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### THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

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### POETRY.

From the (London) People's Journal.  
MOVE ON.

BY GOODWYN BARRETT.

All the stars in heaven are moving,  
Ever round the bright species roving;  
Twinkling, gleaming, varying, shining,  
Blaze right with darkness living;  
Are revolving throughigae years,  
Playing music of the sphere,  
Like the concert star of old,  
Moving toward the Shepherd's fold,  
Where the wise men—go to them—  
Found the bairn of Bethlehem,  
God is in each moving star;  
God driver on the plied car;  
Let His will on earth be done  
As in heaven the stars move on—  
Move on! Keep moving!  
Progress is the law of living.

All the waves of sea are flowing,  
As the winds of heaven are blowing;  
With a gentle hum like a river  
Flows the strandlet to the shore;  
While seas' billows evermore  
Flow and gain upon the shore—  
Wee o' wave to bright spray leaping  
Like endeavoring never sleeping;  
While the pilot which mirets never,  
Grows a sprout big for ever—  
Whit-gilled dit its repart touch,  
Greets its wets, and its stench,  
Widling mirets flies o'er it run;  
Wide straight flows the river on—  
Move on! Keep moving!  
Progress is the law of living.

Thus within the skies add e'reas  
Life is mirrored into motion;  
Stars revolve, and rivers flow,  
And e'er? what and whatnot?  
When in dragon's dampy lair,  
Tutu and Grotto, hoily d'ing,  
Yet for trout, with honest pride,  
Yet, "I move! I move!" he cried  
And the world beside its motion,  
As with stars and as with ocean;  
It is moving, it is growing.

All its tides are onward flowing;  
The hand is moving towards the loaf,  
The eye is moving to the roof,  
The mind is moving to the book,  
The soul lives in a moving book;  
The hand is moving from the sword,  
The heart is moving towards the board;  
Move on! Keep moving!

Progress is the law of living.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

LUCY HINCHLIFFE,  
THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY THOMAS CAMPION.

Theark went up to heaven, seign to beat his breast against the anciant sky; yet shick speek he was—scarcely discernible to the keenest vision; his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliffe in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a dally governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden at a very modest very little garden—looked up at the lark once more received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waked her adien, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not all in the suburb in which we lived a better girl, a prettier, a more

ing, more dutiful daughter than Lucy Hinchliffe. She first attracted our attention when we went, with school on our back, willingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school), fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by the insult, than if we had realized our earthly dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said; though he kept his carriage, and his servants, and cast bread to dogs. To aid her to mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? who has tasted besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown so severely upon her cook or footman; They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That she will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the historic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meagre circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliffe closed the garden gate, and passed from her brother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being waterproof. She had sat all day with wet feet before, from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health, for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road, she travelled—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening.

The greengrocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get the breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was seduced—a fragment incident that—or whether his oldest girl was at service yet; and other little inquiries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. Her's is a hard life, poor thing."

"Not hard at all, Miss Marton," retorted Dame Wringham on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she got a very 'easy' berth o't. Put her even a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning work, and see what she'd make o'it!"

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commanded the instructions of the day, was a very nervous person; she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks.

"Why hit they a hell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks? Once, in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a紧接着 double knock, and Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss—Miss—, I forgot your name." Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of a humble dependent, and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliffe, Ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah Hinchliffe. Well, Miss Hinchliffe, if for the future you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my deshabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliffe."

"Poor Lucy! I have could afford to be

so much in fashion as to own to the posses-

sion of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in! and a man come in."

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was commonly. No. He wore a bran new suit of superfine Sixty cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides—in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. "I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

"Lucy bowed. She though she had misundertood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, Miss, a very large fortune—a master of a thousand a year. I knew no more of it three months ago, bless you than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly!" said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we lives in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we should take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a year, and a room of your own, enough, it is yours to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he reflected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children. Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, Miss, if you please, and if two hundred a year would satisfy you, why—why it is done, and that's just where it is."

"Thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scolded? Yes; for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum.

Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwelt with the quondam toll-keeper, and looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetery.

"Now, Miss Hinchliffe," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken off her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance; "are you up in those new quadrilles yet?"

"I am very sorry, Ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliffe, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous; you cannot object to that I am sure!"

"Oh, Ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you; I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by tomorrow."

"God pity her. She spoke the truth. She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert Smith."

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinch-

liffe," said the lady, conciliating by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian? Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy Ma'am," replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a very shocking name—a kind of phrasewriting."

"Which was that Ma'am?" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastasio.

"You ought to tell me," replied the lady. "You know, of course—the pretty Italian poem with the playhouse name?"

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Ma'am?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

It is considered a very fine poem, Ma'am."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if it is a comedy, it should be called *Divine*.

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divine Comedy* was not a play in five acts, with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the term, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy astonished.

"If you object of course, we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian in the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health. Need we say that she was too happy to teach Italian without compensation, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliffe was not only in failing health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses first, and walked a distance of seven miles—she found that her parents had been obliged to retire to bed. The servant alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed overtaken over her young life. When one that we dearest love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practise the quadrilles that night on her hired piano, in fulfillment to the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing, restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house, on whose boughs, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do that, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest nights she had ever known—for the heart measures the hours—not the clock—a watcher by her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight come glowing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy gress, she undressed herself, and went to her own chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts, that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant, diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leather shoes. She had no smile for the toll-keeper. He saw that she was sad, and consoled himself with a touch of his hat, by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scolded child had died during the night. "Best not to tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hinchliffe. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry Ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying Ma'am," the doctor says?" replied Lucy bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can see Priscilla's mind; and she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian.

"I was unable to run them through last night, Ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are not ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliffe," exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "rewly at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy apologetically.

"Of course I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However I will excuse you since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning, of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one—"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books; her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were of Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practise the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliffe, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich employer brought a cool master back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to keep her character.

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer, a widower, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment. She had removed into lodgings new.

One night—it was a cold rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliffe sat in her little room by her fire, much pondering over many things but chiefest what it was fitted for a young girl like her to do, who being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantel-piece, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

"The Book of Life is a great work. Every year—every month, a volume; every month, a chapter—every week, a page; every day, a paragraph. Study it well!"

ENORMOUS COST OF LUXURY. There were 18,502,248 pounds of green and black tea exported from China to the United States during the year ending 1st of July, 1847.

We are glad to perceive that the subject of reform, in the hours of labor, is being agitated by the press in different parts of the country, and that it even commands some attention in the deliberative assemblies of the people's representatives. Notwithstanding the attempts which were made, in times past, to introduce this much-needed change, have mostly proved abortive, still we think no one need despair of the coming day when the laboring man and woman may enjoy the boon of selling only so much of their time and labor to the employer, as is consistent with the laws of health, and their own moral, social, and intellectual well-being.

"Although man, more than any other created being, may be defined as a *working animal*, there is nothing either in his constitution, or position in regard to external circumstances, that makes him of necessity a slave. The same God who formed the cowering hand, created the immortal mind, with the capacity to toil. He endowed him also with capacities for intellectual enjoyment; with the cravings of appetites. He gives also the undying aspirations for higher than mere sensual enjoyments; deep yearnings and unutterable longings, not alone for the bread that perisheth, but even for the bread of life.

"Our faith is strong, not only in the practicability but in the necessity, of obedience to the laws of nature; and so much does every day's experience confirm it, that we have come to consider it an established fact, that no law of nature may be violated with impunity, any more than the written law of God; and that the penalty for each and every violation, is as sure to follow in one case as in the other;

And what is the law of nature in this respect? Simply this: 'Thou shalt take no more service from the limbs and muscles of a living man during the day than the night's repose can restore to him'; 'Thou shalt not compel him to tax, to their extreme tension, those energies of body which, by being crowded too far, will draw from, or weaken the energies of mind.' There is no disputing, with propriety, the fact that we work too much;—and while we lament the consequences of this over-tasking of the bodily powers, the evil is all the time increasing. With the progress of manufactures in this country, a great change has been wrought in the condition of the people, and though they may be as well fed and clothed as they were thirty years ago, still when the population was more rural and the demand for the labor of the young in factories was much less, our young people did obtain some little breathing-time between the years of childhood and maturity. The winter school flourished then, as now, in every village, but the pupils were of a different class. In those days, young men and young women went to school, as well as little boys and girls; and the effect of this school discipline was most salutary; but now the case is altered; as we think, much for the worse, inasmuch as the time thus expended is now devoted to the drudgery and toil of factory life. It is often the case, that as soon as the child is old enough to earn anything, he is taken from school and enters some factory, in consequence of the steady and permanent demand for such labor, and the inducement which the wages offer to the parents to pursue such a course with their offspring. The child goes but very little time for relaxation, after the excessive labors of more than twelve hours in each day, summer and winter. He is too weary to study; if he would read, slumber soon closes his eyelids, and his whole life become a matter of mere working and sleeping. This is not as it should be. Though there is a necessity for all men to toil, there is no necessity that any man should be injured thereby, either in body or mind. But there can be no mistake that under our present system such results do frequently occur.

It has been computed, by one well qualified for such a task, that four hours' labor, each day, on the part of every man on the globe, would be amply sufficient to produce all the comforts and luxuries of life that we now enjoy. But as wealth gives an exemption from labor, on the part of those who possess it, and enables the owner to hire the services of some poorer brother, it follows that some must work more than four hours, in order to make up for the deficiencies of the non-producer.—This is all very well; so long as the employed is paid for his work and the excess of his labor infringes no law of his physical and moral condition; but as soon as this happens, it has ceased to be well. The man has transcended his natural rights, insomuch as he abuses the faculties that his Creator has given him. But it may be argued, unless the man labors many hours in the day, during not only his own share of the world's work, but that of two or three others whose capital can command his service, he must starve, and his wife and children must suffer. We reply, not so.

The amount of labor that the average of mankind can perform, without injury, may be accurately determined, and beyond this they should not be permitted to go. If legislation is necessary to protect the *profits* of the laborer from the effects of foreign competitors, it seems to us that legislative enactments are more proper to protect the health, morals, and intellect of the working man from the effects of that home competition which prolongs the hours of toil to twelve and fourteen hours,

day, and converts him into a mere machine, to be put in motion or to rest by the pulling of a bell rope.

God never willed a condition for his intelligent creatures which deprives them of the use of any of the wonderful faculties that he has bestowed upon them. He has adapted the swift, dexterous, and enduring camel to the burning deserts of tropical climes, and the hardy reindeer to the latitudes of perpetual snow, and left man unaccused for, to seek a miserable livelihood only by the sacrifice of those faculties that exist him above the brutes? Did He who cared for the least of his creatures, ordain such abomination for the noblest creature of his power, as should make life a slow suicide process, whereby men and women are to be hurried out of the world by the effects of their efforts to remain in it? Ray, relation, reason, and common sense contradict such an absurd conclusion. But it may be said that it is an impossibility to establish any fixed standard of the hours of labor, from the fact that there is so much competition in all the departments of human industry. Our limits will not permit us, in this place, to go into an investigation of the causes of the competition which is so injurious to the interests of the working man; but there is one point that all will admit; which is, that the working man receives no benefit from such excessive competition, for while it adds to the severity of his toil, it decreases the price of the article which he produces. The price of an article being always in proportion to the demand and supply, it follows that whatever increases the supply without a corresponding increase of demand, must of necessity cheapen the article; and if this increased amount of production is only obtained by lengthening the hours of the day, and with no corresponding increase of wages, every body that the mechanic strikes beyond a certain time, only impoverishes himself. As an illustration of this, we have only to refer the reader to the very interesting fact, in our condition, that in all the various branches of manual labor and mechanical skill, those mechanics who labor the greatest number of hours receive the least pay.

The tabular statements prepared for and published in the newspapers, of the amounts of money deposited in the savings' banks by the factory operatives in our large manufacturing towns and villages, do not signify a great deal, for the real prosperity of that class of laborers; for every working man and woman knows, that in many cases, if not in all, those surplus deposits are procured only at a great sacrifice of health and life, to say nothing of the sacrifice of social and intellectual enjoyment which such unremitting application requires.

The welfare of the state rests upon the intelligence of the people. Can a people become intelligent who are over-worked? We say not. And while our different state legislatures are doing more and more every year towards perfecting our system of school instruction, let them not forget that large classes of the population, who can educate themselves, if the regulation of the hours of their toil was not in the hands of those whose interest and cupidity prompts them to obtain the greatest possible amount of the laborer, with the least possible compensation. We hope and trust that the day is not far distant when the State will perceive that it is for the good of all, that a limit should be set to the hours of labor, and that it will be a condition upon which all charters shall hereafter be granted to manufacturing corporations, that a day's work shall not exceed ten hours. Such an example would soon diffuse its influence into all other departments of industry; and thus, without any resort to combinations, strikes, or trade unions, this great and much-needed reformation would be quietly and effectually accomplished.

DEFINITION OF A DRAKSID.—At a recent session of the court held at Brooklyn, a prisoner was arraigned for getting drunk. Quite a number of witnesses had been examined and got along very comfortably. At last, a young woman was called upon the stand, who gave a very straightforward story, so much so, that she was at once marked by the defendant's counsel, as an important witness. Upon cross-examination, she was asked by the lawyer how she knew the man was drunk—and when, according to her *testimony*, she considered him a man drunk? She straightened up at least six inches in her shoes, and looking at the lawyer straight in the eye, said she, 'Sir, I should call a man drunk when he could not walk straight—when he could not talk straight when he used his shirt-bosom for a spittoon.'

The Hutchinsons gave a great concert in New York, last Friday night. The New York Globe says: 'We always like to hear them, whether it is in Whig, Abolition, or National Democratic mete. A song is a song for that.'

The wages of the carpet weavers at the manufacturers in Thompsonville Ct, have been lately advanced.—[Springfield Republican.]

The National Reform memorial on Land Limitation and Biennual Exemption signed by upwards of 700 citizens of this county, was presented to the Legislature on the 1st of April, by Mr. Kline.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

### WHAT WE LABOR FOR:

The RIGHTS OF MAN to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of his avocations, to limit for himself the right to vote, to an equivalent in his products, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

### LOWELL, MARCH 19, 1847:

#### INDUSTRIAL REFORM PLEDGE.

We whose names are annexed, writers of responsible journals, of the Eastern and Western States, do hereby declare, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station to prevent the sale of the Public Lands of the States out of the United States, and to cause them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or for any man for the Governorship or the Legislature who will not so pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station to prevent the sale of the Public Lands of the States out of the United States, and to cause them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to the hours of daily labor on public works or in established charters by law.

62.—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 or editor, are invited to call.

#### NOTICE:

The annual meeting of the Labor Reform League of New England will be held in Lowell at the City Hall on the 30th and 31st days of March next. The officers of the League will then be chosen for the ensuing year, and each other business transacted as shall be deemed necessary. The meeting will be open to the public, and the proceedings will be published in the works of the annual convention of New England.

Let us rally around the standard of FREEDOM and JUSTICE for ALL with new zeal and firmer trust in the God of Truth, and then in the presence of the All-seeing eye, resolved to labor on for the elevation, improvement and emanicipation of humanity.

H. J. STORR, Sec'y.

Lowell, Feb. 26, 1847.

#### MONOPOLY OF THE SOIL—FREEDOM OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Many of our readers are already acquainted with our views upon the necessity of stamping further speculation and monopoly of the Soil. Our opinions upon this subject were founded before appearing before the public in our present capacity, and the constant and rapid increase of poverty and ignorance, vice and crime in the world, are daily conspiring to render (if possible) our convictions more settled and certain. We firmly believe that the present inequality and despotism in society is chargeable to the monopoly of the Soil, which our laws sustain and uphold, and our religious and social influences sanction and foster. When this unjust and anti-republican traffic in Land shall cease, wickedness and physical degradation will gradually, but surely become eradicated from society, and Labor, instead of remaining a wandering alien on the Earth begging and starving amidst the abundant productions of its own hands, would rise and occupy its true position, and receive its honest rewards. The first organized action in behalf of the Land Reform, in this country, we believe, commenced in New York City, about four years since, and through the perseverance and unceasing labor of a noble band, denominating themselves 'National Reformers,' it has rapidly spread throughout the Middle and Western States, and is gradually working itself into old Massachusetts.

At the head of this 'National Reform' party is George H. Evans, one of Nature's noblemen—a man of rare foresight and talents, though of unostentatious pretensions—Mr. Evans is editor of 'Young America,' organ of the movement, and is doing a great work for humanity in spreading the principles of the 'National Reformers' before the people.

The Freedom of the Public Lands in the States and Territories of the United States, and their limitation to actual settlers, in lots of about 160 acres, and the security of 'The Homestead' from liabilities, on account of Debt or Mortgage, are the prominent measures advocated by this paper—measures that this nation must adopt, to save the mass from final desolation and vassalage—Man never was created to live by mere *survage*—at the will of another, no way his superior—but by *rights* and if he lives by right, or in other words has a right to live, why in the name of common sense, has he not the right to the means of life? to the elements of life—to that without which he cannot live? and this, too, without buying, begging or borrowing?

We are well aware that our views may appear fanatical and visionary, to those who have a popular reverence for the 'established order of things'—those who would chain the race to that particular epoch, which gave tone and character to their opinions of the social and political relations of society. But we have long since lost all sensitiveness on this account, for we know no man but by *deeds*, and are willing to abide the same judgment. The pleasures and virtues of home have long been a theme of admiration by poets and philanthropists, and if it is such an estimable blessing why not give every human being a chance to enjoy its healthful and moral influences, by rendering the Soil, the imperial, universal heritage of the people, and thereby securing an 'inalienable home to all.'

Without this, man's physical, mental and moral culture becomes a matter of chance, subject to all the fluctuating vicissitudes of a homeless populace, which will continue to grow more uncertain as the population of our country increases,—poverty, vice and crime,

ever keeping pace. For these and other equally important considerations, we demand that the Soil which God created for the entire human family, shall be had by the people in equitable portions, instead of being put up as 'stock' in the market, and gambled away in unlimited quantities to mercenary speculators, who by virtue of their landed possessions, make tenants and vassals of the helpless portion of the people. We hope none of our readers will be so uncharitable as to pass this subject by without giving it that thought, its importance demands, recollecting that the history of the past teaches, that man alienated from the soil, becomes the serf and slave of another, and though they may be comparatively independent in this respects, their posterity are no way secure from the miser's which have visited other nations recognizing monopoly of the Soil.

Somebody has sent us, the Lord knows, a pamphlet of thirty-two pages. The title is; 'An Address to the Members of the Labor Reform League of New England.' We see it is very well printed, and may learn that it is as well written, when we get time to read it. It appears to us, and we say it with all necessary deference, that a portion of the Mechanics of New England are wasting their time and means in the most foolish manner in favoring this labor reform movement.

The reformers, like a boat in the water, with ears pulling in the air, make no progress; for their opinions meet with no resistance.—They stick to their principles as firmly and truly as a lamprey to a rock, while like the same fish in summer they steadily decay.

The reformers are made up principally, we are proud to say, of successors from the democratic party, men of ardent temperaments, with less philosophy and more hope than the majority, men who would advance if they had the time and means to do so. They are ultimately carried by the democratic party, for it is in this party and through it, lies the march of the race to the Promised Land. —[Lowell Advertiser.]

There, reader, can you believe it? The above is from a paper calling itself 'Democratic!' O! democracy how art thou degenerated. 'Mechanics of New England are wasting their time and means in the most foolish manner in favoring this labor reform movement!' What a precious sense of the value of 'time and means'! If this 'time and means' could be spent in 'favoring' the democratic party, in buying grape shot, bomb shells and bayonets, in buying three hundred dollar swords for military heroes or gold lace to decorate their trowsers, or in electorizing a Whig demagogue out of office to put in a Democrat of equal political merit—how much *wiser* it would appear to this squint-eyed democracy, which is very anxious to win every thing out of sight that is calculated to give more light to the people, than its narrow sighted vision can bear. So long as the democratic party paddle about in their present political mud-scow, professing much love for the laborer, and doing nothing towards benefiting his condition, and arresting the downward tendency of industry; they must expect the 'ardent temperaments' of their party, those who wish for something more than a mere name—who 'hope for the realization of some of the promises their leaders have so often made; will embark on board the Reform ship and 'advance' beyond the narrow bounds of their sense of *judiciousness*. Let the Advertiser and its kindred sheets, wake up to the true standard of democracy and show a decent respect for its spirit and genius; instead of libeling the very mine, by their mawkish subserviency and caustic opposition to real progressive republicanism, and they will find the 'ardent temperaments' of their party true as the needle to the pole.

But the Advertiser democrats must be a patient set of fellows if they ever expect to reach the 'Promised Land' with their present retrograde movements. We opine they will visit the opposite place several times first.

THE SHORT HOUR MOVEMENT, OSWARD.—By an article from 'Young America,' which will be found on page fourth, will be seen that the people will, not remain satisfied with the present long hour system of labor. In Portland, Bath and other places in Maine the Mechanics are awake to the subject, and have resolved that 'Ten Hours per day' is enough for any human being to toil.

By the 'Album and Mechanic's Offering' we learn that a great meeting was to be held in Exeter on Tuesday evening last to adopt measures to secure the 'Ten Hour system,' and establish a permanent association for the elevation and improvement of the Laboring class. Let the Laboring people everywhere declare, that the hours of labor shall be reduced.

In connection with this, we bespeak a careful perusal of the article on the same subject from the Christian Citizen.

LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.—The first lecture of the course was given last Wednesday evening by Adin Ballou of Hopedale, on Peace. The City Hall was well filled with interested and attentive listeners, and the lecture was worthily the source from which it came. We hope to be able to give a more extended notice hereafter.

Next Lecture will be given by S. P. Andrews of Boston.

'SPINNING JENNY.'—A human machine, with the above appropriate title has been 'spinning yards' for a few weeks past, to the 'Daily Mail,' Boston, in which it is put up with ridge and eant, 'those patent establishments for getting living without work' (2) Brook Farm and Hopedale, together with the radical reformers, Quan-

ting, Greeley, and others. It also has a turn on our little sheet—denominating it 'The Voice of Policy,' proving clearly its material and mechanical identity. It is supposed that this 'Spinning Jenny' feeds on 'oysters,' and is propelled by *physic* and its principal use is to prove that there is more *divinity* in certain drug Shops and Doctors offices, than in God or humanity, from which the stockholders are likely to realize fair dividends.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—As we anticipated last week, the regular Democratic party has succeeded in New Hampshire, Williams is elected by about 1000 majority. The House and Senate are Democratic. We are somewhat disappointed at the result, but have no regrets to offer, but at the last year's election. If the dominating party favor the rights of labor we shall not fail to give them due credit. We shall look to the setting of the Legislature with interest. In the mean time we hope our friends in that State will see that petitions for reducing the hours of labor are thoroughly circulated. Let the Democratic party of New Hampshire be tested upon this important subject.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many communications omitted for want of room.—'Forine,' 'R.', and 'Phoney,' next week.

B. Martin of Sutton Mass., is informed that his letter is received, and as to the cause of his complaints we would say that the present conductors of this paper are entirely ignorant of his transactions with the former editor at W., neither have they received any previous letters in relation to the subject. But if he has paid for the paper we are quite willing to send it to him and any hard feelings are highly useless.

'THE CONDITION OF LABOR.'—An address to 'The Labor Reform League of New England,' by one of its members. A pamphlet of 32 pages, full of sound reasoning and animating appeals in behalf of labor and its rights, which we should rejoice to see in the hands of the working classes, especially, and any person we think would not spend time unprofitably in perusing it.

For sale at this office.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.—According to the act of Congress passed third of March 1847, all transient newspapers, or those not sent from the office of publication to subscribers, will pay three cents, upon delivery at the office, and before they are put in the mails.—Letters addressed to different persons cannot be enclosed in the same envelope or package, under a penalty of ten dollars, unless addressed to foreign countries.

PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from the author, Edward Dixon, M. D., a physiological work upon 'Woman and her diseases from the cradle to the grave,' and dedicated exclusively to her instruction in the physiology of her system." It is a well laid out work, showing the necessity of obeying strictly the laws of our physical being and the lamentable results of a departure from nature's dictation. He entreats Mothers to give to their offspring sound constitutions which they may do by a strict obedience to the laws of their own structure and proper attention to the wants of the child; that their dress should not be put on in such a manner as to throw all the blood to the head, thus laying a foundation for future maladies; likewise care in the selection of suitable food, and the vast importance of a healthy atmosphere. In speaking of different constitutions, produced undoubtedly by different physical training, he says 'it behoves our country-women to mark these facts—for they are—and until they are attended to, our daughters, though they may glory in their early beauty and accomplishments, will have to lament their premature old age—aye, and their mental feebleness besides; for there can assuredly be no great intellectual energy in a body whose failing powers are constantly taxed to their full extent with mere effort of living.'

By the 'Album and Mechanic's Offering' we learn that a great meeting was to be held in Exeter on Tuesday evening last to adopt measures to secure the 'Ten Hour system,' and establish a permanent association for the elevation and improvement of the Laboring class. Let the Laboring people everywhere declare, that the hours of labor shall be reduced.

We consider this work worthy the attention of every intelligent woman, and wish it might add to every operation in this city. For sale by Chase & King, corner of Broadway and John St., N. Y.

The Supreme Court of this State have decided that the salaries of clergymen and teachers are not subject to taxation under the act of 30th April, 1841.—[Lisburg Dispatch]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### MORAL DISOBEDIENCE.

In goodness God did smile  
On Adam when alone;  
And from his side a woman made,  
To cheer and bless his home.  
  
The events he said, that man should have  
A partner in his joys;  
A friend in whom to trust, love,  
In Nature's blessed bower.  
  
Now Adam's wife, her name was Eve,  
And she was truly lovely;  
In pastures green, they both did live,  
So says the scriptures holy.

At one day, the loving pair  
Beside a tree were standing;  
Said Eve, "My dear—look up there,  
And see what 'tis that hangs!"

Then from the clouds a voice was heard  
Which echo'd "far and wide";  
To Eve it said, "that fruit is not bread,  
From goodness will I feed."

Trucker it said, "If you but taste,  
Your bliss is sealed forever;  
From penitence you'll quickly hasten,  
And with you goes your lover."

To Eve it said, "you will," was given,  
To choose the evil or the good;  
Thus tamely was placed before her  
The fruit that seemed so much like food.

The tempter then in sly form,  
Upon the tree was seen;  
He plucked the fruit from thence,  
And said, "poor Eve you're green."

With wily ways much daring sound;  
"Poxy he did extend;  
A portion of the Earth I found,  
And said 'I'll be thy friend.'

With woman's confidence and trust,  
She did in him confide;  
An out of Eden was she thrown,  
And all the world beside.

MR. EDITOR:

This story that I send to you  
Is all of older time;

The Holy Scriptures say 'tis true,  
Tho' here in dogged rhyme.

Lame—the most way to this  
You'll readily perceive;

"Believe not those who appear good,  
And hate to deceive."

A SUBSCRIBER.

TO AN OPERATIVE.

You ask, "how we shall teach what we ourselves do not know?" and how we shall know without a teacher? I answer, educate yourselves. It takes but a little more time, and the more thorough knowledge that is obtained, more than compensates, for all that loss.

When one is obliged to climb a hill alone and unaided, it tries their strength, develops their resources and they generally remember all the

way to the difficulties attending their ascent. Some of the most thorough scholars and philosophers, men who have discharged honorably the plutes of almost every station in life, have obtained their knowledge without instructors. I do sincerely believe that a great majority of teachers do more harm than good by cramming and pressing the mind into the smallest possible shape, thereby making mere machines of the mind, instead of training it to know when its premises are correct and how to reason correctly from those premises.

Every operative who can read, can educate herself by the aid of suitable books, to understand thoroughly, Physiology, Phrenology or any other branch of science. The great difficulty the uneducated meet, with, is to communicate their knowledge to others; they have no language to express their ideas after they have learned all the facts, but this does not prevent them from understanding and being practical themselves.

As you have, in a former communication, laid claim to the whole six working days, necessity compels me to lay claim to some portion of the seventh. If no other time can be found in which to educate women, that whole day cannot be appropriated to a hatter, a tailor, or a higher purpose. This proposition may startle some; but I ask them to reflect and examine the position of things—the absolute necessity and importance of a change and an entire revolution in the nature and manner of educating females, and more especially operatives, who say they are doomed to work the whole of six days in a week and have no time but the seventh for improvement.

If our ministers would preach practical moral sermons; denounce laws that govern—that punish (without any special influence of a Supreme Being) all evil actions and conduct; all neglect of duty in observing laws, whether through ignorance, carelessness, of design; and then would explain to the understanding of their hearers the advantages of doing right in all things, the health, the happiness, the pleasure to overflowing that must and would inevitably follow; in fine teach people that honesty is the best policy. Were there no Heaven or Hell, there would be no necessity for this proposition, for to teach those laws understandingly and usefully to you, they would be obliged to preach Physiology, Phrenology, and every other science that would be proper for you to study. But this is not the case; and so long as people think that all their misfortunes, their bad health and bad luck &c., is owing to the neg-

lect of some religious observance; or like poor Job, that they are punished to try their patience, and constancy, they will never think that they themselves are in fault; and can remedy the evils by a strict conformity to God's laws. All should learn to understand that every thing is so beautifully arranged and contrived, that happiness or misery is at the choice of all; that there is no partiality or favoritism shown to any—that the most pious Divine and the greatest Infidel, enjoy equally good health—live just as long under like circumstances—get well just as quick when sick, prosper equally well in all their undertakings; provided they are equally intelligent, and both observe those laws, that are equally free and open to all.

You may think that this method of looking at things, will diminish your confidence in the power, wisdom, and goodness of God; but this will not be the case. The more we know of causes and effect, the more exalted opinion we have of the Maker and Conceiver of laws that are immutable, and are so beautifully adapted for the purposes intended.

By devoting six or eight hours of each and every Sabbath, to your books, and making your studies, the subject of your conversation during the week, an immense amount of knowledge can be obtained. An interest would soon be felt, that would mutually aid each other and create a harmony, and unity of feeling that would make your hours pass pleasantly and profitably to all.

Another time I would name that night and should be employed to a better purpose than it now is; I allude to the first years of the married life; one half, at least, of the time night, and should be devoted to that all important subject.

You say that you appropriate some four or five dollars yearly, for pew rent besides sundry other contributions. Now I shall propose that two, or four of you join together and hire a seat, and occupy it alternately, thereby saving one half or three fourths, which you can appropriate to the purchase of books; and by only two combining together, you will have some thirty dollars yearly, which will furnish you with books, as fast as you will need them. You may reply that your "Mill Ladies" compel you to attend meetings every Sabbath. That may be, but they are a dead letter if you will it so; for no Agent would dare, if he had the disposition, to enforce them upon those who should be engaged in improving themselves, not only for making good companions, good wives, good mothers, but good operatives. Agents know too well the value of capable and intelligent help.

One of the most powerful means of raising the character of the operatives, it seems to me, would be to adopt a uniform dress throughout, in regard to form, quality and color. The bare saving of expense, would be by means small, to aid and assist in getting a good education; but that would be but a small part of the advantages which would result from its adoption. It would go far to destroy that false notion among females, that dress is the standard of worth. It would tend to elevate them by making virtuous conduct, and intelligent, well disciplined mind, a healthy body, a fitness for any station in society, the standard of female excellence.

Many a female has fallen, in more ways than one, to obtain means to dress, in Silks and Satins. Those who can afford to dress fine, gain nothing, as the most worthless generally outstrip them in that, and it's notorious that those who are seen upon our streets, or elsewhere, in the extreme of fashion, are looked upon by men, to be anything but what they should be. Who, but looks with pleasure and admiration at the beautiful quareness, feeling that the neatness and simplicity of her dress, beokens purity, intellect and gentleness. It does seem to me, that a combination might be effected, to bring about a reform that would place the female operatives, in the highest scale of female excellence. You talk about the "power behind the throne" being powerless! It is a great mistake, and I will prove it otherwise.

I recollect that some few years ago, there was a great bank failure in the city of Baltimore, through fraud of its officers, and that a most reckless mob was the consequence. The dwellings of its officers were sacked and destroyed, with one exception. The mayor, unable to control them, resigned, and a veteran general was elected in his place, who, after a time succeeded in restoring the City to quiet. During the height of the riot, the mob repaired to the house of one, who was among the most guilty, and commenced breaking the glass and thundering at the door. The wife who was a woman in every sense of the word, rushed to the door, threw it open, and stepped outside, and said to the raging multitude, "Gentlemen, my husband is from home, there is the door, if you are Baltimoreans you will not go in, and I know you are." They did not go in. The excited mass were instantly subdued by that irresistible power that every woman possesses and would display, but from a wrong education that destroys their native simplicity. They gave three cheers and left, nor did they return.

Now, what was the magic of her power? She shewed by every word and action, that she should offer no resistance to the destruc-

tion of her house and furniture, and then appealed to their higher sentiments. It was like an electric shock, all were subdued. It is so individually. No man can express in meetings their deep sympathy for measures proposed for the benefit of the laboring people of Great Britain.

And then comes the silver Tea-set! How

worthy of Newspaper denunciation. And who are ready to utter the bitterest condemnation, of Garrison for receiving such a gift?

Those whose garments are spotless? Those

who have prided with every article of ornament or fancy, or extravagance, for the good of the slave, or the down-trodden laborer?

How many are there who could not occupy a humbler dwelling, wear less expensive apparel, or be more economical in their living in some way, for the sake of aiding a good cause? Very few, I imagine. But where shall we fix the limit of duty in this matter, and who should it be? Let him who is perfect hopeated, Mass.

In relation to the above, we would simply say, that the reason why we published the article referred to by our correspondents, was, because we agreed with its sentiments, and we have as yet, seen nothing to change our mind! And when we say this, we do not wish to be understood as implicating the entire body of Abolitionists, in the inconsistencies charged upon Mr. Garrison and some others. We consider the accepting of the Silver Tea Service from a people, a part of whom are now reduced to starvation, and the paying the enormous duty to a government that Mr. Garrison has denounced as murderous, piratical and wicked beyond measure, thereby facilitating its diabolical operations, by putting money into its Treasury; an inconsistency of gross a character as to demand consideration. We are by no means unmindful of Mr. Garrison's devotedness to the cause of the Slave—his past sacrifices and privations for Freedom's sake—neither would we expect perfection even in such a man. But all this can never make so palpable a departure from consistency appear unworthy of note. The true Anti-Slavery spirit is the same yesterday, to-day and forever—in Europe, America,—in the North and the South, in prosperity and adversity.

Others might be named, but it is presumed that after these are well studied, each can select for himself, according to the course of life she intends to pursue. These works should be studied till they are thoroughly understood. It will be necessary to go through some of them two or three times. They should be reviewed as long as any thing new is found in them.

Supercilious study does little or good. Unless you understand the ideas the author meant to convey, you cannot comprehend the whole. I have now greatly transcended the bounds I made for myself when I commenced, and I must close.

That you will feel satisfied to

see and get up associations, and that they will be successful, in elevating the Factory Operative, to a standard, (and, it can be easily done unless others hestate themselves,) that shall place all of them in the highest scale of marrigable ladies throughout the Union and that they all will get good, and indulgent husbands, and be blessed with everything that shall make happiness complete, is the sincere wish of

SPECTATOR.

P. S.—I would by no means be understood by Operative, that I yield the point, that the Operative can and should spend some ten or twelve weeks yearly in some school, to make themselves acquainted with those elementary studies, which would facilitate not only the acquisition of the scientific branches, but very much aid them in affording assistance to others.

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SPECTATOR.

WHO IS WITHOUT FAULT?

FRIEND YOUNG.—I could but regret seeing copied without comment, a short time since, an article from the "Pleasure Boat," which undertook to show that there was great inconsistency among Abolitionists, who were charged, without discrimination, with partiality in their benevolence—laboring to abolish Southern Slavery while they do nothing for the white slaves of the North. Mr. Garrison was condemned for lecturing to the people of England concerning American Negro bondage, while that country holds in degradation so many white subjects. He was also brought to account for accepting a silver Tea-set which was presented as a token of regard by certain friends there.

I say I was sorry you copied that article, thereby endorsing it as truth; for I believe you would not desire any advantage from unjust statements. In the first place the editor of the "Pleasure Boat" errs in saying Abolitionists do nothing to remove Northern slavery.

This may be more or less true of individuals; but as a general thing the true friend of reform among Northern laborers—and vice versa. The most effective Abolitionists—in the land are friends of universal emancipation—universal freedom—universal elevation of white and black. I do not contend that any are without fault. No one commences with the widest and most enlightened philanthropy. People generally progress by small degrees, and when their eyes and hearts are fully opened, their reform principles take in the widest range of humanity. I am thankful that the number is increasing who are not wholly absorbed in the grossest selfishness.

As to Mr. Garrison's lecture in England where there is so much humanly crushed to earth—the situation is made very unjust and indiscriminate. Who in England sympathizes with American Abolitionists? Not the landlords and aristocrats generally—surely not they! But the friends of freedom who cordially welcome those of the same spirit from this country are a precious few, far in advance of their government and of public opinion. By their labors England will be saved, if she is not farther gone than Sodom of old.

Reformers in the two countries have

a common cause, and Garrison and Burritt

and others from among us have expressed in

meetings their deep sympathy for measures

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SPECTATOR.

PROGRESS IN THE STUDY AND OBSERVANCE OF THE HUMAN JOURNAL.

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