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POETRY.

For the Voice of Industry.

STANZA.

BY MARY.

The night is deepening,

As quiet the day,

In brightness of morning,

The mist melts away;

Her mellow light scatters

The darkness of old,

And shadows an era,

By ages foretold,

When the lion and lamb

Together shall lie,

And the children of men

Shall lay their enmity by.

Wouldst it lasten the dawning,

And back in the day?

Be true to thy calling,

Verge not from thy way.

Deal justly, speak kindly,

Remember the poor,

And turn not a brother

In need from thy door.

Fear not the aggressor,

Be truthful and bold,

And sell not thy birthright

For honors or gold.

From the Western Citizen.

Life is a battle and a march.

CARLITE.

For each right wrong is righted

For each truth and man is free,

For the invar's heart beat

With our hearts in harmony,

For each low toned thilling life cry

Tell a free child hath been born,

And the healing cancer only

Speak of chains no longer worn,

For each conflict from our's light ones

Must their power usurped be torn.

For the Universe, men, angels,

Dearest form in one glorious tone,

For in melody surpassing

Nature's primal inton.

When the advent stars, together

With the sense of God, broke out,

Waking space's bounds in echo

To Creation's first bright shout,

Many a harsh and jarring war-cry

Foist life's battle must ring out.

Earnest striving with oppression,

With life's falsehood, wrong and woe;

Lifelong, unrepressed exertion,

Truth to think, to speak, to do;

Overward feeling, unceasing;

Pitiless, truth's rugged path,

Hobly daring meekly bearing

The age-long falsehood's wrath,

Stern strife, slow progression, mingled,

Mark man's true life, man's true faith,

Many breathe, but few are living;

Many are, oh, how few are living;

Peaceful being, unprogressive,

Is not life—life's greatest fact,

That great feature which doth stamp it

With life's name, its constant strife;

Strife with error, with the deadness

With which every age is rife;

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

THE EMIGRANT'S DEATH-BED.

It was a bright morning in the summer of the year 1841, that I found myself on board one of the first boats, that ever walked "like a thing of life" upon the calm and placid waters of the Ohio.

The passengers were a motley assemblage of people, from almost all countries and climes; men of business, gentlemen of leisure, and these, who could not be properly classed with either were there. Here was the hard working Yankee farmer, who having sold his barren paternal acres, with the proceeds in his pocket, was wending his way to the far west, buoyant with the hope of what the future might bring to him of happiness and plenty. There was the industrious mechanic with no capital but his hands, was tempted thitherward with the hope of greater wages and cheaper living—the New England boy, who leaving behind all the endearments of home and kindred, had now just embarked upon the green ocean of life, to seek for himself among strangers a livelihood and a home. And here too, upon the lower deck, was the emigrant from the Emerald Isle, the thriving and temperate Scot, the morose and taciturn Dutchman, and a group of Germans, who with their wives and children, had forsaken their own vine and fig trees, for the rude and wild districts of the western world. And as they smoked their pipes in silence, with their families around them, they presented a picture of domestic happiness such as is seldom witnessed.

The perils of the deep, they had braved, and now they had reached the promised land, and but a few more days, and they would arrive at their destined place of settlement; to be welcomed, perhaps, by old friends and neighbors, listen to the strange tales of the new country or repeat to listening ears the news from their own "father land."

Among this group I noticed in particular a pale and delicate youth to whom all seemed much attached. It was evident from his appearance that a fatal disease was upon him, and that the sands of his life were fast running out.

Towards evening he reclined on one of the rude "berths," that are provided for the deck passengers, which had been made comfortable by the care and attention of an elderly woman, who from the anxiety which was betrayed in her every feature, mingled with such an expression of love and tenderness, I at once judged was the mother of the poor youth.

"He is very ill," said I inquiringly as I approached the berthe, and placed my hand upon the brow over which I knew full well, the dew of death were stealing. The widow, for such she was, spoke not, but burst into tears.

There is a softening and subduing influence in grief that we cannot withstand. More eloquent than words, of the soul's deep feeling are the silent tears which fall from the eyes, as they well up from the depths of the sorrow-stricken heart, and rarely does the sight of real suffering fail to awaken all the better feelings, even in the rudest and most uncultivated breast.

It was the influence of this sympathetic feeling no doubt, that cast a shadow over that little group, and caused the children even, to cease from their gambols about the deck, and seat themselves by their parents, watching with wondering interest the outpourings of a grief which they were too young to comprehend.

The day had been intensely warm, but the speed with which our boat cut the sparkling waves, caused a cool breeze to blow between the decks, which was really refreshing. And now the sun was sinking behind the hills, and his parting beams of golden light, played full upon the tranquil features of the sleeper, while the cool air, gently stirring the clusters of dark hair, wafted the death of myriad wild flowers across the stream; he awoke, and lifting his calm blue eyes to his mother's face, who was bending over him; a smile played upon his lip.

"Mother," said the youth, "I have been dreaming of my own bright land, and methought I was far away among our own green hills where we have often wandered together."

"How beautiful is the sunset," continued he, and how sweet the music of the birds in these forest branches—how truthfully has our own loved countryman described these scenes?"—and then in a low rich voice breathing the very soul of harmony, he broke forth in his own language, with that touching apostrophe to Evening, which sprung from the pure, nature-loving soul of Richter.

"The sun sinks, and the earth closes her great eye, like that of a dying god. Then smote the hills like alters—out of every wood ascends a chorus—the veils of day, the shadows, float around unkindled transparent treetops, and fall upon the gay gem-like flowers. And the burnished gold of the west, throws back a dead glow on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the temulous ark—the evening bell of nature."

The effect upon the little group assembled around the sick, was indeed striking; for in their own native tongue, they heard portrayed the beauty of a scene, which all felt and admired. It was so like a spirit-voice from their far off native land, reminding them of that God Being who in the land of strangers, as well as upon their own vine hills, had clothed his creations with loveliness and beauty.

The boat now rounded a point of land, and brought to view a small settlement, characterized by all those sweet attachments and attractions which mark the dwelling places of those hardy settlers of the western wilderness. The cattle were slowly wending their homeward way, and the sounds of industry, of happiness and mirth filled the air.

The sight seemed to revive the fast failing energies of the sick boy; his countenance beamed with pleasure, and there broke from his lips in song the first lines of the "Vance de sache," but the words died away upon his lips; the boy was too weak to give utterance to what the spirit felt. But the old and young took up the strain, and poured forth the harmonious melody of its numbers, with a pathos feeling which could not be surpassed.

As the echoes of the song died away among the distant hills, the eyes of the mother reared upon her son; but—he was dead. The powerful emotions which that simple melody had excited were too much for the enfeebled body to sustain; and calmly and tranquilly he breathed out his spirit with the dying harmonies of those words which have had the effect in times past to make cowards of the brave, causing the valiant Swiss and the hardy German to forsake the battlefield, for the brighter and happier scenes of home and domestic quietude—so powerfully does it appeal to the feelings of the soul, and so wonderful is the magic power of its words to carry the listener back to the blissful endearments of home, and the joyful light of other days.

Beneath the spreading branches of a sycamore which stands in one corner of the grave yard of Marietta, were placed the mortal remains of the emigrant youth. No funeral rites were said over the grave, and no stone or other memorial marks the spot. Yet to one sad and lonely heart it endeared above every other in the whole wide world; and as the prayers of the childless widow ascended silently to heaven, who can doubt that he who ruleth all things for good, and cares for the humblest of his children, shed down, in answer, some ray of hope and comfort for that which was lost.

Song of the cows.

Which is the most perfect Popular Government? That, said Bias, where the laws have no superior. That, said Bates, where the inhabitants are neither too poor nor too rich. That, said Anarchias the Scythian, where virtue is honored and vice detested. That, said Pittacus, whose dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base. That, said Cleobulus, where the citizens fear blame more than punishment. That, said Chilo, where the laws are more regarded than the orators. But Solon said, that where an injury does to the meanest subject is an insult to the whole community.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

REMARKS ON BANKING.

[Concluded.]

I shall doubtless be met with the remark, that we now have a Savings-Bank just the thing we need, and that this supercedes the need of any other. But I intend to show that it is the most objectionable of any one of the three in this City—an absolute shake and utterly unworthy the patronage of the workmen, of Lowell. This is rather a sweeping assertion, nevertheless I shall show the facts—and that in patronizing it, we are acting in direct opposition to our interests.

No doubt it is all very honest and right; but however that may be, we all very well know that some thirty or forty thousand dollars have recently been abstracted from the Savings Bank to build what is called the "new Bank building." It must indeed have been a very saving concern if this sum has been saved from the interest on deposits; if not so it must have been built with the money deposited, or with the general funds of the Bank. The Trustees of this Institution are mostly very elderly men, and some of our most worthy citizens, and their names have done much to give character to it. They no doubt felt pleasure to have the toil-worn operatives furnished the means of safely depositing the scanty pittance saved from their hard earnings; but having no special or direct interest in this, they were doubtless led to suppose it was on the whole, perhaps, about as good a course as could conveniently be devised for the purpose, and have given the business their acquiescence! They have not therefore calculated quite so shrewdly or scrutinized so closely as they would, had it been their own money invested to the same amount. But what has been done with the four or five hundred thousand dollars deposited by the operatives, for several years past? It has beyond doubt subserved the convenience of somebody pretty considerably, besides being obtained at less than common interest, and probably loaned at 7 per cent., or Bank interest. Who has pocketed the difference? Would those who have had the use and management of this money, reverse the case and loan the same amount for the same compensation? I trow not! Let it be stated in every little Savings Bank, book, that the Institution was established wholly for the benefit of the citizens of Lowell, albeit one man thrusts some eighteen hundred dollars per annum into his pocket at the rate of two and a half or three dollars an hour for his services. Something too is said about a bare compensation. Having full sway at money to operate with, and two or three dollars an hour besides, is, forthwith, a very "bare compensation"; especially when abstracted from those who work hard 14 hours for 20 cents. (More on this head hereafter.)

It is not designed to go into details of a plan, or enumerate all the benefits that would result from the proposed measure above, but merely present or suggest the subject for the consideration of those interested.

There are several hundred thousand dollars deposited in the Savings Bank by the working class. Establish an institution of the character proposed, on a safe and permanent basis and most of this would be withdrawn and transferred to it. Those who can no doubt of this, for when those who have put money into that Bank are made aware of the fact that instead of having received a fair compensation for the use of it, they have actually had to pay for the privilege, they will I trust be slow to lay themselves, further under that sort of obligation. Money for the last few years has certainly been worth six per cent, and much of this very money has been loaned for seven and a half per cent., or Bank interest, and that too, to workmen. Now if the use of money has been worth six per cent, and it has been obtained of the girls and others for four or four and a half per cent, it has been had of them for just the amount of the difference less than its real value, and to that extent they have been, we will not say swindled or shamed, but let each one apply that term that best suits himself.

Why was the money of the savings Bank to the amount of 20 or 30,000 dollars, taken without the knowledge and consent of those to whom it belonged, and appropriated to the erection of that building? (The answer to this question will be given on another occasion.) It will be asserted in relation to that appropriation, that all those who deposited money in the Savings Bank will receive it and all the interest promised them; and therefore no one is wronged. Well, supposing they do, and supposing they had been promised but three per cent, would that have been a fair, honest compensation, when it was worth all the while, six per cent? or is it not rather a perfect demonstration of the mean, cowardly, underhanded, cunning and over-reaching disposition of those small souled, soulless drones, by whom we that get our bread by the sweat of our brow, are as it seems fated to be ridden, while they, with a presumption that nothing but a soft place in their heads could possibly permit them, assume to be not only the guardians of our money, but our morals.

While such moral men are supported in the position of guardians, for the special benefit of the laboring class, there is abundant reason to believe that we shall have a perfect demonstration of the Scripture constantly before us, "the poor ye have with you always." But I am disagreeing. Supposing that this New Bank building at some future day, say five or ten years, is disposed of, and the money thrown back into the Bank and divided among the then depositors, probably by that time, most of those with whose money it was built will have withdrawn their deposits and consequently be cheated out of their proportion. Now if the directors or director had a right to take \$50,000, or one tenth of the money deposited and invest it in real estate or erect a splendid building for his or their convenience, they have the amount to take and use for the same purpose \$150,000 or one half, of any other amount and thus put it beyond the control of the depositors and entirely under their own. If the profits of the Bank are divided once in five years any one can see that whatever there is vested in real estate, is at the time incapable of being divided, just as good as lost to the depositors.

An institution such as is proposed to be established, if judiciously managed, would be of incalculable advantage to the laboring classes of this city in a variety of ways, and even if it served no other purpose than furnishing a convenient medium by which they could use their own money among themselves, it would be abundantly worthy of being carried into effect. There would doubtless be as much money to be loaned by this class as would be needed by them. The advantages of the use of this money would be realized and the interest saved among themselves instead of going as it now does into the pockets of a few aristocrats. The general obstacle to the cause for which the Workingmen have formed associations, is want of Union, and interest in the enterprise. However consistent any theory may be, and although it will and receive the cordial assent of workmen, yet very little will be effected, until something tangible is put forward in the form of measures, and no one step in our humble opinion will tend so much to bring about what we so indispensably need in this city, namely, Union of feeling and prompt energetic action, as the measure here proposed.

LETTERS UPON THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

NUMBER I.

MISS WILLIAMS.—This mode of communication may seem to you somewhat formal, upon my part, considering our long intimacy, but I have been induced to adopt it, thinking that under existing circumstances, it might be less embarrassing to each, than a personal interview. To explain the object of this note, at once, then, I must confess that my feelings were very deeply wounded at your party, the last evening, by some expressions which fell from your lips, upon the subject of which I am now in them. I must say that I was no less surprised that pointed, that a person of whose candor upon other subjects I had seen so many proofs, could express herself in such unqualified terms of approbation with regard to them. Indeed, your tone, your words, and your whole manner seemed

so marked with contempt, and you appeared so little disposed to make use of your usual discrimination upon this occasion, that, coming from any other person except yourself, I have been at once convinced that something personal was intended. But when I take into consideration the long and intimate friendship which has existed between us, and the high degree of respect I have hitherto entertained for your character as a lady, I can hardly persuade myself that you could descend to an act so unworthy of yourself. Can it be possible that you are ignorant that three or four years of my own life have been spent among that very class from which you seem to think it impossible that any good should ever emanate—nay, that I was one of them? By all our past friendships, I should hope it might be so. Indeed, I do not recollect of ever having mentioned this fact to yourself, though I have never taken any pains to conceal it, when engaged in conversation with any one upon the subject, being willing to rest entirely upon my own merits, independently of every other consideration.

I must believe, then, that you might not have been aware, at the time of those remarks, of any person being present to whom they could have been particularly offensive. It is upon this ground alone, that, with all my friendship, I could admit any apology for those remarks. But even admitting that you were ignorant of my having been a factory girl, if your true sentiments were expressed, what am I to expect from the future, after the avowal I have just made? Why, that you will think my acquaintance no longer worth cultivating. But no; I will not believe this; you are too generous to be influenced in your choice of friends, by considerations of mere circumstance. Your prejudices against those employed in manufactures, must have arisen from unjust misrepresentations; but when you find that there are those to be met with there who are really worthy of esteem, I think you will be ready to do them justice. Forgive me, Miss Williams, if I have seemed severe; but you will at least understand my feelings, and impute them to anything rather than to any lack of friendship on my part. For the present I must continue to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.,
Cambridgeport, Feb. 22, 1847.

Those who are not disposed to reflect on the condition of society, are not aware of the numerous evils with which our social system is afflicted, and consequently do not appreciate the importance of a thorough and radical reform. Some go so far as to assert that society cannot be so constituted that the happiness of its members can be increased to any great extent. But those who have given the subject a careful and candid investigation, are perfectly convinced that the present organization of society is at war with the better and higher feelings of man's nature; and the deeper the investigation has been the more fully are they convinced that a great change must be effected before the evils which now make this earth one great store house of discord and confusion can be abolished. But how to effect this change is a matter of which there are at present various opinions. But I am confident that all will agree that this reform must commence with the laboring classes. It is from this portion of men and women that we are to look for better days. It is vain to expect that the capitalist will ever take hold of this work. If we wait for them to better our condition, we shall only find to our sorrow that we are sinking deeper and deeper in misery, want and degradation, and therefore we, the producers of all that is valuable, must take hold of this work, and with a determination which can not be shaken. We must take care for our guide, and ascertain what our rights are, and as far as we are satisfied that we have rights, let us assert them; and not only assert them, but let us all with one voice proclaim to those who would take away our rights, that we are ready to defend them. We must expect to find some obstacles thrown in our way, but let us not be discouraged. The mad dog of infidel and disorganizer will be sounded from every fireling press and ever hailing press. But we must not be alarmed. Let us show them that our love of truth is stronger than our love of approbation. Let us boast no longer of freedom, for it is only a name. We talk about freedom, and we are free to starve unless we will consent to be slaves to the interest of capital. We are permitted to labor only when our labor can be procured for less than its real value, and we have given capital the power to cut off any particular branch of industry, when it is for its interest to do so. If there be but little demand for any particular article, capital is always ready to take advantage of the producers of that article, and consequently they are compelled by necessity to take for their labor just what capital pleases to give them. Capital has the entire control of labor. But this is not right. Labor should control capital. And if this was the case, we should not see the laboring classes of Europe as we now see them in a state of starvation. Capital has taken away their right to labor, and even those who are permitted to labor do not receive compensation which is sufficient to support life. The same causes which have brought the laboring classes of Europe where we now see them, are

operating here and will be sure as effects, to low causes produce the same result. These causes are capital and machinery. The latter applied as it should be, to save labor would be a great blessing. But as now applied it is a curse, from the fact that we are compelled to compete with steam and consequently to labor harder and more hours to produce the same result. There is now machinery enough in New England to do the work of five times its present population performed in the old way, and the consequence is we are nearer starvation.

J. J. M.
Boston, Feb. 21st, 1847.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR:
THE RIGHTS OF MAN TO HIS LABOR, as a permanent home on the earth; the share of industrial products, to be paid for himself the hours of toil, (an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, MARCH 5, 1847.

INDUSTRIAL REFORM PLEDGE.

"We whose names are associated, desiring of restoring to man his labor, as a permanent home on the earth; the share of industrial products, to be paid for himself the hours of toil, (an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

The Publication Office of this paper has been removed to No. 44 Central street—front of the Niagara office. Persons wishing to transact business with the paper of Editor, are invited to call.

LETTER FROM GEORGE COMBE.

We cheerfully comply with the request of the recipient of the following letter from the celebrated Dr. Combe, and transfer it into our columns, and in doing so we trust we shall not gratefully his feelings alone, as its contents will be of interest to every intelligent mind; not merely from the celebrity of its author, but for the important thoughts it contains.

This letter upon the whole, is a valuable paper and embodies many truths; but will differ from Mr. Combe's superior knowledge, we think he has fallen into one

great error, in supposing the cause why capital and its advantages are found so exclusively in the hands of the middle and higher classes; to be their superior intelligence and honesty. We are far from believing this to be true, and we venture the assertion, that nine tenths of the rich men become so by inheriting wealth, or by some fortunate circumstance, which required no superior intelligence, and most certainly no extraordinary share of honesty, to turn to their advantage.

Within our somewhat short life, we have mingled in all classes of society, and our experience and observation lead us to altogether different conclusions. While we have seen the "chastest and intelligent" man with a capacious and well trained mind, toil on year after year with little or no increase in his stores; the circumstantial favorite or votary at the shrine of Mammon, with inferior intellectual capacities or acquisitions, has risen in a few short years to wealth and consequent importance. The latter might have possessed business tact and talent, but we are sure they may succeed without either honesty or intelligence.

Under the present organization of Industry and trade, honesty and true intelligence are by no means a sure guarantee to wealth, but on the contrary, craft, cunning and intrigue will live in a palace while the former go a begging.

That there is great want of honesty and intelligence among the poor and laboring classes is lamentably true, but we think this will be found the cause, rather by the want of some of the privileges which capital or a competency would secure to them, than any inherent disposition to dishonesty and ignorance, that do not characterize other classes of society.

And again, we think Mr. Combe very much underestimates the intelligence of the operatives, especially the Lowell operatives, when he asserts they fancy the entire profits of their labor would insure them princely fortunes. We very much doubt that such an idea exists in the mind of a single operative in this city, or even New England; but the extra amount that would accrue to the operatives in such an event, would have a much greater effect than Mr. Combe imagines, especially when it is known that the average pay of the Lowell operatives, exclusive of board, is not over \$70 a year, including "overseers," second hands, and others who are receiving from 75 to 100 per day.

Mr. Combe's remedy for the evils which oppress the poor and laboring classes is, to improve their moral and intellectual condition. In this we agree, but like many others he most unfortunately fails to point out the way whereby the poor and laboring portion of the world may secure the means and thereby the disposition to educate and elevate themselves. In the old country it amounts to little short of irony to tell the poor day laborer that he must educate himself, and in this the means

of intellectual and moral improvement among the masses are diminishing with an alarming rapidity. Of very little use for nations to have fine schools and extensive libraries, while they allow systems of trade and industry to guard the gateways to their schools and hold the keys to their libraries—admitting only the "favored few." How the means of education and improvement shall be equally and justly diffused among the mass of mankind, is the great problem—if Mr. Combe can solve this, he will add undying laurels to his already well earned fame, as a philosopher and friend to humanity. But our space will not admit of further comments.

LETTER FROM GEO. COMBE, ESQ.

By the politeness of Mr. Avery, we are permitted to lay before our readers a highly interesting and instructive letter from Geo. Combe, Esq., the justly celebrated phrenologist and philanthropist of Edinburgh. On this letter we have several remarks to make, which for want of space, we defer till tomorrow. Mr. Combe has said many things well, but there are many good things which he has not said, many facts which he has overlooked, and many people in the world of whose existence he seems to take no cognizance. We regard his letter as an invaluable text, on which we mean to preach a number of sermons, if we find our readers disposed to be kept awake. [Chironomy.]

For the Chronotype.
The following letter was received in reply to one requesting the author's opinion of the principle of Association, as expounded by Fourier and others, or what laboring mass of mankind can do for their own elevation.

Another consideration should be added to those contained in the letter, viz: the laws of hereditary descent, or the laws which govern the transmission of qualities from parents to their offspring. If these laws were understood and obeyed, it would accomplish more in human elevation than all other means. When parents are brought to realize their accountability in this respect,—to know and feel that they are responsible for the dispositions and characters of their children, we may then expect to see mankind attached to the locomotive of improvement—to make some progress towards the much talked-of millennium.

E. A.

EDINBURGH, 25th November, 1846.
MR. EEN. AVERY,
South Reading, Mass., U. S. A.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter dated in July reached me only in October, and I beg to thank you for it, and the translation of Fourier's work which accompanies it.

I agree in your view of Fourier's system, so far as I understand it, and regard it as impracticable in the present state of society.—You ask, "What else can the laboring population do for their own elevation and improvement, and the removal of the iron hoof which at present grinds them into the earth?" In answering this question, I submit two views to your consideration.

1st. Individuals cannot change suddenly the condition of the society in which they live. Even Peter the Great of Russia and Joseph the III of Austria, although sovereigns armed with despotic power, and men of great energy of character, could not succeed in reforming the administration of their own governments and civilizing their own people. And the reason of their failure was, that the individuals who composed these nations, were rude, ignorant and superstitious, and preferred nodes of life and action which were in harmony with their own mental condition, to higher habits which would have been at variance with it. The only way to produce a great social improvement, is by degrees to infuse new principles into the mass, and to teach them to the children. It requires three generations at least to operate an important social change.

This, you will say, presents a poor prospect to individuals who, like yourself, perceive the imperfection of the present state of things and suffer from it. I acknowledge that it does so, and wish that it were otherwise; but the cause of the evils which you endure lies in the moral and intellectual condition of the class to which you belong. The great majority of them are still low in their moral and intellectual attainments, and prefer their present external condition to the pain of preparing themselves for a higher. There is only one unsurmountable obstacle, for example, to all the operatives in a Lowell cotton-mill, would see the ambitious man aiming at power in the management, for their own gratification, irrespective of their real capacity to direct the work with advantage to the general interest; you would find the selfish man aiming at some extra advantage to themselves, jealous of others, and discontented; the indolent man; and the profligate man, reckless. This occurred at Orbiston, where Mr. Owen's system was tried; and would probably happen again at Lowell, if now tried. I state this as the only unsurmountable

obstacle to the success of the supposed scheme; because I am convinced that if the operatives had only full confidence in each other's intelligence, business talents, and good faith, there is capital enough among themselves to set up and manage such an establishment. The sums in the savings banks belong chiefly to a higher rate of interest from one of these banks to their own people, except that they have no confidence in their honesty and business talents? Moreover, I am satisfied that only the same want of confidence stands in the way of ordinary capitalists lending money to such associations.

Is there, then, any remedy for these deficiencies in the working classes? There is none that I know of except education, or intellectual instruction and moral training.—Your Board of Education, with the Hon. Horace Mann at its head, is using the most efficacious means that can be devised to promote the elevation and improvement of the people of Massachusetts. The working-classes scarcely see the benefits tendered to them in education in a sufficiently strong light.

For my own part, I can discover no cause why capital and its advantages are found so exclusively in the hands of the middle and higher classes, except their superior intelligence, business talents and good faith.—Wherever these qualities have been wanting in them, ruin has overtaken them, just as it has overwhelmed associations of the operatives. In this country the benefit societies, for providing against sickness and death, too often fail in the hands of the operatives, while in those of the middle classes, under the name of Life and Annuity offices, they accumulate enormous wealth. The causes of the different results are easily traced. The poor man's club is founded in a tavern, the landlord is often the treasurer; the rates adopted are not calculated on any accurate data in proportion to the risks; and the whole scheme is too often managed by ambitious busy-bodies who vanity far exceeds their intelligence; and so the scheme perishes.—The Life Associations of the middle classes have no connection with the tavern; they are managed by men of the highest intelligence in that department who can be found, and who are adequately paid in proportion to their skill; their rates are founded on data scientifically ascertained; the funds are scrupulously invested in good securities; and the managers conduct the whole concern in good faith for the benefit of all the members; and hence their success.

I may take another example. In some of your States joint stock Banks were instituted in great numbers. In many instances the cashiers and directors applied the funds to their own use, lost them, and the Banks failed. Want of intelligence was the cause of their ruin. Wherever on the other hand, these qualities prevailed in the management, the Banks prospered. In Massachusetts you had fewer Bank failures than in other States, and why? Solely because moral and intellectual cultivation was further advanced there among the class who make and manage Banks than in the other States. In Scotland, only four or five joint stock Banks have failed since 1800, and know the history of every one of them: They were small provincial establishments, and the managers of them applied the funds to their own purposes and lost them. In short, all these Banks perished through dishonesty.

In the course of my experience during thirty years in the profession of the law, in connection chiefly with the middle class of society, I had abundant proofs that those who prospered were active, intelligent, and moral; and those who failed were deficient in these qualities, or in one or the other of them.

There is, therefore, in my view, no system, theory, or combination of circumstances that will confer on the operative classes while they continue ill-educated, unskilled in the business habits which fit men for intelligent co-operation,—and deficient in systematic honesty,—the advantages which the middle classes derive from a higher moral and intellectual cultivation. Again, I repeat, the remedy appears to me to lie in a higher education of the people. Place them on a level in point of moral and intellectual attainments with the higher orders, and the discrepancies in the fortunes of the two will be greatly lessened, or altogether disappear.

Secondly. While this change is in progress, the only remedy for an intelligent and moral member of the lower class, is to endeavor to enter into the middle orders. There is no unwillingness in the latter to receive and assist the former to rise, wherever they see the necessary qualifications possessed.—Among my friends and acquaintances there are at least half-a-dozen of men who have risen from abject poverty to wealth before my own eyes, by the sheer force of their talents and honesty.

What some operatives desire, is to enjoy the advantages of high qualities without taking the trouble to acquire them; but this is a much adverse to nature as it would be to expect to reap a rich harvest without sowing in spring. Another error into which they are apt to fall, is to imagine that if the entire profits of their labor were divided among them,—say among the operatives of a Low-

ell Mill,—each of them would receive as much as falls to the lot of the single capitalist to whom it belongs. This is obviously a mistake. It is probable that they would not receive above \$100 each of extra gain, supposing the capital all their own; and this would not essentially change their condition.

You ask whether I anticipate the realization of a higher state of society than that which now exists? I do! because the present condition of things does not satisfy man's highest faculties. You may wish me to describe it and to point out how it may be attained. Here, however, I become painfully conscious of the imperfection of my own knowledge. All that I discern is, that the tendency of Capital constantly to increase; this will diminish the difficulty of obtaining the use of it and also diminish its value.—The tendency of skilled labor, using machinery, to supersede unskilled labor; this is a penalty imposed by Providence on ignorance, and a premium offered to skill and intelligence. The only thing further necessary to bring the operatives within the beneficial operation of these two tendencies, is that they shall abandon their ignorance and increase their moral and intellectual cultivation. By bringing the condition of their own minds into accordance with the scheme of Providence, they will certainly rise in their outward and inward enjoyments; but what the precise forms of the results may be, my intellect is incapable of foreseeing.

As you mention that there are other individuals in your State, beside yourself, who desire to know my views on these topics,—and it gives me great pleasure to keep up my connection with your countrymen,—you are at perfect liberty to publish this letter in any form you please. With best wishes for your improvement and welfare,

I remain, dear sir,
Your faithful servant,
GEORGE COMBE.

P. S. I do not mean to change the operative class with general dishonesty, in their present circumstances; but what I have remarked, in this country, is, that when responsibility to a master is withdrawn, and when large interests are committed to their discretionary management, with no check except that imposed by their own intelligence and sense of justice, they often make shipwreck of the concern, through ignorance and incapacity, and not unfrequently find their moral principles, which sufficed to keep them honest as workmen, upset and inadequate to guide them as managers in trust for others. Until they learn to combine intellectual capacity with unbending integrity, capital cannot remain in their possession.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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In recommending the Journal to the public, especially to the laboring classes, we only express our spontaneous views of the work after a critical perusal of its pages for the past year, which we feel to be a duty to its merits and to the public.

Terms \$3.50 per annum. Crosby & Nichols, 118 Washington St. Boston, publishing Agents for New England. Specimen numbers may be seen by calling on the editor of this paper.

We shall publish a Prospectus of the Journal next week.

MORE CONSCIENCE. We noticed by a communication in the Courier of Tuesday that persons belonging to the Rev. Mr. Burnap's Society of this city, took a sleigh ride to Nashua, N. H., last week and instead of calling at the Temperance House in that village, as true christians and friends of sobriety should, put up at a Ram Tavern; which after their return, received a "buff" by the author of the article in the Courier. How long will it take such consistency to cause Temperance taverns to take the place of those scattered up and down the country where intoxicating drinks are sold? If temperance is thus to be slighted by professed christians and christian societies, it is surprising that drunkenness and vice flourish around us!

Our friend W. R. of Waltham, is assured that his "fears" are altogether unfounded. Let us hear from him when he has anything to communicate. It is the disposition by which we judge our friends; ever feeling that the "widow's mite" is as "weighty" as the millionaire's abundance.

