

THE BUGLE.

For The Bugle. Parables for the Day.

THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

A young and amiable merchant dreamed that the Son of Man appeared to him. And his first question to the merchant was: How dost thou show the world that thou art my disciple? By many things, said the merchant do I show it. I have family worship morning and evening; I say grace before meals; I am a member of the Church, and partake of the sacrament, having been baptized in the proper way; I attend public worship on the Sabbath, every monthly concert, and every lecture before communion; I give to the Missionary, Bible and Tract society liberally, and am now using my best efforts to repress infidelity. That may all be, said the master, but what profits dost thou take on thy goods? Only thirty per cent master. And how many houses dost thou rent? Only ten, master, and a tenth of the annual rents I give to the Missionary and Bible societies. Then, said the master, if thou wouldst know what kind of a disciple thou art, thou canst ask those to whom thou sellest goods, and also thy tenants, for thy religion can be measured by the amount of thy profit and rents. But do not expect when thou diest to enter immediately into Heaven unless before death thou showest a practical repentance. Then the master disappeared, and the merchant awoke troubled in mind. But he still continued to take enormous profits and rents, for he had large possessions; and though he desired to enter Heaven, he loved more to live on the unpaid toil of others.

THE MINISTER'S COUNSEL.

Now before this merchant who had had the troubled dream, became confirmed in his sins, he went and told the vision to the minister, and asked his advice. Then the minister laughed at his scruples, and said; life is a fight. All the trades and professions are only organized conventional instrumentalities to enable us to carry on the battle and make our livings out of the sweat of one another. You take enormous profits, from one, and another from you; our mutual injustices make the balance even. Why should you not take as great profits and rent as you can get? If you do not, some one else will. It has been so from the foundation of the world, and always will be so. Religion, my friend, has nothing to do with mercantile profits, interest, and rent. These are secular concerns. To inherit eternal life, all you need to do, is to cherish a sense of sin, observe the ordinance and the means of grace, pray fervently and often, and support the preached word. Then said the merchant, your advice gives me great consolation; only I think my sense of sin is like to be acute enough without cherishing it. O, said the minister, I did not mean that you should call to mind a particular sin, but cherish a kind of general sense of sin to furnish scope for the action of divine grace. Now I understand you, said the merchant, and as he left the minister's study he murmured to himself again and again—If I do not, some one else will.

LATEST FROM SIR JOHN ROSS.—EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF CARRIER PIGEONS.—We have learned from a private source, that on Friday last, two of the carrier pigeons taken by Sir John Ross, when he left the port of Ayr, and some of which were to be dispatched home in the event of his either finding Sir John Franklin, or being frozen in, arrived at Ayr, finding their way to the dovecote which they occupied previous to being taken away. The pigeons arrived within a short time of each other; but neither of them, we regret to be informed, conveyed any thing in the shape of a letter or note of any kind. One of them, indeed, which may have had some document attached, was found to be considerably mutilated, its legs having apparently been shot away. The time they were liberated by Sir John Ross, is of course, uncertain; but, taking into consideration the well known powers of flight possessed by the carrier pigeon, it cannot have been very long since they left our gallant countryman. The arrival of authentic news from the Arctic regions will be looked forward to with additional anxiety, from the probability which has now arisen that some tidings may have been heard of Sir John Franklin. Independent, however, of the interest which otherwise attaches to the extraordinary flight of the pigeons, it will be regarded by naturalists as a most remarkable incident. We do not recollect of any parallel to it. The distance the creatures traversed cannot be far short of 2,600 miles; and they travel by sight, and not by scent, the fact is the more extraordinary. Sir John Ross, we believe, took five pigeons with him, which, it may be remembered, were stated in the last account received of him, to be at the time all alive, so that there are still three more to be accounted for.—N. British Mail.

SHORT DRESSES.—Mrs. Bloomer, editor of the Lily has adopted the "short dress and trousers," and says in her paper of this month, that many of the women in that place, (Seneca Falls,) oppose the change; others laugh; others still are in favor; and many have already adopted the dress. She closes the article upon the subject as follows: "Those who think we look 'queer,' would do well to look back a few years, to the time when they wore ten or fifteen pounds of petticoat and bustle around the body, and balloons on their arms, and then imagine which cut the queerest figure, they or we.—We care not for the frowns of over fastidious gentlemen; we have those of better taste and less questionable morals to sustain us.—If men think they would be comfortable in long, heavy skirts, let them put them on—we have no objection. We are more comfortable with out them, and so are left them off.

To Mary.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD. With a picture of the angel bearing Saint Catherine to Heaven.

They bear her up the midnight skies, Wrapt in her last most tranquil sleep, Above the wild and barren shore— The bustling crew, the dizzy steep— Over the torrent's sounding rush, Over the storms that vex the deep. No wail of winds, no surge of waves, No moan of winds, no wail of waves, No mortal dread, no wild alarm, Can stir again her charmed breast, As she journeys towards the peaceful shore, The far, fair city of the blest. Her guide, her guard, her sure support, Those tender and celestial forms— Their breath makes calm along her way, Their soft wings in their heavenward flight Boast down and still the angry storms. Thus thou, oh, sainted friend! hast won From earthly sorrow blest release— Thus do the angels bear thee on, Wrapt in a trance of sweetest peace, Above the weary wastes of life, Its fearful deeps, its storm, its strife:— Already down the dim air fades Our world, right-hung with mortal shades— Soon heaven's far lights shall round thee play, And the great stars burn along thy way. Thy journey shall have an end at last— Thine angel bearers lay thee down— Oh, gently, softly lay thee down! On a shining mount, where white and vast A throne from everlasting stands, Whereon One sits in sovereignty, Watching the ages in their flight— O'erlooking creation's awful sea, A fishless sea, that hath no shores— Who sees the deep with stars, and pours Through countless worlds His life and light. Yet not the thunders of His power, And not His glory's utmost bound, Shall break thy sleep at that dread hour, To shake thy soul with wild amaze. But, as a father smiles above His infant in its rosy rest, With yearnings, till the answering love Stirs in the tender, dreaming breast, And, smiling softly out of sleep, The child looks up into his eyes, Yet meets their gaze so fond and deep With nought of wonder or surprise: Thus, on thine eyelids cold and still, Brief seals upon thine angel sight, A gentle breathing shalt thou feel, A warmth, a balm, a kiss of light! The while thy rest of perfect peace The gracious Father bends above, To give thy tranced soul release, And wake thee with His smile of love. In flushes warm, and rapturous sighs, The new and deeper life shall come! Thou'lt lift thine unbewildered eyes, Look round on Heaven and know thy home. In sincerest gratitude, I would acknowledge my indebtedness to the gentle subject of the above poem for one of the most beautiful and touching lessons ever taught to my heart. Most lovingly, and richly endowed for gracing and enjoying life, my friend has been for twelve long years an invalid—yet suffering not alone with patience but with sublime cheerfulness. Submissively folding her hands over her young heart, and pressing down its impatient throbbings, she has ever smiled in the face of the snifter. Her sick room is not a haunt of shadows and silence, but she makes it, to those who love her best, a beautiful and happy place—the vestibule of Heaven. G. G. Philadelphia, March 28th, 1851.—Nat. Era.

The Oppressed Seamstress.

A True Tale. BY MRS. V. WELMONT. Some people seem to have an idea that they pay too much for everything, and it is a positive duty to employ those who will work cheapest. Mrs. Ellsworth lived very sumptuously, and her daughters dressed very elegantly.—We went call them extravagant, because people who have plenty of money are not obliged to give an account to their neighbors of the expenditure. They were, however, discussing the very subject themselves upon their damask lounges, when the servant entered and presented the seamstress's bill.—Such a nice folded paper always attracts the family's attention, and having looked at the bottom and the amount, one exclaimed: "Dear me how high!" They then proceeded to examine the contents of the bundle which accompanied the bill. "The work is done beautifully," said Miss Henrietta; "how superbly this lace is set on—how splendidly this is hemstitched.—I declare mother, I never intend to do any work again, it is so much better than I can make it look." "But you forget," said the mother "that it costs a great deal to hire all our sewing for a large family, if it be done ever so cheap." Yet she felt herself that it was pleasant to have garments made. "I wonder," said Sophia, a tall graceful girl of sixteen, to the little waiting seamstress in the entry, "what will you charge to make papa ten shirts. I have engaged to have them done by the first day of May, and it is so long a job and so vexatious, I wish I could transfer them to you to finish!" The child was sent home to inquire of her mother what she would charge to make ten shirts with full bosoms, hemstitched each side, and ruffled, of the nicest fabric and workmanship to correspond. The little girl returned, and artlessly replied: "Mother says she shall charge a dollar, but if the young folks said they wouldn't give it, rather than lose the job, she would say seventy-five cents apiece!" Amused with the simplicity that should have excited sympathy rather than merriment, Sophia pretended that seventy-five cents was all she expected to give; she had hoped to get them done for fifty cents; Mr. Fuller gave only that, but she did not add that Mr. F.'s shirts were unbleached, and very common work was put in them. After some hesitation, she brought them down, and doing up a large bundle despatched it to the seamstress, adding: "Now my poor head and eyes are relieved!" But let us see to whom the bundle was transferred. The same seamstress once had a husband who was a prosperous mer-

chant, but he speculated unwisely, died suddenly, and left a widow and two small children to grapple with the hard fate of poverty and remembrance of better days. They occupied but one room, and as her only employment was sewing, it was difficult to make both ends meet with the most ungrateful industry. "Dont you think mother," said the little Ellen who brought home the work, "the young lady thought she ought to get the shirts made for fifty cents apiece! But, mother, she surely could not know what a slow process it is, to gather, hemstitch, and ruffle, and all the sewing just for a half week's rent, or she never would have said so!" The mother brushed a tear away. "No, child, she never sewed for a living." "And, mother, she told her sister that she was so glad to get rid of the tiring work, and she said her father would never know but what she did it all, and she would have fifty cents clear on every shirt; what could she mean?" Mrs. A. had heard such deception before, but she cared not to inform her daughter that the young lady was probably to receive one dollar and a quarter for each shirt. She felt that her business was only to finish her whole number as soon as possible. She immediately set about the task of cutting them by the pattern, assorting them into piles, and getting the plainer parts ready for Ellen to hem, as she was very nice in needlework, so far as she had learned the art.—But it was always near her "school time," and the poor child but little relieved her mother. It was at that season, too, when the storm succeeded each other in rapid succession and the heavens are often overcast, and as the tenement of the widow was badly lighted, it began to make sad havoc of her vision. Her eyes were weary from continual use, and when the long job was at length accomplished, who could tell the aches and pains by which it was all the way attended. Miss Landon, in speaking of such poor women, said: "We little know how wearily The aching head lies down." Long before the promised time, Ellen carried home the ponderous bundle of ten shirts. Miss Sophia severely scrutinized them—pulling the ruffles, next looking at the gathers, then the stitching, and, finally, tossing them up in a heap, added: "Tell your mother they are worth no more than fifty cents, and I will give her that, if she will accept the bill." The child returned, with a heavy heart, and imparted the information. The seamstress wept bitterly—she looked every now and then upon the picture on the wall. "If he were but alive," said she, "I should have some protector from wrong usage."—She could not but exclaim: "How my head does ache!" as she undid another budget of work: "five dollars for ten shirts! I ought, thought she, better to vindicate my rights—but they who oppress the poor have the worst of it. Here, Ellen, dear, take this bill for making the shirts, and bring me back just what Sophia pleases to give; but my mother has tolled very hard, early and late, upon them." Ellen did so, and Sophia took her five dollars from her purse, adding: "This is a great deal of money for poor people to spend—it will buy a number of silk dresses." "But mothers rent is due," said the poor child. "Pshaw, rent is nothing—make your landlord trust you," and, so saying she darted from the room. The seamstress never closed her eyes that night. Think you no unseemly eye will vindicate her true claim? "Sophia Ellsworth," said Grace Eaton, "where did you get that splendid fan? It is really elegant!" "I saved it," replied Sophia, "from money father gave me to make his shirts—but I hired them done at half price, and he never knows it to this day." Poor girl! your fan should be used as a screen to hide the hard spot in your heart.—Prosperity never follows in the footsteps of oppression.

Treatment of Women.

As late as the reign of James I., for larceny under 10s, women were condemned to burning in the hand, whipping, the stocks and imprisonment. For the most trivial political offences, women were treated with great barbarity, as the following extract from Southey's Common Place Book will prove: "1646. At Henley-upon-Thames, a woman, speaking against the taxation imposed by Parliament, was by the committee there ordered to have her tongue lashed by a nail to the body of a tree, by the highway side, on a market day, which was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her fault, fixed to her back." The whipping of women in public was a common practice, indulged in even by our good puritan fathers. An old gentleman of Boston, who can run his mind back into "golden times," has handed us the following account of a scene, witnessed by himself. The whipping post in Boston, stood on the South side of King street. It was there that I one day witnessed the flogging of a sailor, who was stripped, tied up, and given thirty-nine lashes. A woman was then stripped down to her waist, and tied up. "What!" exclaimed the sailor, "Whip a woman?" "No," pulling off his jacket, though his back was then streaming with blood, he continued, "give me the stripes intended for her." But they said it would not answer the law, and the sailor turned his back to the sight, put his hand to his eyes and exclaimed, "I will never see a woman whipped." But the social wrongs of woman were no less grievous than her legal ones. She was regarded more as the slave than the companion of her husband. He might give her "moderate correction," and if we are to trust the old rhyming proverb:—"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, The more you beat them the better they be," it may be supposed that this privilege was often exercised—"moderately" of course.—Indeed this idea of the legal inferiority of women went so far that it was a common notion that a woman might be sold by her husband in open market, with a halter around her neck—a custom, which although never sanctioned by law, is even now occasionally practiced in some parts of England.—Exchange.

The Old Washerwoman.

Among you lines her hands have laden, A laundress with white hair appears; Alert as many a youthful maiden, Spite of her five and seventy years, Bravely she wags those white hairs, still Eating the bread hard toil obtained her, And laboring truly to fulfil The duties to which God ordained her. Once she was young and full of gladness, She loved and hoped, was wooed and won, Then came the marion's cares, the sadness No loving heart on earth may shun: Three babes she bore her mate; she prayed Beside his sick bed; he was taken; She saw him in the churchyard laid, And yet she kept her faith unshaken. The task her little ones of feeding She met unflinching from that hour; She taught them thrift and honest breeding, Her virtue was their worldly dowry. To seek employment, one by one, Forth with her blessing they departed, And she was in the world alone, Alone and old, but still high hearted. With frugal forethought, self-denying, She gathered coin, and flax she bought, And many a night her spindle plying, Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought. The thread was fashioned in the loom; She brought it home, and calmly seated To her work, with not a thought of gloom, Her decent grave clothes she completed. She looks on them with fond esteem, They are her wealth, her treasure rare, Her age's pride and consolation, Hoarded with all a miser's care, She does the sark each Sabbath day, To hear the Word that faileth never; Well pleased she lays it then away, Till she shall sleep in it forever. Would that my spirit witness bore me, That like this woman, I had done The work my master put before me, Duly from morn till set of sun, Would that such life had been by me Quaffed in such wise and happy measure, And that I too might finally Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

A Strange Story.

A few days since a medical man named Philippe died in a village near Paris, where he had resided many years, and had acquired a great reputation for skill and probity.—He never demanded any remuneration, except from those who were in circumstances to be able to pay him; and during the last visit of the cholera he was indefatigable in his attention to the suffering poor. Last year an Englishman, traveling in that part of the country, was taken so suddenly ill that he was obliged to stop at an inn in the commune, and Dr. Philippe was sent for. Scarcely, however, had he arrived at the bedside of the patient when the latter became violently agitated, and his countenance changed exceedingly. The doctor appeared also to be agitated, and at once ordered every one out of the room. When that was done the door was locked on the inside. The landlady being curious to know what was going on listened at the door, but the conversation was carried on in a language which she did not understand; she, however, heard the patient exclaim in French, "Assassin! assassin!" after which a violent altercation ensued. The Englishman appeared to threaten, and the doctor to supplicate him. The latter afterward left the room and went into kitchen, where he prepared some medicine, which he ordered to be given to the patient several times during the night. On the following day the stranger was much worse and feeling his end approaching, he made a sign for pen, ink and paper, and wrote a few words in English, which the landlady gave the mayor of the commune, who, not understanding the language, threw it aside into a drawer, where it was forgotten. The stranger died the same evening. A few days since the mayor, when called on to register the death of the doctor, who in his turn had paid the debt of humanity, thought of this paper, and on his showing it to his nephew, who understood the language, it was found that Dr. Philippe was no other than the famous Patison, a noted robber of the United States, all traces of whom had been lost. The Englishman had recognized him as a man who had, twenty years before, attempted to murder him in America. The State of Vermont, in America. The mayor immediately proceeded to the house of Dr. Philippe to institute an inquiry. He found that he had, during his illness, refused to be undressed, and had made the persons who attended him promise that he should be buried in the clothes which he then wore.—The mayor, however, ordered the body to be undressed, when it was found that the doctor was in reality a very spare man, although he always appeared stout, the bulk being caused by his wearing clothes wadded most thickly. His legs were also bandaged up, and one of his feet was found to be a very skilfully-made artificial one. The body was covered with marks of wounds. In a dark closet there were found several chests fastened with triple locks; and on these being forced open, they were found to contain arms of various kinds, watches, gold coins of all nations, and diamonds and jewels to a considerable value. Particulars of this discovery have been transmitted to the Government, and a copy sent to the authorities of the State of Vermont.—Galignani.

ENLARGEMENT OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith thus concludes an article upon the 'Rights of Woman': "There is an inherent dignity in the woman who steadily pursues a vocation of ennoblement or reputation; weak men may call it masculine and unfeminine, but the great voice of God within the soul extorts from them an instinctive homage; and when the sex shall have asserted their full rights to any and all positions for which their faculties are best adapted, refusing to barter their womanhood for wealth or position, choosing labor as a good, by which they earn their right to independence, individuality and respect, one great step will have been taken in the great movement of reform behind counters, and leave a vast field of light occupation for the gentler sex—they will betake themselves to the plough and the machine shop, and leave the world of taste to women."

AN AGED WITNESS.

One of the witnesses before the Court of Common Pleas at Greenfield, last week, is supposed to be one hundred and fifteen years of age. She is a colored woman, named Katy Dickson. Her hearing is good, and she walks about as smart as a woman 60 or 70 years of age.

New Daily Paper in Boston.

A Large number of earnest Friends of Freedom, dissatisfied with the present condition of the Party Press, and desirous of having an organ which shall set forth, temperately but fearlessly, their sentiments and principles, have come forward and contributed each one his mite to a Fund for that purpose. That Fund has been placed in the hands of Trustees who will publish in the City of Boston, on the First Day of January, 1851, a new Daily Paper, to be called THE COMMONWEALTH, and continue to publish the same EVERY MORNING, except Sunday. It will set forth the principles of the FREE SOIL PARTY; but it will be truly A FREE PAPER, and not the bond-servant of any cause, or party, except that of Freedom, Truth, and Humanity. THE POLAR STAR toward which it will ever point will be THE RIGHT; but the right of ALL. It will recognize the obligation of Law, the necessity of Order, and the duty of Peace and Good Will to men. No pains or expense will be spared to render it a Good Daily Paper; a Commercial, Political, and Literary Paper, worthy the notice who create it, and the sentiments which it will represent. The names of the Editors will be announced hereafter. The Price of the Daily will be Five Dollars—of the Weekly, Two Dollars—always in advance. Subscriptions and applications for Advertisements received for the present at No. 5 Water street. S. G. HOWE, WILLIAM JACKSON, JOHN P. BIRD, JOHN P. JEWETT, Trustees.

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THE following are for Sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE. Jay's Review of the Mexican War. The Young Abolitionist, by J. E. Jones. Liberty Bell. Brown's Narrative. Brown's Do. Brown's Anti-Slavery Harp. Archy Moore. Slavery Illustrated in its effects upon Woman. Despotism in America. Church as it is, the forlorn hope of Slavery. Brotherhood of Thieves. Slaveholder's Religion. War in Texas. Garrison's Poems. Pierpont's Poems. Phillips' Wheatley's Poems. Condition of the People of Color. Legion of Liberty. Liberty. Madison Papers. Phillips' Review of Spooner. Disunionist. Moody's History of the Mexican War. Letters and Speeches of Geo. Thompson. And various other Anti-Slavery Books Pamphlets. Also a variety of other Reform publications; such as: Equality of the sexes, By Sarah M. Grimke. May's Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Woman. Auto-biography of H. C. Wright. James Boyly's letter to Garrison. Pious Frauds, Pillsbury. Health Tracts. Water-Cure Manual. Female Midwifery. N. P. Rogers' Writings. Theodore Parker's Sermons. Ballou's Non Resistance. George S. Burleigh's Poems. &c. &c. &c. Also a General assortment of Books, Miscellaneous, Scientific and Literary. BARNABY & WHINERY.

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THE TAILORING BUSINESS

Carried on as heretofore. Oct. 20th, 1850.

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The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

- THE LONDON QUARTER REVIEW (Conservative). THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig). THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (F. Church). THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal). BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their Literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class.—Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary nobles, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as 'The Caxtons' and 'My New Novel' (both by Bulwer), 'My Peninsular Medal,' 'The Green Hand,' and other serials, of the greatest number and editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that Subscribers to the Re-print of that Magazine may always rely on having the earliest reading of these fascinating tales.

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