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OF INDUSTRY.

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MISCELLANY.

From Mrs. Kirkland's Union Magazine for October.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY L. MARIA CHILDS.
"But how canst thou thy brother's breast,
Earth, where thy sister's mantle rests,
The thousand, who, unheeded by praise,
Have made one offering of their days?"
—Mrs. Hemans.

"Horrer!" exclaimed John Golding to his sister Esther, "see what Mr. Brown has brought with Biddy's eggs!"

The boy's eyes sparkled, and his hands trembled with delight, while Esther's more serious countenance lighted up with a quick smile.

The treasure John exhibited with such exultation was a worn copy of Goldsmith's *Managers and Customs*. The title-page declared that it was adorned with plates; but readers accustomed to the present more beautiful style of publishing, would have been slow to admit that the straight, lank figures, daubed with engraver's ink, were any ornament to the volumes. To the unpracticed eyes of John and his sister, they were, however, gems of art; and the manner in which they were obtained greatly increased their value. The children had received a cake and two little chickens from a neighbor, in payment for picking cranberries. Never did chickens give rise to such extensive speculations; not even the imaginary brood of the famous milk-maid.

The chickens would become hens, and the hens would lay eggs; and Mr. Brown, who drove the market wagon, would sell the eggs, and there were ever so many books in Boston; and who could guess what wonderful stories they would buy with their eggs? The vision was realized in due time. The chickens did become hens, and laid eggs; and Mr. Brown listened good naturedly to John's request to sell them, and buy a book that had pictures in it, and told about countries away off. Goldsmith's *Managers and Customs* came as the fruit of these instructions, and was hailed by an outburst of joy.

Most boys would have chosen to buy marbles or a drum; but John's earliest passion had been for a book. The subtle influence which organized temperaments, and produce character, are not easily faced. His intellectual activity certainly was not derived from either of his parents; for they were mere healthy, sluggish animals. But there was a tradition in the neighborhood, that his maternal grandmother was an extraordinary woman in her day; that a few folks knew so much as she did; and that her husband had been half as smart and calculating, they would have been very far-sighted people.

The children of the extraordinary woman inherited her husband's inert temperament, but her own energetic character re-appeared in her grand-children; and they had the good fortune to be born in New England, where the moral atmosphere stimulates intellect, and the stream of knowledge flows free and full to all the people. Esther was as eager for information as her more vivacious brother; and though, as a woman, her pathway of life was more obstructed, and all its growth more stunted, she helped to lead him into broader avenues than he herself was allowed to enter. Being two years older than he, it was her delight to teach him the alphabet as soon as he could speak; and very great was her delight when he knew all the letters in his little old primer, and could recite the alphabet that belonged to each. They conveyed no very distinct idea to his mind, but Esther's praise made him very vain of this accomplishment. More than a dozen times a day, he shouted the whole twenty-four, all in a row, and was quite out of breath when he arrived at—

The mother, who was a kindly, but dull woman, took little interest in their childish scrambling after literature; but she sent them to the town school, for the sake of having them out of the way, and she was somewhat proud that her children could "read joining hand," as she called it, earlier than neighbors of the same age. One day, when the minister of the village called, she told John to bring his book about *Managers and Customs*, and let the minister hear how well they could read. The good old man was much pleased with the bright boy, and his intelligent, motherly sister. When their mother told him about the eggs, he patted them on the head, and said, "That's right, my children. You can't be too fond of your books. They are the best friends in the world. If you ask them, they will tell you about everything!" This remark, uttered in a very serious tone, made a deep impression. That evening, as brother and sister sat on the door-step, eating their supper of bread and milk, the sun set bright and clear, after a transient shower, and a beautiful rainbow arched the entire heavens.

"Oh, Esther, look at that pretty rainbow!" exclaimed John. "Ah, see! now there are two of 'em!" He gazed at the beautiful phenomenon with all his soul in his eyes, and ad-
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When the market-man was commissioned to purchase another volume, he declared himself unable to find one that told where rainbows came from. In lieu thereof, he brought *Brown's Travels*; and an unfeeling source of entertainment. It proved. Thus, month by month their little library increased, and their intellectual craving grew fast by the food it fed on. They gathered berries, picked chips, ran on errands, rose early and worked late, to accumulate expenses.

When this is done merely to obtain animal necessities, or for the sake of possessing more than others, there is something degrading in the servile process; but when the object is pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, all creeping things become winged. Beautiful as it is, to see human souls struggling with poverty and toil, sustained only by those ministering angels, Hope and mutual Faith! Those who have life enough to struggle thus are all the stronger for the contest. For the vigorous intellect, it is better to be so placed than to lie in palaces. Jean Paul says, truly, "Wealth bears far heavier on talent than poverty." Under good mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual gift may lie crushed down and buried?

Esther and her brother were troubled with no ambitious conjectures, whether or not they could ever become spiritual giants; they simply felt that the acquisition of knowledge was present delight. They thought little of hats and shoes till father and mother said these must be bought with a portion of their wages; but after that they were doubly careful of their hats, and often carried their shoes in their hands. Thus were they, in their unconscious earnestness, living according to laws which highest reason would prescribe for the whole of social fabric. They worked industriously at manual labor, but always with a spiritual end in view; and that spiritual end was their own chosen recreation. They practiced the most careful economy, but it was neither more nor painful, because it was for a noble use, not for the mere sake of accumulation.

Though the poor parents were obliged to appropriate a portion of the children's juvenile earnings, there was a little fund that was sacredly their own. The two chickens had a progeny of chickens, and these, in process of time, likewise laid eggs. John picked up every stray grain of oats he could find, because he had heard it was a good kind of food to increase eggs; and busy little Esther saved all the oyster shells she could find, to pound for the hens in winter, when there was no gravel to furnish materials for the shells. The cackling of a hen was to them an important event. Esther smiled at her knitting as she heard it, and John, as he plucked the weeds, raised up his head to listen. Hens have been laughed at for prophesying all abroad that another egg

is in the world; but John's brood had a right to crow over their mission. Cackle away; to thy heart's content, thou brown little feather-top! Never mind their jibes and jeers! Thy human superiors often become world-famous by simply obeying an impulse, which, unconsciously to themselves, evolves extensive and progressive good; and thou art no less the first promising egotist who has worked for far higher results than he had the ability to comprehend. Let him who laughs at thy cackling, measure, if he can, what share thy new-laid egg may have in changing the destiny of man! It will aid in the culture of a human soul. It will help to develop and stimulate individual thought. And, if generously timed and fearlessly uttered, may not that individual thought pervade and modify the entire opinion of society? And is not law the mere record of aggregate opinion?

Truly the cackling hen brought no such thoughts to simple Esther and her brother John. To them it merely announced that another egg was laid, and thereby another cent gained toward the purchase of a new book. They talked the stories over by the light of the moon, or recited to each other favorite passages from Burns and Bloomfield. When the field laborers took their noonday rest, you would be sure to find John hidden away in the shade of a haystack, devouring a book. His zeal attracted the minister's attention, and he often stopped to talk with him. One day he said to the mother—

"This boy will make something extraordinary. He must get an education—he must go to college next year."

"Bless my heart, I might as well think of sending him to the moon!" she replied.
"But Esther held it with a quick blush of pleasure and pride; and henceforth the one absorbing thought of her life was, how to assist in sending John to college. Busily she calculated how much could be carried in two years by knitting, and binding shoes, and braiding straw. John listened with rapture to her plans, but his triumph was checked midway by the recollection that his sister could not go to college with him.

"Why, Esther, you have always been my teacher," he said. "You learn faster than I, and remember better. Why don't women go to college?"

"They couldn't be lawyers, and ministers, and judges, if they did," answered Esther.
"Why not?" said John.

Esther's knowledge and reflection on the subject stopped there, and she simply replied, "They never had done such things."

"Why, yes they have," said John. "The Bible says that Deborah was a judge; and Queen Elizabeth was more than a judge; and we read the other day that Isabella of Spain knew how to direct an army and govern the State better than her husband, King Ferdinand. I am sure I don't see why women shouldn't go to college."

"The boy, in the eagerness of brotherly love, had started ideas which he was to ignorant to follow. But in his simple questions lie the germ of thoughts that will revolutionize the world. For as surely as there is a God of harmony in the universe, so surely will woman one day become the acknowledged equal and co-worker of man in every department of life; and yet be more truly gentle and affectionate than he now is."

But Esther was too young to reflect on such matters. She loved her brother, and she wanted him to go to college; and with unquestioning diligence she applied her faculties to the purpose in every way that was left open for her. She scarcely allowed herself time to eat and sleep, and grudged her every article of apparel, so zealous was her sisterly love. Poor girl! there was no one to teach her the physical laws, and she knew not that, toiling thus perpetually, without exercise for the body or recreation for the mind, was slow suicide. Month after month she labored and seldom spoke of pains in her side and confused feelings in her head. Even her favorite luxury of reading was almost entirely relinquished; and John had little leisure to read to her such books as were entertaining. The minister had offered to hear him recite Latin and Greek once a week, and he was too busy with the classics to have time for voyages and travels. He often repeated his lessons to his sister, and from his bold translations she here

and there gleaned a few ideas; but this kind of mental effort was little profitable, and less enlivening. Blessed Nature stood ever ready to refresh and strengthen her. The golden dandelion blossoms smiled brightly in her face, and the trees stretched their friendly arms over her in blessings; but she had no time to listen to their kind voices. It would have been difficult to lure her aside from her arduous path, even if she had known that it would lead to an open tomb.

When an object is pursued with such concentrated aim and persevering effort, it is almost always attained. John taught school in the winters, and worked at whatever his hands could find to do in the summers. Esther hoarded all her earnings; to add to the education fund, as they called it; and their good old minister borrowed a hundred dollars for them, to be repaid according to their own convenience. At last, the darling hope of many years was realized. John went to college, and soon ranked among the best scholars of his class. His sister still foiled, that he might have a sufficiency of books and clothing. He studied hard, and taught school during college vacations, and returned home at the expiration of four years attenuated almost to a skeleton.

The new milk and cheese whey, the breath of the cows and the verdure of the fields, refreshed him, and in some degree restored his exhausted strength. But now he was fretted with the question, what to do with the education he had acquired with so much hardship. An additional expenditure of time and money was required to fit him for the professions. He was not stimulated by any strong preference for either of them, and his generous soul resisted the idea of taxing his dear sister's strength any farther for his own advantage. The old question of his boyhood returned with additional force. Why should she, with her noble nature and admirable faculties, be forever penned up within the small routine of petty cares and mere mechanical efforts? Why should she not share his destiny, and enjoy with him a more expansive atmosphere for soul and body? To this end he resolved to labor. He would earn money by the readiest means that offered, and devote his earnings to her improvement. But Esther said—

"If you educate me, dear John, what can I do with my education? I can do nothing but teach school; and for that I am sure my health is not adequate. The doctor says I must take as much exercise as possible."

"The doctor!" exclaimed John. "Why, Esther, you never told me you had been ill enough to consult a physician."

"It is merely a slight difficulty in my lungs," she replied. "I am going to spin on the great wheel this winter, and I think that will cure me. Do not trouble your kind heart about me, dear John. While I have any health and strength, I will never consent to be a burden upon you, however much you may urge it. I do not believe that sisters ought to depend on brothers for support. I am sure it is far better for the character of women to rely upon their own energies. But sometimes I think we have not a fair chance in the world. I often wish, as you do, that it was easy for us to obtain a more liberal education, and customary to use that education in a freer scope for all our faculties. But never mind, dear brother, the door of your cage is open, and the world is all before you. Go where you will, I know you will never forget the sister who loves you so dearly. You are destined to go far ahead of me in life; but your good heart will never allow you to be ashamed of your poor, untutored Esther."

John folded her close to his heart, and turned away to hide the gathering tears. He was more than ever desirous to do something for the high culture of that generous and affectionate soul. The way to earn a moderate income was soon opened to him. The widowed sister of one of the college professors wanted a private tutor for her sons; and John Golding was recommended by her brother. Here he came in contact, for the first time, with the outward refinements of life. Charming music, harmonious colors, elegant furniture, and above all, the daily conversation of a cultivated woman, breathed their gentle and refining influences over his strong and honest soul. At first he was shy and awkward; but the kindly atmosphere around him gradually

unfolded the sleeping flower-buds within, and, without thinking of the process, the scholar became a gentleman. By careful economy, he repaid Esther the sums she had advanced for his education; but the question was forever renewed, how he should manage to have her share his advantages, without sacrificing her noble spirit of independence. His visits to the old homestead reminded him, sometimes a little painfully, that he was leaving his family far behind him in the career of knowledge and refinement. His father chewed tobacco, without much regard to cleanliness. His kind old mother would cut the butter with the same knife she was eating with. She had done so all her life, but he had never before noticed it, and it vexed him to the heart to find himself so much annoyed by it now. His serious, gentle sister was endowed with an unusual degree of natural refinement, which is usually a better teacher of manners than a mere conventional politeness. But once, when he brought home one of his pupils, who came out to meet him in a new gown of flimsy blue and brick-red, with figures large enough for bed-curtains. He blushed, and was for a moment ashamed of her; then he reproached himself, that his darling Esther, could seem to him in any respect vulgar.

The next week he sent her a dress of delicate material and quiet colors, and she had tact enough to perceive that this was a silent mode of improving her taste.

The most painful thing connected with his own superior culture was the spiritual distance it produced between him and his honest parents. Their relative positions were reversed. Father and mother looked up with wondering deference to their children. Like hens that have hatched ducks; they knew not what to make of their progeny thus launching out on a fluid element which they had never tried. But he perceived the distance between them far more clearly than they could. He could receive the whole of their thoughts, but was constantly obliged to check the utterance of his own, from a consciousness that allusions the most common to him would be quite unintelligible to them. "The butterfly may remember the grub, but the grub has no knowledge of the butterfly." With Esther he had unalloyed pleasure of companionship; for, though ignorant of the world, and deficient in culture, she was an intelligent listener, and it charmed him to see her grow continually under the sunshine he could bring to her! How he loved to teach her! How he longed to prove his gratitude, by the consecration of all his faculties and means to her use!

In little more than a year after he left college, a delightful change came over his prospects. A brother of the widow in whose family he had been tutor, was appointed ambassador to Spain; and, through her influence, he selected John Golding for his private secretary. Esther, true to her unselfish nature, urged him all means to accept the offer.

"When you were a little boy," said she, "you were always eager to know about countries a great way off. But we little thought then that our cackling hens would ever bring you such a golden opportunity."

John's satisfaction would have been complete if he could have taken Esther with him to that balmy clime. But she had many objections to offer. She said her rustic manners unfitted her for the elegant circles in which he would move; and he replied, that she would catch the tone of polished society far more readily than he could. She reminded him that their parents needed his assistance to repair their old dilapidated homestead, and to purchase cows; and that he had promised to devote to their use the first money he could spare. He sighed, and made no answer; for he felt that his pecuniary resources were altogether inadequate to his generous wishes.

Again the question returned: "Why cannot women go abroad, and earn their own way in the world, as well as men?" The coming ages answered him, but he did not hear the prophesy.

At last, the hour of parting came. Painful it was to both, but far more painful to Esther. The young man went forth to seek novelty and adventure; the young woman remained alone, in the dull monotony of an uneventful life. And more than this, she felt a mournful certainty that she should never behold her darling brother again, while he was charged by hopes of a happy reunion, and was forever

building the most romantic castles in Spain. She never told him how ill she was; and he thought her interrupted breath was caused merely by the choking emotions of an over-charged heart.

He, deposited with a friend more money than he could have prevailed upon to accept, made a choice collection of books and engravings to cheer her during his absence. To the last moment he spoke of coming for her next year, and carrying her to the sunny hills of Spain. With a faint smile, she promised to learn Spanish, that she might be able to talk with her brother, Don Sordano; and so, with mutual struggle to suppress their tears, the brother and sister, who had gone so lovingly, hand in hand, over the rough paths of life, parted just where the glancing summit of his hope rose bright before him.

A letter, written on board ship, was full of cheerful visions of the quiet literary home they would enjoy together in the coming years. The next letter announced his arrival in Spain. Oh! the romantic old castles, the picturesque hills, the rich vineyards, the glowing oranges, the great swelling bunches of grapes! He was half wild with enthusiasm, and seemed to have no annoyance, except the fact that he could not speak modern languages. "I ought not," said he, "to complain of the college education, for which we toiled so hard, and which has certainly opened for me the closed gateway of a far nobler life than I could probably have entered by any other means. But, after all, dear Esther, much of my time and money was spent for what I cannot bring into use, and shall therefore soon forget. Even my Latin was not taught me in a way that enables me to talk freely with the learned foreigners I meet. By the light of my present experience, I can certainly devise a better plan of education for my son, if I ever have one. Meanwhile, dear sister, do not work too hard; and pray study French and Spanish with all diligence, for, I trust as thou wilt at my 'castles in Spain,' I will surely come and bring thee here. Think of the golden oranges, and great luscious grapes, which thou wilt never see in their beauty till thou seest them here! Think of the Alhambra, with its golden lattice-work, and flowery arabesques! Above all, imagine thyself seated under a fig-tree, leaning on the bosom of thy ever-loving brother."

Poor Esther! This description of a genial climate made her sigh; for while she read it, the fold east winds of New England were cutting her wounded lungs like dagger-points. But when she answered the precious letter, she made no allusions to this. She wrote playfully, concerning the health of the cows and the hens; asked him to inform her what was cackling in Spanish, for she revered the word, and would fain know it in all languages. Finally, she assured him that she was studying busily, to make herself ready to reside in the grand castle he was building. The tears came to her eyes as she folded the letter, but she turned hastily aside, that they might not drop on the paper. Never in her life had she been willing to let her brother cross his sunshine.

It was the last time she ever wrote. She had sought to crown her brother with laurels on earth, and his ministering angel crowned her with garlands in heaven.

Three years afterward, John stood by her humble grave in his native village. The tears flowed fast, as he thought to himself, "and I once blushed for thee, thou great and noble soul, because thou wert clothed in a vulgar dress! Ah, me, ungrateful wretch that I was! And how stinted was thy life, thou poor one!—a slow, grinding martyrdom, from beginning to end."

He remembered the wish she had so mockingly expressed, that women might have a more liberal education, and a wider scope for their faculties. "For thy sake, thou dear one," said he, "I will be the friend and brother of all women. To their improvement and elevation I will consecrate my talent and my education. This is the monument I will build to thee, and I believe thy gentle spirit will bless me for it in heaven."

He soon after married a young woman, whose character and early history strongly resembled his beloved sister. Aided by her, he devoted all his energies to the establishment of a Normal School for Young Women. Mind after mind unfolded under his brotherly care, and goes forth to aid in the redemption of women, and the slow harmonizing of our social disorders.

Well might little brown feather-top cackle aloud; for verily her mission was a great one.

A Miss Moore, a young lady of great beauty, says the N. Y. Tribune, goes into the cages among the lions and tigers in Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, and makes the funniest brutes submit tamely to her authority. This is certainly an extension of petticoat government authority which looks ominous. We advise Miss Moore to try her power upon the brutes at present ravaging Mexico. Her services might be worth a hundred Wilnot Provios.

LATER FROM SANTA FE.—Accounts from Santa Fe say that the Indians and Mexicans were threatening trouble at Taos. The inhabitants have requested protection.

Verbal reports from Chihuahua represent that there are no troops there.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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

D. H. JACQUES, EDITORS.
JOHN ORVIS,
W. E. YOUNG,
W. T. G. PERCE, Regular Contributors.

LOWELL
FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 19, 1847.

THE NEW PARTY.
We hear not a little, and see much in the prints about a new party. The talk is that such a party will be inevitably formed—is formed and is destined to triumph. That party is the Workingmen's Party. Some call it the National Reform Party. We call it the Humaniary Party, which represents the tendencies of this age to Mutual Guaranties. It is a movement of the universal social world, towards co-operation and unity of interests. Merely political measures we take but little interest in, as reliable instrumentalities, for any great social amelioration. But as the ultimate formula of social movement, we are vastly interested in politics, and in the formation of a party, which shall give us a pledge, that the establishment of social justice, shall be the aim and purpose of its existence. There are certain measures, which are alike for the interest of all classes, and which we are determined to insist upon, until they are adopted. And we will use the best of our influence, to effect a combination and association, of as many as can be interested in them, for a permanent and persistent agitation for their accomplishment. Among these measures are the following:

1. The freedom of the Public Lands to actual settlers in limited quantities.
2. A limitation of the quantity of land, which any man shall hereafter acquire in the State.
3. The extension of the law of Exemption to the Homestead; and also to render it inalienable, except by the consent of the wife, as well as of the husband.
4. To establish Ten Hours, as a legal day's work on public works, and in corporations chartered by law.
5. The passage of a general Lien law for the protection of laborers.
6. To provide that on all manufacturing, mechanical and industrial corporations which may be hereafter chartered by law, the operatives and laborers shall be remunerated directly from the dividends of said corporations and not by a system of competitive wages.
7. To diffuse among all classes the benefits of Protective Union Stores, or Organized Commerce, &c.
8. And to suggest methods for the organization of industry among small capitalists.

The above is an imperfect programme of the measures which are indispensable to the freedom and happiness of the laboring classes. But to secure them will require of their advocates, the most steadfast fidelity to right, themselves and posterity. There must be no flinching, no cowardice, no flinching in the march of the industrial army. If failed in the first onset, we must rally to the encounter, but always mailed with the armor of kindness, of conciliation and genuine respect for the rights and interests of all classes, and with a jealous reverence for social order.

We have not here laid down a single measure which cannot be demonstrated to be of the highest utility to all classes. We are no pragmatists—nor levellers. We would not excite the poor to unfriendliness towards the rich. We do not ask that less be given in that direction, but more in this. We ask for these measures, because we think all interests would be subserved by them.

Our new party is formed. It will triumph. It is not so much a political party, as a social one. It does not seek political aggrandizement, but social justice. It will from this hour become a stronger party—consolidated and dignified. It is a young Samson. The strained wires are beginning to snap.

During the coming winter, we must have a Lien Law, and the Homestead Exemption. To this end we must organize, agitate, act. From Boston to the humblest village in the Commonwealth, there should go the summons to organize. Let Boston begin with a series of public meetings. Let petitions go forth to the people, and be returned to the Legislature, with tones like the breaking sea. But let us not be content with merely petitioning the Legislature. Let us challenge a hearing for our cause, and let us have men who are competent, earnest and devoted, to lay our claims before the honorable Committee to whom our petitions may be referred. These are our rights. Don't let us be so servile as not to claim them. Don't manufacturing and railroad companies get audience when they ask for charters? Why shall not we have hearing upon hearing, until we get our rights, or take them on our own hands the sending of men to General Court, who have an understanding of the mercifulness of justice? What say you mechanics? What say the steel-edged Chironides? What say all who love their country, her interests and her people?

As soon as we can get into closer relation to our paper and our readers, we propose entering upon a somewhat thorough discussion

of each of the before mentioned topics. Meanwhile let all mechanics and workmen, favorable to a Lien Law and the Homestead Exemption, move in the matter, and let our contemporaries of the Press define their positions on these questions.

PROTECTIVE UNION. NO. XL.
A few words to the members of the different Divisions, and I am done.
It is but little more than two years since a few tried souls met together in Boston and formed the first Division of the W. M. P. U. They worked right manfully and overcame every obstacle placed in their path. By and by others came up to the work and formed other Divisions in different places. A year since the eleventh Division was formed in this city (Lowell). A few months later still another was formed (Number sixteen). They have kept on increasing until we number thirty-four Divisions in the Union, and the cry is still "they come." We have Divisions in five of the New England States, and communications with enquiries relative to the principles of the institution are coming in from the Middle and Western States and the prospect bids fair for our soon seeing a chain of them reaching from the Atlantic, to the Mississippi, a consummation which is devoutly to be wished by all, except it may be the speculators, with whom we have no sympathy unless they stop their present dishonest business, go to work and earn an honest living. Now what I wish is to impress on the minds of every member the necessity of union among themselves, for without it we shall be powerless, let the motto be "UNION FOR POWER; POWER TO MEAS HUMANITY." If there be any private pique or petty animosity, drop it, it is unbecoming any one, much more those who have so much at stake, and who pretend to be laborers in the great cause of Humanity. Let each one work for the good of all.
Our enemies are prophesying the downfall of the institution, see to it that they prove false prophets, and they will be so. If we keep dissension from our midst, it is not to be expected that all the members will think alike on every subject, but we should bear in mind while discussing some favorite topic that all minor considerations should give place to the great object we have in view, the elevation of the laboring classes from their present state to one of independence. This is our work and we have hardly begun it. There is another thing which I must speak about, I do think it is of great importance, and that is the sick benefits, or health insurance.
I understand that some of the Divisions have dropped this part, and I am very sorry for it, as I believe we require something more than a saving of dollars and cents to beget a right spirit. "Purse strings are very good but hard strings are much better to bind us together, and if we have them combined I think there is no fear of a failure in the experiment.
Some offer as a reason for wishing to drop the health insurance part, that "they belong to other benevolent societies." Very well, so do I, and if I can belong to but one I will drop all others and cling to this, for if I make a saving of money in making purchases, I surely should be willing to contribute my mite toward alleviating the distress of a brother, and to me there is more in the pressure of the hand, and "God bless you" that is a sick brother than all the "blessings" that can be said.
But some argue that "we cannot sustain ourselves." Of such I would ask, How do these Health Insurance Companies founded on "scientific principles," that is the same plan, manage to pay two or three officers a thousand dollars a year each and then declare a dividend of ten or twenty per cent.—Is it necessary to have men with an Hon. Esq. Doct. or a Rev. attached to their names at the head of affairs to make sure of their "going ahead"? I think not; we have been "gulled" in this way long enough, let us see what plain John and Tom can do.
Once more, and I bid you "adieu" for the present, and that is selling to citizens generally. I think our trading should be confined to the offer and such poor persons as cannot afford to join us, and for this reason. We say that the present system of exchanges is wrong and form the W. M. P. U. to do it away. We then, or rather some of us say, Mr. Public the grocers "bbed you to death" when you purchase of them, come and trade with us and we will bless you only till you faint. Mr. Public thinks it is a little better and perhaps trades with them but he views them in the same light that he does other speculators; I fear it is establishing a rather dangerous precedent, for if the principles on which our institution is founded be correct it is not right to charge more than enough to defray all expenses; or one man six per cent and another ten or twelve; and I very much doubt if any Division would choose to trade with all unless there is a "gain" by it. And when I hear it said of a Division that it is "getting rich," I fear that the love of the "root of all evil" is getting too firm hold of the members. If we are to accumulate capital, for mercy's sake let us do it honestly.
I know many do not think as I do upon this point. I speak only for myself, and may be in error but am yet to be convinced of it and until I am I shall continue to speak my sentiments boldly yet kindly to all, for I feel deeply on this subject and shall endeavor always to do that which I think is for the good of the "Union," so long as it tends to promote the well-being of my fellow workmen. P.

TEN HOUR LAW.

We trust no one will flatter himself, that the obstacles real or pretended, which oppose the successful operation of the Ten Hour Law, in New Hampshire, will for a moment abate the earnest demand of the friends of that movement elsewhere. Matters will soon right themselves in the Granite State. Our friends there will not be worsted in the contest, we trust. We have seen by the experiment there, precisely what is to be done, to make the law "operate like clock-work" elsewhere. It does not prove a theory false because the experiments which ought to demonstrate its truth, sometimes fail. It has taken a great many experiments, to make the steamboat what we see it.

The demand for a diminution of the number of hours of daily labor, is a just one. This is precisely such an instance as the State is bound to acquiesce in. It is just as equitable, that there should be a law to limit the hours of 24, as to limit the rate of interest. There is quite as much room for extortion in one case as in the other, and the temptation to exercise it is equally strong. Indeed extortion in labor is universal, in our large manufacturing of all kinds. It is reduced to a perfect system there, which necessitates it to some extent, in smaller establishments. We are so foolish as to believe that the strength and prosperity of a State, depends something upon the health, intelligence, moral elevation, and consequently the happiness of its laborers. We know it is all twaddle, the talk about the elasticity and health of factory girls, who are shut up thirteen hours a day, in an atmosphere stifled with heat, and heavy with cotton flue. He is either mad or near crazy, who says that dyers, shoemakers, hatters, &c., can be healthy, whilst compelled to bend over their work from thirteen to fifteen hours per day. We would like to see the man who can wade through the mathematics, and all the books of law, divinity and literature which it is deemed needful to be, in order to become respectably informed, after having done his thirteen hours of daily work, in a dye-house, from the age of fourteen to thirty years. But to talk of piety, and devotional feelings, along with the lassitude, wasted energies, and prostrated physical strength, attendants upon a week's labor of seventy-eight hours, is a solecism. The effect of unlimited hours of labor, is witnessed in England. We are of opinion that there is no national glory conceived with such a working population as hers. We are not of opinion that the State has a right to interfere in this matter, but that it is bound to do so. We hope the day will be distant when our American population will be decimated and wasted by an unregulated factory-labor, as has been done by monopoly in England, and by war in France. The glory and prosperity of a nation will always be in proportion to the numbers, skill, intelligence, virtue and happiness of its working population.

We think the Ten Hour System a measure of less real importance, than a score of others which the working classes will ask for, but nevertheless, that is important, and we shall enter upon a full discussion of it from time to time. We think there can be something more substantial than "declamation" urged in favor of it; and that it can be shown to be for the interest of all classes.
NATIONAL REFORM MEETING IN FAIRFAX HALL. On Friday evening, 5th, the National Reformers held a mass meeting in Fairfax Hall. The movement is yet in its infancy in New England; but we trust that one year will not have elapsed ere the workingmen of our brave state will unite in a strong phalanx to sustain our brothers of the Middle and Western States, in the great work of making the Public Lands free to actual settlers, in limited quantities; and of limiting the quantity of land, which any man may hereafter acquire in any State.

The speakers on this occasion were not our great political orators, who tell the working men with lips as oily as regular Sperry, how much they respect their rights, and always just before election; on the contrary they were working men; and they spoke in the unschooled style of workmen. But we were surprised to hear any working man declare himself in favor of the present infernal War. We think we cannot be mistaken, in supposing that the speaker who thus declared himself, did so in his own feelings, and that his language expressed more than he intended. Can it be, that workmen, advocates of a war which shocks the barbarity of savages, and which has no parallel in injustice? a war which is waged for the sole purpose of degrading labor to absolute and unmitigated slavery? Do not the workmen know that a public sentiment which wages war for the extension of slavery, will never elicit any respect for labor at wages? If we advocate a war for the extension of Southern Slavery, then are we unfit for freedom ourselves, and can never hold up an honest countenance, in God's impartial sunlight, for any amelioration of our own condition. Fellow workmen it is not for us to demand the establishment of universal justice? He who asks for less than this does not understand the spirit of the age, nor the significance of the Working Men's movement.

Most of the speaking which we heard was sensible, and the liberality displayed towards other parties, and the studied respect for persons and classes were, as a general thing, worthy of all praise. One feature of the

meeting we think might have been improved, and that was, in calling out all the regular speakers, in such a way, as not to give freedom to spontaneous speeches. We feel the importance of having regular speakers to rely upon in case there is no spontaneous thought alive and blazing, but when that lightens, our mind is, to hear its thunder.

THE HARBINGER.—The first number of the sixth volume of the Harbinger comes to us from New York City, where it is hereafter to be published. We are glad to greet our favorite once more.

We think we shall not be saying too much when we affirm that in the grandeur of its aims, the comprehensiveness of its views, the depth of thought it manifests, the catholic and liberal tone of its criticism, whether on Literature, Art or Society, the Harbinger is without an equal in this country. In pursuing its columns one feels that it is holding communion with sincere, truthful and earnest thinkers—men who believe what they are saying, and feel its importance, and if they do not always gain assent to their peculiar views, they win the respect of all whose respect is to be desired.

The Harbinger, it is well known, is the organ of the Associative movement in this country—a movement which aims to Organize Industry and to substitute, through a peaceful revolution, Co-operation and Mutual Guaranties for the Competition and Antagonism on which existing society is founded, and as such should receive the patronage of every Associationist, and of all others who wish to learn the views of the Phalansterian School.

We felt disposed, when we sat down, to criticize somewhat severely, the dress in which our old friend has seen fit to appear before us. We cannot think it an improvement on his Brook Farm costume. We fear the Harbinger will be mistaken for a common "civilized" newspaper. But perhaps it is necessary when one takes up his abode in Gotham that he should adopt the shape of his coat to Gotham fashions, so we will say no more about it.

The Harbinger is edited by Parke Godwin, assisted by Chas. A. Dana and George Ripley, in New York, and W. H. Channing and John S. Dwight, in Boston. We warmly commend it to all our readers, and shall be happy to remit the names of any in this vicinity who may wish to subscribe.

Terms \$3.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months.

MR. METCALF'S FIRST CONCERT.

We had the pleasure of attending this Concert and were highly delighted with the music of the evening. It swept over the soul as spring breezes thro' the budding trees, and sounded as charmingly sweet as the first songs of the Feathered Family in the early spring-time.

The introduction, by Mr. Hayter, upon the Piano-Forte was very good, though it did not move the feelings as did the second piece—"Moses in Egypt." Both were excellent.

The first song was by Miss Stone, the genius of the evening. As a whole we did not like the execution of this song,—"Moonlight is sleeping," though some of its parts were very fine. There was a manifest attempt to express emotion, without feeling it, and of course she failed, as every one must. In her manner she was shockingly cold, uncouth, awkward, ungracefully so. In her coming and going to and from the stage she reminds one of that most awkward of awkward birds, the peacock. But when once on the stage, the peacock goes, and the proud, defying Eagle comes. And her singing was as high above all the others, as is the bold flight of the Eagle, above that of its less daring kind. We liked only her two last pieces. Her solo was great. But in her two first pieces—music by Hayter.

—Perchance not she but Lady, smiled,
The music not the Singer filled.

She was less at home with Linley than Rossini. The other singers of the evening—Mrs. Phipps, Miss Wright, and Mr. Metcalf—produced a pleasing effect. Miss Wright has a clear, sweet voice, and Mrs. Phipps sung the "Gipsy's Wild Chant" to the entire satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Metcalf is a clever singer—a very pleasing one—but reveals not a single scintillation of genius. Still, Lowell should be proud of him. His enterprising endeavors to afford the people of this city the best of musical feasts should be met by its citizens in that prompt and only way, by which such costly feasts can be successfully served up. We wish him the success he deserves.

BALLOONING.—A French aeronaut, named Rosset, made an ascent at Bagdad last month, which excited the utmost astonishment amongst the spectators, totally unacquainted to such sights. The weather becoming cloudy the balloon disappeared. M. Rosset, in descending, fell into the Tigris, and escaped with some difficulty. Meanwhile, a report prevailed among the population, that he had gone to the moon, so that when he appeared in public, he was such an object of curiosity, that the French Consul was obliged to demand a detachment from the Pacha to protect the house in which he resided.

LOWELL UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, will meet at John McCoy's Rooms, Wentworth's Building, next Saturday evening at 6 1/2 o'clock, for the organization of a "Sisters' Group."

