of the sad lamp that watches it, let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait alone, sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering, let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his gross nature, even where it is most perfect, will give way, his eyes will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and his though love and anxiety remain undiminished his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, mainly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her steps, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort, and devotion; and thus night after night she tends him, like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never winking, her mind never pausing, her nature, at all other times characterized by weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity, herself forgotten, and her self alone predominant.

REPIEAP.

A beautiful rose half open lay Upon its parent stem; An angel spirit passed that way To reach his diadem.

And when he saw the lovely flower, "Too fair for earth!" he cried; Then plucked it for his golden crown To wear in paradise. N. Y. G.

"I am a broken man" exclaimed a post—"So I think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

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

B. H. JARVIS, EDITORS. JOHN O. QUINN, W. F. YOUNG, W. T. G. BURCE, Regular Contributors.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 19, 1847.

ORGANIZATION.

Unless we are deceived, there is now in progress a movement among the laboring classes, which must result in a vast social and political amelioration of their condition. Never before has there gleamed light so golden of promise, as at this hour. There have for ages, been attempts, among the laboring classes, to secure a social recognition of their own usefulness; of the injustice to which in all countries they have been subjected; and of the untold miseries which must result to posterity and to Humanity, from the false system of labor which has obtained till now, from the earliest period of civilization—and not a false system of labor only, but as false a mode of compensating it. The perpetual revolutions in industry, in commerce and in general society, fall always at last, upon the laborers.—The glistening schemes of speculators, defalcations of public officers, the universal commercial bankruptcies, which have periodically occurred, reputations, and slavocratic swindlings, and the perpetual "hard times," which some one or other class experiences, have always in the end been borne by the laborers, as the meed of comfort and honor, which society has offered him, in consideration of his heronism and patient toil. Under these fearful burdens the struggles of the industrial classes have been painful, severe, sometimes terrific. Murmuring, strikes, riots, revolutions and fearful harvests of misery and aristocratic beads, have often succeeded each other in inglorious defeat. Our suffering fellows have felt the sentiments of liberty and justice, but their means of realizing them have not been always wisely chosen. Violence can rage, but only the still small voice of Love, is omnipotent to create conditions, in harmony with freedom and with right.

To-day there has fallen upon the hope of the laboring classes, a light which is humane and gently strong. It is the light of general friendship, of brotherhood, of orderly co-operation. We have learned, that it is impossible for a State, dismembered by political factions, weakened by party jealousies, and whenever the collective well-being of the whole people is sacrificed to personal ambition, to extend a general providence over the mass of its citizens, and to guarantee a just relation of interests and of classes to each other. We have learned not to trust in political parties, but rather in political measures, and still more, in a quiet and unpretending union among ourselves, to effect thereby those essential reforms which can come only through us.

We ask no conscience wasted politician, or political economist, to assure us of the immensity of good which the general tendency to co-operation among the laboring classes; the world over, holds out to us, beyond all that their respective fraternities have ever coaxed us with. Their gilded lies have done well nigh the last of their wizard-work with us.— We would rather have the Public Lands made free to actual settlers only, and in limited quantities than all that has been done politically, for the laboring classes, from the day our government was organized. We are confident that the humble movement of Protective Union Stores, is the germ of an organized system of commerce, which will be productive of more public benefit and genuine national prosperity, than all the Tariffs and Sub-Treasuries and Exchequers in Taraxacum. Then look at the Trades Unions, the movements for a Lien Law, for the Limitation by Law of the hours of daily labor, on all public works and chartered corporations, and for the Inalienable Homestead, which have originated with the working people, and have been made conspicuous by them, and tell us if these are not, each and all of them, measures both practicable, and of the most evident utility to all classes. But what must be the instrumentalities for accomplishing these desired projects? Do you repudiate all political action? We answer you all instrumentalities sanctioned by good citizenship, justice and humanity. Yes we are for political action. We wish the triumph of measures, and will vote for any man who will act according to our wishes, be he Whig, Democrat, Liberty Leaguer, Bavarian or Japanese. But the grand reliance of the Workingmen must be upon a noble, firm, well compacted and concerted organization among themselves. There can be no success without it. It has often been flung in our faces, that it could never do any thing effective, because we are mutually jealous and suspicious of each other, and because a small ambition, to be first in affection and honor among our fellows, breeds contention and disunity among ourselves. Now let us prove these allegations false, and let us show to the world, that it is most honored among us, who manifests by deeds as well as words, that he

is most useful and devoted in earnest efforts to co-operation. But organize we must, or we shall be impotent. Nothing is so important to the Protective movement to-day, as thorough organization and affiliation among the several Divisions. There is no beauty or order in Nature, until organization ensues. Behold what organization is arrayed against us. Let us be wise. We must have something more than a nebulous aggregation of parts. We must have one pure crystallization of order.

PROTECTIVE UNION—NO. X.

I perceive that some of my good friends (the Grocers) do not take what I have written very kindly, and seem disposed to show me the "cold shoulder"; I am sorry for it, as I have some whom I respect. I think they must mistake my motive, as it is not individuals with whom I have to do, but the system. I understand that some of the exchangers in this city have said that our institution is a good one, and bid us "God speed." The members of it at any rate are more impressed with the truth of its principles every day, and show by their zeal that they are determined to carry them out.

I do not think that the "Union" is calculated to "tip the pockets" (the grocers) so well as the present false system, but if their purses are lighter their consciences will not be so heavy, and they will be gainers in that respect. Most of those in the employ, and some of the Grocers themselves, are confined to their business from early in the morning until nine o'clock at night, which is not right. Supposing their system is correct, what does it amount to in the shape of benefiting their fellow men? Nothing, and a little worse.— They make a vast amount of money, but beggar their minds. Their knowledge of any thing beyond dollars and cents amounts but little more than that of an Esquimaux; of course there are exceptions. They differ from the poor operative cooped up in the mills only in one respect. The Operative toils a few short years and dies a beggar. The "Exchanger" slaves himself a few years and hoards up treasures so that he may live a few short years afterwards in "splendid misery."

But the operative can show at the end of each day each week some specimen of his handiwork. The Grocer does what? Why he takes a box of sugar grinds it out and makes it into sugar, rolls up a hoghead of molasses, boro a holo, puts in a facet, and draws out molasses, knocks the lid off a chest of tea, weighs it out, puts it up in a package to sell to some poor devil at some thirty-five to sixty cents advance for tea.— It reminds one of the anecdote told of a poor man who applied to a rich one (Billy Gray, I believe) for a job, "he was willing to do any thing; the price being agreed upon for a day, he was told to remove a small pile of stones from one side of the street to the other, after having done it he informed his employer of the fact, who told him to carry them back to where he took them from, which he did, this operation was performed several times. At last the poor fellow enquired "if that was all he had to do?" "Yes," was the reply, well he "didn't know as he wanted to work so." He was told that "he should have his pay," but that would not answer, he was willing to work and wanted employment, but his honest pride would not suffer him to do that which was of no use whatever.

But it may be asked, is it of no use to have some one to deal out goods to you? Yes, it may be necessary to have some one or even some dozens in this city, but not some hundreds, and not in the present state. Let those who receive the goods and those who weigh and measure them out be mutually interested and benefited, and I grant, you that there is some use in it, but under the present "corn-rat" system, like moving the stones, there is but little useful labor performed for the large amount of money paid out.

I think it would be a benefit to the exchangers to work at some branch of honest industry, as it would be putting their brains into operation for a good purpose. And I think their capabilities for speaking the truth would be vastly improved; as the case now is, people here have but very little confidence in what they say in the way of trade. I am inclined to think that there is more truth than poetry in the remark that the traders do manufacture lies, if nothing else? Would it be a benefit to you, Messrs. Traders, to have it known that there was both truth and honesty in your business, be it ever so laborious? I think so. I do not think it is honest to purchase goods to-day and sell the same to-morrow at a great advance; they are made no better by passing through your hands and therefore you do not give an equivalent for what you receive.— Neither is it speaking the truth, to run up with a long harangue to your customers, stating that the goods cost so much when you know that it is not the fact, and so do most of your customers, but still they do get most awfully shrewd.

Now suppose, instead of the present system, you should join us, some of you could be employed in "Protective Union" stores, the rest can obtain other employment, or help form joint stock companies in agriculture or mechanics, which would be better; and really more of manufacture something which would be of use to the community. You will then have some time to devote to moral and mental cul-

ture, and instead of a curse, will prove a blessing to society.

LOWELL WATER CURE HOUSE.

I promised, some two or three weeks since, to give my experience as a "Cold Water Cure" patient. I will now do it.

I had been sick three weeks with a slow nervous fever and inflammation of the lungs, when I went to the L. W. C. House. Meaning I had lost my appetite, some twenty pounds of flesh, the most of my strength and will nigh the entire control of my will. My lungs were very sore and I had a severe cough. The pupils of my eyes were much expanded, which physicians regard as a very "bad sign." I went to Dracont, and under the kind and skillful care of Dr. Foster and the Nurses, whom I shall ever remember with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, in three days my appetite had returned; in less than a week my cough had left me and also the soreness of my lungs—I could breathe free, rapid and full breaths without the slightest pain. In about a week—a little over—my fever had disappeared and my strength so far recovered that I was enabled and permitted to leave my bed, and go down into the gentlemen's parlor, which I had not been able to do before,—only to go to my baths. About the 10th day of my stay, I was permitted to go out doors and walk a little for exercise. I walked perhaps fifty rods, out and back, which wearied me some. The fifteenth day I left the Establishment and was able to walk with but little fatigue a couple of miles. I continued the treatment as well as I could and in four weeks was almost as strong as ever and quite as healthy. Perhaps it is due to Hydropathy, that I should say that a distinguished physician of New Hampshire regarded my case as a very dangerous one, and my recovery strongly doubtful. He remarked to me, that if I got well in six months I might be satisfied! This under the old practice. Under the new practice, or "Water Cure" where nothing, absolutely, is used but water—pure water, I felt as well as ever did, in just fifteen days! Who, for Heaven's sake,—no! I mean for the Doctors' sake, (for Heaven has nothing to do with "drugs") would be drugged to death in six months when he could be entirely cured by the simple application of pure water in fifteen days? And how was this done? By "Water alone" pure, sparkling water! as the principle of positive action,—diet and exercise play a very important part, or did in my case, for I eat but little else beside "cracked wheat and milk." Let me say that those who have never eaten this "dish" know little of the real luxury of high living. Reader! this talk about the excellence of "cracked wheat," let me tell you, is not a mere "flourish of words," but is down right, sober truth, as all who have tasted thereof will readily testify.

What were the baths and how was the water applied? My first was a "half bath," which I took on the afternoon of the first day of my Water Cure experience. After this the baths were as follows: At four in the morning I was "packed" in the "wet sheet." In this I laid until I got warm enough—an hour, more or less. This was followed by the "half bath," with constant rubbing of the surface of the body while in the bath and until I was entirely warm after I came out. At ten, A. M., I took a "sitz" or "syt bath." At four o'clock, P. M., another "syt bath." At six or seven in the evening I had a "foot bath," and for about a week, just before 9 P. M., was briskly rubbed with a wet sheet—this was done to prevent sweating. This is all! How simple! Just like Truth. Each day was the same. Reader! at this Establishment they took for their patient's hard. The care of the Physician is constant, unremitting for all the patients. For the first week I was there, he visited me, certainly, a half dozen times each day. And how glad I was each time to see him! for his countenance was always smiling,—kindly, anxiously smiling. I have no words to express the high opinion I have of him, not only as a Physician, but as an honest, deeply sincere, truth loving man. He is well,—but none too well, for that cannot be,—qualified to occupy the position he does. He has had extensive practice upon the old method, for several years, which he left for principle. He saw his error in practicing the old method, and like a true man left it; he saw the truth of the new method, and with manly courage embraced it. The richest of Heaven's blessings be his, is the sincere prayer, at least of one. Much praise is due to the kind, the really kind and pleasant, and obliging nurse,—in the male department, Mr. Booth. He is always cheerful, easy, pleasant; never "snarish and snarling"; is ever ready and willing to do all he can for the sick ones good and pleasure. This is not mere talk, "his truth and comes right straight from the heart." A word for the generous proprietor. He has spared no pains or money in "fitting" the Establishment up, so as to make it in every way pleasant and comfortable to the sick ones. Winter is close by, but the arrangements for warming the House is such—so complete that it is as comfortable as any one can desire. Of the truth of the statement any day ascertain by calling at the House himself some cold day and taking a "doosh" or "plunge." Such generous outlays for the comfort of others deserves a liberal return and will receive it, for "Truth is mighty and will prevail,"—so believes, at least, Reader, Your Friend, HEDDO.

Correspondence of the Voice.

EAST BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1847.

MESSRS EDITORS:—You and your readers may like to know of my canvass for subscribers on this little Island. The island is about four miles long and two and a half wide, and is divided into four sections, which are divided into streets with large names, such as Liverpool, London, Paris, and Webster. The houses are without numbers, but almost every one has his name on the door. But to some incidents in my rambles.

My list was opened by what some have been pleased to call "A Sign of the Anvil," who "took eight newspapers, but would not say nay, nor from fear of discouragement to me, and was sure a paper with such a title, such a good head, and such an agent, would be taken by every working man," and away I went, rejoicing "with exceeding great joy" to meet with such a friend to begin with. Nine persons "followed suit," so my list numbered nine the first half day. To-day, three of these did not like the paper because it was not "Native American"; and decidedly an "Abolitionist paper." Another because it "endorsed Wright's (of the Chronopy) sentiments." Another because he could read his room-mates' paper. Your paper has also been refused, because of lack in "War news," and "deaths and marriages!"

My success has been good, fifty names have been registered on my books. A large number of these are from the establishment of Otis Tufts. As you well as myself are somewhat indebted to these industrious, gentlemanly mechanics who seemed to appreciate the paper. They were happy to join you in trying to better the condition of working men, both as individuals, and collectively—happy to see so many on the alert and the subject so well treated as they had just read in your paper. In short, their remarks bespoke no common share of intelligence and Democracy. They would go for "measures—not men, and are 'dead set' against all chartered monopolies. They would think, speak, and vote for themselves."

Should any of the sisterhood be pleased to enjoy the privilege, to which 1848 will entitle them, they better call on some of the Fraternity alluded to.

I have distributed gratuitously about two hundred copies of the Voice, and so you will see your paper must be well known to the folks on this Island. In closing this communication it gives me pleasure to mention the Maverick House, as I have been told it is a Temperance House, and one of the best conducted hotels in the State. It is large and well furnished, and kept by Mr. Bryant, formerly of the Hanover House.

To those who have patronized the "Home Industry Girl" is extended many thanks, and a long good bye. M. E.

A LIFE-LESSON FROM A CHILD.

On a visit in the country the other day I found a beautiful little girl, to whom I became very much attached. Her influence on me was to make my childlike element, which is a stunted, shrub oak sort of a thing, grow twice as large in one season.

She is very fond of flowers, birds, &c. She said, one day, while dissecting flowers to see the inside, "God must be very good to give us so many flowers that we can do with them well with them." As if she thought the profusion in which the gifts are lavished, is a warrant for using them to any extent.

Her aunt took her to walk in the woods; and she wanted to stay there all night with the birds and flowers, saying she could not be lonely, and could had a little moss bed to sleep on. There's a lesson for us; we like to cling to a pleasant mood or idea, and wish to remain with it permanently. We are too prone to stay out all night with the flowers and birds, forgetting that darkness hides one from sight, and silence the other from the ear; and that the morning would waken us unrefreshed, chilled and stiffened, and unable to go forth among its glories, and return home laden with its blessings.

She thinks she must be very kind to such insects as she can have access to; so she digs up the angle-worms in the yard, and straws grass and flowers for them to eat; and grieves that they go right back into the dirt. Reformers might learn a lesson from this mistake of hers. They are apt to dig worms from the ground, and give them food which is for a higher order of animals; forgetting that the mock-worm must live out his present ground-life, unmolested, die, and then take a higher grade of organization, (I speak as if I believed in the doctrine of transmigration of souls; and I half do; at least, if it is not true it is not untrue; if it is not a truth it leads to one.)

She has never been afraid of any animal, and would take up any she could catch; till one day when I was there she took up a bee and got stung. This is it in this world; childlike natures soon learn, by experience that some flowers have thorns, and some insects sting. They trust, in their simplicity, getting stung with disappointment, and then cry of the pain, and afterwards mourn that their faith is betrayed and taken away.

She gathered a little bunch of flowers for me when I came away, which I kept till they withered, and then was obliged to let them drop. —I couldn't fling them away. She is a flower

whose sweet fragrance has passed into my soul with beauty which cannot wither; so I was not sorry that her bouquet perished; for it was only a word of blessing, gone into silence; but the benison remains forever. E. Y. D.

W. M. P. U., DIVISION NO. 84.

EAST BOSTON, Nov. 5, 1847.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing a Division of the Working Mens Protective Union was held at the house of Wm. H. Gray, on Friday evening, Nov. 5th. Mr. E. Lawrence, delegate from the Supreme Division, took charge of the meeting, and Wm. E. Ford was chosen Secretary.

Voted, To proceed to the choice of officers, when the following gentlemen were unanimously elected: Jesse Tuttle, President; Wm. E. Lord, Vice President; Wm. Thompson, Recording Secretary; Sidney Phillips, Corresponding Secretary.

Voted, That officers to fill the remaining vacancies, be elected at the next meeting. The presiding officer now declared the Division duly organized, to be known and recognized as Division No. 34 of the W. M. P. U.

After some highly interesting remarks from Mr. Lawrence on the great advantages of Protective Union, giving information of the method of buying and selling as practiced by different Divisions, &c.—it was Voted, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet at this place next Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Voted, That a Committee of three be appointed to manage the business for next meeting, and Messrs. Gray, Garson and Lord were chosen.

Voted, To adjourn. Wm. E. Lord, Secretary Pro tem.

This should have appeared last week.

MR. EDITOR: Being in North Andover on Tuesday last I saw the body of one of the men who were washed away with the Coffin Dam, at Lawrence, some nine days since. It was taken out of the water by some of the residents, and word of the circumstances sent to the managers of the works where the man lost his life. They were requested to carry him away and bury him. But the answer returned was, that where he was found he returned dead, and they must bury him. Now, sir, at the time this took place there were two or three sticks of wood that had floated to the same spot where the body was found, which were drawn on shore by the same persons. The managers of the Company, by whom this man had been employed, sent a wagon, drawn by two splendid gray horses, to take away the wood, but the dead man is of no more use to them, so they let him lie. I am led to think that Lawrence is a safe place to invest capital, but not LIFE. J. B. J.

We have no room for comments on the above. Perhaps none would add to its effect. Behold the ultimate results of the all absorbing selfishness engendered by a false Industrial and Social organization. A log of wood is of more value than a man, when the man can no longer be used to make money with.

THOUGHTS ON CORPORATIONS.

Whence came Incorporated Companies? To answer this question we must go back to the time when the people spun their own yarn, knit their own stockings and wore their own cloths. Imagine the different members of the family engaged in the work, one at the spinning wheel, one at the old hand loom one knitting &c. But there comes a change.—Some ingenious Mechanic invents a loom that saves three or four times as much the old hand-loom with less labor. Another invents the spinning frame, another the carding machine, and so on through the whole. The old spinning wheel and the hand-loom are rendered useless.

The patent machinery falls into the hands of the men of wealth, for the inventor has not the capital to engage in the manufacturing business for he usually loses both his time and his property, if by his own of the latter, in planning and perfecting his invention.— These men of wealth form themselves into companies and get incorporated. This is the origin of Corporations.

The ingenious inventor of labor saving machinery does not get the reward of his talent and labor. Corporations get both, while the laborer and inventor starve. It will give a few thoughts on Agents and Overseers at some future time. s. w.

THE VOICE.—We intend soon to enlarge the Voice, and thus give our readers a greater amount and variety of reading matter.— This will increase the expense of publication. Workingmen, will you assist us in this step? We cannot be satisfied till we give you the best paper in New England. The Workingmens' paper should be the best. With your earnest and zealous co-operation we can make it the best. Shall the Voice of Industry be suffered to languish for want of the aid you can so easily give it? We trust not. TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L. T. of Waburn, through some mistake your letter of Oct. 13 was not received till this week. We trust all will be right now. We are glad to hear that a Division of the W. M. P. U. is talked of in your place. If we can assist you in any way we will do so cheerfully.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

Still for the PEOPLE—still for Man and Freedom,
Bobby his 'Twas words the Bard most speaks.

THE SONG OF TOL.

Let him who will, rehearse the song
Of gentle love and bright romance.
Let him who will, with tripping tongue,
Lead gleaming thoughts to fancy's dance.

RECORDS OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

CONVICTS: "The Prisoner is made to a larger, lighter body,
convicted" "the man who wears the 'twill' is the worst."

THE CHEROKEE NATION.

The Cherokee Legislature, consisting of two
Houses called "The National Committee" and
a "National Council," corresponding to our
Senate and Assembly, convened at Tahlequah,

By the way, those who care to know what
is going on among this interesting people
should subscribe for the Cherokee Advocate.

Among the members of the Council are the
following: Robert singular names; William
Doublehand, Lightningbug Bates, Takes-tas-

After taking the oath of office, Mr. Ross,
before a joint meeting of the two Houses,
delivered his inaugural message, which is a

Mr. Ross commences by congratulating the
Nation upon its orderly and peaceable man-

The condition of the people individually
and collectively is said to be prosperous.

The buildings for two Seminaries, designed
for the instruction of the youth of the country

The Messenger says:

As to the Special Commissioners, who were
appointed to adjudicate Cherokee

The great delay on the part of the United
States to settle promptly, justly and

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write, conceived the grand idea of reducing
his own language to a written system. He
laid the subject before a Council of his country-

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men and received in return contempt and
incredulous jeering. Not at all disheartened

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Would the producers and consumers
but combine and play into each other's hands,
without the intervention of speculators, some

We are exceedingly happy in believing that
important progress has been made towards
the solution of this difficult problem, in the

The experiment began small, but it
has been constantly growing, and has al-
ready attained considerable strength and

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the general object of the movement, and 25 sub-
divisions or minor Unions, already estab-

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THE ORIGINAL CHILDREN'S AND
BOYS' CLOTHING STORE.

Was established years ago, and was made prominent by
the late Mr. J. C. Simmon's Oak Hall.

The liberal patronage bestowed upon this
NEW BRANCH OF THE BUSINESS,
located at this Popular Establishment, was extended to

"OAK HALL"
on account of every low PRICES charged for articles
of the highest quality, and the fact that the proprietor

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American Phrenological Journal.

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