

Miscellaneous.

The Quaker and the Robber.

The most honest of all Quakers, Jonathan Simpson, inhabited in London, a small, pretty house, with his daughter, a young girl, scarcely eighteen years of age. Mary was a beautiful blonde, with large blue eyes, as wise as she was beautiful. She was constantly surrounded by a host of admirers, anxious to win her heart, but their efforts were in vain. Mary was not a coquette, and far from enjoying the effect produced by her charms, she was often annoyed by it. Edward Weresford, a young artist, intimate in the family, was the only one whose society she really enjoyed. A very simple occurrence had been the cause of this intimacy. A sudden and unexpected death had carried away the Quaker's wife, still young and beautiful; and anxious to preserve the image of one so dear to him, he had called the young artist to her death-bed. It was there that Edward had seen, for the first time, the young and disconsolate girl, and there their attachment first sprang into life, amidst the tears of the one and the heartfelt sympathy of the other. A year had scarcely elapsed, when the young artist made known to the father of Mary his desires and hopes. The good Jonathan saw no reason to oppose the natural inclination of the two lovers. Without being rich, Edward, with the aid of his pencil, was amply able to support a family. His father, Mr. Weresford, one of the oldest merchants of the City, had retired from business with a large fortune. This was a rare instance of rapid success in speculation, so rapid, indeed, that few had been able to follow its progress. His manners were rough and uncouth, and he lived alone in the outskirts of London, without troubling himself about his son; he was one of those peculiar men who trouble nobody, in order not to be troubled themselves, and was tolerably good-natured if no favors were required of him. Edward, sure that his father would readily consent to his marriage with the pretty Quakeress, was anxiously awaiting the day that should seal their union. Jonathan Simpson, who owned large firms in the neighborhood of London, started one morning to collect a large sum of money which he designed for the expenses of the wedding. He was absent only through the day, and as he was returning after dark, on horseback, he perceived a short distance, a man standing in the middle of the road, evidently for no good purpose. He stopped, hesitating whether to go on or turn back. In the meantime the man was advancing towards him, and light seemed impossible; he therefore determined to make the best of it, and go slowly on. As he approached nearer, he perceived that the man was masked. "The Quaker lacked not courage, but naturally calm and inoffensive, and unable to resist an armed man, he drew from his pocket a purse containing twelve guineas, and gave it to the thief, who, counting the money, allowed the traveller to pass, and proceeded on his journey. But the robber, seeing the little resistance that had been made, and in hopes of a second spoil, soon overtook the honest Jonathan, placed himself across the road, and pointing his pistol at the traveller. "Your watch!" said he. The Quaker was surprised, but not frightened. He coolly pulled his watch from his pocket, looked at the time, and handing it to the robber, "Now," said he, "allow me to go home, I pray thee; my daughter will feel anxious at my absence." "One minute," replied the thief, "swear you have no other money." "I never swear," replied the Quaker. "Well, affirm that you have no other money; and upon my word, as I am incapable of using violence towards a man who yields with so much grace, I will let you go on." Jonathan thought a moment and shook his head. "Whoever thou art," replied he gravely, "the best guess that I am a Quaker, and that not even for my life would I forsake the truth. Now, I must tell thee, that I have underneath my saddle, two hundred pounds sterling." "Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed the thief, whose eyes flashed under his mask. "But if thou art good, if thou art human," continued the Quaker, "thou wilt leave me this money, my daughter is going to be married, and I will not be able to regain such a sum for a long time. The dear girl loves her betrothed, and it would be cruel to put her off their union; thou hast a heart, thou hast loved, perhaps, and canst not commit such a wicked action." "What in the d—! do I care for your daughter, her lover, or their marriage? I want the money, and must have it at once." Jonathan, with a sad heart, lifted the saddle, took a heavy bag from underneath it, gave it to the thief, and started at a gallop. "Stop a minute, my friend," cried the robber, seizing the bridle. "As soon as you arrive home, you will go straight to denounce me to the magistrates; that is all right, and I have nothing to say to it, but it is important, you know, that I should go ahead of you. My horse is tired and almost worn out; yours, on the contrary, seems strong and vigorous, and much more able to carry this heavy bag of gold; alight then, I pray thee, and let me go on thy horse; you may take mine afterwards, if you choose." It was too late to offer any resistance; Jonathan quietly dismounted, saying to himself, with resignation, "If I had known it before, how easily I might have escaped the rascal; for with such a horse, he could certainly never have overtaken me." In the meantime, the masked man, thinking him ironically for his kindness, started at full gallop, and soon disappeared. Before reaching London, the unhappy traveller had time to think of his misfortune, and of the poor lovers, so fond of each other, and whose happiness must unavoidably be postponed. The money of which he had been robbed was forever lost to him, for he had no means of identifying the robber, should he ever happen to come across him. A sudden idea struck him, however, and he stopped. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I may yet succeed. If the rascal stops in London I may perhaps discover him. How could he be so imprudent!" His spirits thus raised by I know not what hope of success, Jonathan reached home, as if nothing had happened, and whispered not a word of his adventure. He did not go to

the magistrate, but kissed his daughter, who suspected nothing, went to bed and slept soundly all morning, trusting in providence for the rest. The next morning, however, he might perhaps help Providence, and began to make enquiries. He took the horse out of the stable where he had remained all night, and threw the bridle loose upon its neck, in hopes that it would naturally go straight to its master's house. He allowed the poor animal, who had nothing to eat, to wander through the streets of London, and he followed after. But soon poor Jonathan gave up all hopes of success, and made up his mind that the robber had never inhabited London. "What a fool I was," thought he, "not to have complained to the magistrate while it was yet time, instead of trusting to the instinct of this stupid animal!" He was interrupted in his reflections by the cries of some children who had nearly been run over by the horse. The animal was just starting off at full speed. "Do not stop him—let him go!" cried the Quaker. "For mercy's sake let him go?" and closely following on the track, he saw him enter the gate of a yard attached to a stately mansion in the outskirts of the city. "He must be here!" thought the Quaker, who lifted his eyes towards heaven to thank Providence. He passed the house, and perceived in the yard a servant who, patting the horse's neck, was leading him into the stable. He then enquired of a neighbor the name of the owner of the house. "That house belongs to the rich merchant, Weresford," was the reply. The Quaker stood amazed. "Weresford," continued the man, who thought he had not been understood—"Weresford, you must have heard of him—the man who made such an immense and rapid fortune." "Thank thee, my friend, thank thee," replied Jonathan. He was stunned with astonishment—"Weresford! Edward's father! A man so generally respected—a thief, a highway robber?" He thought he was dreaming, and turned back to home. However, several instances of men wealthy and respected, though connected with robbers came to his mind; he then thought of that immense fortune acquired so unaccountably, and again of the horse who seemed to recognize his master's house. Jonathan resolved at once to unravel the mystery. He boldly knocked at the door of the house, and enquired for the merchant. Mr. Weresford was not up, although the clock had just struck twelve. This confirmed the Quaker's belief. He insisted upon being admitted, and soon found himself in the bedroom of the wealthy merchant, who, scarcely awakened, and rubbing his eyes, enquired in a rough tone, "Who are you, and what do you want?" His voice at once roused the recollection of Jonathan, and firmly established his suspicions. He quietly took a chair and seated himself by the bedside with his hat on his head. "You keep your hat on," exclaimed the merchant with apparent surprise. "I am a Quaker," replied Jonathan, calmly, "and thou knowest that such is our custom." At the word "Quaker," Weresford raised himself in bed, and stared at the visitor. He knew him without doubt, for he turned pale. "Well," demanded he, scarcely able to speak, "what may—be—if you please—the—errand?" "I beg thy pardon for being in such a hurry," replied Jonathan, "but among friends ceremony is not necessary, and I came to ask thee for the watch which thou didst borrow me yesterday." "The—watch!" "I care a great deal for it; it once belonged to my beloved wife, and I cannot part with it. My brother-in-law, the alderman, would never forgive me if he knew that I parted with it even for a single day." The name of the alderman seemed to make quick impressions upon Weresford. Without waiting for a reply, Jonathan continued: "Thou wilt oblige me also by returning the twelve guineas which I lent thee at the same time. However, if thou dost need them for a few days, thou mayest keep them, but thou must give a receipt." The coolness of the Quaker abashed the merchant so that he dared not deny the possession of the stolen property, but still unwilling to own it, he hesitated how to reply, when Jonathan continued: "I have come also to inform you of the marriage of my daughter Mary. I had received a sum of two hundred pounds sterling for the expenses of the occasion, but a sad accident happened to me yesterday upon the road to London. I was completely stripped, so that I must ask thee to give thy son a portion, which, had it not been for this, I should never have asked of thee." "My son?" "Why, yes. Dost thou not know that he is in love with Mary, and that he is to marry her?" "Edward!" exclaimed the merchant, jumping out of bed. "Edward Weresford," quietly replied the Quaker. "I wish I could keep away from him all that happened last night, but if thou refusest me the sum which I had promised, I will be compelled to tell him 'lost it.'" Weresford advanced towards a closet, took out a box doubly locked, opened, and handed successively to Jonathan his watch, his purse, and his bag of money. "Very well," said the Quaker, "I see that I was right to rely upon thee." "Is that all you want?" inquired the merchant roughly. "No, I expect something more of thy friendship." "Speak!" "Thou wilt disinheret thy son." "What?" "Thou wilt disinheret him; I do not wish to have it said that I speculated upon thy fortune," and saying these words, Jonathan Simpson went out of the room. "No," whispered he, when he found himself alone, "no children are not responsible for the faults of their parents. Mary shall marry the son of this man, but touch his money, never." In passing through the yard, he perceived Weresford at one of the windows, and exclaimed, "Hallo! friend; I brought back thy horse; return me mine if thou pleasest." A few minutes after Jonathan, well mounted, carrying behind him his long bag of money, his watch and purse in his pocket, was trotting slowly home.

"I have just been making a wedding call on thy father," said he to Edward, whom he found at his house. "I think we will agree." "Two hours after, Weresford arrived at the house of Jonathan, and taking him aside, "Honest Quaker," said he, "your conduct has touched my very soul. It was in your power to dishonor me, to dishonor my son, to ruin me in his estimation, and to refuse him your daughter. You have acted nobly; I am humbled before you. Take these papers. Adieu; you will never see me again." Saying this he departed. The Quaker being left alone, opened the papers, and found among them drafts of considerable value against the best banking houses in London. They contained, also, a long list of names, with sums of different value affixed to each, and ending with these lines: "These names are those of people who have been robbed, together with the amount which is to be returned to them; draw the money and return it accordingly to the right owners. Whatever may be left is my legitimate property, and your daughter may one day accept, without blushing, my inheritance." The next day Weresford had left London, and never was heard of afterwards. On the day of Edward and Mary's marriage, the Quaker invited a large number of merry friends, among whom many could be heard loudly praising the liberality of the London robber, who had remitted to them, through the hands of Jonathan, their lost capital and the interest. Truth and Error. Error's victories are sooner won. Who fights for her, fights for an easy spoil, With willing soldiers, valiant in the cause, And gains the battle, off without a scratch; For Error crowns her generals ere they die, And blazes in men's ears with blatant voice Their bloodiest deeds, until the foolish world, Exalts them—first to heroes, then to gods, And swears for ever after by their names. But blessings on the Truth, it prospers still, And Error though it lives luxuriantly, Lives fast, and grows decrepit, and expires, To be succeeded by its progeny. But Truth ne'er dies. Once laid the seed be sown, No blight can kill it: neither winds nor rain, Nor lightnings, nor all wrath of elements, Can e'er uproot it from the hungry soil. From the Pennsylvania Freeman. ADMONITIONS IN RELATION TO INTERTEMPERANCE: from Salem, Ohio, Monthly Meeting of Friends, adapted 4th month 24th, 1850. We have read this excellent pamphlet with much pleasure, not merely from the justice of its principles, the force of its appeals and the wisdom of its suggestions and counsels, but still more for the evidence it gives of the lively interest of the Meeting, from which it emanates, in practical reform. We hail every proof, like this, of the awakening of popular religious Societies to the great Christian work which they have so grievously neglected, as a new ray in the dawning of the jubilee of Freedom, Justice, and Harmony to the nations. It is true that the Temperance cause has battled through its sorest trials and persecutions, and gained a popularity which prevents it from being a test of courage and virtue, but there are still thousands of meetings and churches which give it no aid, thinking it no part of their duty to descend from the discussion of abstract theories and theological creeds, a ceremonial worship and the strengthening of their sect, to the vulgar business of saving men from the wiles and snares and ruin of intemperance. The temptation is still strong to pass by a cause which requires daily and self-denying work of its real friends. However easy a profession of temperance may be, the cause still is a difficult one, and the exercise of a courage, integrity and moral heroism, which are rare virtues in our popular sects; its principles lead, moreover, when honestly applied, to other reforms more radical and less popular. We are glad to notice in the address before us that the claims of the Temperance cause are urged upon no narrow or selfish ground, but upon comprehensive principles, and with the evident desire that they shall receive a wider application than to this specific reform. "We can conceive," says the address in its appeal to professors of Christianity, "of no higher or nobler end to be sought by a Religious Society than the destruction of a brutal vice and the moral and spiritual elevation of man. Such an object is worthy to task the best and holiest energies of individuals and Christian associations in every age of the world. It is to Religious Societies, that mankind have a right to look for the highest example of moral purity, and the most devoted zeal in every work of practical righteousness, and in so far as such Societies fail in this, they come short of the end for which alone they should be created." This important and timely Truth is a touchstone from which how many of the respectable members of our Society of Friends, in their fervent application to themselves, and practical adoption, and coming from one of their own bodies it may claim a consideration which would not be accorded to it as the admonition of men known only by some odious reform title. Taking the true Temperance ground of thorough teetotalism, the Address appeals with much feeling and good sense to drunkards, moderate drinkers and the traffickers in the intoxicating draught, to abandon their evil and ruinous course; to religious professors, and especially to the members of the Society of Friends, to give as individuals and as Societies an open and faithful testimony "in favor of Total Abstinence; and to the Temperance Societies and the friends of the cause, to be strong, active, hopeful, patient, uncompromising and wise in their efforts to promote their holy object. A clerk in a river street, Troy, came to his death in a very singular manner. It appears from the coroner's inquest, that he wore a standing collar, starched so stiff that in turning round suddenly, he cut his throat. The best board in the world for dyspeptic young ladies is said to be a wash-board. It gives them strength of muscle, an exhibition of spirits, a good appetite for their meals, and supercedes the necessity of painting their faces. The Wish which follows is said, by a correspondent, to have been written by Charles Mackay, some time Editor of the Glasgow Argus, and to have appeared in a little volume called "Voices from the Crowd." We remember reading it some years since, and being impressed by the solemnity and beauty of the thought, but we had forgotten the author's name.—N. Y. Eve. Post. WISH. Tell me ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do ye not know some spot Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the west, Where free from toil and pain, The weary soul may rest? The loud wind softened to a whisper low, And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!" Tell me thou mighty deep, Whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favored spot, Some island far away, Where weary man may find The bliss for which he sighs, Where sorrow never lives, And friendship never dies? The loud wave rolling in perpetual flow, Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No!" And thou, sereneest moon, That with such holy face Dost look upon the earth, Asleep in night's embrace, Tell me, in all thy round, Hast thou not seen some spot, Where miserable man Might find a happier lot? Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe, And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!" Tell me, my secret soul, Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place, From sorrow, sin, and death? Is there no happy spot, Where mortals may be blessed, Where grief may find a balm, And weariness a rest? Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given, Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes in Heaven!" Advice to Fools. Fools are not above taking advice; they even seek it sometimes, though generally after they have followed their own noses into dilemmas that they cannot stay in nor see their way out of. We shall try to give them a little that may be taken earlier if they have a mind to. Of course, we are not green enough to advise them according to their needs—if they were prepared to take such advice, they would not be fools. The advice they will take is that which accords with their inclinations, and we shall ply them accordingly in the following. HOT-WEATHER MAXIMS: 1. Crowd into the Cities and Villages as many of you as possible, especially in dog-days. You can be more useless there than elsewhere, and will have to beg harder and eringe lower for opportunity to earn a living. If you can't earn anything so, you can probably beg a quarter-dollar by working as hard for it as you need to earn a dollar by honest industry in the country. You can sleep for nothing on some stoop or steps, when the best bed in the City is not equal to an armful of hay under an apple-tree in the country. 2. Crum your stomachs (if you have the wherewithal) with as much greasy flesh, strong coffee, &c. as possible as soon as you have fairly risen in the morning. That will prepare you to 3. 'Go in' for a good supply of green apples, wilted peaches, sun-struck water-melons, &c. in the course of the forenoon. Only eat enough of these, with a few dried-up doughnuts, hunks of pie, gingerbread, &c. and you won't need any dinner. 4. You will begin to feel faint, heated and thirsty, along in the middle of the day; now pour down tumbler after tumbler of ice-water. It is a very refreshing beverage, and never made anybody drunk. It sometimes kills people, like other good things, but they are generally such as have been drinking heartily of stronger liquids, which we don't advise you to take; being fools, you will swig these bounteously without any prompting. 5. When evening comes on, parade about the streets a while, and then sit or lie down, thinly clad, in the strongest draft you can find, with the least possible clothing. What are Summer evenings sent for but to recover people from the heat of the day? 6. Keep your pores closed as if with wax, and your skin as if rubbed over with printer's ink or bad oil. Who wants the heat let into his system this weather? If you are poor, you can hardly sleep under shelter where there shall not be abundant noxious effluvia, so there is no need of counsel on that point. —Only let the Fools master and implicitly obey the above maxims, and if we don't have the Cholera back this season, it will be no fault of theirs; and even should there be no Cholera, the proportion of wise and considerate persons among our population will very certainly be considerably larger next November than at present.—M. Y. Tribune. Mrs. Swishelm says it is marvellously strange how a woman can think herself contented with the slightest intercourse with the victim of a seducer, but cover her face all over with smiles to receive the seducer himself. Mrs. Swishelm talks like a woman of good sense. The Olive Branch tells a story of a sarcastic old fellow, who, being asked one day by parson A., "If he had any treasure laid up in Heaven?" replied, with a doleful look, "Sartin, sartin; I guess they must be there if any where—I haint got none laid up 'chose, I say sartin!" SIGNIFICANT.—The (N. H.) Telegraph in noticing the erection of a new town pump, in place of a dilapidated one, says: "Milkmen can water their horses there as usual."

Agents for the Bugle. OHIO. New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and I. Johnson. Columbiana—L. G. Holmes. Cool Springs—Mablon Irvin. Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes. Marietta—Dr. K. G. Thomas. Canfield—John Wetmore. Lovellville—John Russell. Youngstown—J. S. Johnson. New Lyme—Marana Miller. Selma—Thomas Swayne. Springboro—Ira Thomas. Harveyburg—V. Nicholson. Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke. Chagrin Falls—S. Dickerson. Columbus—W. W. Pollard. Georgetown—Ruth Cope. Bundryburgh—Alex. Glenn. Farmington—Willard Curtis. Bath—J. B. Lambert. Ravenna—Joseph Carroll. Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas. Southington—Caleb Greene. Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby. Malta—Wm. Cope. Richfield—Jerome Kuriburt, Elijah Poor. Lodi—Dr. Sill. Chester—Roads—Adam Sanders. Painesville—F. McGrew. Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell. Granger—L. Kell. Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright. Garrettsville—A. Joiner. Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore. Achertown—A. G. Richardson. East Palestine—Simon Sheets. Grant—L. S. Specs. PENNSYLVANIA. Pittsburgh—H. Vaahon. Newberry; J. M. Morris. INDIANA. Winchester—Clarkson Packet, Economy—Ira C. Maulsby. Penn.—John L. Michener. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, AND THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEWS. Premiums to New Subscribers! Owing to the late revolutions and counter-revolutions among the nations of Europe, which have followed each other in such quick succession, and of which "the end is not yet," the leading periodicals of Great Britain have become invested with a degree of interest hitherto unknown. They occupy a middle ground between the hasty, disjointed, and necessarily imperfect records of the newspapers, and the elaborate and ponderous treatises to be furnished by the historian at a future day. The American Publishers, therefore, deem it proper to call renewed attention to these Periodicals, and the very low prices at which they are offered to subscribers. The following is their list, viz: THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, and BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. In these periodicals are contained the views, moderately, though clearly and firmly expressed, of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical—"Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory, the "Edinburgh Review" Whig; and the "Westminster Review" Liberal. The "North British Review" owes its establishment to the last great ecclesiastical movement in Scotland, and is not ultra in its views on any one of the grand departments of human knowledge; it was originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very high order. The "Westminster," though reprinted under that title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly and Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published and reprinted under separate titles. It has therefore the advantage, by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both, as heretofore issued. The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British steamer, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals—Blackwood's Magazine being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition. TERMS. For any one of the 4 Reviews, \$3.00 per yr. For any two of the Reviews, 5.00 do. For any three of the Reviews, 7.00 do. For all four of the Reviews, 8.00 do. For Blackwood's Magazine, 3.00 do. For Blackwood and 3 Reviews, 9.00 do. For Blackwood and 4 Reviews, 10.00 do. Payments to be made in all cases in advance. PREMIUMS. Consisting of back volumes of the following valuable works, viz: Bentley's Miscellany, The Metropolitan Magazine, Blackwood's Magazine, London Quarterly Review, Edinburgh Review, Foreign Quarterly Review, Westminster Review. Any one subscribing to Blackwood, or to any one of the Reviews, at \$3 a year, or to any two of the Periodicals, at \$5, will receive, gratis, one volume of any of the premiums above named. A subscriber to any three of the Periodicals, at \$7 a year, or to four Reviews at \$8, will receive two premium volumes as above. A subscriber to Blackwood and three Reviews, at \$9 a year, or to the four Reviews and Blackwood, at \$10, will receive three premium volumes. Consecutive Premium volumes will be furnished when practicable, but to prevent disappointment, subscribers are requested to order as many different works for premiums as they may require volumes. CLUBBING. Four copies of any or all of the above works will be sent to one address, on payment of the regular subscription for three, the fourth copy being gratis. No premiums will be given where the above allowance is made to clubs, nor will premiums in any case be furnished unless the subscription money is paid in full to the publishers, without recourse to an agent. Remittances and communications should be always addressed, postpaid or franked, to the publishers. LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 70 Fulton-st., New York, entrance 54 Gold-st

DR. CHARLES MUNDE'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, AT NORTHAMPTON, MASS. THIS Establishment is situated at Bensonville, on the west bank of Mill River, two and a half miles from the Northampton Rail Road Depot, seven hours' ride from New-York, about five from Boston, and five from Albany, in one of the pleasantest valleys of New-England, surrounded with wood-grown hills, with shady walks, and abundantly supplied with the purest, softest, and coldest granite water. The air is pure and healthy, and the climate mild and agreeable. The new and spacious buildings offer all the conveniences for water-cure purposes, such as large plunge baths, douches, and airy lodging rooms for about fifty patients, separate for either sex, a gymnasium, piano, &c. The Doctor being the earliest disciple of Priesnitz now living, and having an experience of more than fifteen years of his own, (his writings on Water-Cure being in the hands of every European hydropath), hopes to respond to any reasonable expectations from the Water-Cure System, made on the part of those sufferers who may confide themselves to him. He, as well as his wife and family, will exert themselves to ensure to their patients every comfort compatible with the chief purpose of their residence in the establishment. Persons desirous of following a course of treatment, should provide themselves with two or three woolen blankets, two comfortable beds, some linen sheets, some towels, some oil linen, and a couple of pillow cases. In case of need, these objects may be procured in the establishment. Patients are requested to apply to the Doctor either personally or by letter, under the above address, giving a full statement of their case, and the result of their former treatment. TERMS: For board and treatment, \$10 per week. Ladies and gentlemen accompanying patients, \$5 per week. Treatment out of doors, without board, \$5 per week. To patients occupying attic rooms, or one room with another person, a reasonable allowance will be made. Payment is expected every week. Patients who stay only part of a week in the establishment, are expected to pay the price of a full week. Letters including a reasonable fee, will be properly attended to. A moderate charge will be made for consultations. CHARLES MUNDE, M. D. May, 1850. Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, Summer Cloths, &c. &c. THE subscriber has on hand at his store one door West of the Salem Bookstore, Salem, O., a general assortment of Materials for Men's Clothing, which he will be glad to make up to order, or sell by the yard, to those who may want them. Also a good supply of READY MADE CLOTHING, such as Coats, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Collars, Bosoms, Cravats, &c. Every exertion will be made to furnish those who may purchase the "ready made" or leave their measure and orders, the right kind of garments at the right kind of prices. Salem, June 1st, 1850. JAMES BARNABY. N. B. TAILORING BUSINESS in all its branches carried on as heretofore. J. B. SEWING SILK. MERCHANTS, Pedlars and others can obtain a good supply of a very superior quality of Sewing Silk, of all degrees and colors, either in packages or 100 Skein Bundles by calling at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, Salem, Ohio. Also PATENT THREAD, Warranted as good and as cheap as the country can produce. We are in the constant receipt of these articles, and for each will sell them as above stated at the very lowest rates possible. BARNABY & WHINERY. June 1, 1850. TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS Pelton's Large Outline Maps. 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All operations in Dentistry performed in the best manner, and all work warranted elegant and durable. Charges reasonable. Salem, Sept. 5th, 1849. SAWING AND TURNING. THE subscribers are prepared to do all kinds of SAWING AND TURNING, For Cabinet, Coach and Wagon Makers, at their shop, nearly opposite the Salem Hotel. JAN. & GEO. HINSHILLWOOD. Salem, Aug. 25, 1849-50. DAVID WOODRUFF, Manufacturer of Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies, &c. A general assortment of carriage constantly on hand, made of the best material and in the neatest style. All work warranted. Shop on Main street, Salem, O. Charles Frethy—Book-Binder! CONTINUES to carry on the BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS in all its different branches, at his old stand, on Main-st., Canfield, Ohio, where he is prepared to do work with neatness and dispatch. From his long experience in this business he pledges himself to give general satisfaction. [October 27, 1849.] C. DONALDSON & CO. Wholesale and Retail Hardware Merchants. 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