

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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Poetry.

Words of Cheer.

BY MRS. F. E. THOMAS.

Be firm and be faithful,
Desert not the right;
The brave become bold,
The darker the night!
Thou up and be doing;
Though clouds may fall,
Thy duty pursuing,
Dare all, and prevail!
If crown be thy portion,
If battle and loss,
If stripes and if prison,
Remember the cross!
God watches above thee,
And he will requite;
Desert those that love thee,
But never the right.

Speak no Ill.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Nay, speak no ill a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full of a better seed is sown
By choosing that is kinder phrase
For if that little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.
Give me the heart that find would heed—
Would from another's fault elude;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove unkindness best?
Not keen to reach a higher goal,
A noble estimate of man,
To earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Wit in Rhyme, or Thoughts by a Dyspeptic.

A superb poker sat at the window ere night
And saw the moon shining with silvery light;
He spoke to a stranger who stood in the room,
"Have you a desire to buy my wares?"
"Why, you've sold the stranger, I pray, what do you mean?"
"I've think I'm a fool, sir, or, I look green?"
"I thought it no harm," he replied, "to inquire
I see it is rising, and soon will be higher."

Miscellaneous.

THE MECHANICS' WIRE.

BY MARY LEWIS CHILDES.

"Shall you be very late to-night?" This question was asked in a soft low voice by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.
"I do not know that I shall," he replied, somewhat coolly, as replacing his cigar between his lips, he turned away. There was a certain sadness in his manner, and she looked after him more in a wistful than reproachful way. Taking the hand of her little boy, she slowly bent her steps homeward, with that frowning of the forehead which betrays the sadness of heart. It was a Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket which hung upon her arm. On reaching home, the very uppermost floor of a house in a poor but decent neighborhood, she rose to her feet, seated Philip, her little son, beside her, and gave him a piece of bread and butter from his supper, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessaries she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of little Philip told her he was ready for his bed. How tenderly he was taken by his lonely mother's lap—his pretty face washed—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his usual bedgown. Pressed to her bosom, she warmed his little feet; her fond hand returning to them again and again from the fire, to which she every now and then held her open palm, thus pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully, and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were gentle and charming lessons; thus were gentle and low awakened in his infant spirit his noble, but unminuted, unsatisfied mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of affection and when kneeling in her lap, she joyed his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he

caught, the sweetly serious look—the calm and holy tone of his instructions. When his little prayer was said, he flung his arms about her neck, and cheek to cheek they murmured together the blessing which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed, and the smile softly passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

"So far all was sweet; yet what it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmness, it was rather a craving for that mental and social aliment which is a necessity of every breast, and cannot long be healthily denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents them; the gentler submit and suffer, often perish, in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle, and sat down with the zealous lonely woman's usual companion—her work-basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the ceaseless needle was plied. Now and then she paused—it was to wipe away the tears that would gather on her lashes. She was just two and twenty, and had been four years married; during all which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had this been left night after night in loneliness. Philip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober, and diligent, and of his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings, with a very small reservation for some trifling indulgence for himself, to his wife, and with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them to her disposal. But while this last and liberal he seemed to consider that he acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him, which he sought improvement for, and which, it never occurred to him it was her equal right—would be to her an equal advantage; while he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he never reflected on the after privation of such communion he had entitled on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farm, where her mother, a pious-talented woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their education; her father's heart was remarkably well, his with the quiet kindness and calm aid of his humane

and the pale patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralysis, invaded his heart; at length he exclaimed—"Susan; Susan, my dear!" There was no reply; he stepped further into the room; he repeated her name yet louder; all was still. He groped his way to the fire-place—in the mantle-shelf he found a box of tuffler-matches—obtained a light, and lighted a candle. His now beheld Susan with her hand resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand—O Heaven! his icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor and looked up into her face; there was a sweet placid smile upon the lips, for a forgiving gentle spirit had passed from them, but the eyes were fixed and filmed—Susan was dead—had been dead some hours. The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming all the inmates of the house as he passed; a medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life; or cheered the brief time that had been allotted her. All were horror-struck, and one heart-struck, particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could awaken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but that it was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence produced was a singularly affecting memorial; it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. "The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words:
"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you! Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now. You have been good and kind and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. I will, you surely will say they take another wife, Philip, but which you never gave to me, give to her; your society, your counsel, if she has been untaught, teach her; at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never know it and therefore cannot tell how long the dull hours—"
As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation, but the second nature induced by habit had encrusted his original feelings and faculties; he had grown up to regard women as the mere machines of domestic life, with neither nature or capability for higher things, and which to "spirits masculine" he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation for himself. Too late conviction had dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that attended him through the remainder of his life; and if at any moment he felt the promptings, and if at any moment satisfaction, which to compare himself with the gifted and more endowed, is apt to do, he thought of Susan and felt humbled; he thought of her; and looked around him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that had been furnished for all.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.
ASSOCIATION DISCUSSED.—No. 2.

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE 'TRIBUNE' EXAMINED.—The New York Tribune has entered upon a formal and elaborate vindication of the New Social System, which, for the last five years, it has earnestly urged upon its readers, under the name of *Associations*; and upon the first page of our paper this morning will be found its first article, which is simply prefatory to its promised statement of the System itself. We intend to make it gross, and the principles out of which it grew, the theme of a somewhat more than our examination, in order to furnish to others the means of determining for themselves, whether Truth and the public Good require that we should aid and secure their general adoption; or whether injury, of the most serious character, is inflicted upon Society, by the constant and skillful appeals made to the public in their behalf. We do not know that the larger portion of the reading community will, in the outset at least, follow this discussion without special or definite interest. But we are confident it will soon become apparent that it is not a mere controversy concerning words,

nor a useless debate of harmless abstractions;—but a discussion of principles which lie at the very foundation of all Society; which enter into all the opinions of men upon Politics, Morals and Religion; which color, however insensibly, the speculations of the closet, the teachings of the Pulpit, the Press and the Bar, and the opinions of those who guide and control the affairs of civil and of social life; and involve, to an indefinite and unknown extent, the security, the harmony and the aggregate well-being of the whole fabric of civilized Society. We hope to be followed in an inquiry, which we deem so important, at least with patience, if not with interest. *The Tribune's* first article not only prefaces its promised statement of what Association is, but sets forth the elementary Principles out of which Association grows. It lays the foundation of the New Social System which *The Tribune* insists, should be made a substitute for that which is now in existence. It is necessary, therefore, at the outset, to see what those principles are; and for this purpose we ask a close perusal of *The Tribune's* article. In that article these points are distinctly set forth:
"The entire surface of the Earth, with all its products, was created for the use of the whole human race;—its ownership is, therefore, vested [by a law of Nature]; in the race;—and every man who is born upon the Earth has a perfect right to his share of it.
"2. While this would be the alleged *rightful* disposition of the land, the actual property of it is vested in a portion of the race;—and the residue, that is, those who own no land, have been wrongfully divested and despoiled of what is theirs. This has been done by Civilized Society; which has, therefore, been guilty of a foul wrong, in thus robbing the larger portion of the human family of the land to which, by a law of Nature, they are entitled.
"3. As a natural consequence of this, it is held to be the duty of Society to restore to these landless men that which is rightfully theirs;—or if this cannot be done, Society is bound to compensate them for that of which they have been robbed. In other words, those who own Land are, in duty and by natural law, bound to give to those who possess none, payment for that of which, by a law of Nature, they are the rightful owners.
"4. Association proposes to carry this into effect;—that is to confer upon the landless, if not the land, something equivalent in value to the land, of which they have been despoiled. How this is to be accomplished, *The Tribune* has yet to explain.
"These, we believe, are all the points made by *The Tribune*, or at least they embrace the substance of its first article. All its deductions rest upon its primary position—that, by a law of Nature, every man born upon the Earth has a right to a portion of that Earth. This position is set forth very distinctly thus:
"By a law of Nature every person born in the State of New York had a perfect right to his equal share of the soil, the woods, the waters, and all the natural products thereof."
This can only mean that the land of New York is, by a law of Nature, and rightfully, owned in equal shares by all the persons born in the State; and that those who actually own none of it, are wronged and robbed of what is justly theirs. Now this position, we insist, is equivalent to the denial of the Right of Property in Land. It denies the right of one man to hold a certain piece of Land for himself and as his own; and to exclude from it all other persons in the world. This is a necessary and inevitable inference. For, if all the men born within certain limits, at any time own all the land within those limits; and if one thousand more men are afterward born within the same limits; then, according to *The Tribune's* theory, the land within those limits will be then owned, in equal shares, by one thousand more men than held it before. Of course, then, these equal shares must become smaller than they were before—or, in other words, each man of the original holders of the land must part with a portion of that which he then actually owned. But the right of property involves necessarily the right of retention, of supreme and permanent dominion—so that if this right of retention be taken away—and if the right of property no longer exists, the right of property no longer exists. Now *The Tribune's* theory does actually destroy this right of retention; and it, therefore, as we alleged at the start, denies that Land can be rightfully owned by any body.
The same conclusion may be reached by a reverse process of reasoning. Suppose that *The Tribune* concedes that a man may be the actual and exclusive owner of a certain portion, say one acre, of the soil of New York. Another man may, of course, acquire an equally rightful title to the adjoining acre;—and this process may be rightly so on, until the entire surface of the soil of New York may become the rightful property of somebody. Now suppose other men to be born within the limits of the same State—they could not

"These will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think that while he forgot me, for better company than his, my little happiness was to remember him; and that I shall entirely be more solitary in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he brought me."
Something a little ink-bottle was taken from the mantle-shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table-drawer, and then, with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper hidden carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she had made more endeavor of this kind than usual, and the struggling unassisted spirit of intelligence was hurrying in her bright hazel eyes, and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink-bottle returned to the shelf, and taking the candle, she went out to the landing-place. She beheld her husband, assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm—it had been set; he had fainted during the operation—and with the ghostliness of aspect incident to such circumstances, appeared before her.

"This event prostrated Philip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength. But though unable to pursue his usual labors, Philip Morris sought an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social enjoyment. He went to his club, to the Mechanics' Institute, to coffee-shops where he could find the best selected books and the most newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to resign himself from becoming the mere machine of the fudge for so much trash as he had gathered thus. Alas! had he but thought of the wrong he had promised to love and cherish till death should part them—had he considered whether she had not a soul of equal value with his own, perhaps an intellect as capable of retaining culture—then had he been twice blessed—blessed in the act and in his reaction. But selflessly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the walk of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive that her cheek grew paler, and her voice weaker; not that he had been insensible or indifferent to her care and anxiety during his illness; but with renovated health he returned to his old habits, and accustomed to receive sacrifices without remark, he saw in his wife against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually Susan found herself unequal to the effort of going up and down the stairs, and then there was some talk of her returning home for a time, and trying the effect of her native air. She smiled feebly as this was spoken of, yet left unattended; she knew that she was going to a further and a better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent of words, or sufficiently strong in spirits, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued, as far as she was able, the even tenor of her way.

Philip Morris recovered his health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked of the country for Susan, and insisted on her trying a new doctor; he sought to tempt her appetite by such excuses as he could afford, but she could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and she own health, these entailed were late hours, among the evils she returned home, as usual. One night when on opening the room door, midnight, when on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed

candle, and the pale patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralysis, invaded his heart; at length he exclaimed—"Susan; Susan, my dear!" There was no reply; he stepped further into the room; he repeated her name yet louder; all was still. He groped his way to the fire-place—in the mantle-shelf he found a box of tuffler-matches—obtained a light, and lighted a candle. His now beheld Susan with her hand resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand—O Heaven! his icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor and looked up into her face; there was a sweet placid smile upon the lips, for a forgiving gentle spirit had passed from them, but the eyes were fixed and filmed—Susan was dead—had been dead some hours. The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming all the inmates of the house as he passed; a medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life; or cheered the brief time that had been allotted her. All were horror-struck, and one heart-struck, particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could awaken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but that it was a case which demanded an inquest.

rightfully own any portion of the soil, because there have already acquired a rightful and exclusive ownership in the whole of it. But the Tribune declares explicitly that they would be wrongfully deprived of it—that each one of them has a perfect right to his equal share. The Tribune, therefore, must give the principle with which we started, that one man can rightfully be the exclusive owner of any part of the earth's surface. This is the fundamental principle from which the Tribune starts, in its advocacy of Association, namely, that their case be no rightful Property in Land.

Now if a man may not rightfully own land, how can he rightfully own anything which the land produces? Is there any ground for a distinction between property in land, and property in the products of land? Why may a tree be owned, when the land upon which it grows cannot? Why may the wheat which grows out of the soil, be owned by some man when the soil from which it grows cannot? What inherent quality makes the one ownable, when the other is not? The Tribune may reply, the labor bestowed it, makes one the subject of property. But labor only changes the form of a thing—it does not create it. And if the original be not ownable, how can its product become so? If no one man can own land, to the exclusion of all others, how can any man own its products? There is no principle which will sanction the distinction. If land is not ownable, nothing is. If the right of property in land be denied, the right of property in every thing else is denied also. If, as the Tribune maintains, every person in New-York has a perfect right to his equal share of the soil of New-York, then, most certainly, he has an equally perfect right to his equal share of whatever that soil, directly or indirectly, may produce.

The original proposition, therefore, from which the Tribune starts in its advocacy of Association, is a denial of the Right of Property in land, and inclusively a denial of the right of Property in anything whatever. Now we must not be understood to say that the Tribune does this actually and consciously—it will probably promptly disavow any such opinion. But we do assert, and we think we have proved, that the ground principle of its whole system—the elementary proposition with which it starts—the very principle which shows its whole theory of Rights and Obligations—does, of necessity, involve these results. If that principle is true, these results must follow; and the Tribune cannot disavow the results, without disavowing the principles.

Now, if we can scarcely be necessary, at least at present, to establish the right of absolute Property, either in land or in any thing else. God gave to man not simply the use, but the dominion, of the property, the ownership of the Earth. His declared object in doing so, was to secure its cultivation. At first, when there were but few men upon the Earth, they did not find it useful to cultivate it much, and so they did not care to own it—land thus it remained uncultivated and unworked. But when men increased in number, it became essential to till the Earth; no man would till land of which he had not the property, either original and complete, or derived and limited; and thus, out of the very necessity of the case, grew the right of property in land, had the right of property in the products thereof. That right was essential, was necessary, to secure the cultivation of the Earth, and so the fulfillment of God's design. From it grew up Agriculture, Commerce, and Industry in all its forms. Pison and Avarice threatened to disturb or destroy it, and hence grew up Law for its protection. Out of the institution of Property, therefore, which grew from the law of Nature and of God, arose the fabric of Civilized Society. This, which is the order of Nature, refuses, if we paper over, the order of the Tribunes. That paper sees, that Society creates property, when in truth it is its creature. Property is the root of the tree of which Society is the trunk; and Society, in turn, as it is the product, become guardian of the right of individual property. Property has always originated every thing like order, civilization and refinement in the world. It has always been the mainpring of energy, enterprise and all the refinements of life. Evils are, of course, developed in connection with it—but they are accidental and comparatively trifling. Without it they would be increased, a thousand fold, and would exist alone and without relief. Without it civilization would be unknown; the face of the Earth would be a desert; and mankind transformed into savage beasts. There is no such 'law of Nature' to which the Tribune finds its sanction for the dogmas it promulgates. There is no 'law of Nature' which gives to every man a perfect right to his equal share of the Earth's surface. No man born now, can now partake of the earth's gifts and gifts, stand in the same relation to the earth which our fathers stand upon the fundamental proposition which we formed the theme of these remarks.

In further proof of the dangerousness of the effect which they had upon the public mind, it is not evident to every one who has watched the current of public thought, that they have changed the tone of public sentiment upon many most important points. Look at the facts already cited. What shock

ed the public when Fanny Wright proclaimed it in the Tribune entails their championship, or at least their toleration. Principles which when urged by Loco-Focos, were denounced as radical and destructive, when put forth by a leading Whig press, become simply matters of 'Progress and Reform.' In 1840, O. A. Brownson, then an active Loco-Foco, published an elaborate proclamation of his belief that no man could rightfully bequeath property, which he owned, to his posterity; and claimed that it should be thrown into a common stock. The public sentiment was aroused; leading Whig presses published the review in full, and held it up as a beacon whereby to warn the citizens of the Union from the rocks of radicalism upon which the Loco-Focos would wreck the ship of State. Now the doctrine that no man can rightfully own land at all, finds an advocate in one of the leading Whig presses of the City of New-York. And many sober-minded, sound-headed, thoroughly conservative Whigs are excessively annoyed at what any one should deem the first of the last importance!

These are the considerations which we oppose to the fundamental principles of Association, as they are set forth in the Tribune's article of Nov. 20th, to which that paper will consider this our reply.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN, confined to a department house on the 15th of a choice of industrial priorities to fulfil for himself the means of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for a life of ease and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, DECEMBER 11, 1846.

The Industrial Reform Plea.

We would argue as a matter of reform, to men the National Right to Land, do solemnly declare that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself to vote for the National Right to Land, as it is defined in the Tribune's article of Nov. 20th, and to vote for the National Right to Land, as it is defined in the Tribune's article of Nov. 20th, and to vote for the National Right to Land, as it is defined in the Tribune's article of Nov. 20th.

The Ten-Hour System—What is it?

The objects and aims of the friends of the Ten-Hour movement have been strangely misrepresented, by those who wish to pervert, or are ignorant of the principles upon which the cause is based. It is represented by agents as an invidious combination among the employed to defend the employer out of time and services which he is justly entitled. It is said to be a contest among the lazy and indolent to avoid work; and not infrequently it is denominated a political agitation to destroy some existing party and gratify a lust for political power and distinction. But friends, have you these charges corroborated by the true state of the case? Are the friends of the 'Ten Hour System' more lazy and idle than those who oppose it? No! It is a bill upon the hard-working men and women of the country. Men who never did another day's work in their lives, because the Mechanics are unwillingly to work thirteen hours per day, to gratify the insatiable avarice and speculation of the age! The Ten-Hour movement, instead of being the result of envy, intolerance or political animosity, is the prompting of the most honorable feelings of the human mind—that justice be done to all, in so equalizing the hours of toil, that all shall have opportunities for cultivating their intellectual, social and physical natures; and who opposes it either by open denunciation or by apologizing for its existence, is an enemy to the wellbeing of society, and the best interests of his fellow-men. How can it be otherwise, when it is known and acknowledged that the long hour system now prevalent does violence to the physical, mental and intellectual natures of mankind? We cannot conceive how men who profess so much regard for the progress of intelligence, virtue and morality in the community, can expose themselves for keeping aloof from this subject. Are they sincere and honest in their professions, while they neglect so important a source of ignorance, and moral and physical degradation?

But it may be said, inasmuch as it has been made a political subject, there is sufficient reason why many should remain neutral. Is this a good reason why any who believe the cause just should withhold their co-operation and influence? If they are content with means as being used to accomplish a reduction of the hours of labor, so that the more necessity of their support and aid. No true friend to the cause can stand upon such grounds in relation to an evil of such fearful results and tendencies. And why has such a letter been asked for by the friends of the 'Ten Hour System'? Not because they believe that the legislature or any other body, have a fundamental right to constitute the labor a legal, universal day-work. The Labor Reformers believe that the hours of labor should be regulated by natural laws only—that the age and constitution of the person, and the nature of the employment he is engaged in should govern the time of

labor per diem. But this natural state of labor does not exist. And why? Because, as just law and customs have interfered with nature's design, by building up monopolies of wealth, granting exclusive privileges to capital, whereby it is enabled to control the laborers and prescribe such rules and regulations as avarice (not humanity) shall dictate. The effect of this concentration of wealth upon the hours of labor, is more potent and effectual in compelling laborers to work twelve, thirteen and in many cases fourteen hours, than would be a law framed for that express purpose by our legislature; because the present system is looked upon as a custom growing out of the nature of things, and therefore unavoidable, rather than the legitimate results of the unjust and partial laws to which we have alluded. The inevitable result of partial legislation, is to concentrate power in the hands of the few to govern the many; and the effect is the same to the governed, whether arbitrary laws are passed directly by our legislative bodies and enforced by constitutional authority, or that power delegated to other bodies under legislative sanction. That this is our condition, the controlling influence which protected, fostered and concentrated capital fields over defenceless and competing labor, clearly demonstrates. Capital says to labor, 'work for me at my price, and the hours that I prescribe, or you shall have no work at all; and work for yourself, you cannot for I, through the power which has invested in me, have taken away the means,' and labor through the urgent demands of necessity, is obliged to submit. Well now, seeing these things are so, the Labor Reformers apply to the same source which has imposed these burdens; or in other words, granted power to others to impose them; for some redress. They ask that the hours of labor in Chartered establishments, which are acknowledged as the 'creators of legislation,' shall be regulated ten per day, not as an end, but as a means of finally throwing off and exterminating all that now trammels and cripples free industry, and weighs down the laboring classes. Inasmuch as the legislature has declared to the world that these charters are granted for the public good, and instead of the public good being subserved, mental and physical prostration and premature death are the results, as we are able to prove, they are in duty bound to regulate the hours of labor so that these evils may be averted. Ten Hours, after much philosophical deliberation and investigation, is thought to be the number best calculated to do justice to all parties under existing circumstances.

That some can labor more without any apparent injury to their physical system, we do not doubt; but that many, very many cannot work more for any length of time, without undermining health and constitution, is equally true. And now what shall be done? Should the long hours, uncalculated minds, disease, premature death, or short hours, health, intelligence and happiness? Let all settle this question honestly with their consciences, and act accordingly. But as for a reduction which will cause it without legislation we shall rejoice, but come it must.

THE SILENT OBSERVER.—In speaking of a lecture recently delivered before the Mechanics' Lyceum of that city, by Rev. G. W. Fowler of Fall River, upon the Cotton Mill says:

"It appears to us that the spoke too lightly of the evils of the factory system."

This cannot be attributed to the fact, that he gets the bread "that perishes," by dispersing the "bread of life" to a manufacturing people; can it, brother? It may be possible that the Christian religion and its ordained ambassadors have nothing to do with the evils of the Factory System. What does the editor of the Observer think upon this subject?

Daniel Webster is dining out. I have watched his long rambling speech at Philadelphia, and I say unhesitatingly that the two speeches recently made by Mr. Van Amringe, at the meetings of the National Reform Association, were far superior to it in ability, and substance, worth to the people any quantity of such speeches. Daniel knows little about the people's wants or wishes. How should he?—Young America.

Our time has been more profitably spent than by reading through such stereotyped nonsense. These political speeches of Webster, Colburn or Clay, are almost entirely destitute of anything that should characterize a great man, or a Statesman. What his more oratory and rhetoric to do with human rights and human happiness. We would give more for some of the five minute speeches we have heard from our factory operatives, than all the addresses Daniel Webster ever made in his life.

Our sworn—all papers returned to this office subject us to protest, and we now wish to be explicitly understood, that all subscribers wishing to notify us of a desire to discontinue their papers by this method, must pay their own postage, or if they choose they can notify us free through their Post masters.—Either of these methods, friends, but don't add to our already large pecuniary expenses.

THE FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR will open at Faneuil Hall on the 23rd of this month. A great variety of beautiful and useful articles will be offered for sale, the proceeds to go to the cause.

'The Dogs of War, let loose are howling.' President Polk is getting wrath; Secretary May is issuing his mandates; Uncle Sam is in a bad pickle; Mexico is showing her teeth, and all creation looks astonished. More men were wanted, to butcher and be butchered; and if all accounts are true, there will soon be a chance for all those who wish to distinguish themselves by cutting the throats of their fellow-Massachusetts at present. 'Who'll enter?' is the cry. Not the Workmen, for they have nothing to fight for, not a inch of land is theirs, though the United States should acquire the whole of the western continent; not their blood flow free as water, let them murder their thousands; still they will be men without homes. There is nothing to be gained—much to be lost in this infamous war, by those who are so foolish as to engage in it. That clique of demagogues at Washington, speculators, gamblers in stocks and Texas scrip, only will reap the spoils; those who do the murderous work may pocket what little glory there is, but precious little of anything else will be gotten; save hard knocks, mutilated bodies, broken constitutions and several consciences all of which can be obtained at a cheaper rate and nearer home, if necessary, than let President Polk, Secretary May and Governor Briggs give their orders (and read their proclamations, and all the 'Bismarcks' 'Furosos' in the land, reiterate the call, and let what a glorious thing is 'war,' and how willing they are to die for their country—Stand back and give them a chance—stay at home and attend to your own affairs—they can be spared as well as not. Most of them can say as did the man sentenced to Botany Bay, that they 'leave their country for their country's good.' But no; when the pinch comes, these valiant souls, so ready to sport with war, pestilence and famine, find they 'cannot be spared as well as not.' But the poor laborer cannot pass the reality and must either fight or go to jail. Brother Workmen, at this time choose the lesser evil, and patronize that peculiar institution, the prison, rather than pay a visit to that 'human slaughter house' and 'cripple manufactory in Mexico, to help sustain that 'very peculiar institution of our free and glorious Republic, Negro Slavery. We have concluded to spend a season (should we be drafted, at Samuel's romantic villa, near Mechanics Mills; for we think that 'skilly' and a clear conscience is better than all the glory that can be obtained by ordering our fellow beings in any war, more more such a thing, although, in our judgment, is the present. Mechanics, laborers, and everybody else, do not exist.

MECHANICS' PAPERS.—We have received during the past week two Journals, devoted to the Mechanics—the 'Mechanics' Advocate' and the 'Mechanics Journal,' both published at Albany, N. Y.

These publications are well printed and ably conducted, and we hope they will be well sustained; but we are fearful they will not. It appears to us that these publications, devoted to Mechanics cannot be supported in the city and vicinity of Albany. One such paper well sustained and well circulated, will do more good than a dozen half starved.

THE DECESSIONS gave their third contribution 'Laborism' on Tuesday. Their slogan is of the natural order, and is worthy of all the praise bestowed upon it. Their enumeration is plain, and their subjects generally are well chosen. Their third melodies are enlightening, and their performance of the 'Song of the Spirit' and 'There's a good time coming, boys' could not well be surpassed. Their last concert in this city, for the present, will take place on Thursday week.—(Young America.)

THE MILLER'S CONGRESS.—Parker Pillsbury in his speech before the late anti-slavery convention in this city, hit off the Doctor-for-Divinity, 'Let your eye be organized and directed, let your eye be organized, for which, of course, nobody's responsible; this year they have done the whole thing with polygamy next year. (Continued Parker.) I am thinking they will organize all the other sins and then vote in the millennium.—(Providence Sentinel.)

THOSE WERE PASTORALS.—Too fast.—We supposed from the evidence received from various sources, especially the Courier, (which all admit to be infallible authority,) that the case we published last week in relation to the expeditious manufacture of the cloth and puttees, was substantially true. But we have since learned that the statement is so far from being correct, that the work was not only commenced at 2 o'clock on Monday morning, but also considerably advanced the day before—Sunday! What could be the object in getting up this twopenny? If the editor of the Courier's legs in the breeches!

SCHOOL BOOKS.—The Editors of the Prisoner's Friend whose unwearied labors have done so much for depraved humanity, advertise that a variety of useful School Books may be had at their office. Give them a call, they deserve patronage.

CITIZENS' TEMPERANCE MEETINGS at the City Hall every Thursday night at 1-2 past 7 o'clock.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Labor Reform is surely gaining ground... Our instance of late came under my own observation, which goes to show that this great and good enterprise is fast finding its way to the hearts of our industrious mechanics.

[We must demur from the opinion of our correspondent in relation to Southern Slavery and Northern Oppression. Northern oppression is had enough God knows, and in many very many cases more misery actually existing among the laboring population at the North.

This is the heading of a communication in the Voice of last week, and it speaks my mind perfectly. The temperance cause has been retarded more by such persons for the last two or three years, than it can recover from in ten.

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and found wanting. Temperance is not of advancing has receded, and it follows the temperance people either to get something new to check the progress of an evil which is doing more to degrade humanity than all other causes combined. I have five methods of suppressing intemperance, and something is done to ameliorate the condition of the laborer.

Mr. Editor:—The following communication was picked up near the Depot, in this place. It seems to be a love letter, and will give you some of the most important extracts, which may edify and amuse your numerous readers.

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Black Hawk is dead. She was 38 years old. A man has just whipped his wife, in New York—excuse a diversity of opinion on the part of the existing war with Mexico.

The Letters of Marquis? We think are a decided humbug. But we will tell you what would be a humbug—the expenses of this Mexican war.—(Chironotype.)

Frank Adams. Under the sign of an Attorney at Law in Cincinnati is the following horrid report:—"Walk in and be hanged."

The Government is now offering for sale about a million of acres of land in Florida, part lying between Tampa Bay and the Gulf coast.

The object of this is, to raise money for sustaining the National Mob in Mexico and France etc.

The New York Herald of Tuesday evening states that there was then upwards of thirty ships loading in that port, principally with provisions for Liverpool alone.

John Cook has been arrested for having conspired with the Pull River; he had some accomplices for making them. Has been a steady industrious man.

The factories at Salisbury and Amersbury Mills, which commenced operations on Monday last week, after lying still for about six weeks for want of water.

The Quincy Patriot says the Hon. John Quincy Adams will not be able to join his seat in Congress.

The new Capitol of Iowa occupies a favorable site in Iowa city. It is built of marble and will cost \$1,000,000.

Hon. Thomas Corwin of Ohio is talked of as a candidate for the Presidency.

RECHARGE TENTS. Equality Town, No. 56, E. of N. Westchester, N.Y. Part No. 20, 21, 22, at Reception Hall, 20 Central St. above Hall Ferry, between 4 and 5 o'clock.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. At Reception Hall, 76 Central street, every Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock.

THE LAW OF NEWS PAPERS. 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

DR. THOMAS C. BRIGHAM HAS OPENED HIS OFFICE on Market st., nearly opposite the Bath House, where he will receive the attention of those who have been afflicted with the most deadly character of the disease.

TO THE PUBLIC. DR. THOMAS C. BRIGHAM HAS OPENED HIS OFFICE on Market st., nearly opposite the Bath House, where he will receive the attention of those who have been afflicted with the most deadly character of the disease.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. J. L. DOLY is adding a prime assortment of Books and Stationery to the stock of the Book Store, which he will sell low as the lowest, at No. 1 Capital Building, 122 Broadway, N.Y.

G. E. Cheever, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Goods every description of fine Jewelry and Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired in the most skillful manner. Next the Telegraph Office, Lowell, Oct. 24, 1854.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY. WE HAVE NOT RECEIVED; but we have received this morning, from NEW YORK and BOSTON.

15 Cases of New, Rich and Fashionable FALL GOODS. Search we invite the attention of the public to the following beautiful and elegant selections of NEW SILK, SHAWLS, and CLOTHING, DRESSES, GOODS, DOMESTICS, &c.

DEATHS. In this city, on the 21st inst., Mrs. J. S. ... In this city, on the 21st inst., Mrs. J. S. ...

NOTICES. The Lowell Industrial Reform Assn. ... The Lowell Industrial Reform Assn. ...

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