

THE NAUVOO NEIGHBOR.

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JOHN TAYLOR

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NOTES OF ADVERTISING.

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Letters must be addressed to the Editor.

(John Taylor) your agent, to receive attention.

FORECAST.

We are afraid that the following is too true

and that many poor women, both in London

and in this city, may sing the following dir-

geful ballad.

Would that the tone of the following song

could reach the rich—London Press.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers warm and worn,

With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat in a lonely room,

Plying her needle and thread—

Sing: "Sing, little shirt."

In adversity, hunger, and cold,

And still, with a voice of doleful pitch,

She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!"

While the clock is crowing a doleful

"Work! work! work!"

'Till the stars shine through the roof!

It is for the sake of the shirt!

With the laboring hand,

Where woman has never a soul to save,

It is for the shirt!

"Work! work! work!"

On with the needle and thread!

Work—work—work—

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Work—work—work—

And, and, and, and, and, and, and, and,

Till the old eyes fall all a-shine,

And new tears are in the eye!

"O! Min, with sisters dear!"

O! Min, with sisters dear!

It is not luck you're wearing out,

But human creatures live!

Stitch—stitch—stitch—

In poverty, hunger, and cold,

And still, with a voice of doleful pitch,

She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!"

My labor never flags,

And what are we now? A bed of straw

And a shirt of iron and steel!

A shirt of iron and steel!

A shirt of iron and steel!

A shirt of iron and steel!

A shirt of iron and steel!

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THE DEVOTED WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl. When I first

saw her, she was standing by the side

of her mother at the market place. She

was slightly pale—yet calm and serene

as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge

of crimson crossed her cheek, like the re-

flection of a sunset cloud, as he clasped

her hand within his own, and she

looked at him with unmingled admi-

ration, and the warm eloquent blood

showed at intervals his manly forehead,

and melted into beauty on his lips.

And when he gave her the ring, and

another in the presence of heaven, and

every heart blessed them as they went

on their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I saw those lov-

ers. They were seated together where

the summer's sunset stole through

the half-closed curtains, and she

looked at him with the same

richer tint to the expiring, and the ex-

quisite embellishments of the rich and

glorious apartment.

Time had slightly changed them in

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|-----------------------------|---------------|
| United States Bank Notes | 55. dis |
| Pennsylvania, specie paying | 2 to 3 dis |
| Maryland " " | 2 to 3 dis |
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| York and N. England Banks | 1 to 2 dis |
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| Suspended New Orleans Banks | to 20 on dis |

