

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. By an Association of Workmen.

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All communications relating to any department of the paper, or office, should be addressed to "THE EDITOR, THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY," Fitchburg, Mass.

POETRY.

NEVER GIVE IT UP. Never give it up! it is wiser and better. Always to hope than to despair. Flitting off the loads of doubt's confining fetter...

SELECTED TALES.

THE SLOW MAN.

"On a spring morning of the year 1818—it would not have much mattered if I had said the 20th, for the occurrence took place every day but a certain night, called sunset, took it to his head to run away with stage coaches; but these are excellent things, and give a certain degree of truth and identity to our life. On a spring morning, then, of the year 1818—about the 17th of April it was, or perhaps the 20th or 30th, I do not exactly know which, and will not be particular to a day—a coach painted red was standing before the door of an inn in Holborn, upon the sides of the coach were inscribed names enough to have furnished half a regiment, and several names were in fiction and other jackets were busily engaged in pulling boxes, baskets and trunks upon the top and in the boot. It is an extraordinary thing that coaches all ways should wear boots. However, the boots were filled, and the top was nearly covered with luggage, a small space only being left at the edge for the sitting part of some gentlemen, who began to ascend (higher by a ladder than by a call) the box-seat. I thought those at the back better deserve the name from being among the boxes—the box-seat was occupied by a very gay looking man with inconceivable mustaches, a fashionably cut coat, and sparkling eyes, who held the reins, while the coachman took a last look at his bill, and considered where the other passenger could sit. "What I don't want beyond the back?" he cried, putting one foot up to lean him against the reins; just then a voice was heard from the seat of the man, which proved to be, that of a man screaming in rage: "Stop, stop, stop! The gentleman's coming down!" and the moment after a figure appeared at the door, with the head turned to the recter's behind him, saying, with a sort of convulsive movement, "I have the trunk on the top, but folks care not for it, it is heavy, and not the little box? Where's the dressing-case?" The umbrella came inside. "Give me that coat—and the clock's top. There don't drop the stick." The coachman looked upon the gay man on the box-seat with a cunning scowl of his left eye, saying, "Here's a slow coach!" and the gentleman gave a look of sovereign contempt upon the slow man, as he now turned round for the first time, displaying a front view of his person. It was by no means a disagreeable prospect, for the face was pleasant, being that of a man apparently five or six and twenty years of age; with a good humored look, which for a single instant had a somewhat heavy expression, as if he thought having been nearly too late for the coach, good fun. He had a profusion of black hair, and a profusion of white, that together hid his eyes. His features were good; his teeth very fine, and his eyes deep blue. He was a tall powerful fellow too; and by no means one whose appearance would have led one to believe that he was lazy at all. "Nevertheless, there's no doubt, says the coachman, with half-a-dozen little matters by the coach-side, all the John being all patience,

exclaimed, "Come sir, jump up. Lord bless me, there's a pace. Don't get up. Right then mounted where the other coach was behind me. If you don't quit I must go;—going." At length the slow man was fairly seated on the top, just behind the coachman, and, as if to revenge himself, as well as to make up for lost time, the driver flung his leaders and touched his wheels till they flew through the streets like wind-mill sails. The apple was a good one, and the others of sallow and chestnut—a whole protruding pile of spring chairs were swept carelessly from the top of an overloaded market cart; and the first thing that interrupted the furious career of the stage coach was a flock of sheep. Now, the coachman would have gone right on, over dogs and cats and human beings without remorse or pity; but there is a penalty for running over sheep, which makes the whole family of Jehu very considerate towards the poor creature. Landing on his horse's head, he got enough to a full stop, and the inn-keeper's mustaches were turned round to see how the slow man took the whole transaction. But he spread no slow, even to have remarking going quickly; and there he was, quietly riding his nails, which were very neat and well formed, with a penknife, much to the horror and consternation of a nervous little doctor, who was seated beside him, and who expected every instant to find the coach go over and the knife sticking in his stomach. "I will give you half the kindness to put up that knife for me, if you will. It might poke some of us out."

"Certainly," replied the slow man, but whether this assent was given to the petition or the proposition did not exactly appear; for he purred out the nail he was about, which was the only one that required the operation, and then put the knife in his pocket. These short speeches, however began a conversation in which the mustache man took part, and the slow man, though he did not show much of ever rapid in delivering sentiments, talked well enough upon all he did talk and that in a pleasant sweet tone of voice, which struck the ear of the gentleman on the box, as bearing a resemblance to tones he had heard before. "Pray sir," he said, with his usual quick decided manner, "had you ever any relation in the dragons?" "Let me see," said the slow man, eyes, "I think it was the dragons that Charles Harcourt was before he exchanged into the habergeons, who are in India." "Exactly," exactly, answered he of the mustaches; "we were in the same troop. What relation is his, may I ask?" "Let me see," said the slow man again, "who really I do not exactly know what sort of relation to call it; but we are connected I know." "You're a great deal like him, only he is a fate more you see dark." "I am like the slow man, and the conversation stopped. All along the road, the slow man showed his peculiar characteristic, much to the annoyance of the coachman and amusement of the passengers, especially of him with mustaches. At every place where they stopped to change horses, he got down for the purpose of unbanding his knifes, and at every place he was the last to get up. "What a slow man," said the coachman, who was on the box, at "Made no mistake," he had to shut like the coachman, "stop! stop!" and the conclusion was not have stopped if he had had his fingers. Raymond, he was not to be found for three houses; and it was discovered that he had walked slowly on. "Come sir, stop your snout, you must not keep us so," said the coachman, "make haste!" "I never do any thing in a hurry," answered the slow man. "Oh, my son," said he of the mustaches, "when your cousin Charles used to be all life and bustle?" "It was wrong," said the slow man; and the conversation dropped again. At the swart, however, the coach stopped at the Swart at Harrisburg before the door of which was standing an old yellow chair, with the inn-keeper's name put in gold and red letters in the harness. The gentleman in interlocking himself down of the box, and pointed to his portmanteau. All his evolutions were rapid; he paid the coachman, fed the guard, called the hostler, ordered a chaise out, told every body to be quick, and then knocked a well finished boot, with a neat case. The slow man got down from the top, had his feet and knapsack taken down, which, as he knew where they all were, was something that might be expected, and when all was completed, walked slowly up to the side of the vehicle that stood ready, and put his foot upon the step just as the hostler touched his hat to the other gentleman, saying, "I am sorry, sir, we had no other pair just now, and this was bespoken."

The mustachee gave a loud oath, and then remarked where the other chaise was, adding, "you are likely to get to the end of the journey first after all, unless you give me a place beside you." "Slow and sure," said the other with a quiet smile. "I am going all the way to Stopleford," rejoined the mustachee to mitigate the infliction. "You are perfectly welcome, sir," said his slow acquaintance; "only pray do not agitate the post boy to too great speed." The other jumped in without more ado, his portmanteau being slung over his shoulder, and he took the driver's hand, and the post boy was actually raising his whip in his right hand, when the slow man put his head out of the window, saying, "Landlord, I want to speak with you. Having a chaise ready for me at six on Thursday morning. I shall not stay above two days." "I'll send it over," asked the man. "The slow man paused to consider. "No I think not," said he at length. "I'll have a chaise of Sawston's, are they not? Only I don't like it quite ready, that I may not be kept waiting." His mustachee friend smiled at the slow man's objection to be kept waiting; and the driver settled, and the order given to go on, away they went. Feeling that he had received a courtesy, the dragon endeavored to make himself agreeable; and being of a communicative disposition, he informed his companion as some excuse for his impatience, that he was going to Hertford, where there was one of the most charming girls in the world, a good fortune to boot. "Then you are Capt. Denver, I presume," said the slow man, looking quietly out of the window. "The same," answered his companion; but may I ask how you divined that from what I said?" "Very simply," replied the other, "because Sir John Shaw tells every body that you are going to marry his niece Julia—who by the way is a sister-in-law of mine—she is Charles Harcourt's second cousin, and he has no son, so he must be my—ah! at all events, some relation. Besides I was asked to meet you there. It can only stay two days, I never do more." "And pray why not, when you are well off?" demanded Capt. Denver. "Oh, the great god learns to know one," replied his companion, "and then it is high time to go." The Capt. smiled, and looking down at a card in the bottom of the chaise, as described upon a ticket, "William Harcourt, Esq." "It is drizzle," he said, "I never heard Julia mention you." "I have only just arrived from Italy," replied Mr. Harcourt. "Have you known her long?" "I do," said Capt. Denver; but he did not enter into particulars, and the conversation turned to other things. The journey was pleasantly enough, and at length the chaise drove through state gates, threaded a plantation, and approached a handsome, but somewhat new house upon a lawn. Capt. Denver sprang out, and leaving all things to be done by the servants, followed one of them toward a room on the ground floor. Mr. Harcourt came a step behind; but he was in time to see his companion enter a splendidly furnished drawing room, in which were a dainty young man, and a young woman of fifty-two or three, a tall, thin, athletic-looking gentleman in a flaxen wig, very flaxen indeed, who stood to receive his guests, and a very beautiful girl seated at a sofa table on the opposite of the room, from which she did not rise on Captain Denver's appearance. Neither did her color change in the least when she saw him, neither did any signs of agitation betray itself. "Never," said she, after having shaken hands with Sir John Shaw, and made obeisance to her husband, Captain Denver approached Julia Grey, with that sort of easy-conquering, carry-all-before-it manner very much affected by certain flashy young men, which has a great effect upon vulgar minds. He shook hands with her and leaned upon the sofa where she was sitting, saying things which were not worth while to her to listen to; but by this time Mrs. Williams Harcourt was in the room, and Sir John Shaw was welcoming him as a relation, but yet clearly as a stranger, presenting him to lady Shaw, as "Charles" cousin, who had brought the letters; and then taking him by the hand, he led him to his niece.

referred to lady Shaw, with whom he seemed to be a prodigious favorite. The slow man seated himself quietly by Julia Grey, and entered into conversation with her and her uncle. She talked, however, very little part in it, though she listened with all her ears, even while she was folding up the letter she had written, and putting it unsealed into her reticule. The conversation, however, soon turned upon Major Charles Harcourt, and the subject did not seem pleasant to Sir John who walked away and joined Captain Denver and lady Shaw. "Whether it was pleasant or not to the young lady cannot be told; for who can judge really of a woman's feelings by the color of her face? Certain it is, however, that she grew very pale, and yet she went on talking and so low, that her uncle, after having said unwearyingly in his pipe for a few minutes, said something in an undertone to Captain Denver, and then gave a loud hint that it was time to dress for dinner, as the first bell had rung before the arrival of the guests. The whole party then retired, and the drawing room remained vacant for about half an hour. At the end of that time appeared Sir John, and then Captain Denver, with whom he spoke eagerly of Julia's romantic nonsense, and the folly of Mr. William Harcourt in talking to her so much about Charles. "You should have given him the hint, my dear sir," said the captain. "I will, I will," replied the master of the mansion; "I wish I had not asked him. But he brought a letter from Charles; and as I have not seen him since he was a boy, a mere lad just come to India, I thought it would be but civil." "Oh, he won't stay long," said Denver; he goes in two days; so mind, my dear sir, don't press him to remain." Next appeared lady Shaw, in armor velvet and then the clergyman of the parish, and a wife in white, who sat next to the next to the next; and in about ten minutes after, Julia came in very pale. Minute after minute passed, but Mr. William Harcourt did not appear, and at length, in agony for the fate of the girl, Sir John rang, and told the servant to give the slow man a hint that half past six was the dinner hour. "Oh, he is the slowest man I ever saw in my life," exclaimed Captain Denver, and he proceeded to give a very amusing and high colored account of Mr. Harcourt's adventures and misadventures. The story must have been told; for Julia's first smile, and then laughed, which she had not shown a symptom of doing since their arrival, and in the midst of the merriment the object of it appeared, apologizing, in a quiet gentlemanly tone for his tardiness. His eye glanced to Julia's countenance, too; and, apparently dining what they had been talking of, he smiled. At dinner, his seat next to her on the left; and Captain Denver, on the right, and while the last named gentleman was saying something of no great consequence to lady Shaw, Mr. Harcourt and Julia exchanged a few words, and both smiled. Sir John was glad to see his niece more cheerful, for he entertained a paternal desire of marrying her to Captain Denver, for no other reason on earth than the regard and affection which usually attaches to his daughters and wards. Reasons did I call them? Heaven forgive me! for though the inquiry does not always run so far as to couple youth and age, beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, yet a great number of very unreasonable sins are every day committed of this sort, between Temple Bar and Kensington Gardens; and many a woman, in the short walk from St. George's to Doctors' Commons, is conducted by the hand of a man of good condition. It may be asked, what was Sir John's reason for desiring this marriage? But whoever's asks must be answered very readily in poor Captain's words, "Reasons, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." It was a crime he had acquired—pray mark the word; for he had not invented, discovered or created it. The honor of introducing it to the family was lady Shaw's, but as neither she nor she had any other children, he adopted it at once and honored it profusely. After dinner, however, when the ladies had left the table, and the clergyman was a little dozy, Sir John thought it expedient to give Mr. Harcourt a hint not to speak more than necessary of Charles Harcourt. "The fact is," said he, "Julia and Charles, in their youth, chose to get up a little romance together." "I don't know," said Mr. Williams Harcourt, in his quiet way, "did they ever publish it?" "Poof!" cried Captain Denver; "my dear sir, Sir John means this fancied themselves to love." "I don't understand," said Mr. Harcourt, "but I always like to have things clear. This is a very interesting matter, my good sir;—rubbing down in a nice of fancy. But you see I understand, I won't talk of settlement, or anything of

that sort. It only nourishes folly. The ruses; these are the things to look to. Ha!—Captain; the ruses; a lac is no bad thing, but a crop is better." Captain Denver did not altogether like the allusion in the way it was put; but Mr. Harcourt soon began to pass the wine without lifting his glass; and the gentleman returned to the drawing room. Julia Grey was much gayer; she had recovered her spirits completely. She played on a very fine piano that stood in the corner, and sang very sweetly some of her sweet songs. Perhaps she might—if it had been then written, which was not—have sung "Oh, no! we never mention her" but, to all appearance, whatever she might have sung, would have been very much the same to Mr. Harcourt, who sat upon a sofa by lady Shaw, and told her an indeterminate story about India, in a very slow train; how he got into a pelinaquin, and how he got out again; and how he got up on an elephant, and how he got off again; and how he beat a jungle, and how he was beat back again; and three royal gales at his heels; and a great many other odd and odd, and which lady Shaw, who knew a great deal about India, having married her husband there was very much entertained. It is true, while Mr. Harcourt went on with his story, he never took a look at Julia, who sat at the piano with Captain Denver, exclaiming "exquisite! behind her; and doubtless he thought her a very pretty girl; for he had eyes as well as other men. However, as all things come to an end, so did the evening and Mr. Harcourt's story; and the whole party retired to rest. Early the next morning, Captain Denver, who was the most active man, if in the world, and equally fond of the sports of the field and brook, went out with his gun to induce some speckled trout out of the water. Mr. Harcourt on the contrary, remained in bed, or at least in his room; for the servant found him up, and the window open when he went in at half past seven. At eight he went down to the breakfast room; and at half past eight he and Julia were sauntering slowly along about a hundred and fifty yards from the house, just before the windows of Sir John and lady Shaw. Sir John perceived them as they went up and down, while she was dining at nine; and looking Mr. Harcourt's prudence in regard to his last cousin Charles, he fell into a state of great anxiety. He knew not how long he had been together, but he feared much mischief might have been done; and hurrying his toilet, he went but less than ordinary to stop any further rousing of romances. To this great satisfaction, however, he found Julia very gay, and during the day with Captain Denver, who gave shares in her conduct to Mr. Harcourt, as if she still were, yet she was very civil to her military officer, and treated him with perfect lady-like courtesy. Mr. Harcourt indeed maintained his character, for though he had been down so early he endeavored for the fault by being late at luncheon, late at dinner, by keeping lady Shaw waiting for him half an hour when she had ordered the carriage on purpose to take him to see something wonderful; and by sundry other feats of slowness that put the family great inconvenience. The last thing he was late about was announcing his own departure, which he might certainly have done earlier than eleven o'clock on the night preceding. It did not take Sir John by surprise; for Captain Denver had kindly heralded it to his youth, and he had been long waiting for it, and he had hoped to see it long ago. "Impossible!" I am afraid, my dear lady, replied Mr. Harcourt, wishing her good night with a tender shake of the hand, "I walked over to Sawston to order my chaise before dinner, which must needs be an excuse for keeping you waiting so long. I will bid you farewell for the present, as you will not be down when I get home, I ordered the chaise at five. But I dare say I shall see you all six for a week or two, and it does those fellows good to make them wait a little." Then turning to Julia he bade her good night too, adding with a gay look to Captain Denver, "I hope my fair cousin, when you and I meet again it will be under different circumstances." "Why?" cried Sir John; and Julia, alternately blushing and turning pale, disengaged her hand from her cousin's, and said Sir John in a respectful way. "My dear Harcourt," cried Captain Denver. But their companion only laughed, asking, "What am I too quick for once in my life? Well, I'll have spoiled your story, there is a place in my chest where I have written down in a nice of fancy, but mind, though I have said it, I am not very punctual." "No, no, I thank you," answered Denver

Mr. Editor: Having seen my name in the attached Workmen's paper of this date...

In justice to those who attended the Wabari Convention, from the quality of work...

In justice to Mr. Ellick, we would also state that he left the Workmen's Association...

The "Weekend Literary Messenger" came along this week, in a polite and friendly...

The old Bachelor of the Sentinel thinks the "nether appendages of a latter-day"...

The Brood-Advertiser contains a long and interesting article on the subject of...

Life in New York.—The New York Mirror says there is a block at the Five Bibles...

ANOTHER TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.—The various causes...

At a quarter to five o'clock, on Saturday morning, a fire broke out in Van Doren's Oil Factory...

The Harbor, for ten miles below the city, was covered with floating fragments...

The Battery presents the appearance of a citadel of a beleaguered town. Women and children...

Mrs. — a lady of fine appearance and resolute character, who has been residing a short time at Hong Kong...

DeKensan.—A gentleman left Lowell the 10th of May, went to England, remained there...

POPULAR ERRORS.—It is an error to suppose that because you silence a man...

It is an error to suppose that because a woman looks at you she is in love with you...

MIKE WALSH AND THE N-YERS ACTIONISTS.—The following from Mike's Suburban...

THE PUBLIC GARDENS.—Why is it that there are not benches, with comfortable backs...

NOTICE.—A Meeting of the Stockholders of the "Voice of Industry" will be held...

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—All those who wish to transact business with our Association...

MARRIAGES.—In Nashville, on the 20th inst. by Rev. D. M. Pratt...

DEATHS.—In Nashville, 16th inst. Mr. Samuel McKee, aged 60...

Book and Job Printing.—The Voice of Industry Office, No. 11, Snow's Block...

LETTERS FOR CIRCULATION.—With entries new, neat, and on the most reasonable terms.

EXAMINE TYPE MINUTELY.—Taken by G. Coddard. At Rooms, in Terry & Wood's New Block...

HENRY J. LOWE, DEALER IN GOLD AND SILVER MATCHES, RICH JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE...

NOTICE.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned and the firm of HAYWARD & BROWN...

YANKEE ARITHMETIC.—Two gentlemen from the South are said, not long since to have visited the manufacturing establishments at Lowell...

Let charity be your white—modesty your complexion—dress your eyebrows with cheerfulness...

I wish you would put me down for a puppy said a young sportsman the other day...

A handsome girl, in the bloom of youth, died at Hinchey on Thursday week...

How many young girls in the bloom of youth are fast following in her footsteps.

NOTICE.—A Meeting of the Stockholders of the "Voice of Industry" will be held on Saturday evening...

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—All those who wish to transact business with our Association are informed that Mr. Sanford Sawyer...

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THURSDAY MESSENGER. A Weekly Newspaper OF MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE; LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE AND USEFUL ARTS, AND ENTERTAINING FAMILY READING.

Single copy—per year, \$3.00 Six months, 1.00 Three copies of the Thursday Messenger...

Agents will please enclose their letters with their names in initials, and are earnestly solicited to send their communications without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct.

No letters taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid, and no attention given to orders unless accompanied by the money.

The terms of the "Messenger" are invariably in advance, no paper being continued beyond the period paid for.

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

The high and deep celebrity which these eminent Medicines have attained, has rendered them the subject of much inquiry...

OF ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, BILIOUSNESS, &c.

FEVER AND AGUE. For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy.

SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, &c. Worms, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines.

THE LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, &c. These medicines will be found a safe, speedy, and certain remedy.

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SCHOOL RECORD.—S. & C. STEELE, School Record, No. 1, Broadway, New York.

POETRY

The bell of life... which are in good order... are at the disposal of the following Banks...

TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE

Extract from an address delivered before the Mechanics' Institute of N. York... I mention these facts, only in the hope of showing you that there is pleasure in studying the sciences...

PROSPECTUS FOR VOL. VII.

To reform and perfect man—to bring out the latent originalities and capabilities of his nature, are objects which we cannot possibly regard as unimportant...

THE LIFE CLOCK.

There is a little mythic clock, No human eye hath seen; That beats an annual throb on Earth From morning till its end...

THE TRAITOR HUSBAND.

It was past midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull clanking of the French clock...

THE LIFE CLOCK.

When passion burns the warrior's soul For deeds of hate and wrong, Though headed not the fearful sound, Its snell is deep and strong...

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MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

The application of this hidden and mysterious force, for the purposes of the rapid transmission of intelligence is well known. It has now been brought into this country by the power of electric magnetism...

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