Miscellaneous.

From Wolfert's Roost.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the garden of the Tuileries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavor of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom nursery maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly antirevolutional. He wore the three cornered cocked hat of the *ancient regime*; his hair was frizzled over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savoring of Bourbonism; and a *queue* stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his *devoirs* to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman.—There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favorable predisposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became a frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humored remark on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through the alley of the Tuileries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of everything. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the revolution and a number of bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbors having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a *louis* in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another, ate a solitary dinner on beefstake, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which, from its color, he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop house, and of the little mahogany-colored box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Everything looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre!

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchesta, what was his surprise to recognise an old friend and neighbor in the very act of extorting music from a huge violincello

As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped him on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friends advice he now turned to it as a means support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here, therefore, he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together they talked of France and of old times, and endeavored to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurant in the neighborhood of Leicester Square where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James' Park, and endeavored to fancy it the Tuileries: in short, they made a shift to accomodate themselves to everything but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into to it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hotel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; "it was but," as he said, "changing his bed. room up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house." His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favorable terms; among them was a favorite opera-dancer who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. She had been a *protegee* of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favorites who survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him: but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shrivelled little old woman, warped in the backed, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees; he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty, he made light of it, and, indeed, had a good-humored way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. "When I walked through these fine gardens," said he, "I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visiters, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Now, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me, I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole," said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good-humor, "when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune."

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them: but when it is once past, their natural bouyancy of feeling soon brings them to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found what I had considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

P. S.—There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, though splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gayety and benevolence of his countenance had fled; he had an eye full of care and anxiety.

I congratulated him on his good fortune. "Good fortune?" echoed he; "bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity."

Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency rertored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris, but is a repining attendant in the ante-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gayety: he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity and his case is desperate, for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man.

WHAT SAITH THE FOUNTAIN?

What saith the fountain,
Hid in the glade,
Where the tall mountain
Throweth its shade?

"Deep in my waters, reflected serene,
All the soft beauty of Heaven is seen;
Thus let thy bosom, from wild passions free,
Ever the mirror of purity be."

What saith the streamlet,
Flowing so bright,
Clear as a beamlet
Of silvery light?

"Morning and evening still floating along,
Upward forever ascendeth my song;
Be thou contented, what'er may befall,
Cheerful in knowing that God is o'er all."

What saith the river,
Majestic in flow,
Moving forever
Calmly and slow?

"Over my surface the great vessels glide,
Ocean-ward borne by my strong heaving tide;
Toil on, my brother, life vanisheth fast,
Labor unwearied, rest cometh at last."

What saith the ocean,
Boundless as night,
Ceaseless in motion,
Resistless in might?

"Fountain to streamlet, streamlet to river,
All in my bosom commingle forever;
Morning to noontide, noontide to night,
Soon will eternity veil thee from sight."

WILHELM.

From the Crayon, Feb. 28.

"OUR COINAGE."

The readers of the *Crayon* will find on another page an article, by an eminent sculptor, on the appearance of our national coins. It is high time to commence a crusade against the rude faces they pesent. There is probably no civilized nation whose coins are so unartistic as ours. Nay, we are sure that even those of China are more appropriately ornamented, since they do not pretend to anything beyond a significance, and that is complete. We aim at something artistic, and produce something that we haye never liked to show in other countries.

We well remember one day showing one of our gold coins to some of our fellow students in the school at Paris. One of them took it and looking at the head, remarked quietly, and as though he feared to mortify us, "it is not at all well modelled," and we were compeled to say, 'it is execrable.' The head is bad on all the coins, from the cent up, but it is better than the eagle, and that, still better than the full length of Liberty. The only tolerable device in use is, the denomination of the coin is enclosed in a wreath of laurel; though the significance of this we could never comprehend.

The imprint on a coin demands two things to make it complete in significance and acuracy of design. The coins of most European governments present on one side the coat of arms of the country and on the other, the head of the reigning sovereign. The former is traditional, and prescribes the traditional forms of all things represented—they are given for their meaning, not as artistic representations of the objects—and given with the same form and quaintness which they have borne for centuries, and which have become reverend from age and association. They are memoranda of the youth of the nation, inscribed with barbaric graphicality, and never to be modified or effaced.

Heraldry is a system of hieroglyphic writing, and Art proper has nothing whatever to do with it. If we leave heraldry proper, and make an ornamental design for a coin, we wok in subjection to the laws of taste, and that which we do is open to criticism as a work of art.

Our country has no antiquity whose heroic achievements are commorated by the hieroglyphic types of the college of heralds—it cannot of course have a heraldry, and to attempt to get up a coat of arms for the United States of America is simply absurd.

If we wish to adopt an emblem, it is very well, but let it be distinctly understood that heraldry has nothing to do with it, and that its representation must be in subjection to the laws of taste. We have chosen the eagle. Good! He is a noble bird, and properly represented, would make a beautiful medallion. The substitution of his head alone for that deformed figure labelled 'liberty' would be a good step, and in the hands of a good sculptor the bird would make a more brautiful coin face than any we know.

But *our* eagle is an ornithological curiosity—a sprawling, straddling, ungainly, graceless thing, which any school boy who had ever seen a bird of any kind should be ashamed to draw. It violates every law of anatomy and taste alike. There lies before us a half dollar of 1854, a late coinage. Will any man who is capable of seeing a difference between a golden pheasant and a Shanghai cock, look for one minute at the bird on that coin and then say that it does not offend him.

Turn it over! You have what is supposed to represent liberty—an effigy, but still not an heraldic one. We do not know where, or how, or by whom, it was designed—if indeed, it was designed at all, and did not come by chance—but we are sure that we could go into any French life school, and find a boy of sixteen who would furnish in half an hour, a bettter design than that in every respect. It is so badly drawn that it becomes perfectly ridiculous, and beneath criticism.

Why is this? It is not because there is not enough talent in the country to secure a good design. An expense of one thousand dollars would give us a complete set of designs which would make our coinage the most beautiful in the world—worthy of a poetic and peiteresque country. The dies and coining would cost no more than at present, and instead of the wretched things which greet us when we draw a coin from our pockets, we should see continually works of art—models which an aspiring young sculptor might emulate. It is an excellent point from which to begin a reform of national taste.

But what to do! Who governs these things? In England, and, we believe through Europe, a practical artist directs them, and the models for the coins are made by some of the first artists in the country; but here, we cannot even determine upon whom to charge these atrocities.

Can not we have a National Fine Art Commission, who shall suprintend not only this matter but the artistic interests at Washington—the ornamentation of our public buildings—the selection of pictures and statuary? It would cost nothing; for there are competent persons enough in the country who would willingly serve unpaid, and, even if they were well paid, the country would save by it in not being obliged to pay the ridiculous prices they have paid for some of the national acquisitions in the fine arts line. It is just as easy to have these things well done as badly done, and infinitely more profitable in the long run.

HOW STATUES ARE MADE.

"Dick Tint," the Florence correspondent of the of the N. Y. *Times*, writes that the inducement for American sculptors to remain in Italy—Powers, Hart, Crawford and others—is that they have constantly on hand more orders than they can execute, and employ numerous workmen at cheap wages. We quote:

"These workmen, who actually perform the whole or nine-tenths of the chiselling, cutting in marble what their employer sets before them in plaster, receive Italian wages, a small daily pittance. If taken to New York, they would at once triple and quadruple their Italian earnings, and would probably set up for themselves as carvers in a small way, or as decorators and ornamenters of churches and public buildings. The chisel is no longer the tool of the master sculptor—his instrument is an odd bit of stick, with which he scoops away at the figure in clay, or "at the end," as he will tell you himself. When finished, as nearly as such material can be, a mould is taken, and from that a cast in plaster. If necessary this coat is further finished and sand-papered, and is then handed over to the cutter, whose duty it is to execute an exact *fac simile* in marble. The sculptor proper may never touch this marble, and when he is told it is done, he is ready to deliver it to its owner. The workmen in Mr. Powers' studio have executed not far from forty Proserpines from the one plaster original composed by the master, and the Greek Slave has in the same way been produced three or four times. The best bust maker in Italy never touches the marble. He may suggest or order hair strokes here and there, but he does not handle the scraper himself. In all this the workman, though he may execute, unassistedly, the statue, the head, or the group, is no more the author of his work than is the clerk who copies the Prime Minister's rough draft, or the caligraphist who engrosses a set of resolutions. You can see how impossible it would be for sculptors, occupying and requiring in this way the work of many men to transport their studios to America."

DETERMINED.—A provincial Judge, who was a great bore in his way, called upon Bautru, wishing to see him. A valet announced him. "Tell him I am in bed." "Sir, he says he will wait until you are risen." "Tell him I am very ill." "He says he will prescribe some remedy." "Tell him I am at the last extremity." "He says he wishes to say adieu to you." "Tell him I am dead." He says he will sprinkle you with holy water." "Confound him, let, him in."—*France and Frenchman.*

THE LEVELLER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenc'd round by his "right divine;"
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe, red wine;
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he turneth a hungry note;
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread;
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes!
So the stream flows!
Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of the pearled bride;
The milkmaid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,
Sad songs on the cold hill-side.
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
Over the scholar who writes and starves by fits;
And the girl who her nightly needle plies,
Looks out for the summer of life—and dies!
So the world goes!
So the stream flows!
Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster.

"He wanted to know if you took ten from seventeen how many will remain; so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give 'em back."

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Coz, sur, he would *forget how many is left.*"

In the published report of the accounts of the town of Braintree, is found the following, under the head of Education and Reform: Books, $00.60; Two Cages, $40; Handcuffs, $3.

COMPANY.—No man can possibly improve in any Company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degreee of restraint.—*Chesterfield.*

DESTINY.—Our minds are as different as our faces; we are all travelling to one destination—Happiness; but few are going by the same road.—*Colon.*

Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To waft from Earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love,
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul. *Byron.*

Anti-Slavery.

HON. HENRY WILSON.

We have read with care Senator Wilson's speech on the bill to protect persons executing the Fugitive Slave Law from prosecution in State Courts, delivered in the U. S. Senate 23d last month. There has been a great deal said about this speech, and evidently, there has been much misunderstanding in reference to it. It was a matter of doubt as to what course Mr. Wilson would take in regard to the slavery question in Congress. It was half suspected that Know Nothingism had diluted his attachment to, and zeal for the Anti-Slavery cause. But for aught we see, Gen. Wilson of 1852, is Gen. Wilson of 1855. The speech is characteristic of the man. We think he has not disappointed his friends. True, his sentiments are not radical—they never were. He never took thorough ground on the slavery question. He acts only on the defensive—let me alone, and I will let you alone. In a word, Gen. Wilson is an Anti-Slavery man, but hardly yet an abolitionist. Hence he talks more about the past *aggressions* of slavery than about slavery itself. This is false ground. It is impolitic and dangerous. So long as we admit that slavery can be protected any where by law—that it may be legal in South Carolina and not in Nebraska—that we cannot, constitutionally, oppose slavery where it *does* exist, but only where it does *not*, just so long will our exertions be powerless and our speech-making ridiculous. Mr. Wilson denounces the Fugitive Slave Act, but adds that Massachusetts will fulfill her Constitutional obligations! We hope she will do so, but what are those obligations? Is Massachusetts under constitutional obligations to return fugitive slaves? Is she under constitutional obligations to send back to the hellish horrors of American Slavery her Thomas Simms and Anthony Burns? Mr. Wilson leaves the impression that such is her duty. He does not say that such is *not* her duty. We heartily wish he had. We wish he had told the Slave-power in Congress that no Free State in the Union was under the slightest obligation either to return or to yield up a single slave. Then he would have said something effective, essential, and true. But Massachusetts will not thank him for thus interpreting her legal obligations.

Mr. Wilson is a brave man, and a lion in his way. But let him come to treat slavery like any other piracy, as an illegality and a crime *everywhere*, which Civil Government and not only *may*, but is *bound* to suppress, then will he be strong and more capable of pressing his warfare against the system. But now, slaveholders sit by and listen to his fatal concessions in their favor with the keenest relish and approval. Says Mr. Wilson: "I have confidence in the fidelity of the people of Massachusetts. to the obligations imposed upon them by the Constitution of the U. S." 'That is satisfactory' says Benjamin of Louisiana. So it is—so long as slavery rules the Constitution and the Government. Mr. Wilson's political creed needs splicing a little. Time will mend it.—*True American.*

MERITED ENCOMIUM.—R. H. DANNA, Jr. Esq., in his argument in the case of Judge Loring, last week, paid a warm and generous tribute to that noble friend of the slave, and of all who are oppressed, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., which was alike honorable to the speaker, and to the distinguished gentleman to whom he referred. Mr. D. said—"The real reason why the removal of Judge Loring is asked for undoubtedly is, because he sent Anthony Burns into slavery. The gentleman who sits at my right, (MR. PHILLIPS,) with the habit of mind of a statesman, and the knowledge of a lawyer, has cast these reasons in a different form. It is in no ordinary sense of compliment that I say this; for I have regretted that he has not given to the Bar the illumination of those splendid talents which have won for him the admiration of the world:—I have regretted that he has not given to the Legislature the advantages of that eloquence and erudition, which, whenever he has an opportunity of presenting them before the public, are received with so much favor and respect; and while I respect—fully, thoroughly respect—the conscientiousness which has led him to say—"I will read the Constitution of the United States correctly, be the consequences what they may; and if that entails upon me retirement from the influence, the honors and emoluments, and, (what is of more consequence,) from the life of an intellectual man at the Bar, to which I was educated, retirement from the halls of legislation, and from all that is open to an honorable ambition, and from the opportunity to associate an honorable name with honorable achievements, I will surrender it all."—I again say, that it is in no ordinary sense of compliment between man and man that I speak of him as I have."—*Liberator.*

TROUT VS THEODORE PARKER'S HIGHER LAW.—On Saturday, one of our citizens who holds a berth in the Boston custom-house, before coming home bought a lot of fine trout for his Sunday dinner, making them into an official looking yellow-paper bundle; he took his dinner at a restaurant, sitting by the side of a strong fresoil senator, who had made up a similar bundle of good abolition documents for his Sunday feast. Our friend, on reaching home, delivered his bundle to the Hibernian damsel, with a charge to forthwith clean the contents.

With watering mouth and eager anticipation, he put his head into the kitchen to see how the work progressed, and there stood Biddy by the opened package, holding up three of Theodore Parker's sermons on the "higher law." "Sure, sir, them ain't trout," said she. "Good gracious, no!" groaned our friend, as he slowly became convinced that he had changed bundles in Boston with the abolition senator, and had brought away that which he regarded quite as scaly as his trout, but infinitely less digestible. As the senator had a great speech to prepare, we fear that the two bundles fell into mutually unappreciative hands, though the trout would much sooner commend themselves to the maw of a tyro, than would the sermons.

REPORTED ATTEMPT TO RESCUE A SLAVE.—We give below the particulars of a reported attempt to rescue a slave belonging to Lynn Boyd, on Saturday morning, at the St. Charles, which we obtained from a gentleman who stated that he was an eye witness. Upon applying to the proprietors we received no satisfaction.

The Hon. Lynn Boyd, wife and the colored nurse arrived by the night train of the Eastern Road, on Saturday morning, and proceeded to the St. Charles, where the servants made an attempt to rescue the girl. but were prevented by the crowd. Mr. Boyd we understand, had intended remaining several days in the city, but upon advice, for fear of further difficulties, proceeded immediately to the Cincinnati Packet *Pennsylvania*. He was followed by the rescuing party, who made another attempt to seize the girl as she was stepping upon the planks. Capt. Klinefelter, or one of the officers, drew a revolver, threatening to shoot the first one who offered to touch her, whereupon further efforts were abandoned.—*Pitts. Journal and Visiter.*

ENSLAVEMENT OF INDIANS.—Advices from Yucatan state that, on the 21st of December, there were in prison at Sisal forty Indians awaiting shipment on board the Mexican schooner Jacinta, for Havanna, where they were to be sold as slaves, and that one hundred and fifty more were in prison at Merida, and expected to arrive at Sisal to be shipped for Cuba on board the brig Antonita. The sum received by the Mexican government for the sale of two hundred Indians was $50,000, as appears by an official order from the Secretary on Foreign Relations. in which it also appears that the pretext is that the Indians were rebellious, and were captured in the war. Against this, however. they have made a solemn protest, averring that they were peceably, and took no part in the war.

The census returns of Mexico recently published, show that there are in that county 85 cities, 193 towns or large villages, 5,809 villages, 119 missions, &c. 170 haciendas, and 6,092 farms, &c.—The total population is stated at 7,853,395.

The sum paid by the Secretary of the Navy for the steamer City of Boston, to go on the Arctic expedition, was $50,000. The new light ship at Philadelphia is also to go on the expedition as soon as refitted.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO.

TERMS.—$1,50 per annum payable in advance. Or, $2,00 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 PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (16 lines) three weeks,	$1,00
" " Each additional insertion,	25
" " Six months,	4,00
" " One year,	6,00
Two Squares six months,	5,00
" " 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 for $3,00; six months, $2,00.

J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY BUGLE.

Adrian, Samuel Hayball,
Livonia, Harriet Fuller
Plymouth, Isaac N. Hedden,
Ypsilanti, Emeline DeGarmo,
" Samuel D. Moore,
Union City, John D. Zimmerman,
McRoy Grove, Tho's Fox,
Battle Creek, Phebe H. Merritt,
Bedford, Henry Cornell,
Farmington, Abram Powels,
Wolf Creek, Warren Gilbert,
West Unity, J. H. Richardson,
Ann Arbor, R. Glazier,
Edinburgh, Thomas C. Heighton.
Winchester, Indiana, Joseph Puckett.
Wm. Hern, Brightan, Indiana.
G. L. Gale, Northport, Indiana.

BLANK DEEDS, Mortgages, Judgment Notes, Executions and Summons for sale at this Office.

OHIO CULTIVATOR FOR 1855.

A REMEDY FOR "HARD TIMES."

The Eleventh Volume of the *Ohio Cultivator*, will commence Jan. 1st, 1855. The editors are resolved to spare no pains to maintain the reputation and usefulness of the paper; and with the benefit of ten years' experience, and much travel among the farmers of the West, they believe that they can make the Cultivator for the coming year of more value to its readers than ever before, and better adapted for the soil and climate, and productions of the region for which it is designed, than any other paper of the kind.

AS A REMEDY FOR "HARD TIMES," The Ohio Cultivator will aim to impart knowledge of improved methods of cultivation, how to avoid losses by drouth, injurious insects, &c., the most profitable kinds of crops, best breeds of stock, condition and prospects of the markets, &c. In short, the paper will be devoted to the interests of the FARM, the SHOP, and the FIRESIDE, and seek the elevation of Labor in all its legitimate interests; opposing quackery and humbug in all their forms, and filling the noble station of a true HOME PAPER OF THE WEST.

The Ohio Cultivator is published on the 1st and 15th of every month—16 large octavo pages, with title page and index at the end of the year, making a volume of 384 pages for binding.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions $1 a year. Four copies for $3. Nine copies for $6; and the same price (66⅔ cents each) for any larger number. All subscriptions to be paid in advance, and to commence with the year. Persons sending Clubs, may have them directed to different offices if they choose; and those having sent a smaller number, may afterwards increase to nine, or more, at the Club rates. To any person sending us a Club of Nine Subscribers and $6, we will send, as a premium, a Package of Choice Seeds, nine or more varieties, post paid, or a complete Volume for any previous year, in paper cover. Address

BATEHAM & HARRIS,
Columbus, Ohio.

GOOD BOOKS BY MAIL.

PUBLISHED BY

FOWLERS & WELLS,

308 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

In order to accommodate "The People" residing in all parts of the United States, the Publishers will forward by return of the first mail, any book named in the following list. The postage will be pre-paid by them at the New York office. By this arrangement of pre-paying postage in advance, fifty per cent. is saved to the purchaser. All letters containing orders should be post-paid, and directed as follows:

FOWLERS & WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

Constitution of Man. By George Combe. The only authorized American Edition. With twenty Engravings, and a Portrait of the Author. Price, Muslin, 87 cents.

Defence of Phrenology. Containing an Essay on the Nature and Value of Phrenological Evidence; also, an able Vindication of Phrenology. By Boardman. Price, 87 cents.

Domestic Life. Thoughts on its Concord and Discord, with Valuable Hints and Suggestions. By N. Sizer. 15 cents.

Education: its Elementery Principles founded on the Nature of Man. By J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. With an Appendix, containing a Description of the Temperaments, and an Analysis of the Phrenological Faculties. 87 cents.

We regard this volume as the most valuable that has been offered to the public for many years.—*Boston Med. and Sur. Journal.*

Leotures on Phrenology. By George Combe, With Notes, an Essay on the Phrenological Mode of Phrenological Investigation, and an Historical Sketch. By Dr. Boardman. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Marriage: its History and Philosophy. A Phrenological and Physiological Exposition of the Functions and Qualifications necessary for Happy Marriages. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Memory and Intellectual Improvement: applied to Self-Education and Juvenile Instruction. Twentieth Edition. Illustrated. 87 cents.

Matrimony: or, phrenology and physiology applied to the Selection of Congenial Companions for Life; including Directions to the Married for living together Affectionately and Happily. 30 cents.

Phrenology Proved, Illustrated and Applied; accompanied by a Chart, embracing an Analysis of the Primary Mental Powers in their various Degrees of Development, the Phenomena produced by their combined Activity, and the Location of the Physiological Organs. Together with a View of the Moral and Theological Bearing of the Sciences. $1,25.

Phrenological Almanack. With Portrait. 6 cts.

Phrenology and the Scriptures. An Able, though small work. By Rev. John Pierpont. Price, 12 cents.

phrenological Guide. Designed for Students of their own Characters. 15 cts.

Self-Culture and perfection of Character; including the Education and Management of Youth. 87 cents.

"Self-made or never made," is the motto. No individual can read a page of it without being improved thereby.—*Com. School Advocate.*

Self-Instructor in Phrenology and physiology. Illustrated with One Hundred Engravings; including a Chart for recording the various Degrees of Development. By O. S. and L. N. Fowler. Price in paper, 30 cents; Muslin, 50 cents.

Accidents and Emergencies: A Guide containing Directions for Treatment in Bleeding, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Broken-Bones, Dislocations, Railway and Steamboat Accidents, Burns and Scalds, Bites of Mad Dogs, Cholera, Injured Eyes, Choking, Poison, Sun-Stroke, Lightning, Drowning, etc., etc. Appendix by Dr. Trall. 15 cents.

Bulwer, Forbes and Houghton on the Water-Treatment. A Compilation of Papers and Lectures on the subject of Hygiene and Hydropathy Edited by Houghton. $1,25.

Consumption: its Prevention and Cure by the Water Treatment. With Advice concerning Hemorrhage of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Sore Throat. By Dr. Shew. 87 cents.

Domestic practice of Hydopathy, with a Form of a Report for the Assistance of Patients in consulting their Physicians by Correspondence. By Ed. Johnson, M. D. $1,50.

Errors of Physicians and others in the practice of the Water-Cure. By J. H. Rausse. From the German. 30 cts.

Hydropathic Family Physician. A Ready Prescriber and Hygiene Adviser, with reference to the Nature, Causes, Prevention and Treatment of Diseases, Accidents, and Casualties of every kind; with a Glossary, Table of Contents, and Index. Illustrated with nearly Three Hundred Engravings. By Joel Shew, M. D. One large volume of 820 pages, substantially bound. Price prepaid by mail, $2,50.

Hydropathic Encyclopædia; a system of Hydropathy and Hygiene. Containing Outlines of Anatomy, Physiology of the Human Body, Hygienic Agencies, and the Preservation of Health, Dietetics, and Hydropathic Cookery, Theory and Practice of Water-treatment, Special Pathology, and Hydro-Therapeutics, including the Nature, Causes, Symptoms and Treatment of all known Diseases, application of Hydropathy to Midwifery and the Nursery. Designed as a Guide to Families and Students, and a Text Book for Physicians. By R. T. Trall, M. D. Illustrated with upwards of Three Hundred Engravings and Colored Plates. Substantially bound. Prepaid by mail $3,00.

This is the most comprehensive and popular work yet published on the subject of Hydropathy. Of all the publications which have attained such a wide popularity, as published by Fowlers and Wells, perhaps none are more adapted to general utility than this rich, comprehensive and well-arranged Encyclopædia.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Practice of Water-Cure. Containing a detailed account of the various processes uses in the Water-Treatment, etc. By Wilson and Gully. 30 cents.

Philosophy of Water-Cure. A Development of the True principles of Health and Longevity. By Balbirnie. 30 cts.

New Hydropathic Cook Book. By R. T. Trall, M. D. A System of Cookery on Hydropathic principles, containing an Exposition of the True Relations of all Alimentary Substances to Health, with Plain Receipts for preparing all appropriate Dishes for Hydropathic Establishments, Vegetarian Boarding Houses, Private Families, etc., etc. It is the Cook's Complete Guide for all who "eat to live." Paper, 62 cts; Muslin, 87 cts.

Science of Swimming. With Instructions to Learners. Illustrated. 15 cts.

Water-Cure in America. Over Three Hundred Cases of Various Diseases treated with Water. With Cases of Domestic Practice. $1,25.

Water-Cure applied to every known Disease. A New Theory. A complete Demonstration of the Advantages of the Hydropathic System of curing diseases, showing also the fallacy of the Allopathic Method, and its utter inability to effect a permanent cure. With Appendix, containing Hydropathic Diet, and Rules for Bathing. By Rausse. 87 cts.

Water-Cure Manual. A Popular Work, embracing Descriptions of the Various Modes of Bathing, the Hygienic and Curative Effects of Air, Exercise, Clothing, Occupation, Diet, Water-Drinking, etc. Together with Descriptions of Diseases, and the Hydropathic Remedies. By Dr Shew. 87 cts.

Water-Cure Almanack. Illustrated. 6 cts.

Combe's Physiology. Applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the improvement of Physical and Mental Education. With Notes by O. S. Fowler. 87 cts.

Chronic Diseases; especially the Nervous Diseases of Women. By D. Rosch. From the German. 30 cts.

Digestion, Physiology of. Considered with Relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By Combe. Illustrated. 30 cts.

Food and Diet. With observations on the Dietetic Regimen suited to disordered States of the Digestive Organs, and an account of the Dietaries of some of the principal Metropolitan and other establishments for Paupers, Lunatics, Criminals, Children, the Sick, etc. By Pereira. Price, $1,25.

Kansas: Embracing descriptions of Scenery, Climate, Productions, Soil, and Resources of the Territory, interspersed with incidents of adventure and Anecdotes of travel. By Max Greene. 30 cts.

Hereditary Descent: its Laws and Facts applied to Human Government. By O. S. Fowler. 87 cents.

Maternity; or, the Bearing and Nursing of Children, including Female Education. By O. S. Fowler. With Illustrations 87 cts.

Natural Laws of Man. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. An Important work. 30 cts.

Physiology, Animal and Mental. Applied to the preservation and restoration of health of body and power of Mind. Illustrated. Price, 87 cents.

Sober and Temperate Life. Discourses and Letters and Biography of Louis Kornaro. Price, 30 cents.

Tobacco. Three Prize Essays by Drs. Trall, Shew, and Baldwin. 15 cts.

Teeth: their Structure, Disease and Treatment, with numerous illustrations. 15 cts.

Future of Nations: in what consists its Security. A Lecture. By Kossuth. With a Likeness. 12 cents.

What the Sister Arts Teach as to Farming. An Address. By Horace Greeley. 12 cts.

True Basis of American Independence. An Address. By Hon. Wm. H. Seward. 12 cts.

Labor: its History and Prospects. By Robert Dale Owen. 30 cents.

Hints towards Reforms. Consisting of Lectures, Essays, Addresses, and other Writings. Second Edition. Enlarged. By Horace Greeley. $1,25.

Hopes and Helps for the Young of Both Sexes Relating to the Formation of Character, Choice of Avocation, Health, Amusement, Music, Conversation, Cultivation of Intellect, Moral Sentiments, Social Affections, Courtship and Marriage. By Rev. G. S. Weaver. 87 cts.

Human Rights, and their Political Gurantees. By Judge Hurlbut. With Notes, by G. Combe 87 cts.

Homes for All. A New, Cheap, Convenient and Superior Mode of Building, containing full Directions for constructing Gravel Walls. With Views, Plans, and Engraved Illustrations. New Edition. Revised and enlarged. Price, 87 cents.

Theory of Population. Deduced from the General Law of Animal Fertility. Introduction by Dr. Trall. 15 cts.

Woman, her Education and Influence. By Mrs. Hugo Reed. With an Introduction by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. With Portraits. 87 cents.

Either of these works may be ordered and received by return of the first mail, postage prepaid by the Publishers. Please inclose the amount in bank notes or postage stamps, and address all orders, postpaid, to

FOWLERS & WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—Name your Post Office, County, and State.

Editors or Publishers copying the above list a few times, will be entitled to a copy of each work advertised.