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Positively

Who'll Be a Soldier? AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

BY J. B. SYMÉ.

Brother! who will draw the sword
And in anger smite a brother?
Who will, at another's war,
Raise the wail of wife or mother?
Who will stain with blood the hearth?
Who will bleach the cheek of beauty?
Who will desecrate the earth,
If a leader calls it duty?

What's our heritage but toil—
Till our strength and spirits blighting
Tear the lordings of the soil
Eight—if they are fond of fighting,
War's a dark and bloody game,
Ever clanging freedom's armor,
Swinging lordless woe and fame—
Bringing tortures naught but sorrow.

What have we for wages been
But the slaves of frenzied passions?
Conjuring with brother men,
Tripping on the hearts of nations
To the sake of some man's banner,
Clapping false's racking hand,
Worshipping its idol "honor."

Let the guilty plume wave
On the hawk of him who wears it;
Let the blood-cherished glories
Grace the brow of him who leaves it;
But, by all our nations' love,
Age's smile, and childhood's glances,
Not a hand or foot will move
To the field of battle's madness.

Hark! the people's hymns are leading—
Not of glory, death, and gore;
Not of swords and standards reeling;
Not of bayonets, hate, and war—
Glory's laurel starts its waving,
Which for ages past has shone,
As the light of peace is dawning,
Some herald a glorious hour.

Home, and all its household treasures,
From the widow's choicest gear;
Here be prizes, now, and treasures
'Tis a mother's diadem,
Not if crowns can any borrow,
Luster from oppressive war,
Those who wear them leave no sorrow,
For the weak man fights no more.

Miscellaneous.

From the *Commonwealth Magazine* for October.
Rosengory.
BY L. M. WASHINGTON.

A stranger among strange faces, she thinks the worms
of a woman's dependence;
She is marked as a child of woe; and the world has
teeth poverty.
She is doted for by none upon earth, and her God seems
to forsake her.

Then come, in fire, the promise and the truth of
affection.
And her heart long unused to kindness, remembereth
her brother, and loqueth;
And the doctor hath wound her trust, and mocked and
flung her from him;
And men, who at her and laugh, and women hate her as
an enemy.

But she lives, for other judgment may set her among
the martyrs.—(Proverbial Eldridge.)

Oh, mariners, who trust of happiness and self-respect
in every sphere of life into the spiritual depth of
deport ignorance, the uttermost abyss of man's neglect,
and say can any hopeful plan bring up in air so
fool that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as soon
as it is kindled? O ye disciples of the monster hun-
dreds of Christian knowledge, who search for ap-
peal to human nature, say that it is human true. Take
heed that dying your slender, and the sleep of genera-
tions, it has not been transformed into the nature of
beasts.—(Dickens.)

Jeffy Gray and his sister Susan were the
children of a drunken father, and of a poor
woman, who saved them from starvation by
picking up rags in the street, and washing
them for the paper-makers. In youth, she
had been a rattle ball, observable for her
neat and tasteful attire. But she was a weak
yielding character, and sickness, poverty and
toil, gradually took down the little energy
with which nature had endowed her. "What's
the use of patching up my old rags?" she
used to say to herself, "there's nobody now
to mind how I look." But she had a kindly
affectionate heart, and love for her children
preserved her from intemperance, and sus-
tained her in toiling for their daily bread.

The delight she took in curling her daugh-
ter's glossy brown ringlets, was the only re-

maining indication of early coquettishness.
Though often dirty and ragged herself, Susan
was clean and tidy. She was, in fact, an ex-
tremely lively child, and as she toddled thro'
the streets, holding by her mother's skirts,
Napoleon himself could not have been more
proud of popular homage to his little King of
Rome, than was the poor ragged woman of
the smiles and kisses bestowed on her pret-
ty one. Her large, chestnut-colored eyes had
sorrow and pride in their expression by the sor-
rows and pride of her mother, when the same
littleness stained them both; but they were
very beautiful, and their long dark
fringes rested on cheeks as richly colored as
a peach fully ripened in the sunshine. Like
her mother, she had a very moderate share
of intellect, and an extensive love of purity
of thought. It was a gleam in their souls that
intense love of the beautiful, which makes
poets and artists of higher names, under more
favorable circumstances.

A washerwoman who lived in the next
room, planted a Morning-Glory seed in a
broken tea-pot, and it bore its first blossom
the day Susan was three years old. The
sight of it filled her with passionate joy. She
danced and clapped her hands; she returned
to it again and again, remained a long time
stooping down, and looking into the very
heart of the flower. When it closed, she
called out, impatiently:—"Wake up! wake up,
pretty posy!" When it awoke, she
cried aloud:—"I refused to be comforted. As
successive blossoms were produced, her
ecstasy for the vine increased, and the
conversation she held with it was sometimes
quite poetic, in her small way.

One day, when her mother was looking up
rage from the dirty gutters of the street, with
the little ones trailing behind her, a gentle-
man passed with a large bouquet in his hand.
Susan's eyes lightened as she exclaimed, "O,
mamma, look at the pretty posies! The
gentleman smiled upon her and said, "would
you like me, my little girl?" She eagerly
looked up her hand, and he gave her a flower,
saying, "There's a rose for you." "Think the
good gentleman," said her mother, but she
was too young to open up to politeness.
Her head was full of the pet. Morning-Glory
the first blossoms she had ever looked upon,
and she ran to her brother shouting joyfully,
"See my Rosengory!" The gentleman laugh-
ingly, patted her silky curls, and said, "You
are a little Rosengory yourself, and I wish you
were mine." Jerry, who was older by two
years, was quite charmed with the word, and
"Rosengory?" repeated he. "What a funny
name! Mamma, the gentleman called our
Sisy a Rosengory."

From that day it became a favorite word
in the wretched little household. It sounded
with mournful beauty, like the low gong-
dengs, which at sunset fell against the dingy
walls, and the broken crockery. When the
weary mother had washed her basket of rags
she would bring water for Susan's hands, and
would comb to smooth her hair, and drying
fondly in the infant face, the only visit
of beauty in a life otherwise all dark and
dreary, she would say, "Now kiss your poor
mamma, my little Rosengory." Even the
miserable father, when his senses were not
stupified with drink, would take the pretty
little one on his knee, twine her shining ring-
lets round his coarse fingers, and sigh deeply
as he said, "Ah, how many rich men would
be proud to have my little Rosengory for his
own." But it was her brother Jerry who in-
fused her with all. "He could not go to
sleep on his little bench of straw, unless her
cuddly head was pressed on his bosom. They
trunked the great together, hand in hand, and
if charity failed them an apple or a slice of
bread, the best half was always reserved for
her. A proud boy was he when he received
an old introduction rickety-horse from the
son of a gentleman, for whom his father was
sawing wood. "Now Rosengory shall ride,"
said he, and when he placed her on the horse,
and watched her, swinging back and forth,
his merry shouts of laughter indicated in-
finite satisfaction. But these pleasant scenes
occurred but seldom. More frequently, they
came home late and tired, every body was
hungry and tired, and they were glad to steal
away in silence to their little bed. When the
father was noisy in his intoxication, the poor
boy poured his darning with me thoughtless-
ness of nature years. He patiently ward-
ed off the random blows, or received them
himself, and if harm accidentally came to
her, it was affecting to see his tearful eyes,
and hear his groined whisper, "Mamma, he
struck Rosengory!"

Poor child! her young life was opening in
dark and narrow places; though, like the vine
in the broken glass-pot, she caught now and
then a transient gleam of sunshine. He would
be well if men could spare time from the in-
flux of theological dispute, and the drawbacks of
devolutions routine, to reflect whether such
ought to be the portion of any of God's little

ones, in this broad and beautiful earth which
he created for the good of all.

Many a hungry day, and many a night of
pinching cold, his brother and sister went
struggling through their dimly lighted youth, till
the younger was eight years old. At that pe-
riod, the father died of delirium tremens, and
the mother fell into a consumption, brought
on by constant hardship and unvarying gloom.
The family was removed to the almshouse
and found it an improvement in their condi-
tion. The coarse food was as good as that
to which they had been accustomed—there
was more air, and a wider scope for the eye
to range in. Blessed with youthful impress-
ibility to the bright and joyous, Jerry and
Susan took more notice of the clear silvery
moon, and the host of bright stars, than they
did of the deformity, paleness, and sad looks
around them. The angels watch over child-
hood, and keep it from understanding the
evils that surround it, or of retaining the
gloom which is its shadow. The poor, weak
mother was dallying away, but they only
felt that her tones were more tender, her
endearments more fond. One night, when
they were going to bed, she held them by the
hand longer than usual. The rough, hiring
nurse felt the eloquence of her sad counte-
nance, and had not the heart to hurry them
away.

No one knew what deep thought, what ag-
ony of anxious love, was in the soul, which
lay more than twenty years old, and tear-
fully on their young eyes, and said, "I
only wish your young eyes, and soul, with a
troubled voice, 'My children, try to be good.
I've kissed them fervently, and spoke no more
to be next day, the nurse told them their moth-
er was dead. They saw her body laid in a
white pine coffin, and carried away in a cart
to the burying ground of the poor; where it
was piled upon a hundred other nameless cof-
fins, in a big hole dug in the sandy hill-side.
She was not missed from the jostling crowd;
but the orphans wept bitterly for she was all
the world to them.

In a few days strangers came to examine
them with a view to take them into service.—
Jerry was bound to a sea-captain, and Susan
was given to a school, who wanted a
pupil upon the children. She was truly bound; for
Mrs. Andrews was entirely forgetful that any
thing like freedom or enjoyment might be
necessary or useful to servants. All day
long she lugged the heavy baby, and often sat
up late at night, to pacify its fretfulness as
she best could, while her master and mistress
were at balls, or the Bowery. While the
baby was sleeping, she was required to scour
knives, or scrub the pavement. No one talk-
ed to her except to say, "Sisy do this" or "Sis-
sy, why don't you do that? I hate you."

Now and then she had a visit from Jerry,
when his master was in port. He was
always very affectionate, and longed for the
time when he should be a man, and able to
leave his sister free with him. But after a
few years, he came no more; and as neither
of them could write, they had no means of
communication.

Wages Susan grew older and there were in-
creased her labors to tend, she was mostly con-
fined to the cellar kitchen, from which she looked
out upon some steps and a brick wall. Her
mistress had decided objections to her form-
ing acquaintances in the neighborhood, and
for several years the young girl, scarcely held
communication with any human being, except
the old cook. Even her beauty made her less a
favorite; for when company came in, it was
by no means agreeable to Mrs. Andrews, to
observe that the servant attracted more atten-
tion than her own daughter. Her husband
spent very little of his time at home, and
when there, was usually asleep. But one
member of the family was soon conscious of
a growing interest in the orphan. Master
Robert, a year older than herself, had been
a petulant, over-indulged boy, and was now a
selfish pleasure-seeking lad. In juvenile days
had been in the habit of ordering the little
servant to wash his dog, and of scolding her,
if she did not black his shoes to his lik-
ing. But as human nature developed within
him, his manners towards her gradually soft-
ened; for he began to notice that she was a
very handsome girl. Having obtained from
his sister a promise not to reveal that he had
said anything, he represented that Sisy ought
to have better clothes, and he allowed to go to
meeting sometimes. He said he was sure the
neighboring thought she was very nicely clad,
and that he had heard that their servants
made remarks about it. His mother would be
in supposing that such arguments. She had never
thought of the almshouse child in any other
light than as a machine for her convenience;
but if the neighbors talked about her neat-
ness, it was certainly necessary to enlarge
Susan's privileges. In answer to her enlarge-
ment inquiries, her daughter repeated that Mrs.
Jones's girl had said so and so, and that Mrs.
Smith, at the next door had made a similar

remark to Mrs. Dickson. Whether this gos-
sipy was, or was not, invented by Robert, it
had the effect he desired. Susan now near-
ly sixteen years of age, obtained a better dress
than she had ever before possessed, and was
occasionally allowed to go to meeting on Sun-
day afternoon. As Mrs. Andrews belonged
to a very genteel church, she could not of
course, take a servant girl with her. But the
cook went to a Methodist meeting, where
'the poor had the gospel preached to them,'
and there a seat was lined for Susan also.

Master Robert suddenly became devotional
and was often seen at the same meeting. He
had no deliberately bad intentions; but he
was thoughtless by nature, and selfishly edu-
cated. He found pleasant excitement in
watching his increasing power over the young
girl's feelings; and sometimes, when he quer-
ied within himself whether he was doing
right to gain her affections, and what would
come of it all, he had floating visions that he
might possibly educate Susan and make her
his wife. These very vague ideas impres-
sioned so definitely on the mind of the old cook,
aided by occasional presents, that she pre-
sented to tell no tales. Week after week, the
lovers sat together in the same pew, and sang
from the same hymn-book. Then came meet-
ings after the family had retired to rest;
which secrecy gave an additional charm.
This concealment was a very wrong thing,
and he easily perceived her that this was
duty, in order to send him from blame.—
"Was it his fault that he loved her?" he asked,
"I was sure he could not help it. She was
so lovely, and he could not help loving her
heartily. He was very handsome, and she
delighted in his beauty, as naturally as she
had done in the flower, when her heart leaped
up and called it a Rosengory. Since her
brother went away, there was no other hu-
man bosom on which she could rest her wear-
y head; no other lips spoke lovingly to her;
no other eye-beams sent warmth into her soul.
If the gay, the prosperous, and the flattered
find it pleasant to be loved, how much more so
must it be to one whose life from infancy had
been a life of suffering, which reflects its own
pollution of feeling which nature made heart-
rent, and does great injustice to the
heart by the grossest of interpretation."
Thus fired with poor Susan. Late one
Sunday night, she and Robert were sitting
by the open window of the breakfast-room.
All was still in the steady light of the
moon shone mildly on them, and hushed their
souls into a quietude, which they had never
before. At six o'clock, they rested on the im-
pressible heart of seventeen, and thus they fell asleep.
Mrs. Andrews had occasion for some com-
fort, in the course of the night, and it chance-
d to be in the closet of that room. When
she entered in search of it, she started back
as if she had heard the report of a pistol.
No suspicion of the existing state of things
had ever crossed her mind; and now that she
discovered it, it never occurred to her that she
herself was much to blame. Her own ex-
ample, and incidental remarks, not intended as
education, but which in fact were so, had
taught her son that the world was made for
him to get as much pleasure in as possible,
without reference to the good of others. She
had cautioned him against the liability of be-
ing cheated in money matters—and had in-
structed him how to make the cheapest bar-
gains, in the purchase of clothing or antiques—
but again the most profitable and most
insidious temptations of this life he had re-
ceived no warning. The serious he heard
from other pious and old pharisees, who
lived eighteen hundred years ago; none of
them met the wants of his own heart, or re-
vealed the rational laws of the senses. As
for Susan, the little fishes floated along by
the side, were not more ignorant of hydrostatics,
than she was of the hidden dangers and so-
cial regulations, in the midst of which she
lived. Robert's love had blossomed in her
dreary, monotonous life, like the morning-glo-
ry, in the dark, dismal court, and she wel-
comed it, and gazed into it, and rejoiced in it
much after the same fashion.

[Continued next week.]

CERIOUS TIME-KEEPER.—In one of the most
fashionable resorts in Paris is a cannon load-
ed and primed, and so placed that the focus
of a burning glass falls upon the powder pre-
cisely twelve o'clock of course every pleas-
ant day the hour's noon is indicated by the
firing of the cannon. On every such day a
crowd gathers round it to watch the progress
of the sun spot, and the manner in which
the motion of the earth on its axis is made to fire
off artillery.

There is a cotton factory near Pensacola,
Florida, in which the operatives are all black
girls.

"Ah ha," said the farmer to the corn. "Oh
ho!" said the corn to the farmer.

Exercise.
Of the various kinds of exercise described
by Hippocrates, those upon which he placed
most dependence were friction of the whole
frame, in connection with the bath, and a
springing position of the hands and arms.
Now these exercises are so simple and easy
to be performed in any or country, in sum-
mer or winter, by rich or by poor, that none
need neglect them. Some sort of bath, or
application of cold water may be enjoyed by
every one even in cold weather by a little en-
ergy and perseverance. It is true that the
invigorating exercise of swimming must be
suspended for a season, but the benefits of
cold water may be had in your room, if the
drought should not continue, and especially
when Long Pond water shall pour down our
streets, and shall come bubbling up into every
house.

To produce friction of the skin the flesh-
brush has gone out of use very much both in
this country and in England. To supply its
place a single glove made of wool, called the
chafing glove, and without fingers, is highly
recommended for this purpose. Let those
who are deprived by their pursuits of moral
vigorous exercise in the open air, not neglect
friction of the whole frame, for thus the
healthful secretions of the skin are promoted,
the obstructions of which have given rise to
a thousand and one maladies. The neglect
of such friction by sedentary men who take
little or no exercise is the cause of the grav-
est diseases. The sufferings of the unfortu-
nate are to be attributed to this cause.

The above observations apply to every age
with the exception of all. And so is the swinging
of the limbs and arms that the father of med-
icine, so highly recommended. And if it is
done in the manner that the ancients, and wood-
men are accustomed to exercise their arms in
cold weather so much the better. If you
wish to increase the pliability of the exercise
you can add a pair of dumb-bells as addition-
al weights to the arms, with trifling expense,
and it will save you large expense at the
apothecaries' and physicians'.

So washing has been recommended by all
writers and physicians as a natural and health-
ful exercise. We have ever seriously ques-
tioned whether the temptations offered to ride
on all sides in this city and neighborhood, and
to ride for a trifle, would on the whole prove
beneficial to the health of the community.
Xenia, the lawyer, in a famous letter thus
riding, which you this lazy habit of always
commuting as to the as applicable to this
city, which he wrote.

"It is an ugly custom, and a very bad
one of getting into a conveyance brought into
have to see, if we did but walk up foot
of the distance that we ride in a 'th' part
evils of our sedentary habits might be glibly
obviated by such exercise. Be it worth
has come to this pass, that we seem to have
lost the use of our feet, and doubtless you
will think it necessary to recommend our
ancient method of perambulating." Martial
thought it madness for a hale young man to
walk through the town on the feet of a quad-
ruple. We hardly expect that the men of
the world who so much abound now a days
will relish these sentiments, still we think that
the interests of health are more important
than the success of their carriages. We have
no doubt that some riding may be, and is
quite beneficial, especially if the vehicle is of
a character to afford exercise, which can
hardly be said of all our locomotives. The
drive is we have too much ease in riding to
derive much benefit from the exercise, and if
we are shut from the open air as in many
cases, it is but a trifle better than a sedentary
life altogether. Let our ride for once in a
Nantucket horse-cart, and then in the vehi-
cles that are common around us, and he will
learn the difference between a carriage that
affords such exercise as will kill dyspepsia,
and one that will well breed it. In the
one case he will experience an exhilarating
circulation of the blood, which will give life
and vigor to the spirits, and he will return to
his dinner, or tea with a keen appetite. In
the other case he will feel but a little improv-
ed from his condition when occupying an easy
chair or a sofa at home.

On the contrary, walking is always healthy
in its tendency. It is a natural exercise for
man. He has the walking apparatus. Child-
ren make haste to creep, then to walk, then
to run, and are generally well or ill, as they
have much or little of these exercises.—*Boston*
Star.

Hypocrisy is of all vices, the most hateful
to man, because it combines the palice of
guilt with the meanness of deception. Of all
vices it is the most dangerous, because its
whole machinery is constructed on treachery;
through the means of confidence, on com-
pounding virtue with vice, on making the
noblest qualities of our nature minister to
the most profligate purposes of ruin.

EVERYBODY'S CORNER.

The following is an extract from a letter to the Female Labor Reform Association of Manchester.

DEAR FRIENDS OF REFORM: I promised to write to you, and let you know of my enjoyment away from the "city of spindles."

Here I shall remain a few weeks, in the retirement of a country residence, to enjoy a short season of freedom; and amid this pleasant repast I do not forget you.

They seem to think their brother man is too mean to associate with if he is "only a laborer."

Let me say to you, press on, in the work of Reform, till the hearts of the world are turned from mammon to the God of justice.

It is truly surprising to witness the eagerness with which men engage in lawsuits, without inquiring the why or wherefore.

As to salaries, I am the friend of low salaries. High salaries are a great evil.

When we understand that the National Reformers have resolved to nominate and support Mr. Bradley as their candidate for Governor.

A valuable bed of iron ore has been discovered in Dodge County, Wisconsin.

RUSSIAN CIVILIZATION.—It is positively stated that a Russian nobleman, married to a French lady of rank, was caught the other day, by the lady's brother, administering a severe thrashing to his wife.

How did you get on?—The Russian lady who came in at the moment, also assured the brother that it was quite a matter of course for a wife to be thrashed by the husband when she did not please him.

The Anti-Slavery enterprise is an essential instrumentality in keeping the public conscience alive to the wrong done to those in bonds, and in preserving the freedom that is enjoyed by other classes.

Col Hayes is said to have killed a Lieutenant Colonel of the Mexican army, single handed.—N. Y. Tribune.

DEBILITATED.—The New York Spirit of the Times has a story of a slaver, chased on the coast of Africa by two British cruisers, a year or two ago, and finding he could not escape, had three hundred slaves in the hold passed by their hands tied behind them, shot fastened to their feet, and plunged over the bow into the ocean; then started all the extra water, provisions, lumber, &c., and when overhauled by the cruiser, exhibited regular papers, and was released.

The Free Soil Principle.—Henry Bradley, the "Liberty" candidate for Governor, has returned the following answer to the questions proposed to him by a Committee of the "National Reformers."

QUESTIONS.—Yates Co. Oct. 6, 1846. Messrs. Ransom Smith, Lewis Messinger, and John ...

As to the limitation of the hours of labor, I am ready to say that I would have them fewer rather than more than ten hours a day.

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Why is a drunken man like Heredotus?—Ans: Because "his craft" has been too much for him.

The Anti-Slavery of New York have nominated John Young for Governor and Allison Gardner for Lieut. Governor.

How did you get on?—The Russian lady who came in at the moment, also assured the brother that it was quite a matter of course for a wife to be thrashed by the husband when she did not please him.

A DOURFUL COMPLAINT.—An exchange paper, among other encomiums which it bestows upon the chief magistrate of our State, assures its readers that Gov. Briggs' principles are as permanent as Plymouth Rock.

GINGERBREAD WORK.—We saw the cutest specimen of gingerbread work on the day of the cattle show, that we ever witnessed, in the person of a verdant youth, who had come to town with his "Dulcema," and whom we met several times in the course of the day.

QUEST.—The Boston Chronicle publishes, besides a list of marriages, a list of marriages intended. The latter list is always about twice as long as the former.

The latest case of absence of mind is recorded of a lady about to whip up some eggs for sponge cake, who whipped the baby, and sang Water Cressle Hymn to the eggs.

"Oh, that is a sweet song, Miss, your very sweet song; and you?" "Meet me by moonlight alone," if you please. "Indeed, sir, I shall do no such thing."

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was rather short and corpulent, of a crusty old hatcher.

The fashion of wearing straps to pantaloons, we have seen in the streets of our fashion; but it seems from the following extract from the last report of the New York Mirror of Fashion, that the ladies are adopting it themselves.

"Until quite recently, we anticipated much pleasure in describing the acceptable styles for ladies dresses, because we supposed they would never adopt straps.

A SMALL FAMILY.—"The upper part of a house to let to a small family," is a very common notice. Words do not always express the meaning intended.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—Heaven's last best gift to man, notwithstanding the alleged degeneracy of the age, seems more than ever to be appreciated in certain influential and popular quarters.

"Old Bachelors, like cider, the longer they are kept the more crabbled they grow, and when they see a little mother it turns them to vinegar."

"The Old Man of the Mountain." A correspondent of the Salem Register gives the dimensions of the "Old Man of the Mountain," at Franconia Notch, which are somewhat larger than have been generally supposed.

A SENATOR HEADING A MOB. The Cranfordville, In. Press, of the 23d inst., contains the particulars of a riot at Arica, on the Wash and Erie Canal, in which Mr. Hangan, of the Hon. U. S. Senate, figured conspicuously.

How did you get on?—The Russian lady who came in at the moment, also assured the brother that it was quite a matter of course for a wife to be thrashed by the husband when she did not please him.

"A splendid triumph of science," said Mr. Muggins to his wife, "Mr. Hartford has given a boy a new lip, which he took from his cheek."

"I suppose," said a quack while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a fool!"

"I wish the ladies had the privilege of voting," said a politician the other day.

PROSPECTUS OF THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY, ORGANO OF THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

Agents for the 'Voice'—TRAVELLING AGENTS. N. W. BROWN, D. H. JACQUES, CALVIN SMITH, JOHN R. FORRESTER.

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GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of Lowell and vicinity, during the past year, he expresses his thanks to the friends of the profession for the services of every department of DENTISTRY.

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