

POETRY.

The Arizian.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

The day is past—the quiet night  
Toward its midnight woeath on;  
His work-shop has been closed for hours—  
A good day's labor done.

The toll is hard that brings him bread;  
And sometimes scant supply;  
When drops awhile his manly head,  
And glistens his full eye.

Yet from the trial shrinks he not,  
For he has youth and strength, and will  
And though his toil is ill repaid  
Bends daily to it still.

He sometimes murmurs,—but his pride  
Checks his expression at its birth,—  
That blessings to his class denied  
Surround the drones of earth.

His calling sometimes takes him where  
Wealth, worth, grace, beauty, all unite;  
And lovely tones arrest his ear,  
And lovely looks his sight—  
And much he thinks—and half he sighs—  
Yet ere his welcome work is done,  
He longs for home, and Mary's eyes,  
And for his prattling son.

His labor bath been slight to-day;  
And wife and child before him sleep;  
And he has passed the half-spent night  
In study close and deep.

The lamp burns dim—the fire is low  
The book is closed wherein he read;  
But wildly swirls the streams of Thought  
Its fountain-pages fed.

With eyes fixed calmly on the floor,  
But varying and expressive face,  
He reads the lesson o'er and o'er—  
The history of his race—  
And much he finds of word and deed,  
Whose virtue is example now;  
But more that makes his bosom bleed,  
And darkens o'er his brow—

But chiefly this it is that fills  
The swelling volume of his mind:  
The countless wrongs and cruelties  
That have oppressed his kind?  
But as he reads Life's riddle still,  
He feels, with sudden change of mood,  
The stern, the indomitable will,  
That never was subdued.

The will, not to destroy, but build?  
Nor the blind might, of old renown,  
Which took the pillars in its grasp,  
But that whose patient energy  
Works ever upwards, without rest,  
Until the pierced and parted sea  
Rolls from its coral breast.

In the dim freight, for a while,  
His tall form moveth to and fro;  
Then by the couch of those he loves,  
He stops, and bendeth low,  
Oh, holy love! oh, blessed kiss!  
Ye ask not splendor—hide not power—  
But in a humble home like this,  
Ye have your triumph-hour!

**WOMEN'S RIGHTS.**—At the recent convention of women, held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., the following spirited piece of poetry, written by Maria W. Chapman, of Boston, was read by Elizabeth W. McClintock, of Seneca Falls.

**"The Times that Try Men's Souls."**  
Confusion has seized us, and all things are wrong,  
The women have leaped from their sphere,  
And, instead of fixed stars, shoot as comets along.

And are setting the world by the ears!  
In courses erratic they're whirling through space,  
In brainless confusion and meaningless chase.

In vain do our knowing ones try to compute  
Their return to the orbit designed;  
They're glanced at a moment, then, onward they shoot.

And are neither "to hold nor to bind;"  
So freely they move in their chosen ellipse,  
The "Lords of Creation" do fear an eclipse.

They're taken a notion to speak for themselves,  
And are wielding the tongue and the pen;  
They're mounted the rostrum, the termagant elves,  
And, oh, horrid, are talking to men!

With faces unblanched in our presence they come  
To baroque us, they say, in behalf of the dumb.  
They insist on their right to petition and pray,  
That St. Paul in Corinthans, has given them rules  
For appearing in public, despite what those say.

Whom we've trained to instruct them in orthodox schools,  
But vain such instruction, if women may scan  
And quote texts of Scripture to favor their plan.

Our grandmother's learning consisted of  
In spinning their generous hands;  
In twisting the distaff or mopping the floor,  
And obeying the will of their Lords,  
Now, missus may reason, and think, and debate,  
Till unquestioned submission is quite out of date.

But ah! their descendants enjoy not such bliss—  
The assumptions of Britain were nothing to this.  
Could we but array all our force in the field,  
We'd teach these usurpers of power,  
That their bodily safety demands they should yield,  
And in presence of manhood should cower.

But alas! for our tethered and impotent state  
Chained by notions of knighthood—we can but debate.

Oh! shade of the prophet Mahomet arise!  
Place woman again in "her sphere,"  
And teach that her soul was not born for the skies,  
But to flutter a brief moment here,  
This doctrine of Jesus as preached up by Paul,  
If embraced in its spirit, will ruin us all,  
Lords of Creation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Union Magazine.

The Sphere of Woman.

BY HORACE GREELY.

"Even now, when supremacy has been transferred from music to mind, has that most subtle spirit, that being of most mobile fibre, that most sensitive and apprehensive organization,—has she, whom God has placed, to be a mate and a help to man, at the head of his creation, the fountress of nations, the embellisher of races, has she alone been left behind, at the very starting-point of civilization, while all around her progresses and improves? And is man still 'the master?' and does he, by a mis-directed self-love, still perpetuate her ignorance and dependence, when her emancipation and improvement are most wanting as the crowning element of his own happiness? If, in the progress of refinement, he has brightened instead of breaking the chain of his slave, he has only linked a more strong nucleus of evil to his own destiny, and bound up, with his noblest views of national and social development, a principle that too often thwarts the progress and enfeeblies the force of his best reforms."—LADY MORGAN—"Woman and her Master."

"I ALWAYS regret it," says a French wit, "when a woman turns author: I would much rather she had remained a woman." In the spirit indelicately by this witticism, the world has generally met every attempt of woman to consider her own position and relations, and determine in what points, and to what extent, they should be changed. Let her but dare to name such themes, and Respectability eyes her with a frown, a shrug, and a shudder, which, being interpreted, implies: "You are unsexing, unshering yourself—You are making yourself a theme for ribald jest, and grave suspicion. Back to your dolls and mirror, your ringlets and quizziles!" The kitchen, the nursery, and (if she be of the affluent minority) the drawing-room are your domain, beyond which you wander in deadly peril. If you love your connections, or value your good name, beware!

This warning was long effectual to silence, if not to convince. Happily, it has visibly lost something of its power. A few daring spirits have overleaped the barrier, and found that, without as within it, there are snares and pitfalls for the weak and simple, while the wise and strong walk securely whither they will. Timidly at first, and awkwardly enough to justify the ridicule of the scoffer, Woman has grasped the pen, and finds its potency as a weapon for defence or reprisal not destroyed by contact with her hand.—Using it at times weakly and unworthily, she has yet employed it so often and so powerfully in the cause of humanity, of justice, of progress, that I think few would now seriously deny that man has been instructed and the world improved by her writings. True, they yet form but a small proportion of any well-selected library; but each age witnesses, not merely a great increase of their number, but a marked improvement in their character.—The names of Hemans, Marianne, Somerville, Sudgwick, Edgworth, Norton, London, Sigourney, in our own day and language, form but a small part of the bright constellation of female authors which man could ill afford to see extinguished.

First to Write, then to Think, seems to be the natural order. The infant must accustom his eyes to the novelty of vision before his gaze embraces and comprehends the world. A Sappho, giving utterance to her own wild, consuming passions—a Rosa Matilda, coining into feeble and tardy verse the marvellous sentiment of the drawing-room—a Montague, a Seville, a Barne, keenly observing and admirably depicting, either directly, or through the thin guise of fiction, what passes before her eyes—all these have precedence in time over the analyst, the philosopher, the fearless investigator; but these, too, are manifested in their season. At length Woman reaches and ponders the questions: "What am I? What are my relations to others? Are these entirely just? Do they afford scope for all the good of which my nature is capable? Is the state of vassalage in which I find myself dictated by my own feebleness, my unfitness to encounter the perils and ills which would else encompass me? Is it best even for him to whom I am accounted a companion and a helper, but to whom I am often in fact a toy, a convenience, a slave? Should I, in choosing to be a dependent, a legal vassal, cease also to be gentle, pure, and winning—a loyal wife and a devoted mother?" These questions have been propounded in our time—they will not consent to be annihilated by the nod of Fashion nor cover beneath the frown of Etiquette.—The Pasha's dozen wives in an oriental harem may daily marvel that any reputable woman can be so immodest as to appear in public unveiled, or look on the face of any man but her lord and master—yet the world moves on.

"But what," asks some Rip Van Winkle, "are these wrongs of Woman which the Jacobins of our day are beginning to raise such a dust about? Is she not (among the upper ten thousand of course) daintily nurtured, lightly tasked, fairly surfeited with teachers and education, profusely flattered almost from her cradle, early invited to balls and parties, (and what could suit her better than these?) in due season married and installed in a sumptuously furnished house, abundantly provided with servants, and every affluence of luxury? What more can these universal grumblers ask for her?"

Let me answer these questions in the words of one of the latest and firmest assertors of the Rights of Woman—S. Margaret Fuller: "It may well be an anti-slavery party that pleads for Woman, if we consider merely that she does not hold property on equal terms with men; so that, if a husband dies without making a will, the wife, instead of taking at once his place as head of the family, inherits only a part of his fortune, often brought him by herself, as if she were a child or ward only, and not an equal partner."

"We will not speak of the innumerable instances in which profligates and idle men live upon the earnings of industrious wives; or, if the wives leave them, and take with them the children, to perform the double duty of mother and father, follow from place to place, and threaten to rob them of their inheritance, if deprived of the rights of a husband, as they call them, planting themselves in their poor lodgings, frightening them into paying tribute by taking from them the children, and running into debt at the expense of these overtasked helots. Such instances count up by scores within my own memory. I have seen the husband who had stained himself by a long course of low vice, till his wife was wearied from her heroic forgiveness, by finding that his treachery made it useless, and that, if she would provide bread for herself and her children, she must be separate from his ill-fame. I have known this man come to install himself in the chamber of a woman who looked him, and say she should never take food from his company. I have known these men steal their children, whom they knew they had no means to maintain; take them into dissolute company, expose them to bodily danger, to frighten the poor woman, to whom, it seems, the fact that she had borne the pangs of their birth, and nourished their infancy, does not give an equal right to them. I do believe that this mode of kidnapping, and it is frequent enough in all classes of society, will be viewed by the next age as it is by Heaven now, and that the man who avails himself of the shelter of men's laws, to steal from a mother her own children, or arrogate any superior right in them, save that of superior virtue, will bear the stigma he deserves, in common with him who steals a cow from his neighbor, or a dog, their hopes, and their homes."

Men must soon see, that on their assumption that Woman is the weaker party, she ought to have equal protection, that would make such oppression impossible. Since women have begun, in spite of every impediment, to think, such complaints of the injustice and subjections of their lot, the narrowness of their sphere, begin to be everywhere uttered and heard. Yet more: as a thinking, pure young woman naturally revolts at the idea of being educated, dressed, and exhibited in company mainly with a view to her attractiveness in man's eyes, so does she begin to question the propriety and even desirability of a development which looks mainly to fitting her for the director of a future husband's household, the solace of his cares, and the faithful, faithful, exemplary mother of his children. All this she should be qualified for, because a true woman, therefore fitted for whatever comes fairly within the scope of a woman's probable duties. But to be a true woman implies something more, as well as this—implies qualities which will render her useful, respected, and happy, though her life be not the part of a true woman to affect a natural aversion, an unquerable antipathy to the married state. It is that which many, from infancy, be considered her probable destiny, but by no means inevitable. Affection unrequited or misplaced, the death of a loved one, a failure to recognize in any one who professes marked attentions those qualities of mind and heart which are essential to an absorbing attachment—any or all of these may render eulibacy the path of honor, peace, and happiness. Nay, in the eastern half of this Union, the mere numerical preponderance of woman renders it mathematically certain that a large portion of them must live unmarried. It is the dictate of wisdom, therefore, no less than of female dignity and delicacy, that every woman should be educated for independent usefulness and happiness, as well as to discharge wisely and nobly the duties of a wife and mother. If the young women of our day are not impelled to an immodest and degrading anxiety to marry, it is because the purity of their nature overrules and subdues the base influences whereby they are surrounded. A maiden so educated that her substantial requirements are such as to suppose the state of wedlock for her sphere of activity, and these set off by accomplishments which are plainly intended to fix the regard and win the admiration of men, is inevitably tempted to regard marriage as necessary to her future happiness, apart from any sense of deep affection for him whom she is to accept as a husband. In the plan of life which naturally unfolds itself to her half-unconscious reveries, marriage implies emancipation from a state of social infancy—implies an assured position and enlarged opportunities. At this, so far as it tends to reconcile her to a superior not profoundly respected and devotedly loved, is a snare—a pitfall! Every one will readily admit that to a pure and sensitive woman, celibacy must be immeasurably preferable, not merely to an unworthy marriage, but to one in which perfect confidence and affection shall be wanting. Yet how many who will readily confess this, yet, in practice, habitually and pointedly disregard it!

Woman must be freed from this degrading bondage. She must be emancipated from the frequent necessity of choosing between a union at which her soul revolts, and a life of galling dependence on remoter relatives, or of precarious struggle for daily bread. She must be assured a wider field for exertions in productive industry and the useful arts. She must have conceded to her such a share in these pursuits that the average reward of her labor shall equal that of man's in proportion to its actual value. Now, the male teacher of a district school, in winter, is paid fully twice as much as the woman who teaches that same school quite as ably and faithfully in the season when labor meets a wider demand and a larger average reward. So in the cotton or woolen factory; so in the farming household. And until the sphere of female employment be greatly widened, so it must continue to be. If but two-fifths of the work to be done is allotted to women, while the balance is monopolized by men, and this allotment is sustained by an obdurate, unreasoning public sentiment, which regards as indecent the woman who engages in the employments so justly forbidden to her sex, then it is idle to hope that, so long as this arrangement prevails, the position of Woman can be materially improved. Indus-

try and its reward being the only barrier for the great mass of women as well as men against starvation or pauperism, it is evident the force of competition among that half of the human family to whom but a third of the labor is assigned, must inevitably keep the mass of them ever in comparative thralldom and pauperism.

"Rights of Woman"—the right to vote, to be elected to office, to serve on juries, fight battles, &c., &c.—if these are calculated to aid her industrial and social emancipation, let them by all means be defined and established. The present political vassalage of Woman is defensible only on the assumption that she does not desire its termination. Whenever a majority of the women shall authentically demand an equality of political franchises with men, I see not how any sincere republican can resist their requirement. It is a fixed and fundamental principle of our system that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that so long as Woman shall withhold her consent and prefer to remain in a state of political non-entity, so long may that state continue without injustice. Harriet Martineau, indeed, says, in full effect, "I object to an intelligent and adult human being, responsible for his acts to the laws of the land. Those laws I have never in any form assented to, yet they tax me, control me, threaten to imprison me and to hang me; why should I be denied my equal voice in choosing those who are to make, alter and execute them? Let these women be too weak, too ignorant, too servile to claim or enjoy these rights, how can that effect my claim to them." The answer to this imports that reason, convenience, dictate the uniform action of an immense majority of a class be held conclusive as to the interests and wishes of that class. Political franchises are not intrinsically valuable—are but means to ends. What is eminently needed by Woman is, not eligibility to office nor a more direct and visible potency in law-making, unless these shall lead to enlarged opportunities, more ample and varied employment, a more liberal and just recompense for industry, and, in fine, a position of real and heartfelt independence, so long as she shall choose to preserve it. Now the partitioned and refined young woman, unless she have faculty and ability for the very limited sphere of employment proffered to her sex as instructors, must choose between an early marriage and a precarious life of ill-paid thankless servitude. This must be amended.

"Room for ladies!" says the man of the omnibus or stage-coach, and he is esteemed a sorry sort of American who will not promptly and cheerfully surrender his easy corner of the vehicle and take a seat outside, though in the face of a drenching north-easter, to afford the spinster he never saw before, and will probably never see again, the most eligible position. She will never thank nor even recognize him; but what of that? Gallantry demands of him the sacrifice of his own comfort to that of a stanger utterly indifferent to him, and he makes it without hesitation. I like this gallantry. I see in it a confused acknowledgment of ages of gross injustice—a chivalric remorse—a poetic generation. It does not reach far, but it is very good for as it goes. Why should it stop at the coach-door? Why not step into the fancy store, the engraver's shop, and wherever else man usurps employments which women might aptly fill, and say, "Room here for ladies!" Away with you, salesmen, book-keepers, &c. to the farm, the prairie and the wilderness, to subdue and till the earth, and leave these more delicate functions to those whom you have hitherto shut out of usefulness and independence or compelled to drudge in some menial capacity for a paltry dollar a week.—Room for ladies! Room!—Alas! that all this should be too prosaic, too vulgar, too humdrum for the mass of readers of a ladies' magazine! They are generally above the pressure of these grosser forms of want and obstacle which are this day crushing all that is delicate, and wearing out the hearts and lives of a great majority of the sex. They seek in these pages amusement, fancy, sentiment, flattery, fashion—not droning homilies on wrongs to be redressed, and evils to be overcome. Let me close, therefore, with an extract from "Tea-party's" new, delicious poem, "The Princess," in which the non-practical side of this whole subject is presented with exquisite grace and beauty:

"Blame not thyself too much" I said, 'nor blame  
Too much the sons of man and barbarous laws;  
These were the rough ways of the world  
Till now.  
Henceforth thou hast a helper, we, that rise  
The Woman's cause is Man's; they rise or fall  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free,  
For she that out of Lethe scales with Man  
The shining steeps of Nature, shares with Man  
His nights, his days, moves with him to  
one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow? We two will save  
them both  
In aiding her—strip off, as in us lies,  
(Our place is much) the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up, but drag her  
down—  
Will leave her field to brighten and to  
shoon  
From all within her—make herself her  
own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.  
For Woman is not undeveloped Man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the  
Man,  
Sweet Love were slain, whose deepest  
bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference;  
Yet in the long years liker must they  
grow;  
The Man be more of Woman, she of  
Man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrothing thwats that throw the  
world;  
She mental breadth, nor fall in childish  
care;  
More as the double-natured poet each;  
Till at the last she set herself to Man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twin, upon the skirts of  
Time  
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their  
powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-Be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,

Distinct in individualities.  
But like each other even as those who love.  
Then come the staid Edens back to men!  
Then reign the world's great trials, chaste  
and calm:  
Then springs the crowning grace of human  
kind.  
May these things be!"

From the Saturday Evening Post.  
Early Rising.

Upon the subject of early rising, as upon almost every thing else, much wisdom has been uttered, and much folly. The old couplet,  
"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"  
has been sounded over and over again, in the ears of perhaps every person in this singularly enlightened country, who has attained to the age of seven. Doubtless the maxim is a very good one, if it be taken whole—but halved, it is not quite so good. It will do no man, woman or child good to rise early, if he or she goes to bed late—it is far better to lie late in the morning, than not to get a sufficient amount of sleep. It is amusing to hear some persons plume themselves on their superior industry to others, because they happen to be up a couple of hours sooner in the morning; having gone to bed probably four hours earlier, and thus really done two hours less work in the twenty-four. It is well, though, both to retire and rise early, when it can be done. Often, however, men, or rather certain classes of men, are so situated that it is impossible. And, we repeat, a far more important thing than to rise early, is to take sufficient sleep. Judge Story used to say, as we have heard, that it was not so important when a man got up, as that he was wide awake when he was up. Some men, from want of sufficient sleep, especially in the summer time, are not fully awake all day.—There is a continual tendency in their brains to relapse into slumber. Through the morning, if they stop their work and sit down a moment, their heads are nodding, and after dinner sleep conquers them outright; while in the evening not the most instructive book or the most entertaining company can keep their eyes open. As a general rule, such men do not sleep long enough. If they cannot be wide awake while they pretend to be awake, with eight hours sleep, let them take ten or even twelve. Anything is better than such a stupid way of living. We have often seen husbands and wives blush to see or rather hear their beloved partners snoring an accompaniment to the music of the piano, or filling up with this usual melody the pauses in a conversation. No person who pretends to refinement or good manners will allow himself, much less herself, to sleep in the presence of visitors. Nothing looks so stupid and ridiculous. If you cannot keep your eyes open in the parlor, either go to bed, or retire to another room till you are able to behave like a gentleman or a lady.

One of the best answers ever given was that of the boy to his father, when the latter accused him from his sleep, with the proverb, "The early bird catches the worm."  
"Serves the worm right for being up before the bird," replied the boy. That boy was a sharp fellow—one of the kind that almost sleep with their eyes open; at least they seem to, for the moment you touch them, they spring up with all their wits about them.

But we intended simply to write a short preface to a poem we have received upon the subject of early rising, from one of our Pennsylvania poetesses, Mrs. Pierson—and here we are. Mrs. Pierson speaks from the ear; she evidently testifies of what she knows.—Early rising, it is very clear, like every thing else, has two sides. Poets generally have given the bright side; Mrs. Pierson gives what Mrs. Crowe would call the "night side." It is always well to hear both sides, even though it is apt, as a Dutch judge is reported to have said, "to confuse one's judgment." Mrs. Pierson says, in her letter to us, she thinks "it is time to let somebody speak who understands the subject." Hear her:

**GET UP EARLY.**  
BY LUDIA JANE PIERSON.  
Get up early, ere the shadows  
Vanish from the wood and glen,  
Up, and breathe the noxious miasm  
Floating up from swamp and fen.

Up, before the sun has risen  
And, with all-prevailing light,  
Neutralized the noisome vapor,  
'Gender'd by the chill, damp night.

While the big, cold dew-drops tremble  
On each leaf and blade of grass,  
Up, and through green grass and clover,  
With the milk-pails shivering pass.

Dress and skirt, and shoes and stockings  
Wet and draggled thus will be;  
All your garments duly dampen'd  
With the drops from shrub and tree.

Sit and milk, while fogs are rising  
From the wet and boggy ground,  
Or, through putrid fens and marshes,  
Chase the kicking cows around.

You may hear the early birds sing,  
Lark and robin, crow and jay,  
And no doubt a big old bull-frog  
Bellow to the rising day.

Get up early! Shake off slumber—  
From your bed reluctant creep,  
Though your languid frame is longing,  
Almost, for—the dreamless sleep.

Though you lay down late, e'erwarded  
With a long day's constant toil;  
Though your sick or peevish children  
Did not let you sleep at all.

Get up early, and go drooping,  
Sad and languid, all day long;  
If you can, prevent your temper,  
Though your business all goes wrong.

my preconceived opinions, very healthy.—One would naturally suppose it to be the abode of chills, fevers, and other diseases of a warm damp climate. There are two kinds of inhabitants that thrive exceedingly in the Dismal Swamp. Runaway negroes and musquitoes find a safe asylum in its dark recesses. The negro's skin is impervious to the bite of the ordinary musquito, but these "birds" that live in the Dismal Swamp have a proboscis that will pierce the hide of an ox. One can scarcely conceive of a more gloomy, sombre place than the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp." The animals are in keeping with the place. Huge bull-frogs, as large as a man's foot, with smaller specimens of the same genus, open a "grand concert" every night. Great indolent herons and other aquatic birds, too lazy to take a fish, unless he jumps out on the bank of his own accord, sit round on the trees. Dense swarms of musquitoes, ephemera and sand flies fill the air. At about sundown and after, all the animal life is in motion. Every throat is musical. The croaking of the bull-frogs, the buzzing of insects, cooing of turtle doves, and the sounds from a thousand musical instruments, pitched on as many different keys, make an assemblage of harmony and discord that defies description.

The vegetation of the "swamp" is more luxuriant than I have ever seen in any part of the world. The timber is pine, oak, sweet gum, black gum, holly, the beautiful tulip tree, now in blossom, the yucca, loaded down with its long festoons of moss, the mistletoe bough, in dark green bushes growing about on many different trees, with different kinds of timber that no one could give me the name of. Immense canebrakes, so thickly interwoven with vines that one might about as well attempt to walk through a brick wall as to force his way through. A canal is made through the swamp, and part of the way, it goes through the lake, and on its bank runs the stage road. Snakes, lizards, scorpions, chameleons, and other loathsome reptiles, abound in great numbers. Alligators are not found here. The captain of the steamboat "Star" said he was going up the Blackwater one day, and he came along where three men were in a boat fishing—they were a Carolinian, an Englishman, and a Frenchman. To avoid the steamer they went up under the bank, and as they hit some bushes near the shore, three or four moosean snakes fell down from the branches into the boat."

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Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.  
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.  
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.  
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.  
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.  
Farmington; Willard Curtis.  
Bath; J. B. Lambert.  
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.  
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.  
Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.  
Southington; Caleb Greene.  
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.  
Malta; Wm. Cope.  
Richfield; Jerome Hurlbert, Elijah Pozo Lodi; Dr. Still.  
Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis.  
Painesville; F. McGrew.  
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.  
Granger; L. Hill.  
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell.  
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.