Miscellaneous.

AN ESSAY ON FLOWERS.

THEIR KINDS.

They are of all kinds of shapes. They are of all kinds of perfumes, disagreeable or delicious; they are of all kinds of toughness—delicate, so that they die of a stroke of the sun, or so strong that the hotter the sun the brighter they are; some cannot live in a hot climate, others cannot live in a cold; some cannot bear a wet soil, others cannot bear a dry—all owing to their different constitutions. Some are tall; others are short; some have big heads; others little. The heads of some are long; of others, almost perfectly round. As to color, the rainbow is not a circumstance to them: the number of their colors is legion—all sorts of grades. They are not near as accommodating as people. The man from Africa will live in Halifax, and the man from Halifax will do well in the West Indies; but the aloe will not flourish at the North, and the rose will not get along in South America.

AS TO THEIR NAMES.

They have the common names they are familiarly known by, and the uncommon names they are christened with by the botanists; but the familiar names are much the most significant, being generally connected with the peculiar character of the flower—the morning-glory, because it is the most brilliant in the morning, and the sun-flower, because it has a peculiar way of turning towards the sun. The morning glory is called by the scientific gentleman, the convolvulus, which is certainly not as agreeable a title as the other.

CAPACITY FOR IMPROVEMENT.

It is extraordinary what a change can be produced by a mixture and association with other flowers, and by a proper attention to the food of the plant; according as the earth is rich or poor, clayey or gravelly, will the plant change its color, its size, and its perfume. The hydrangea changes its color as it changes its soil; and by mixture with other dahlias, by skillful graftings, the dahlia becomes larger and more double.

WILD OR DOMESTIC.

The wild run wild—nobody takes any care of them; the cultivated are watched, trained, and guarded. I said nobody takes care of the wild; this is wrong. The wild are taken care of; the kind Being who is always looking after the poor, the destitute, and the unprotected, takes care of them. The truth is, he takes care of both; without him they could come to nothing, either of them. But the cultivated fare better; they not only have the protection of Providence, but of man in the bargain.

WHO LIKE THEM.

The young girl is attracted by beauty. She is enthusiastic at color, she shows them smiling; her love is not grounded upon any knowledge of virtue in the plant—her eye alone is consulted. Sometimes she is most terribly deceived; she suffers from bad association—she is poisoned—and she learns a lesson rather too late. The old florist takes delight in a flower. He has deposited the small seed; he has watched its first appearance in the world—its first leaves, it has, perhaps, been almost killed by the heat or the cold; but, by good management, he has preserved its life. It is a monument of his exertions; he becomes an amateur, and then a *connoisseur*, and likes to see every new variety.

WHO TAKES CARE OF THEM?

They are generally rough-looking old fellows, perfectly unsuited to the beautiful objects they are connected with. But these objects thrive in their green-houses; they seem to understand them thoroughly; they know when they require watering, and they know when they have enough. Every plant looks as if it was thriving and getting on. There are none of the miserable, sickly, half-dead things you find in private collections, or in the collections of those who do not understand their management. The florists are interested. There are others who keep them, not for money, but for love—in the windows, right up against the glass, the glass beautifully clear: doctors keep them, and keep them beautifully. I cannot say so much for them, when left to the guardianship of the young and beautiful *belle*, she is apt to be a cruel guardian—one half generally die in the winter through neglect, frozen to death, or roasted in summer by exposure to the sun. Now and then you may find a judicious lady, but, take the sex in general, they are pretty bad managers. There are good, however, a good housekeeper is often a good flower-keeper; one who can make a pudding can often make a soil. To make a pudding, she deposites a certain quantity of flour, a certain quantity of sugar, and judiciously sprinkles her spices; to make the soil, she mixes clay, and gravel, and manure, and sprinkles carefully with charcoal. In this way a lady sometimes succeeds beautifully; whatever she touches is sure to do well; success is sure to follow. Success is apt to be called luck. It is no such thing: it comes from peculiar skill in the formation of the earth; and, moreover, in not exposing at wrong times to too much sun, and by risking an exposure at a proper time—withdrawing from the rain at the right moment, and coming into it when good will follow. All this requires good judgment, which some ladies have.

WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

I should like you to tell me where they are not. Go where you please in the country, and you find them—in the low grounds and in the high. In the low grounds, where the soil is richest, you will usually find them the most robust. In the high grounds they are apt to be smaller, and not so deep in their color. You will often find the same flower in the high situations and the low; usually the high have their peculiar set, and the low theirs. The wild althæa will not only refuse to grow on high grounds, unless it is peculiarly situated right on the water; it cannot live away from the water. There are some plants that will live anywhere, if they are constantly watered; the hydrangea, for instance. There are others which require little water, if any; they are dry flowers; such are many of the cactus tribe.

WHERE THEY GO AFTER DEATH.

Some go to the most delightful resting-places—the valleys of the blessed—the bosom of the beautiful maiden. Others go into the interior of her body, arranging difficulties there, bringing relief to its distresses: the poppies are among this class. The last go when they are withered and dried; the first, which the youthful beauty takes for her bouquet, have all the brilliancy and complexion of life, and the shape of life also. They are received so soon after death they do not appear dead—decomposition and decay have not begun; the moment they do begin, before they become offensive, they are judiciously abandoned. Often they go to the dissectors. They are taken for the promotion of science; they are carefully anatomized—the different members examined by the skillful botanist: he gives you their anatomy. Sometimes they go into depositories; they are skillfully dried, preserving much of their form and color, all the moisture being taken from their systems by laying between two sheets of blotting paper.

THEIR AGES.

Some will last a year, and are called annuals; others last longer. Small specimens of vegetation, however, have not the length of life of large trees; they resemble birds—the wren will not live as long as the eagle.

A MIRAGE ON THE PRAIRIE.

The following is a communication in the Bloomington *Paragraph*, relating to a phenomenon not very unusual on our prairies:—

"On yesterday we had the privilege of seeing the rare sight—a mirage on the Prairie. On approaching the town of Lerney, about a mile and a quarter this side, we found the whole intermediate space between us and the grove of trees beyond the town, apparently occupied by a beautiful lake of water. On the apparent shores, next to ourselves the road ran down and disappeared in the lake, as did the fence upon one side of the road, while the placid and beautiful water extended up the right and left until lost in the distance. The entire space between the apparent margin of the lake nearest to us and the grove beyond the town more than a mile off, was, so far as it was possible for the eye to determine, occupied by one of the most beautiful, bright and placid sheets of water we ever beheld; while the trees in the distance appeared to be immersed for half their length in the lake, as if growing in the water.

Even the shadow of these trees, and of the clouds above were distinctly visible. Take it all in all, this mirage on the prairie was one of the most beautiful and fascinating scenes we ever beheld, and we are almost forced against our better judgment not only to believe in its reality, but felt a spontaneous impulse to rush forward and bathe in the crystal waters. We approached the vision and it vanished.

From the Hartford Republican.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

All things are yearning to be new,
Philosophies, and faiths and forms;
The life which made old custom true,
No more its rigid bosom warms.
Old Wizards, scowling in the dim
Sepulchral shadows of the Past,
Guarded their mystic lore with grim
Chimeras, horrible and vast.

Pale Science, in their gloomy cells
A veiled nun, with timid hands,
Scooped shallow draughts from truth's pure wells,
While turbid error drenched the land.
Now naked in the keenest glance
Of smiling heavens and eager earth,
She moves with awful grace that daunts
The sceptic's jeer, the fool's mirth.

And ravishes the hidden law
From bland Pretence and churlish Fact;
And more than old Enthusiast saw,
She weds her living Faith to Act.
Turned on itself the human soul
Wrings thought by thought its secret out,
Of sire and kin, and glorious goal,
And laws that gird its power about.

Old Freedom built among the rocks
Her granite fastness, and in caves
Guarded her fire, when chains and locks
Had made the world a world of slaves;
Then snatched her hand th' avenging steel,
Then blazed the mountains with her fires,
The nations heard her trumpet peal,
And kings forsook their golden tires.

Now in the Freeman's dauntless breast
She rears her altar and her home,
Too glad if that red steel may rest,
Yet ready if its hour must come.
Almost her fiery heart has learned
The omnipotence of tongue and pen,
Yet wo, if that right hand be turned
To wicked Bellona's scourge again!

Old Faith with dim prophetic lore,
Cast far the uncertain image back,
Of all that heaven which dawns before
The soul's inevitable track;
And sadly rose the moan of man
Bereaved of Fancy's Golden Age,
Till free, heroic hearts began
To tread their forward pilgrimage.

Now Faith may lean on Wisdom's arm,
And make the Golden Age it mourned;
For Truth is God's and cannot harm
Her lovers whom the world has scorned.
No shrinking now, our path is on,
With God above and Truth before;
The worship of the Past is gone;
We seek our Eden there no more.

The glorious Present with its clash
Of angry wrong and warring Right,
Is round us, like the billow's lash,
That goads us to the closing fight.
The eternal Future, calm and grand,
Beckons across the stormy sea,
A star crown waving in her hand,
For him who dares be true and free!

From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.

"THE CHARTER OAK."

All of our citizens venerate the Charter Oak, the grand old tree that so completely shielded the written charter which continued to be our organic law until 1818. In song and story the old oak is made famous, and thousands of strangers from abroad annually visit it. The tree stands upon the Wylls place, now owned and occupied by the Hon. I. W. Stuart, who has kindly cared for it. A few year since some boys kindled a fire within its trunk, which burnt out most of the rotten parts of it. Mr. S. soon discovered the fire, and at once had it put out. He then, at considerable expense, had the hollow enclosed by a door, with lock and key. He also had the stumps of branches that had been broken off covered with tin and painted. The tree from this time seemed to be imbued with new life, each succeeding spring dressing itself in a richer and denser foliage. On the 22d instant the New Haven fire companies, who came up to join their brethren in Hartford on the occasion of their annual muster, visited the famous oak.—They were of course, kindly received by Mr. Stuart. To show them the capacity of the tree, he invited the firemen to enter the hollow trunk, when twenty-four of the men belonging to Capt. McGregor's company entered together. They came out, and twenty-eight of Capt. Thomas's company then entered. By placing twenty-eight full-grown men in an ordinary room of a dwelling one may judge of the great size of the famous old Charter Oak.

[Some four or five years ago, at the request of a gentleman of Washington, the venerable Judge T. S. Williams, of Connecticut, sent him some acorns from the old Charter Oak; they were placed in the hands of a skillful gardener, and are now growing finely. They are designed to be transplanted in the parks and reservations of the metropolis.—*Nat Intell.*]

FASHION.

Editors Leader:—'What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the 14th century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on one leg and another color on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of thighs—a coat, the one half white, and the other black or blue; a long silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing-men, &c., * and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the hight of the mode in the reign of King Edward III.—*Hovey's History of England.*

* How would the clam-shell, belle-bonnets worn by the Ladies of 1854, compare with the shoes and hoods of the beaus of King Edward III's time, as it regards beauty, and reasonable adaptation?

FAMILY JARS.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince meats, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial cider wine,
Jars of honey, superfine;
Would the only jars were those,
Which occur in families!

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

BY WM. O. HOWARD.

"I would not live alway!"

Ah why do we cling, with such fondness, to earth!
Its smiles are delusive and short lived its mirth!
The objects we dote on—the lovely and true,
On Time's rapid current are passing from view;
With the fleetness of day
They are falling away,
And nothing, no, nothing their progress can stay.

Why cling to earth! its fond friendships, tho' sweet,
Are as fragile as bubles when rude billows meet;
Its beauties are transient as sunset's rich light,
That dazzles a moment, then fades from the sight
Its lineaments wear
The deep impress of care,
And beam with a wanton and treacherous glare.

By the frosts of old age when the life-blood is chilled,
And the pulses of passion, once restless, are stilled
When the roses of beauty are nipped by the frost
And the fervor of youthful affection is lost;
Then why should we dread
To lie down with the dead,
When the pleasures we covet are withered and fled?

From the bosom of winter glad spring may arise;
Enameled with flowers of delicate dyes;
The fountains may gush from their fountains away,
And the woodland may thrill to the nightingale's lay;
But death only has power,
When our charms are all o'er,
An immortal and glorious youth to restore.

Lady's Book.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

Mr. Railing of New Hampshire, was among the victims of the last railroad accident between Brighton and London. His heirs, after having paid him the customary funeral honors, did what all heirs do in similar cases, opened the will of the deceased, to ascertain what share each was to have in his posthumous liberalities. As he had never given a penny to either of his relatives, during his lifetime, they expected to be the richer, now that he was no more. One may imagine the surprise caused by the first line of the will:

"This is my testament. I give an bequeath all my goods, present or future, movable or immovable, in England or on the Continent, to that railroad company on whose road I have had the happiness to meet with death, that blessed deliverance from my terrestrial prison."

Further on the testator gives his reasons for his bequest. The idea had taken firm possession of his mind that he was destined to die a violent death, and the most desirable one in his view was that caused by the explosion of a locomotive. He traveled, therefore, constantly on the railroads in England, Belgium and France. There was not a station where he was not known. All the conductors were familiar with his peculiar costume. He had narrowly escaped death several times. Once he was shut up in a car under water, another time he was in the next car to the one that was shattered, and he describes with the greatest enthusiasm those terrible accidents, when he saw death so near without being able to obtain it. Disappointed in Europe he went to the United States. He made frequent excursions on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Ontario, the Niagara, but notwithstanding their frequent explosions, he returned with a whole skin. He was destined to be crushed under a car of the mother country. It is said that the relatives will attempt to break the will on the ground of insanity, but it is probable that the railroad will win the suit in spite of the proverb that the murderer never inherits from his victim.

TESTING MEDICINE IN HAYTI.

A commission merchant, who received a consignment a new medicine from Boston, took a sample to Hepburne's store one day, and asked him if he wished to purchase, at the same time remarking that he knew nothing of its properties. Hepburne opened the box, smelt of it, took out a dose in his fingers, and then turning to one of his clerks, a lean, sober-looking mulatto of about twenty years old, called out, "Alfred come here." Alfred advanced. "Here, take this, 'twill do you good," said Hepburne, in his decisive way; at the same time, suiting the action to the word, he emptied the dose into the open mouth of the clerk. Alfred swallowed it very mechanically, without the least grimace or hesitation, and what was more strange, without exhibiting the least apparent curiosity about its properties and possible effects upon himself. One might have supposed he had been bro't up on it, he took it so kindly.

Hepburne then turned to my friend, and with business-like brevity, said, "I will let you know in the morning, sir." Meantime, all the parties, including the medicine, went about their business. What the precise effect of his dose was, upon the clerical vessel which had made this sublime exhibition of passive obedience, I never learned, but Hepburne next morning sent word that he would take the whole invoice, from which I infer that it was found to answer some useful purpose. I was at first disposed to laugh at this mode of ascertaining the merits of a medicine, but a little reflection convinced me that it was far more humane and sensible to make these trials upon a well person, as Hepburne did, than upon an invalid, according to the ordinary practice of the faculty in other parts of the world. I hope the medicine men in the United States may profit by Hepburne's example.

Good Advice to Readers.—If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will soon perceive that no time is so badly saved as that which is saved in getting thro' a book in a hurry. For if to the time you have given you added a little more, the subject would have been fixed in your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more, you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity, is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain, that perpetually confines the mind to the single object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed, the more you will be sure to err.—[Sydney Smith.

☞ A country editor thus tears to tatters an ancient paoverb:

"A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss."—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, for the snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among the poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along the brawling stream of life wearing the rough corners, bringing out the firm crystalling structure of the granite or the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is the perpetual chaffing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what kind of grit a man is made of and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown."

A sailor on the New Bedford whaleship Logan lost a sheath-knife overboard on the morning of the 23d of August, and in the afternoon of the same day, two dolphins were caught from the same ship, and upon opening one of them, the same knife, known by the name upon it, was taken out.

MADAM IDA PFEIFFER.

This lady, whose remarkable talent for travel has made not only her name but her face familiar in every vast of the globe, paid a visit to the Tribune office yesterday, having understood that it is the most complete newspaper establishment in the country, and spent some time in inspecting its various departments. Madam Pfeiffer is about fifty years of age, rather under the medium size, and of that apparently slight build which is usually combined with great prowess of endurance. Her face is mild and benevolent in its expression, yet her keen, brigh black eye conveys the impression of a remarkable energetic and enthusiastic nature. Two years under an East Indian sun have given her almost a Creole complexion. She is quite, genial, and unassuming in her manners, and seems admirable fitted by nature to encounter all climates, and make her way among all races of mankind.

This is Madam Pfeiffer's fourth great journey. She first visited Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, and then, after an interval of repose, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland. Mr. Bartlett, the English artist, who was her fellow traveler in Palestine, informed us that he had never met with any one who bore the annoyances of travel with so much patience, or was sustained by so much quiet energy and self-confidence. In June, 1846, she sailed for Brazil, visited the Indian tribes of the interior, and resided some time in Rio Janeiro; she then doubled Cape Horn, explored Chili, and sailed for the Society Islands. Thence she went to Canton, Singapore, Ceylon, and Calcutta; traversed the vast interior of India; sailed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, and ascended the Tigris to Bagdad and the ruins of Nineveh; crossed over into Persia, visited the Caucasus and southern Russia, and finally returned to Vienna by way of Constantinople and Athens, after an absence of three years. We have seen it stated that she accomplished this remarkable tour at an expense of less than $1,000.

Her published accounts of her travels now began to attract attention, and helped to furnish her with the means to undertake new journeys. Early in 1851, she received a grant of $500 from the Austrian Government, and in May of that year sailed from London for the Cape of Good Hope. It had been her intention to undertake an exploration of the interior of South Africa, but she was obliged to relinquish it on account of the expense. She then sailed for the East Indies, and after touching at Singapore, proceeded to Borneo. Not content with visiting the Dutch settlements on the southern part of the island, and the dominions of Rajah Brooke, at Sarawak, she penetrated into the interior, among the Dyak tribes, where no white person had ever been before her. After spending several months in Borneo, she visited Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. In Sumatra she spent some time in the kingdoms of the native Malay princes, in the northern part of the island. She speaks of this part of her trip as having been of unusual interest. She desired extending her trip to Japan, in the Dutch vessel which left Batavia during her residence there, but was prevented by the fact that no women are allowed to accompany the Dutch to Nagaski, or to land there.

After a year and a half in the East Indies, Madam Pfeiffer went to Australia, and after a short sojourn, sailed to California. She visited the most interesting parts of that State and Oregon, and then took passage for Lima, from which place she made a trip to the head waters of the Amazon. Thence, through Eucador, by way of Quito and Bogota, she travelled northward to Panama, and took passage from Aspinwall to New Orleans. Since her landing in this country in July, she has ascended the Mississippi to St. Paul, sailed on all our great lakes, and visited Canada and Montreal. Now, after an absence of three years and a half, her long and eventful journey is drawing to a close, but we should not like to promise that after this she will be contented to sit still within the walls of her native Vienna. Certainly no woman has ever shown a greater amount of courage and endurance, and she seems to have a good stock yet on hand for future undertakings. Madam Pfeiffer is undoubtedly the greatest female traveller of whom we have any record.—*New York Tribune.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF A BAD TEMPER.

A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle. The lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad tempered man is sure to have his own way. It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we play fully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room, nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favorite chair. If she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her headache: and papa, who hates those dreadful *soirees*, will go up stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning—he will go out with her, we say, and stay for the cotilon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and when they shall stop. If he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and no one dares to say a word though ever so hungry. If he is in good humor, every one frisks about, and is happy! How the servants jump at his bell, and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they rush out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and me who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not. Our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell, and brings it to us; our sons loll in the arm-chair which we should like to fill the house with their young men, and smoke in the dining-room; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people's, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen.—*The Newcomes.*

Wonderful Preservation.—Under this caption, a few days ago, it was stated that Elias Boudinot, founder of the American bible society, in returning home in a chase on a dark night, had inadvertently crossed a wide stream upon the sleepers of a bridge after all its planks had been swept off by a freshet. Remarking upon this incident the *Boston Post* relates three similar cases. It says:

"The horse, by instinct, took the central sleeper and, the parallel sleepers happening to be at the right distance, the wheels could not run off of them while the horse kept straight on.

"We have heard of at least three cases of horses crossing bridges in the dark from which the flooring had been torn off by flood or wind. In one case a doctor was asleep on his horse; in another case the horse was urged to the dangerous passage by a tipsy rider and the other the rider was a very old woman, but her horse was a pacing mare, as surefooted as a mule.

"No doubt there is an overruling Providence, and a good horse is an animal which deserves all that can be said in his praise, and ought to have a paddock to feed in his old age, instead of being killed for his skin."

Webster's Rule of Oratory—An Instructive Anecdote.—Daniel Webster, a short time previous to his last public reception in Boston, was traveling from New York to this city by the overland route. When the cars arrived at Springfield, Mr. Waite, the well-known excellent conductor, stepped into the forward car, and as usual, announced—"Springfield station—twenty minutes allowed passengers to dine!" Mr. Webster, who was sitting by him, arose, and pleasantly tapping him on the shoulder, remarked—"Young man, that is one of the most interesting speeches I ever heard in my life." "Yes sir," calmly responded the conductor, "all speeches are good in which the speaker and the hearer heartily sympathize." "Very true," said Mr. Webster, "and I have always noticed that those speeches are always considered best which are finished in good season for dinner."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO.

TERMS.—$1,50 per annum, payable in advance, or $2 at the end of the year.

☞ We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

☞ Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to Marius R. Robinson, Editor. All others to Ann Preston, Publishing Agent.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (15 lines) three weeks,	$1.00
" " Each additional insertion,	25
" " Six months,	4.00
" " One year,	6.00
Two squares six months,	8.00
" " One year,	8.00
One Fourth column one year, with privilege of changing monthly,	12.00
Half column, changing monthly,	20.00

☞ Cards not exceeding eight lines will be inserted one year, or $5,00 six months, $3.

J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

Books, Stationery, &c., &c.

THE subscriber invites the attention of the public to his new stock of GOODS for 1854. At his establishment on Main Street, Salem, Ohio, may be found

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

A Book in interest, popularity and numbers sold, second only to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

NARRATIVE OF SOLOMON TORTHRUP.

A narrative of thrilling interest, with the additional interest of being fact.

The life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, the world renowned Quaker, written by the celebrated Mrs. Child.

THE POTIPHAR PAPERS, or upper current life in New York.

Narrative of the exploring expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.

Poetical Works of all kinds.

Historical Books in great variety.

Bibles and Dictionaries of all sizes.

GEOLOGICAL AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

The standard Medical Books.

Juvenile Books adapted to children of all ages and sizes.

FANCY BOOKS FOR GIFTS.

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Of all kinds used in this region, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BLANK BOOKS AND MEMORANDUMS.

MUSIC BOOKS, Wholesale and Retail.

A most complete and superior assortment of STATIONERY, consisting of Writing Papers of all sizes and qualities, Envelopes, Gold Pens, Black, Blue and Red Ink, Friendship Cards, Printer's Cards, Port Forlios, Drawing Paper, Perforated Paper, Slates, Pencils, &c., &c.

A full assortment of Materials for ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Water Colors, Penknives, Port-Monnaies, Pocket Books, Accordions, Fancy Articles, &c., &c.

Especial attention is called to our large stock of

WALL PAPER AND BORDERS.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish every thing in his line that the public may demand on short notice.

J. McMILLAN.

April 29, 1854.

Bryant & Lusk and Stratton's Mercantile College.

SUPERIOR STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Principals.

H. B. BRYANT, JAS. WASHINGTON LUSK, & H. DWIGHT STRATTON.

Faculty.

H. B. BRYANT, Professor of the Science of Accounts.

H. DWIGHT STRATTON, Associate Prof. in the several Departments.

J. WASHINGTON LUSK, and P. R. SPENCER, Author, Professors of the Spencerian System of Penmanship and Commercial Correspondence.

SARAH L. SPENCER, Instructress in the Ladies' Writing Department.

W. W. HARDER, Assistant Prof., in the Book-Keeping Department.

Hons. JUDGE STARKWEATHER and H. D. CLARK, Lecturers on Commercial Law.

Pres. ASA MAHAN, Lecturer on Political Economy.

EMERSON E. WHITE, Lecturer on Commercial Geography.

Terms.

For full course in Double Entry Book-keeping and other Departments, *time unlimited*, - $40,00
For full course in Ladies Department, - - - 30,00
For separate course in Practical Penmanship, 5,00
For various styles in Ornamental Writing—as agreed upon.

The Principals of this Institution, design making it one of the best mediums in the United States for imparting a thorough practical knowledge of the various duties of the Counting Room and business pursuits in general.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION, embraces Book-keeping by Double Entry, as applied to the various departments of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures, comprehending the best forms now used by the most flourishing and eminent establishments, engaged individually or in partnership, at Wholesale and Retail, on Commission or Joint Speculation, including Banking, Steamboating, Insurance, Railroad and Joint Stock Books, &c., Commercial Calculations and Correspondence, embracing every variety of business computation, and familiarizing the student with the Commercial Technicalities and Phraseology of Correspondence.

COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY is a new feature in Mercantile Schools, and having its origin as it does in this Institution, much will be done to make it an instructive and profitable branch in the Lecture Department.

The Spencerian System of Practical Penmanship in all its forms, will be taught by its Author, P. R. Spencer, and J. W. Lusk. No Institution in America offers superior facilities to this for imparting a Rapid and Systematic Hand Writing. Gentlemen and Ladies in all parts of the country, desirous of qualifying themselves for Teachers of this unrivalled and popular System, will find their wants met at this College.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT is entirely separate from the gentlemen's, and is fitted up in a splendid and convenient style. Many Ladies are now reaping the benefits of a thorough Mercantile Education, by occupying lucrative and responsible situations. Females desirous of attending a Mercantile School, will find the facilities for study offered at this Institution, superior to any other in the United States.

Applicants can enter upon a course of study at any time during the year.

Diplomas are awarded to students who sustain a thorough examination.

The Principals have an extensive acquaintance with business men throughout the West, and can render efficient aid to graduates in securing situations.

The suit of Rooms occupied by this College, are more spacious, and are fitted up in a more elegant and convenient manner than any other like institution in the United States.

☞ Send for a Circular by mail.

Dec. 31, 1853.–1y

Dr. GEO. W. PETTIT

Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Marlboro and surrounding country. Office in the room recently occupied by Dr. K. G. Thomas. tf.

FARM AND SAW MILL FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to sell his farm of 80 ACRES OF LAND, with a *Saw Mill;* also a site for a Grist Mill, or other machinery, with a good dam and race;—the Grist Mill having been lately consumed by fire. There are on the premises, two Dwelling Houses, and other out buildings; also an Orchard of choice fruit. The aforesaid property is situated between the O. & P. and C. & P. R. R., 7 miles south-west of Salem, and 7 miles north of Hanover station.

BENJ. HAMBLETON.

New Garden, Col. Co., O., Aug. 26, 1854.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber, residing 1½ miles North-West of Salem, offers at private sale, his Farm, containing 60 acres, situated but a short distance from the O. and P. R. R., commanding the best view between Salem and Alliance. The Farm is well watered, with numerous Springs and Running Streams, adapted to growing grain or grazing; an

Orchard of about 200 Fruit Trees,

most of which are bearing. The location is unequaled in the Country for Health and Beauty. Also a Nursery, containing from

15,000 TO 20,000 GRAFTED APPLE TREES.

ELI THOMAS.

Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, July 29th, 1854.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1st AUGUST.

THE CABIN BOY'S STORY.

A Semi-Nautical Romance of intense interest, by the Author of the "Pirate Doctor," the "Lawyer's Story," the "Old Doctor," &c., &c.

The success hitherto enjoyed by the author of the above popular works is a sufficient guarantee of the favor with which any productions coming from his pen will be received by the public. "The Cabin Boy's Story" is a romantic narrative, illustrating the horrors of the Slave Trade, as carried on in the Coast of Africa. The author has served in the navy—and the descriptions and characters are painted from personal acquaintance with them. The story is full of exciting interest and adventure as the celebrated work of Defoe, "Robinson Crusoe," and has the advantage over that glorious fiction, inasmuch as it is founded on facts of every day occurrence. The history of the heroine of the Story, Zuleika, the Circassian Slave, purchased at Constantinople, educated and married by the reckless yet chivalric, Seymour—the commander of the Albatross, is simply the narration of a fact, painted from the life, and all the numerous characters portrayed throughout the story are vividly and graphically drawn.

The publishers have already received orders for the whole of the edition it was originally their intention to publish; consequently, they have been obliged largely to increase it; and they respectfully request that all orders may be sent in immediately.

They confidently expect that the work will create as much interest as any work of fiction that has of late years eminated from the press, as, notwithstanding, since the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," works relating to slavery in America, PRO and CON, have been numerous, none have appeared having relation to the system of purchasing slaves on the African Coast, written by one who has witnessed it in all its hideous deformity. The work is written in chaste and pure language, and will be a welcome and instructive addition to the family library.

The work will form a beautiful octavo volume of 400 pages, handsomely illustrated with fine engravings, and elegantly bound in cloth. Price in cloth one dollar; in paper, 75 cents, at which rate copies will be sent by the publishers to any part of the country, free of postage.

☞ For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, ELLSWORTH & STREET,

No. 22, Beekman Street, New York.

And by all the Booksellers throughout the United States and British Provinces.

August 5, 1854.–2m.

The Sugar Creek Falls Water Cure.

NOW in the fourth year of successful operation, continues to receive patients. All *kinds* of disease sucessfully treated. The buildings are commodious, the water pure and soft, and the diet is prepared with reference to the wants of invalids.

Terms, $5 per week, in ordinary cases, if the packing clothes are found; $5.50 if we find all.

For further particulars address S. Frease, M. D., Deardoff's Mills, Tuscarawas County, Ohio.

June 21, 1854.

GRAIN DRILLS.

FARMERS that want to purchase the best Grain Drill in use, should send their order for one of STACY'S PATENT GRAIN DRILLS, the best and cheapest Drill ever offered for sale, to

E. R. SHANKLAND,

No. 139, Wood Street, Pittsburg.

May 20, 1854.–3m.

MANLEY & CARPENTER'S PREMIUM

DAGUERREAN GALLERY!

IS now completed, and ready for reception. We have gone to considerable expense in fitting up, to operate with advantage, and with reference to the comfort and convenience of those who may favor us with a call; in short, we are permanently located Our rooms are in the

AMERICAN HOUSE, SALEM, O.

Call and see us. You will find our reception rooms neat and comfortable.

UR SKY-LIGHT

Can be surpassed no where in the State. Our CAMERA, is a powerful quick-worker. We warrant our work. Likenesses of all ages, taken LIFE-LIKE, OR NO CHARGE!! Our prices range from 40 cents, to 20 dollars. Past experience, and present advantages, enable us to take *Good Likenesses, at very reasonable Rates.* Being, also, posted in all the recent improvements of the art, our time and entire attention shall be to render full satisfaction. Sick or deceased persons taken at their rooms.—Our motto, is EXCELSIOR.

N. B. Persons wishing Pictures taken on Galvanized Plates, can do so without extra charge.

☞ Rooms open from 6 o'clock, A. M., until 6 P. M. June 31st, 1853.

THE PLACE TO GET YOUR LIKENESS

HUNT & BOONE,

Have opened, in Johnson & Horner's block, the largest and finest Daguerreian Rooms in Eastern Ohio, where they are constantly taking pictures (exclusively on Galvanized Plates) surpassing all others in durability, beauty of finish and artistic style. Our facilities for operation are of the most ample and improved order, consisting in part of machinery to polish the plate. By it we are enabled to give the highest polish, without which a fine picture cannot be taken. Our

SKY-LIGHT

IS OF MAMMOTH SIZE AND SUFFICIENT TO TAKE SIXTY PERSONS ON A SINGLE PLATE.

PRICES RANGE FROM 37½ CTS. TO TEN DOLLARS.

Ladies and gentlemen are requested to call and examine our specimens.

Salem, Dec. 17, 1853.

JAMES BARNABY,

MERCHANT TAILR,

North Side Main-St., One Door West of the Salem Book-Store, Salem, Ohio.

Coats, Vests, Pants, &c., Made to Order and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

The Tailoring Business in all his Branches, carried on as heretofore.