THE BUGLE.

The New Costume.

We are compelled to believe, that for once fashion, is about to do a sensible thing. We have been a silent, but deeply interested spectator of the progress of the proposed change in Female dress. We have been silent, because the work has been assumed by those and those only capable of its accomplishment. Had reformers commenced its advocacy on the ground of physiological and moral necessity, years could not have secured the co-operation of the press, as weeks have done under the influences, that are now bearing onward this reform. The wealth and fashion of the country have commenced the work. We presume that the desired perfection of costume is not yet attained, either in regard to convenience—comfort or elegance. But from the despotic throne of fashion the mandate has been issued for *change*—and the intelligence and good sense that now pervades the community—that now points woman to a broader sphere and a nobler destiny than any to which her sex has before aspired—will perfect the work. Woman in assuming, as she is now about to do, her individuality and responsibility in all the organizations of society, will naturally and of necessity drop the badges and clogs appropriate to her past dependent position.—That our readers may known what is doing and the valid reason for change, we copy the following articles. The first is from a southern correspondent of the Home Journal the organ and vehicle of New York fashion.

GENTLEMEN—You have so kindly interested yourselves in our favor, and so encouraged, in your able manner, the contemplated change in ladies' dress, that I *must* thank you. I am interested in the subject, too. I *adore* Turkish trousers. I am so anxious to don my tonic and trousers, though rather *afraid* yet, that I must beg you to throw all your learning, eloquence, refinement, and taste on our side. Will you? We Southerners have such pretty feet—you know our feet are celebrated—that I really think, if there is any justice in Fashion, our time is coming. I should cry out, Liberty! if I were free of my long, embarrassing, always-in-the-way skirts. You can easily imagine their inconvenience. Just fancy your feet eternally enveloped in costly, voluminous folds, from which there is no escape, by any known manœuvre. Imagine a long flight of steps to ascend, or a horse running away with you, or your carriage in danger, how on earth could you ascend the steps without stepping on your dress? or spring from your horse without being caught, or hung, or clear the carriage without being disgracefully tripped up? But the inconveniences of this fashion, which we have borne so patiently, do not stop here. You find walking, riding, and jumping, attended with so many dangers—do try sitting, if you please. You may fancy that you can, at least, sit in peace; but your troubles do not cease with locomotion. You draw a chair, and your skirts are spread around you, as usual, carpeting the floor with rich brocades or gossimer tissues, of costly patterns and delicate hues. People,—and perhaps children,—are tramping around you, and on your robes, of course. You rise—somebody's chair is on the hem of your beautiful dress; and what a bit is taken out! Thus not only our purses, but our tempers suffer. These are not half the evils I could enumerate. They produce a feeling of dependence, and all elasticity is stifled. Thus encumbered, your friends, the ladies, are debarred all healthful exercise; there is no clear-footed springing; no bounding; no lightness and ease; but ever the same slow, stately, careful step, and uneasy, cumbrous, draggled, muddy, dusty feeling! Do you not perceive, my dear gentlemen, that our feet are as useless as though we were all Chinese? Do you not see that our limbs are fettered; our tempers certainly not improved; and all activity shamefully discouraged by this fashion, under which we have been groaning for years? Now, the bare idea of delicate ladies dressing out in pantaloons like men, is *horribly* repulsive. They step over barriers from which true modesty shrinks; but a short, full, richly-bordered skirt, and tight boddice, with the Turkish trousers, and perhaps glittering anklets, forms a costume really pleasant to the eye, and both girlish and graceful. There is nothing masculine in this dress; on the contrary, it is light, becoming and delicate. No body could object to so picturesque a costume.—Squeamish old maids and grandmothers, need not adopt it, any more than they would short sleeves and infant waists, (which are yet so graceful for the young lady in her teens.) But, for the young, sloe-eyed, lithe-limbed fairy-footed Southerner, how charming it would be! Are not Houris and the idols of the Harem thus robed? Do speak up for us.

Your constant reader,
VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Oakes Smith whose brilliant talents have commanded the respect of all classes, and given her position the highest, recently delivered a lecture on the subject, in N. Y. city. The following is an extract:

This movement is not one for the lower or the higher class. I recognize no higher and no lower class in this country—no upper-tendom, if by that is meant the aristocracy of money. God forbid! Among those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, there are many large-souled, high-minded women, who would put to shame the gorgeously attired, mindless puppets of fashionable life. Wealth is more vulgarizing than poverty; how else will we account for the rude chewing, the undaunted gaze, and unwomanly retort from beings favored with a large share of this world's blessings?

Some would retain the present costume, merely because they dislike innovations. The same persons in bye-gone days would have clung to the fashion then prevailing, to the hoop, which should be tilted on one side to allow the owner to get into a pew—to the battlemented towers that defended the head and made coquetry dangerous, if not terrible and to the thousand other monstrosities that fashion has stamped with her approbation. Even in our own days we have seen women sailing before the wind like a ship with all her canvass spread, and a good sized balloon on each arm. These have passed away, but not the diseases they engendered; many suffer from the effects still, voluntary martyrs—but, if we will be martyrs, let us be so in a great cause, and not die martyrs to hooks and bottoms.

When Lady Wortley Montague visited the Turkish ladies, they imagined her corsets to be a cruel punishment invented by her husband, and pitied her sincerely. We have no such excuse; we cannot shelter ourselves behind such a pretext; we are self immolated, sacrificing life and health, and beauty, becoming dull and vapid, languid and listless because fashion gives command—clinging to externals when inward beauty is gone, as men cling to the altar when religion is growing cold, and grasp at conventionalities when feeling has departed. We should have a different style of dress for different periods of life, and different characters. Let us take a hint from nature. The modest dove is denied the glorious plumage of the peacock, the lamb has not the lion's strength, and the agile bounding deer has not the same covering as the sleek serpent.

I have seen a dark browed woman sink into inanity, in a dress suited to a blonde, when she should have appeared in the daring, dashing, half masculine style suited to her. Some should be severely simple, and others oriental in their style; but all should permit a freer, fuller expansion. The mind becomes cramped when the body is so; the world would never have been subdued by a Napoleon cased in whalebone, or a Milton have written "Paradise Lost" in a tight bonnet. Let the mind be developed, the faculties improved, the intellect cultivated, and the heart and feelings disciplined, and then, having performed all our duties, having been true to all our responsibilities, we may at last, "like one, who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, lie down to pleasant dreams."

Mrs. Nichols, the Editor of the Windham Co. Democrat, one of the ablest and best papers of its class, we receive, writes the following:

THE NEW FASHION FOR LADIES' DRESSES.—The gentlemen editors are, with one or two exceptions, exceedingly taken with the Turkish costume which seems to have appeared nearly simultaneously in the principal inland cities and villages of the Eastern and Western States. The exceptions—only two to our knowledge—will have it that the women, in assuming the new dress, are encroaching upon man's prerogative—assuming "men's apparel!" Such an assertion is particularly amusing, since the dress—short skits and full pantalets—has been worn for years by the misses of all nations in Christendom, and by all the women of the Turkish nation from time immemorial. We never saw or heard of any man, or set of men, wearing petticoats and pantalets; and we reckon the gentlemen who call the dress a masculine habit, would be the last to be caught in it. They would create a greater sensation in our streets in such a rig, than the ladies have been able to excite in their fertile imaginations. As many inches cut from the tops of ladies' dresses, under the sanction of French milliners, has passed muster with these sensitive gentlemen too long, to make their extreme anxiety for female modesty anything but ridiculous.

The change in dress has resulted solely from that general dissemination of physiological information which has startled the sex into a consciousness that the present fashions of dress are a general and fearful cause of impaired physical energies, disease, and premature death. Better that women have courage to look like frights—which, however, is not a necessary alternative—and secure to themselves and posterity the health that secures cheerfulness, vigor and courage, than be the nervous, helpless, miserable cumberers of the ground which many are, and nearly all are becoming, by a slavish submission to self-imposed restrictions in dress, and indulgence in diet.

A majority of our very best exchanges have nobly spoken in encouragement of a reform in dress, looking to health and comfort. For ourself, we would not cut a single inch from our skirts simply for convenience sake, while there is the least danger that by so doing we might cut away an iota of the influence which we have or may win, to carry forward reforms vital to health and an improved morality. As we would not expose our *good* to be a stumbling block to the evil, nor get so far in advance of the age, that we can't lend a helping hand to tow it ahead; so while length of skirts is identified with the idea of womanly delicacy to any class of persons we desire to influence, we shall submit, as we have done, to the inconvenience of holding up our skirts from the mud, stepping on them when we go up stairs, and having them stepped on by those behind when we come down. We hope, however, the ladies will go ahead in every improvement promising comfort and health. We shall fight for waists, short, loose, and without points; at all events, with a large abatement in the weight of skirts. As for *leading* in the fashion, we never did attempt it; and hitherto have *followed* only afar off, and with a great amount of *seeming*.

Anecdote of Children.

Those who love these "latest arrivals" from Heaven as much as we do, will like to hear a little story that made us laugh a moment ago:—Of the two children of a clergyman in this city, a boy and a girl, the characters are very different. The boy is very serious, and is fond of pouring out his thoughts in his prayers, usually going into a detailed confession, on his knees, of all that has occurred to him during the day. The girl is younger and somewhat wilder. An evening or two since, the boy (John) was saying his prayers, and giving an enumeration of all the sins of his sister which he wanted forgiven. After listening patiently for some time to the list of naughty things she had done since morning, the little girl interrupted him, with "Now, Johnny, you stop! Let pood God alone!" This is a comment on the "burthen" of many prayers, which we do not think should be thrown away.—*Home Journal.*

GENERALITIES AND PENSONALITIES—*In What Consists the Differences?*—Molliere's "Tartuffe" was withdrawn from the stage, after a few representations, and its performance interdicted by authority. The Tartuffe contained some severe satires on the clerical profession. At this time, a very profane farce had an unmolested run. Louis XIV expressed some astonishment at this, and asked the Prince of Conde to explain. 'Sire,' said he, 'the Tartuffe attacks the priests; while the farce only aims at religion.'—*Com. Journal.*

Women's Rights Convention.

Sojourner Truth.

One of the most unique and interesting speeches of the Convention was made by Sojourner Truth, an emancipated slave. It is impossible to transfer it to paper, or convey an adequate idea of the effect it produced upon the audience. Those only can appreciate it who saw her powerful form, her whole-souled, earnest gestures, and listened to her strong and truthful tones. She came forward to the platform and addressing the President said with great simplicity:

May I say a few words? Receiving an affirmative answer, she proceeded; I want to say a few words about this matter. I am a woman's rights. I have as much muscle as any man and can do as much work as any man. I have plowed and reaped and husked and chopped and mowed, and can any man do more than that? I have heard much about the sexes being equal; I can carry as much as any man, and can eat as much too, if I can get it. I am as strong as any man that is now. As for intellect, all I can say is, if woman have a pint and man a quart—why cant she have her little pint full? You need not be afraid to give us our rights for fear we will take too much,—for we cant take more than our pint'll hold. The poor men seem to be all in confusion, and dont know what to do. Why children, if you have woman's rights give it to her and you will feel better. You will have your own rights, and they wont be so much trouble. I cant read, but I can hear. I have heard the bible and have learned that Eve caused man to sin. Well if woman upset the world, do give her a chance to set it right side up again. The Lady has spoken about Jesus, how he never spurned woman from him, and she was right. When Lazarus died, Mary and Martha came to him with faith and love and besought him to raise their brother. And Jesus wept—and Lazarus came forth. And how came Jesus into the world? Through God who created him and woman who bore him. Man, where is your part? But the women are coming up blessed be God and a few of the men are coming up with them. But man is in a tight place, the poor slave is on him, woman is coming on him, and he is surely between a hawk and a buzzard.

For the Woman's Rights Convention.

A POEM.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

God made all equal, guilty man
Hath placed his foot on Woman's neck,
And bade her tremble 'neath his ban
And follow at his beck.
To-day on European ground
She lives, companion of the beast
With hardened hands and brow sun browned
First at toil's never ceasing round
And latest at the feast.
Among the countless tribes that roam,
In Christian temple—Arab tent
In Russian hut or Wigwam home,
Her neck unto the yoke is bent,
Man with his ruthless foot hath trod
Careless upon the treasure given,
Annulled the equal law of God
The good decree of Heaven.

For this we summon here to day
Amid the scorner's taunts and mirth,
The best of Freedom's bright array,
The purest, warmest, hearts of Earth.
Come ye to us with spotless hands,
With thoughts of flame, with fearless tongues;
Speak the stern words which truth demands
Of Woman's rights and wrongs.

Come from New England's rocky shore
Where the Pilgrim mothers stood,
Come from the settlers cabin door
Beneath the western wood,
Come forth from out the rich man's mill
Where Want's poor daughters toil for bread,
Where Life hath lost its power to thrill
The sickened heart and aching head;
Where avarice freely may despoil
All that God's mercy deigned to give,
Where Woman liveth but to toil
And toileth but to live.
Ye spirits of the wearied hands,
Come from your spectre dwellings forth
And point with pale and shadowy hands
To the full grave yards of the North,
Where lay the forms uncounted yet,
Poor murdered victims of the Loom;
Whose sun in early morning set
Between the Factory and the tomb.
Speak for our sisters sad, who now
In City garrets, dark and dim,
With trembling hands and pallid brow
Weary heart and aching limb
Are toiling for their scanty bread
With horror's midnight hanging o'er them,
Or hasting the dark path to tread
Of guilt and shame before them.
In pity let us seek each den
Where Sin its foulest work hath wrought
The sad and guilty Magdalen
Like Jesus Christ forgetting not,
And pray the mercy of high Heaven
On guilt before *Starvation* driven!

Hark! from the slave land cometh up
The cry of sisters bruised and chanled,
Whose lips still drain the bittter cup
Of wrongs, tongue hath not named.
God heal their wounds! let their poor hands
Take hold on mercy's garment hem.
Our souls are heavy with their bands
O heart of hearts, remember them!

Often to base ambition's call
The arm of Power hath torn away,
Husbands and children, brothers—all
That lighted up life's wintry day,
And battle ground and foaming flood
Been crimsoned with their priceless blood.
The prowling wolf and vulture fed,
Sweetly, upon the butchered dead,
The surface of the sunlit earth
Is whitened with their bleeching bones
And children weep beside the hearth
And starve in desolated homes.

E'en now the widowed mother's cry
Upon the air is passing by.
O! all ye sad and broken hearted
Who wither 'neath the tyrant's frown
O! all ye souls of the departed
O! blighted, wronged and trodden down—
Bear ye your witness here to day.
To God we make our stern appeal
Against oppression's boundless sway
And Mammon's heart of steel!

Yet Courage! though mid shadows going
The world moves darkly on its way,
On the far hills a light is glowing,
Bright herald of a better day.
We trust in Truth, and yet shall see
Proud Wrong into Oblivion hurled,
The human race shall *all* be free,
War's bloody banner shall be furled,
Where sorrow dwelt there shall be light
The Earth like Heaven shall know no night
And God shall rule the world!

From The New York Independent.

Case of the People vs. Saul.

BY REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER.

One of the most instructive instances of disobedience to inhuman and unrighteous law, is to be found in the case of the People vs. Saul, in behalf of Jonathan. The popular adjudication of this case, simply by united moral power, and the peaceful victory of equity over unrighteous law, are recorded in the 14th chapter of the 1st book of Samuel. The monarch had commanded that throughout the day of battle, no food should be eaten till the evening. Jonathan heard not when his father charged the people with this oath; and when they encountered a quantity of honey in their march, he put forth his hand and eat of it; and when the people informed him of the curse, then said Jonathan, *My father hath troubled the land.* Nevertheless, thus far, though the exaction was severe and injurious, the people obeyed, each one patiently enduring for himself the personal inconvenience.

But when it came to an *immorality* required of them, or to their consent demanded to an act of injustice and cruelty against an innocent person, they unitedly and resolutely refused obedience. When an inquest was held as to the proceedings of the day, then the King swore a great oath, that in whosoever the sin had been found that day, though it were in Jonathan himself, he should surely die. But there was not a man among all the people who answered him. They only said, in calm determination, Go on with thy trial as seemeth good unto thee. So when the truth was known, Saul answered, God *do so, and more also, for thou shalt surely die, Jonathan.*

But now was the people's turn; and with as united and resolute a personal *disobedience,* when this inhumanity was required of them, as the patient *obedience* which they had exercised when the thing required of them was simply their own abstinence from food, they declared, one and all, that this should not be. As they had abstained from food in obeying the King's commandment, so now they would abstain from sin against God, and *disobey* it. It was a plain case of law against morality, and morality against law. 'And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who has wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid! As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. *So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not.*'

Now this is not a mere common case of disobedience to a civil statute, but it was flat, downright, peaceable mutiny. It was a martial law as well as civil, under which they were held at Saul's supreme command, both as King and General; but, if in any particular, Saul commanded what was unjust before God, their duty was to disobey it. Every one of them, without exception, proving faithful to God, Saul could do nothing at all with them. He could not find a single individual to execute his unjust command; and this being the case, seeing so calm, universal, and resolute a disobedience, he dared not attempt to execute it himself. The people needed nothing in such a case, for victory of the right, but simple disobedience to the wrong. No violence was requisite, nor any appeal to it. Their united will was enough to make the execution of the mandate of the tyrant impossible. It was a peaceful, triumphant victory, of *equity* over *unrighteous* Law, by simple *disobedience,* by simply refusing to obey man when he required that which was contrary to God.

Now if this spirit everywhere prevailed, if it were well known that men would not *obey* unjust law, and that men's consciences could not be bought or corrupted, to be instruments in executing it, such a thing as unjust law would soon cease out of existence. The most tyrannical government would be shorn of its power; for even Nero could not have imprisoned or beheaded the whole people of Rome, supposing they all, to a man, disobeyed an unrighteous edict. Simple disobedience, for conscience-sake, when it becomes general, palsies the arm of unrighteous power. It is the most perfect security of liberty. It is better than millions of soldiers, stronger than ten thousand navies.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE BEATEN.—Dr. Duff, in his speech at the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission Society in London, thus described one of the heathen temples of India:

"In Seringham you have the hugest heathen temple that can be found from the North to the South pole. It is a square, each side being a mile in length, so that is four miles around. Talk of your Crystal Palace! Why, as a man would put a penny in his pocket, you might put your Crystal Palace into the pocket of this huge pagoda. The walls are 25 feet high, and 4 or 5 feet thick, and in the centre of each wall rises a lofty tower. Entering the first square you come to another with a wall as high, and four more towers. Within that square is another, and within that again there is another—crowded by thousands of Brahmins. The great hall for pilgrims is supported by a thousand pillars, each cut out of a single block of stone."

A FEW weeks ago, a sweet little girl in New Haven, only three years old, was promised one evening that she should accompany her parents to Boston the next morning.—She was much elated at the prospect of the journey, and when she had finished repeating her little prayer, as she laid down to sleep, she said with exquisite simplicity, Good bye, God—Good bye, Jesus Christ—I am going to Boston in the morning.

Anatomy, Physiology and Medicine.

The subscriber would respectfully announce that he is supplied with an increased number of superior facilities—having recently made new purchases—for demonstrating the subjects pertaining to the science of medicine; having a fine *French Obstetrical Manikin*; Skeletons, Dried Preparations; Life sized, and hundreds of other Anatomical Plates; a collection of the most approved colored plates for illustrating medical botany, large supply of Surgical instruments and plates and splendid pathalogical illustrations, besides a well selected modern library containing works on all the various branches, affording an opportunity of no ordinary character to ladies and gentlemen for speedily and thoroughly acquiring such information.

It being my design to continue to teach, it shall be as heretofore, no less my pleasure than desire to make all the instructions and demonstrations practical.

Those intending to study medicine would do well to commence at an early period.

The term for Anatomy and Physiolgy will, as usual commence on the first Monday of October. K. G. THOMAS.

MARLBORO, May 5, 1851.

N. B. Being desirous to dispose of my property I will sell on very reasonable terms.

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This Company was organized, and commenced issuing Policies the first of May, 1850.

And, although it has been in operation but about eight months, we are able to report as follows:

Whole number of Policies issued,		2,000
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" " of losses,		760
Balance of Cash Premiums above losses,		5,131

From the above it will be seen that we already number more members than most of the Mutual Insurance Companies that have been in operation for the last ten years, and have more Cash on hand than any other Company in the State on so small an amount of risk. The astonishing success with which this Company has met is good evidence that it is one of the best institutions in the country; and it is believed that it stands unrivalled for liberality and fair dealing.

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AARON DAY,

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☞ The whole requiring but a very few moments. Will other Gentlemen in the same fix as the youth refered to, call and do likewise?

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For terms of Sale, and other particulars apply to James Barnaby, Salem, O.

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Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

With Razors sharp, and chairs that's easy—
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Give us a trial with our shampooing stuff,
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Aug. 1, 8 mo., 1850.

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WE have about 1500 copies of our selection of Anti-Slavery Songs on hand, which we will sell Wholesale and Retail; orders from a distance shall be promptly attended to.

Aug. 10, 1850.] I. TRESCOTT, & Co.

Dental Surgery.

J. W. WALKER, would announce to his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute all work in the above profession, that may be intrusted to him.

New Lyme, Aug. 17th, 1850.

The Young Abolitionists!

OR Conversations on Slavery—By J. Elizabeth Jones. We have purchased the edition of this book and can supply such as may wish to purchase at wholesale. Those in paper can be sent by mail, price 20 cts., Muslin 25 cts., per copy. I. TRESCOTT, Co.

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August 10, 1850.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS

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Continue to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

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

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

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

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