POETRY.

From the Western Recorder.

The Slave.

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."—*Holy Writ.*

Midnight on Carolina; gloriously
The stars went up in heaven, and gentle tones
From stream and pine-wood, blended in a hymn
Of softest music, stole upon the wind
Sweetly and thrillingly. The soul of night,
That glorious spirit that hath made its home
In solitude and starlight, o'er the world
Held its unyielding mastery; and the heart
Of the lone watcher on the mountain's brow
Beat softly, as if e'en a pulse's leap
Might break the midnight's Sabbath hour of dreams.

That watcher was a slave; a negro boy,
Bending a godlike spirit to his chain
Of ceaseless bondage; an untutor'd boy
In all the glorious lore of by-gone days;
But reading with a curious eye
Nature's unletter'd volume; a strange boy,
With untaught fancies of the clear blue sky,
Holy and beautiful. And he had come
Out to the quiet hills, and laid him down
By the dark pines, to hold at midnight's watch
Communion with the spirit of the hour.

Low sigh'd the whispering wind; the murmuring stream
Flow'd on more silently; and as he lay
Watching the starry banner, that lone night
Flung to the winds of heaven, his fancy woke
Up from its day light slumber, and with thoughts
Of his deep bondage, that amid his kind
Made him a by-word, stirring at his heart,
He breath'd his free thoughts to the silent air.

A slave! Ay, now I feel
My weight of bondage: I might cease to pine
Under my fetter, did the bright sun shine
Forever, and reveal
How much more free from grief, and care, and pain,
Is he who wears, than he who binds the chain.

But now night's glorious sky,
Filled with unnumbered spirit forms, that flee
From star to star, all limitless and free,
Bends o'er me, and I sigh
With a strange yearning, for a wing to soar
Proudly as they, and be a slave no more.

Oh! why are dark chains bound
In such a world as this, where every sigh
Of wind and water hath of liberty
A strange undying sound?
And the dim woods, from bird and pine bough swelling,
A soft triumphal tone of freedom telling.

And the bright stars of night—
They have no tale of chains, no stain of tears
Dimming the glory of their endless years.
In heaven's unceasing light:
And where, oh where, can man have learned to be
A brother's tyrant in captivity?

But a few days, I know,
And the strong spirit to the dust shall fling
This chain of bondage from its drooping wing,
And like a freed bird go
Up into heaven, all pure and bright and free;
A spirit with a spirit's liberty.

And though I will not weep,
Yet my weak heart yearns strangely, with my kind,
To go forth freed from these dark chains that bind
Me ever, and to keep
Watch through the midnight, with no bitter tears
To shed o'er visions of my coming years.

* * * * * * *

Oh! if there is one lesson to be learn'd
From God's creation; if there is a thought
Burningly uttered in the gentle tone
Of heaven's eternal language; if a voice
From the deep chambers of the unclouded sky,
That finds an echo in the unsearch'd depths
Of the heart's better feelings, it is this—
That God would have no slaves. The gentle air,
And the freed water, and the joyous lay
Of spring's uncounted warblers, and the stars
Shining in glory, have no voice to teach
Of slavery and chains. And could we win
An angel's eye, to read the unblotted page
Of nature's volume, and an angel's mind,
To fathom the deep mysteries that lie
Hid in its burning words; and did we feel
How like our childhood's visions, earthly pomp
Fades in the sunlight of eternal truth;
Then would the untold wealth of gems and gold,
That a slave's hand might gather lavishly
Into our shining coffers, seem at best,
Like the bright pinion of the pestilence,
The gilded drapery of a lothsome grave,
The hectic beauty on the cheek of death.

SEDLEY.

From the Hartford Republican.

A Prayer.

BY ELIZABETH M. SARGENT.

If I have erred in groping for the light
That streameth from the far off golden portals,
Chasing the shadows from the guilty night
That broodeth o'er her tribe of erring mortals—
If I have grasped at shadowy forms, and fair,
That flit in wildering grace above, around me,
Thinking the true, the right, the good were there—
Nor sought to break the spell in which they bound me,
Father! forgive me!

If I have ever found a bitter tear
Coursing down cheeks with sin or sorrow palling,
And left no ray of joy to picture there
Prismatic glory through the grief-drops falling—
If I have heard amid life's human choir
One tune with sorrow's unmistaken quiver,
And touched all carelessly the answering lyre,
Causing sweet strings at the rude touch to shiver!
Father! forgive me!

If I have ever turned with with'ring scorn
To censure ill, mistaken or designing,
And drank not patiently, the bitter cup
Which thou in love hast proffered, unrepining—
If I have learned not, from earth's Holiest One,
To bear its thousand ills, its wrong, its sorrow,
As but the darkness fleeing from the day,
The dusky Herald of a glorious morrow—
Father! forgive me!

And oh, if I have ever caused a sigh
In any heart, my own has loved to cherish,
Among the hopes of Immortality,
Unwith'ring joys, when all around shall perish;
Forgive me this! for all unwittingly
Was every thoughtless deed—each light word spoken—
Time, care may dim the eye we love to see,
But tears which we bid flow, tell of a deep fount broken!
Father! forgive me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Faith and Firmness.

BY A. DUNCAN.

"When I was a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, there lived about half a mile from my father's a man by the name of Sanders. He was a poor man, very poor—had been so all his life. At the age of eighteen he could neither read nor write; and I have heard it said that there was not a book of any description in his father's house.—Sanders was remarkable for nothing but his ignorance and personal appearance—large boned, and over six feet high; but it could hardly be said that his bones were clothed with flesh; he was something of a Calvin Edson, with a head that appeared disproportionably large. He was looked upon as a very unsocial boor, from the fact that he seldom mingled in the sports of young men of his own age. He seemed to love and seek retirement. Between the age of eighteen and twenty, he had, by himself, without a particle of assistance, learned to read well, and write some. An event that happened about this time proved that Sanders was not so very unsocial in his nature as was generally supposed. This was nothing less than his union in marriage to a young woman equally poor and lonely as himself. The good neighbors began to prophecy that the country would soon have some children to maintain; not that Sanders was an idler, or intemperate, but the business to which he had been brought up was overdone, and the very best workmen could earn but a bare subsistence. However, there was no law to prevent poor young men from getting married; the neighbors must therefore content themselves by hoping that Sanders' children might be few and far between. In this matter they were sorely disappointed. Mrs. Sanders proved to be a very fruitful vine, and year by year presented her worthy husband with an additional pledge of her conjugal love. For ten long years Sanders toiled on with praiseworthy perseverance; and, although in that time eight mouths had been added to his family, yet, strange to say, he had managed to keep the day and the way alike. We cannot say that he and his children were so well fed and clothed as were those around them, but we can say that a complaint was never heard from the lips of Sanders, or any of his family. I have seen them often sit down with faces of cheerfulness to a meal composed of a few potatoes and salt. Let it not be supposed, however, that Sanders was satisfied with either himself or the circumstances in which he was bringing up, for the stage of action and the business of life, a numerous family. He was not satisfied. Thirsting after mental improvement himself—desirous of preparing his children, by a suitable education, for the duties and responsibilities of life, yet crushed down in a state of hopeless poverty, how could he be satisfied!—doomed to incessant toil, without the means of procuring books or helps of any description. Many men in similar circumstances would have become discouraged, careless, or intemperate; suffering the prediction of the neighbors to be fulfilled, by their families becoming a country charge.—But it was not so with Sanders; he was not discouraged, nor faint-hearted, although his iron frame began to bend before he had reached his thirtieth year. About this age he seemed to retire within himself more than ever; he did not become gloomy misanthrope, or sullen recluse; he was still the kind and cheerful father—the obliging neighbor; but he loved more than ever to be alone; and it was evident, from the occasional gleamings of his fine, expressive eye, that the communings of the inner man were of a lofty nature—big with high resolves.

'One morning, on his way to the workshop, Sanders was overtaken by a little aristocratic master, (the son of a wealthy neighbor,) on his way to school, with his Lexicon under his arm; he wished Sanders to do a small job for him, in the way of his business.

'Let me look at your books,' said Sanders.

The lad complied, and after a short examination, drawing himself up to his full length, and fixing on the boy a look of deep earnestness, Sanders said—

'I will do your job, and do it well, too, upon one condition—which is this: you shall bring, and leave with me every night, as many of your school books as you can spare, calling and receiving them in the morning, on your way to school; if you will agree to this, I will do all the little jobs you may want me to do, for one year.'

The boy very readily agreed to this, thinking it a good bargain, and resolving to make the most of it by always having something for Sanders to do. By means of this arrangement, it was not many months before the elements of Latin and Greek were mastered by Sanders, besides making no little progress in mathematics. He was now brought to a stand; the boy's books could carry him no farther; and his desires had become ten times more intense. He was in fact more unhappy than he had ever been before. He had just learned enough to see more clearly than ever the real value of learning—just enough to stir within him all lofty aspirations connected with his being, without a solitary hope to clear his pathway.

Such was the sad condition of the laborious Sanders, when a distant relation from the city of G——— paid him a visit. This relative was in good circumstances, and seeing the dismal state of poverty in which Sanders and his family were plunged, very kindly asked if he could do anything for him.

'Yes, you can do much for me,' was the reply; 'you can make me a happy and useful man—enable me to bring up my family as rational beings ought to be brought up, so as to secure their own happiness, and be beneficial to the world in which they live.—You can do all this, at a small expense.'

His friend begged he would explain.

'You can,' said Sanders, 'procure me a few second handed books, such as I shall name—they will cost but a little in the city; let them be sent to me by stage; I will try to pay the freight myself.'

After the books were named, one by one, and a memorandum made out, his friend looked around the room, and the backless chairs, broken table, and the two apologies for beds; then casting a searching glance at Sanders, as if he doubted his sanity, said—

'Would not a barrel of flour and some clothing be more useful, in the meantime?'

'*No!*' was the emphatic reply; 'flour and clothing will come in good time; 'man cannot live by bread alone,'—it is mental food that we need of at present—and if you will send the books, you will feed and clothe us.'

His city friend soon took his leave, not much prepossessed in favor of Sanders' good sense, but resolved to humor him, especially as it would cost but a trifle.

Week after week, however, passed away, without bringing the books, or any intelligence from the city. Sanders' heart, generally strong, was ready to sink.

At last one evening, as he sat sorrowfully enough, a boy called to inform him that there was a box at the stage office, addressed to 'Mr. J. Sanders.' He said the stage owner wished to see him—thought there must be some mistake—the box appeared to contain something valuable, as it was marked '*with care.*'

Sanders, jumped from his seat, said, 'The box is mine;' and thrusting his hand into his pocket, the sad conviction forced itself upon him, that he had not the wherewith to pay the freight. What was to be done?—'I will ascertain the amount,' said he, 'and then I will finish the job I have on hand by morning, which will bring me four and sixpence; but we are out of meal and potatoes—the children cannot eat books. What shall I do?' he cried in perfect agony. Sanders measured the ground lying between his cottage and the stage office, and without coming to any satisfactory conclusion as to his future conduct, found himself in the office, confronting clerk and owner.

'There is a box here,' said the stage owner, 'and—'

'And it is mine,' said Sanders; 'it is my books.'

'Your books?'

'Yes, sir, my books—my Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. What is the freight?'

'Nothing, nothing, you big-boned fool; it is pre-paid.'

Without taking any notice of the man's uncourteous answer, Sanders shouldered the box, and in a few moments it was placed in triumph upon the old rickety table.

Excitement is no evidence of a great mind; yet great minds, under peculiar circumstances, have been greatly excited. So it was with Mr. Sanders on this occasion. The children gathered around, expecting, no doubt, to see some live monster burst from its confinement, on the opening of the box. The lid was quickly removed, when to the astonishment and inexpressible delight of the father, nine large volumes, not second hand, but new, presented themselves. They were drawn out, one by one, and last of all came a small case of mathematical instruments.

The next three years of Sanders' life almost prostrated the strength of the high-minded and resolute man. Poor and scanty fare, excessive labor, and nightly study, began to make rapid inroads upon a naturally strong constitution; but the time of his reward was near at hand.

A mathematical problem had been put forth in a scientific journal, a copy of which his city friend had sent him; for the solution of this problem a reward of one hundred dollars was offered. Thirty-five competitors appeared; and among the rest, Sanders, with the greatest possible modesty, ventured a solution. In ten days he received a letter by mail, containing a draft for one hundred dollars, and announcing the altogether unexpected but joyful news of his successful effort.

We will not follow him through the next seven years of his life. He was successful in almost every branch of learning to which he addressed himself; and the man who, at thirty years of age, was the renter of a miserable cabin, worn with toil, and crushed with poverty, was seen at forty the owner of a comfortable and even elegant mansion, in the suburbs of the great and commercial city of G———. The unlearned mechanic, who bargained with a school-boy for the use of his books at night, seven years afterwards was publicly known as a man of rare literary attainments. For twenty-five years Sanders acted as foreign correspondent to the principal business establishments in the city, being perfectly familiar with the modern languages of Europe. He was also distinguished as a mathematician and geologist, and indeed in almost every department of learning. The real greatness and glory of the man, however consisted in the purity of his character. A firm believer in revealed religion, his was a deep toned, practical Christianity, making him 'eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame.' He visited the widow, and sustained the fatherless, and the blessings of many ready to perish decended upon him. His departure was such as might have been expected—calm, triumphant and glorious! 'I have been,' said he, when near his end, 'confined for many years in a dark prison-house, where the lightest moments I enjoyed only served to show how deep the darkness was in which I walked. In my strongest moments I was only able to drag my spirit to the windows of its cell, to gaze with rapture upon the fair vision that lay beyond, but which I could not reach. The spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak, powerless.—The prison door will soon be opened, the fetters struck off, and the captive spirit, set forever at liberty, will rejoice in the fulness of glory and power. I have sometimes thought' he continued, 'that the most perfect state attainable by men, while tied to mortality, is to acquire an ability to discover between the right and the wrong; the love of good, and long after a complete conformity to the pure and holy, to bow the spirit willing, though the flesh should remain weakness. In this broken, impotent state, how grand, how glorious, are the hopes of immortality!—how desirable to be clothed with light! Yes,' he exclaimed, 'all of life begins at death.'—While the words trembled on his lips, the spirit was emancipated.

Thus lived and died a man of true nobility. A strong faith, and firmness of purpose, was the secret of his success.

William and Ellen Craft.

The singular and romantic story of the escape of these two persons from Slavery was told at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at Boston, week before last, by Wm. W. Brown, and the Crafts themselves appeared before the audience, exciting, of course, a most lively interest by their appearance. The facts of their escape were stated by Mr. Brown in a letter to the *Liberator* a few weeks since, and are briefly as follows:

"William and Ellen Craft, man and wife, lived with different masters in the State of Georgia. Ellen is so near white, that she can pass without suspicion for a white woman. Her husband is much darker. He is a mechanic, and by working nights and Sundays, he laid up money enough to bring himself and his wife out of Slavery. Their plan was without precedent; and though novel, was the means of getting them their freedom. Ellen dressed in man's clothing, and passed as the *master*, while her husband passed as the *servant*. In this way they travelled from Georgia to Philadelphia. They are now out of the reach of the blood-hounds of the South. On their journey, they put up at the best hotels where they stopped. Neither of them can read or write. And Ellen, knowing that she would be called upon to write her name at the hotels, &c., tied her right hand up as though it was lame, which proved of some service to her, as she was called upon several times at hotels to "register" her name.—In Charleston, S. C., they put up at the hotel which Governor McDuffie and John C. Calhoun generally make their home, yet these distinguished advocates of the "peculiar institution" say that the slaves cannot take care of themselves. They arrived in Philadelphia in four days from the time they started. Their history, especially that of their escape, is replete with interest. They will be at the meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in Boston, in the latter part of this month, where I know the history of their escape will be listened to with great interest. They are very intelligent. They are young, Ellen 22, and Wm. 24 years of age. Ellen is truly a heroine."

At the meeting in Boston Mr. Brown read an article from a Newark paper, (the *Daily Mercury*) which we copy as a most interesting part of the story. It is as follows:

AN INCIDENT AT THE SOUTH.

One bright starlight night, in the month of December last, I found myself in the cabin of the steamer General Clinch, then lying in the port of Savannah, and bound for Charleston. I had gone early on board, in order to select a good berth, and having got tired of reading the papers, amused myself with watching the appearance of the passengers as they dropped in one after another, and I being a believer in physiognomy, forming my own opinion of their characters.

The second bell rang, and as I yawningly returned my watch to my pocket, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a young man who entered the cabin, supported by his servant, a strapping negro.

The man was bundled up in a capacious overcoat; his face was bandaged with a white handkerchief, and its expression entirely hid by a pair of enormous green spectacles.

There was something so mysterious and unusual, about the young man, as he sat restlessly in the corner, that curiosity led me to observe him more closely.

He appeared anxious to avoid notice, and before the steamer had fairly left the wharf, requested in a low womanly voice to be shown to his berth, as he was an invalid and must retire early—his name he gave as Mr. Johnson. His servant was called and he was put quietly to bed. I paced the deck until Tybee light grew dim in the distance and then went to my berth.

I awoke in the morning with the sun shining in my face—we were then just passing St. Helena, and soon after were out at sea. It was a mild, beautiful morning and most of the passengers were on deck enjoying the freshness of the air and stimulating their appetites for breakfast. Mr. Johnson soon made his appearance, arrayed the same as on the night before, and took his seat quietly on the guard of the boat.

From the better opportunity afforded by day-light, I found that he was a slight built, apparently handsome young man, with black hair and eyes, and of a darkness of complexion that betokened Spanish extraction. Any notice from others seemed painful to him, so to satisfy my curiosity I questioned his servant who was standing near, and gained the following information.

His master was an invalid—he had suffered a long time with a complication of diseases that had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Georgia—he was now suffering principally with the "rheumatism," and was scarcely able to walk or help himself in any way. He came from Atlanta, Georgia, and was now on his way to Philadelphia, at which place resided his uncle, a celebrated physician, through whose means he hoped to be restored to perfect health.

This information, communicated in a bold off-hand manner, enlisted my sympathies for the sufferer, although it occurred to me that he walked rather too gingerly for a person inflicted with so many ailments.

We arrived at Charleston, and I there lost sight of Mr. Johnson, an acquaintance at my elbow remarking that he was either a "*woman* or a *genius*."

This morning I cut from the New York *Herald* the accompanying extract, and there is no doubt in my mind but that William and Ellen Craft are no other than my travelling companions, Mr. Johnson and servant.

A.

Here follows Brown's letter just published in the *Liberator*. The Crafts are still in Massachusetts and have appeared in several places, at public meetings. Their notoriety perhaps will be their best safeguard, as it would be difficult to carry off persons so well known by stealth, and quite impossible to get them out of Eastern Massachusetts openly; nevertheless a careful watch may save trouble.—*A. S. Standard.*

A Good One.—There is an anecdote that William Ladd, the "Apostle of Peace," used to tell upon himself with infinite gusto.—When the temperance movement first came into notice, Mr. Ladd, though an ardent "reformer," was not quite prepared to go the entire pledge. He was willing to eschew rum, gin, brandy, "sour cider," and all that; but he couldn't go the abandonment of his wine, his rich, mellow, heart-warming wine! In fact, he had grave doubts about the possibility of getting "sawed" upon the generous fluid. His wine cellar was getting low; but every body was signing the pledge, and it must be replenished in a shady way, or not at all. Being at Portland about this time, he bought a barrel of fine old wine, and employed "Uncle 'Siah," a well known teamster to haul it to Minot, saying;

"Here, take this barrel of "*oil*" with the other articles."

He reached home first, and after seeing the "oil" carefully deposited in the cellar, he came to the door to settle for the hauling.

"Well Uncle 'Siah," said the Captain, rubbing his hands, "I really wish I had something good for you to drink; but the temperance folks are making such a confounded noise, we a—a—have to banish it entirely from our hosses."

But "Uncle 'Siah" had already a bit of a brick in his hat, and was holding himself rather unsteadily by the wheel.

"Its n-n-no m-m-matter, Cappen," he hiccupped. "n-n-n-not the least kuc-kuc consehic-se-quense-conce! I d-don't need any—I w-w-was dry, b-b-b-but I took a g-g-good swig out of your cec-cask. Its ca-hic-apital *oil*, Cappen! Pure w-w-winter strained, and no m-m-mistake!" The Captain came out a rank tee-totaller at the next temperance meeting.

The Beautiful.

In Nature or Art the beautiful is a revelation of God, a witness to the infinite harmony of the creative Soul, and a real appreciation of it, wherever seen—in the life-like picture, the breathing marble, the dark woods, the shining waterfall, or the little flower, is full of devotion. Who has not realized this, that has ever gazed on the sea, the mountains, or some work of human genuis, until all else was forgotten, and self-consciousness ceased, as the stars go out at sunrise, and the one beauty or grandeur revealed its hidden divinity? In such moments the soul is transformed, a new heaven and new earth are above and around it. Silently the outer form and life seems to furl off, and the invisible opens to the seer. The spirit stands above the clouds and miasma of selfishness, hate, sensualism, and temptation, in the clear light of love. It is an hour of victory over the flesh and the world, of worship whose thought is prayer, and whose sanctity consecrates the spot as holy ground.

The beautiful is the gateway to the good—the attraction of heaven which extends to each—the baptism of spirit poured out upon nature and man—the persuasion of God, to lead his children to the pure. None the less is this true, that, like all other good gifts from "the Father of Light," it is misunderstood and perverted into a lure to evil. Truth read amiss is falsehood. Blessings misused are curses. Selfishness, or ignorance may turn life's honey into gall, its water into poison. The original gift is none the less divine to him who will receive it aright. The capacity to admire and love symmetry of form, and perfection of color and harmony of arrangement, was needed to make man in the image of his Father.—He who destroys this, or does not exercise and thereby increase it, is defacing the divine in his own soul, and shutting up one great avenue between himself and heaven. Not the less faithful shall we be to the daily duties of life, that we can draw constant delight from the infinite beauties which bestow our path, or are spread over and about us, or can commune with the great soul of the artist through the mystic writing of his work of genius and power. Rather shall this help us to behold the pure ideal of a true life, and to exhibit something of its feature in our own. There was truth in that fancy of the author of "Margaret," which makes Beauty a fourth sister in the group of Faith, Hope, and Love, created by them, and receiving her life from the breath of God. If in childlike unselfishness and docility we take her hand, she will lead us to the temple of that holy sisterhood, where we may dwell with them and receive the ministrations of each; but if we reject her guidance, and try to compel her to follow in the way of pleasure, or to the bowers of ease, she will desert us, leaving a soulless counterfeit in her stead, to deceive and mislead us. Sooner or later shall we discover our folly and mistake. To know and receive her gifts we must love her for her own sake and unselfishly. So it is with all the bounties of Heaven. There is no good in all the universe of God which, had it a voice, could not say truly, "He that loveth self more than me is not worthy of me." So is it true that he that loves all good more than self, will make himself most worthy of love.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Paper.—Contemplate the various uses to which paper is applied, and reflect upon the materials out of which it is manufactured. There goes a fellow wearing an old ragged shirt and a pair of breeches—in a trice they may be sold to the paper maker, and perhaps in a very few weeks this old, dirty, ragged shirt will be spread before some beautiful girl in the shape of a neat gilt-edged billetdoux from her lover! Or the old breeches may be converted into wrapping paper, and envelope some choice confectionary for my lady's wedding. Or again, the old shirt or breeches may be ground up and converted into printing paper, and mayhap, reader you will some day hold them in your hand, and be thrilled with ecstacy at some soul-stirring effusion impressed thereon, through the skill of the paper-maker and printer. Old breeches and such, are not to be sneered at. Paper-makers and printers honor and esteem them.—*Mechanic & Farmer.*

Horrible.—A correspondent of the chronotype at Plymouth ,N. H. under date of February 3d says:

"A Special Session of the Common Pleas Court for this County, was brought to a close, last evening, and the *Reverend Ezra Dudley*, a clergyman of a neighboring town, has been found guilty of the Murder of his Wife, on the evening of the 5th of March last; murdered cruelly and brutally that she might be "out of the way" of his connection with another woman for whom he had entertained a most gross and unhallowed affection.—This piece of diabolism was worked off in the midst of a "Revival," and it was on their way home from an evening prayer meeting, that this wretch clasped his ordained and consecrated fingers about the throat of his defenceless wife, until she ceased to breathe."

Small Conversation.—Fuseli had a great dislike to common-place observations. After sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during the "bald disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" Why, it is good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

BUSINESS CARDS.

AARON HINCHMAN,
BOOK AND FANCY
JOB PRINTER,
SALEM, OHIO.

☞All kinds of Plain and Fancy Job work done at the Office of the "Homestead Journal," on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms.
Office one door North of E. W. Williams' Store.
January 3rd, tf.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western,) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESCOTTS.
Salem, O. 1st mo. 20th.

DAVID WOODRUFF,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c
A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

C. DONALDSON & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.
No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati.
January, 1848.

FRUIT TREES.
The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plumb, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 4½ miles north-west of Salem
ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.
Augo 11, 1848. tf

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
Peltons splendid outline Maps, Baldwin's pronouncing Geographical Gazeteer, and "Naylor's system of teaching Geography," for sale by J. Hambleton of this place. He is also prepared to give instruction to classes, or to individuals who wish to qualify themselves for teaching the science of Geography according to this new, superior, and (where tried) universally approved system. Address by letter or otherwise, Salem, Col., Co., O. Oct. 6th, 1848.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I. Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; 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 Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester ✕ Roads; Adam Sanders.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson

INDIANA.

Winchester; Clarkson Pucket.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.