

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

SIXTH YEAR, IN ADVANCE. "SPEAKER TO BE, I ALSO, WILL SHOW WISE OPINION" FITCHBURG, MASS., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9 1846. NUMBER 20. SINGLE COPIES THREE CENTS.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. By an Association of Workmen. W. F. OUNCE, Editor.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum if paid in advance. If not, \$1.25. One copy for 3 cents. No subscription for less than one year. Advertising—\$1 the usual rate.

All communications relating to any department of the paper, or office, should be directed Post Paid to the Editor of the "Voice of Industry," Fitchburg, Mass.

Poetry.

Labor is Life.

By Mrs. FRANCES S. OSBORN.
Proud not to dream of the future before it
Proud not to keep the will craves that come or not
I thank God Creator's deep musical chords,
Unmistakably its own life's breath,
Now the seasons were flowing, flowing,
Never the little shafts stop in its growing;
And more and more richly the harvest grows,
Till, from its sparkling stem it isiving.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing,
"Labor is worship!" the willow leaf is ringing;
Lined that exclaim without unspiring
Speaks to the soul from our outer's great heart,
From the soul's inner, the rich color of heaven.

Only man, in the plain, ever strikes from his feet
Labor is life!—The still water falls;
Idea's ever deepening, beautiful,
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.

Labor is life!—The still water falls;
Idea's ever deepening, beautiful,
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.

Labor is life!—The still water falls;
Idea's ever deepening, beautiful,
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.

Labor is life!—The still water falls;
Idea's ever deepening, beautiful,
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.

Labor is life!—The still water falls;
Idea's ever deepening, beautiful,
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.

Labor is life!—The still water falls;
Idea's ever deepening, beautiful,
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.
Flowers drop and lie in the stillness of noon.

SELECTED TALES.

THE MAN OUT OF THE MOON.

Once down at moon's—MURKIN BETTER.

Perhaps these lines occurred to some of the individuals who witnessed the disappearance of the man from the moon on the evening of the 1st of October. There must have been one astronomer, poet, lunatic, and a pair of lovers, and how many more may not be ascertained. But the moonlight still came down so gently, and the space vacated by that adept from the moon was filled with such a brightness that it would have seemed almost impossible for his withdrawal from that place where he had been in a dimly figured. Had he dropped down among any of the evening waters, doubtless there would have been a great excitement—especially among children and nurses, with whom this man has been an object of greater interest than any other class. And as every body was once a boy or girl, there might have been a revival of affection which would have manifested itself in a leaving of handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs, and slipping of hands; perhaps in jingling of bells, and fringing of feathers; and who knows what fine dimers might have been given him, and concerts, also in which a few particular nursery rhymes might have been set to music by Victor Lempers or Ole Bull; and the stanger almost paralyzed by the excess of joyous sensibility. But those who knew that he was gone, could not do of course to the moon, he had stepped upon the journey to the sun, or to Venus, or Herschel, or some other place amongst the stars, and perhaps his friends dreamed that he had come on a pilgrimage of love to the moon's great satellite, Earth. But upon the moon's principle that "little boys should keep near the shore," the inexperienced traveler had only resolved that his first voyage should be made to the moon's landing place. Whether or those were responsible for his fall, we know not.

"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."

"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."

"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."

"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."
"Where a fair lady thought by the sea."

covered the moon slowly wheeled around above, he leapt, and sailed upon the breezes to the earth's home; and the watch-tog met him at the porch with a fawn of affection. At the porter's lodge had gathered some of the juvenile nobility, and with the utmost courtesy received unquestioned the remarkable stranger, and invited him to their princely home.

"How beautiful is Earth," said the Moon, as a few rays afterwards he rambled to the spot where he had first pressed its soil, "and how happy are her people. Before I came here I thought that earth was more ominous than bliss, that quiet was more frequent than joy; but hitherto I have investigated at a disadvantageous distance; and I here find that my ignorance is proverbial. Nevertheless, I have the will and capacity to learn, and the duke himself shall not know more of his neighbor than I will ascertain."

"I have heard of your sweet-hair beauty, and wended his way to a little hut, which nestled between the grove and upland at a short distance. He entered the nearest cot, and the first sound that reached his ears was a cry for bread."

"Bread—bread!" repeated he, "if I was given to the dogs this morning. Bread!—there is enough at the castle. Go to the duchess, my child, she will give you enough of bread." The child ceased her cry, but looked at him wondering, and an elderly sister shook her head, yet said nothing. Then the man heard a moan from a low pallet, and looking into the dark recess he saw stretched upon it the emaciated form of a woman. She called the girl to her aid.

"Give me a little more wine in the phial," she asked.

"No one drop," was the reply. The woman moaned more faintly.

"What wine?" repeated the Man; "we drank last night at the castle until our heads ached, and some of the company were carried away drowned by it. Wine, and bread?" he repeated, as he turned upon his heel, and flew toward the castle. He entered the drawing-room, and a servant passed him with a silver tray, upon which were refreshments for the ladies; and the sidewalk was covered with various wines. He grasped a bottle, and, snatching the answer from the waiter, he turned to go. But the astonished domestic made such an outcry, and vociferated "Thief! Robber!" so loudly that he was soon overtaken. The duke came to learn the cause of the tumult.

"He was stealing your silver," repeated the servant, "after all your kindness to him."

The duke looked at his mysterious guest with a penetrating eye. "But he could not make it safe a child's hand within a stone's throw of your mansion," replied the Man, "who cried for bread. I saw also a woman fainting for a coffin, and here I knew that there was enough of bread and wine. I ran that they might the sooner be relieved from their misery."

unless I shut my eyes, I could not but see wrong. I have seen huge heaps of grain converted into liquid poison, and starving men drink of it that they might drown all sense of want and misery. They were broad fields the waste as pleasure-grounds, while squalls of snow filled with heavy men, and their garments glittered with beauty; and gushing streams had maddened their noble heads. I thought it a glorious sight; but I learned that they were sent to kill, or to be killed by their fellow-men. I saw a high and narrow structure springing upward to the sky; and they brought out a man, and put him to death, between the heavens and the earth. Crowds of men gazed upward at the sight, and think me not that I looked down? I went into an old and moss-grown church, and there I saw the people who preyed at the gallows; and all the people said with him, 'He is the monster!'"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!" "He is the monster!"

"Who are you?" replied the host, "that you speak thus in mine own house, where as yet unimagined you have been honored and cherished as a stranger and a guest."

"I am the Man out of the Moon." Then the host laughed heartily. "Ah, moonstruck I see," said he, carelessly; and touching his head, he nodded to his wife. After this they would neither of them heed what he said, but treated him, good-humoredly, as a maniac.

In the neighborhood however he met not with this consideration, for he would not hold his peace while he believed a great wrong was calling for redress. They called him an Abolitionist, and proposed assisting him in his departure from a place which did not seem to suit him very well. They would provide feathers, if not wings, and attach them to him with tar, as the best artificial method. They would not furnish him with a horse, but they found a cart, and this, with the aid of their locomotive powers, would assist him greatly.

"The Man out of the Moon" would rather continue free of such obligations, and, on the very night when all things were preparing for his exit, he spread his wings upon the darkness, and flew away.

He had heard the negro speak of a land to the north, where there were no slaves, where oppression, cruelty, and selfishness did not exist; and he thought that must be the better land of which he had so often heard. He came to his far-famed city; there were morals, intelligence, and prosperity are more nearly connected than in any other. He was pleased at first, but soon became dissatisfied, because it felt far from a state of perfect freedom.

Here also were Wealth and Poverty—here were Misery, Selfishness, and Pride. He saw a wealthy lady roll along in her carriage, while a feeble woman could hardly totter across the streets. "The carriage would have held more than two," said he to himself. He followed the faltering footsteps until he came to a cellar.

The woman approached a bed, upon which two children were gasping for breath. "Can nothing be done for these?" asked the Man.

"I have just called a physician," replied the mother. In a few moments he came. He looked tenderly at his little patients, "They are dying of want," said he. "They want every thing they should have; but first of all, is the want of fresh air." The Man started from the house and ran to a street, in which was the residence of an eminent philanthropist.

His questionings had already led him to a knowledge of the good. He came to the house. The master was not at home—he had gone to his country seat, and his mansion was vacant, with the exception of one servant, who was left to open the windows each day, and see that the cool air breathed through the deserted rooms. And, as he looked at the lofty well-ventilated and vacant apartments, he thought of the children who were dying in a neighboring cellar for want of air.

to come to the tree of knowledge. And my bliss is now in the assurance I have received, that your wills will not all be forgotten."

"But if you were 'dying good,'" said the Man, sternly, "why did you go thence?" "It was called," replied the spirit, "gentle."

"And to there any one who may take your place?" "I hope and believe there are many noble spirits, who are as earnest, as able, as faithful and more active, who are laboring for 'their brother's good.'" "But this is also another thing. Would you witness the loss of an arduous battle? Would you witness the disclosure of suffering slaves. The sight breeze gently wafted its leaves, and, in letters of brightness, were written upon them such words as these:

"God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so ye even to do them." (Which will measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.)

"The Man gazed at them, and then said, 'Is this book the book of life?'" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

"Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?" "Is this book the book of life?"

and the respect of all rights established, and on the other hand, just in proportion as those classes sink in the scale of social existence...

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor For.—The abolition of idleness and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence. Philadelphia, Thursday, October 9, 1845.

Progress of Monopoly.

We copy the following item from the Lowell Journal.—Two hundred workmen from England arrived in the Iron Works at Danville Penn., where they are to be employed.

Just as there is a Sun at noon-day, so there is a social and political condition in this State, as fast reaching labor to utter dependence and social beggary.

Charity toward all will yeave for one a crown of glory. Compassion for the ignorant and those who are out of the way, ever bestows a virtuous heart; and virtue ever has had, and ever will have its admirers.

Long and loud, may the Voice be heard, calling the virtuous to repent and live.

No. 1.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 2.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 3.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 4.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 5.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

for their life and oppressions, and perchance in their will bring forth a charitable freedom which God gave to all, and which brings peace, plenty and happiness; whereas if they give not existence and the benefit of it to the poor, Earth that mock and aggravate their misery.

For the Voice of Industry.

Remarks on the Object of the "Voice."

"WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence." This certainly is a virtuous calling, sanctioned by God, and commanded by his sons.

Charity toward all will yeave for one a crown of glory. Compassion for the ignorant and those who are out of the way, ever bestows a virtuous heart; and virtue ever has had, and ever will have its admirers.

Long and loud, may the Voice be heard, calling the virtuous to repent and live.

No. 1.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 2.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 3.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 4.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 5.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

printers, lecturers, correspondents and workmen on the farm and in the paper mill and workshop. Even a common newspaper, like the "Voice of Industry," might be conducted upon the most virtuous principle.

Who ever has the following toxic comment to do? "Ove no man anything." It would destroy our banking and trading institutions. "Call no man master." This would effect more or less our learned professions.

Charity toward all will yeave for one a crown of glory. Compassion for the ignorant and those who are out of the way, ever bestows a virtuous heart; and virtue ever has had, and ever will have its admirers.

Long and loud, may the Voice be heard, calling the virtuous to repent and live.

No. 1.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 2.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 3.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 4.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 5.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

full of love, and a plenty of love defined, and consigned forever into eternal sleep. We left it, but it is a virtuous calling, sanctioned by God, and commanded by his sons.

Who ever has the following toxic comment to do? "Ove no man anything." It would destroy our banking and trading institutions. "Call no man master." This would effect more or less our learned professions.

Charity toward all will yeave for one a crown of glory. Compassion for the ignorant and those who are out of the way, ever bestows a virtuous heart; and virtue ever has had, and ever will have its admirers.

Long and loud, may the Voice be heard, calling the virtuous to repent and live.

No. 1.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 2.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 3.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 4.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

No. 5.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR.—The prevalence of intelligence.

"Among all the gettings, get intelligence." The more intelligent the people are, the more liberal they will be. Intelligence and liberality are inseparably connected.

There is no escaping the law of Solidarity, and hence the great question of Social Progress, interesting alike to the poor and rich, is the elevation of the Laboring Classes. Their progressive entrenchment and elevation has been going on in Europe for some centuries, and has been continued in this country.

The Workingmen who have convened the Congress wish to undertake in a peaceful manner and under the guidance of calm deliberation, such reforms as will secure their elevation.

Several distinguished leaders have already promised their co-operation, and others to whom the subject is new are earnestly required to give it their consideration.

The Spirit, No. of the Physiological Journal, contains an article, rich in amount of philosophical and common-sense views. We wish to direct the attention of the reader to it.

Similar remarks apply to the AMBITION of men. It is also, as with their other faculties, and furnishes a sure index to the signs of their health.

Thus, if the ambition of an age or of a single individual is military glory, we may know of a certain that Combative and Destructive tendencies predominate in action.

This principle, then, applied to the world's history, will tell the precise stage of the world's progression at given periods.

Let the slight bubble rise. Behold and weep, and even yet, the world's ambition has reached no higher than "wealth and wealth follow." AWFUL DEATH! Which is the pride of nations, and the world's humiliating spectacle!

Let the slight bubble rise. Behold and weep, and even yet, the world's ambition has reached no higher than "wealth and wealth follow." AWFUL DEATH! Which is the pride of nations, and the world's humiliating spectacle!

Let the slight bubble rise. Behold and weep, and even yet, the world's ambition has reached no higher than "wealth and wealth follow." AWFUL DEATH! Which is the pride of nations, and the world's humiliating spectacle!

MISCELLANY

From the Power. Letter from one of the Hutchinsons. Union Hotel, Clinton Square, New York, August 25, 1845. FRIEDRICH CLAPP:—We're 'vaywy' across the waters here...

We arrived at Halifax Monday morning at 8 o'clock. (Having left Boston the preceding Saturday at 5 P. M.) spent two hours on shore rambling, mainly in our way to visit the Queen's fortifications...

Left Halifax at 11 o'clock, and soon were out of sight of land. We spent our time as pleasantly as possible, singing, reading, talking and sleeping...

Short Patent Sermon. By J. W. Dow, Jr.,—80, 263.

The following are the words of my text: Fairest piece of soil formed earth, Uge not this your haughty birth.

My hearers!—If there be any one among you who thinks that he is made of better stuff than another, let him come forward and be examined!

And such a heterogeneous mass of humanity I found active ever on shipboard before. The men were as English, as French, as Spaniards, as Germans, as Danes...

My friends—bid it nothing; some mighty monarchs have been meanly born, and those that have been kings in birth, have by mean and unlooked acts, been brought into the lowest rank.

My friends—nobility of blood is all nonsense; and the precious fluid that circulates in the veins of Queen Victoria (Gen'l.

to carry out his Christian principles! He is terminated by a vulgar every science which was read. Frederick stopped, after a while, and asked the audience whether he should go down into the hold of the vessel...

Frederick, however, saw fit to go on, and addressed the audience with a terrible denunciation upon the passengers, some crying 'throw the damn nigger overboard,' one saying 'I wish I had that nigger in Cuba! I'd show him what belongs to niggers,' and the man from New Orleans about ready to go in for it.

At length I led them from home. In the river Mersey, between Birkenhead and Liverpool, and at about nine o'clock we set out for Britain's north. And here we are 'strangers in a strange land.' Frederick Douglas, and James N. Buffum go to Dublin this evening. It is highly to be desired that you should be there as strongly together.

Yours in behalf of humanity, J. W. H. HURDISON.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

The high and early epidemic to which the present malady is due, has rendered the system of medicine in vogue, and rendered the system of medicine in vogue, and rendered the system of medicine in vogue...

DEPRESSION. No person with this distressing state of mind, should be without a supply of MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

PHENIX BITTERS. For the cure of the venereal disease, this medicine is the most powerful and certain remedy. Other medicines have the system subjected to a course of mercury, and the patient is left in a state of debility...

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS. PURIFY THE BLOOD. A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS before the eyes of those who are afflicted with the venereal disease...

DR. WILLIAM B. MOTT. 33 Broadway, corner of Ash-street, New York.

(believe her other manly), won't make any better meal than that which inanders through the Dutch girls of Bergen (see p. 10). I have seen a good French cook as ever mortal need desire to kiss, accumulated from wild Irish blood. Your true nobility is he whose mind is filled with in-born worth, no matter whether he was ushered into the world amid pomp and pageantry, or dug out of a dung-hoop, in the silence of midnight.

My friends!—if your progenitors were noble, you must adopt their virtues, and imitate their actions; or they might as well have been sheep-stealers, as far as benefiting you is concerned. Your own acts must immortalize your names; for who cares whether you were born up in the garret or down in the cellar, or whether your great grandfather descended the stream of time on a lumber raft, or was shaken out of a scycamore in a hurricane?

At that point of time, you have no choice but to be noble; but on the contrary, if you act fairly, frankly and independently—say always what you mean and fulfill what you promise—and deceive no one—you may hold up your heads and be proud of the legitimate title—Nobleman!

Then you will be easy—then you will be happy; and while your mundane joys are flourishing here below, a new crop will be starting up for you in heaven and often, in your dreams, you will ascend the narrow way, and to see how low things are getting on up there. So note it be!—N. W. S. Mercury.

A young man in New York, last week advertised for a wife. In less than two hours were told eight married men sent in word that he might have them. Confound bliss in New York must be a discount, we think.

Hon. Edward Everett has declined the honor of a public dinner, tendered him by some of the citizens of Boston.

PURIFY THE BLOOD. MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

The high and early epidemic to which the present malady is due, has rendered the system of medicine in vogue, and rendered the system of medicine in vogue, and rendered the system of medicine in vogue...

DEPRESSION. No person with this distressing state of mind, should be without a supply of MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS.

PHENIX BITTERS. For the cure of the venereal disease, this medicine is the most powerful and certain remedy. Other medicines have the system subjected to a course of mercury, and the patient is left in a state of debility...

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS. PURIFY THE BLOOD. A single trial will place the LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS before the eyes of those who are afflicted with the venereal disease...

ERETT & CO. AT THE FITZBURGH CLOTH & CLOTHING STORE, No. 13, Cheap Side.

HAVE now on hand, the Largest Assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND SATINETS, by one half, ever offered in this Vicinity. We have recently made large additions to our stock, and now offer it at a very small advance from cost.

OUR CUSTOM PRODUCE will need no comment. We pledge ourselves to furnish as good Fits—Work and Trimmings, as can be produced in this country. We have first rate workmen in our employ, and every facility for getting up a first rate Garment.

PROSPECTUS. For Review and Publishing a Weekly Paper entitled THE NEW-YORKER.

THE NEW-YORKER, a Weekly Journal of Literature and General Information, was established by the present Editor of THE NEW-YORK TIMES in March, 1834, and discontinued, or rather merged, on the establishment of the Weekly Tribune, in September, 1834 after having continued for nearly two years.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

THE NEW-YORKER, a Weekly Journal of Literature and General Information, was established by the present Editor of THE NEW-YORK TIMES in March, 1834, and discontinued, or rather merged, on the establishment of the Weekly Tribune, in September, 1834 after having continued for nearly two years.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

It is a paper of a liberal and independent character, and has been distinguished by its high and respectable editorial talent, and its having received the most liberal and generous patronage of the public.

Feathers. 6000 lbs. of Lark-Geeze Feathers at 10¢ per lb. PAUL HUNT.