

POETRY.

WORDS TO THE SOUTH.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

On rolls the soul of Liberty
With a deep resistless tide,
From a million brave hearts swelling up,
And pouring far and wide.

There is no breeze that flutters
The leaflets of your vines,
No wave in all your river-paths,
No cloud above your pines.

And of the cloud-like shadow
Of Freedom's Angel-wing,
The bird-notes of her songs of hope,
O'er the chained and sorrowing;

A million hearts are sending
Their life-pulse through her soul,
That with ever deepening volume now
Seeks river-like its goal.

The warriors of Oppression
Have ever shone alone,
Whether conquered or victorious,
On the gibbet, or a throne;

Ye may gird our living Martyrs
With iron and with stone,
And 'bar them the sweet visitings
Of the blessed air and sun;

Then light the blazing furnace,
And heat the hissing brand;
The flames which ye have kindled there
Shall fire the indignant land;

Now pass it, "The Slave's Saviour!"
Our watchword, through the land;
And be our "oriflamme" henceforth,
The Freeman's BRANDED HAND!

And think ye, blinded Southrons,
Your holds are danger-proof?
See, how beneath your weaver's hand,
Grows fast the fatal woof!

Intermittent kindness.—The Quincy Aurora
relates the following instance of mistaken kind-
ness in a parent.

Look not mournfully upon the Past, it comes
not back again. Wisely improve the Present.
It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy fu-
ture without fear, and with a manly heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LENT HALF DOLLAR.

BY REV. J. ALLEN D. D.

"What are you crying for?" said Arthur to
a little ragged boy that he overtook on his
way home from the village school. There
was something in the kind of crying that led
Arthur to think that there was some serious
cause for it.

"I'm hungry," said the boy, "and I can't
get nothing to eat."
He don't go to our school, or he would
have said get anything to eat. But Arthur
did not stop to criticise his language.

"Come with me, and I'll get you some-
thing," Arthur turned back, and the boy fol-
lowed him. He had a few cents in his pocket,
just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of
bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him
he would go home with him. The boy took
the loaf, and though he did not break it, he
looked at it so wistfully, that Arthur took his
knife and cut off a piece and gave it to him
to eat; he ate in a manner that showed that
he had not deceived Arthur when he told him
he was hungry. The tears came into Ar-
thur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry
bread with such eagerness. He remember-
ed, with some self-reproach, that he had some-
times complained when he had nothing but
bread and butter for tea. On their way to the
boy's home, Arthur learned that the family
had moved into the place about a week be-
fore; that his mother was taken sick the day
after they came, and was unable to leave her
bed; that there was two children younger than
himself; that their last food was eaten the
day before; that his mother had sent him out
to beg for the first time in his life; that the
first person he asked told him beggars would
be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask any-
body else, but was returning home when
Arthur overtook him and asked him what he
was crying for.

Arthur went in, and saw a good looking
woman on the bed, with two small children,
crying, by her side. As he opened the door,
he heard the oldest say, "Do mamma, give
me something to eat." They stopped crying
when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy
ran to the bed, and gave his mother the loaf,
and pointing to Arthur, said, "He bought it
for me."

"Thank you," said the woman, "may
God bless and give you the bread of eternal
life."

The oldest little girl jumped up and down
in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the
loaf, and struggled hard to do so, but did not
speak. Seeing that the widow's hands were
weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a
piece for the youngest first, and then for the
girl and the boy. He gave the loaf to the
widow. She ate a small piece, and then
closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged
in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor,"
thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something
else for you as quick as I can," said Arthur,
and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Berton's who lived near
and told her the story; and she immediately
sent some milk, and bread; and tea and sug-
ar, and butter, and sent word she would
come herself, as soon as she got the baby a-
sleep.

Arthur had half a dollar at home, which he
wished to give to the poor woman. His fa-
ther gave it to him for watching sheep, and
told him he must not spend it, but put it out
at interest, or trade with it, so as to make some-
thing. He knew his father would not let
him give it away, for he was not a christian
and thought of little else than of saving and
making money. Arthur's mother died when
he was an infant, but with her last breath she
gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was
sent to school to a pious teacher, who cared
for his soul; and knowing that he had no
teacher at home, she took unusual pains to
instruct him in the principles of religious
truth. The Holy Spirit helped her efforts,
and before he was eight years of age, there
was reason to hope that he had been born a-
gain.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He
considered how he should help the poor wid-
ow, and at length he hit upon a plan which
proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should
begin to act for himself in business matters;
such as making bargains. He did not wish
him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go
by his own judgment. After the business
was done, he would show him whether it was
wise or not; but never censure him, lest he
should discourage him from acting on his own
responsibility.

ing! Did you not ask my permission to lend
it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"
"No, sir," said Arthur, "I did lend it."
He opened his Bible, that he had ready with
his fingers on the place, "He that giveth to
the poor, lendeth to the Lord." I lent it to
the Lord, and I call that written promise good
security."

"Lent it to the Lord! He will never pay
you."
"Yes, he will—he says he will repay a-
gain."
"I thought you had more sense," said his
father; but this was not said in an angry tone.
The truth was the old man was pleased with
the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy.—
He did not wish to discourage that. So he
took out his purse, and handed Arthur half a
dollar. "Here, the Lord will never pay—I
must, or you will never see your money a-
gain."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my
way of thinking," said Arthur to himself,
"the Lord has paid me and much sooner than
I expected, too; I didn't hardly expect that
he would pay me in money. The hearts of
all men are in his hands, and the gold and
silver are his; he has disposed my father to
pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept up the habit of lending his
spare money to the Lord all his days, and he
was paid fourfold and often several times
over.

A very safe way of lending money is that
of lending it to the Lord.—New York Ob-
server.

SCENE IN A COURT HOUSE.

I have scarcely witnessed one, of any char-
acter, these four years past. I went into a
Court House, the last week, to witness the
closing defence of a criminal trial—I was
mortified and ashamed to see a young bar-
rister, acting for the government, display the
zeal of a pirate partizan, for the conviction
of the prisoner. Partizan zeal is tolerable
in the contending counsel in a civil suit,—
where nothing but money is at stake on ei-
ther side. But here the result was to be the
State Prison on the one side, to a young
man with a family of little children,—and on
the other a successful attempt of the govern-
ment to rescue a citizen from punishment,
which is the legal duty of the State, I hold,
whenever it possibly can. The law pre-
sumes innocence, and the State ought to keep
good the presumption, if possible, against
the complainant in its behalf. But the
young counsellor seemed to labor to procure
the unfortunate prisoner's conviction. I
would not attribute any worse motive to him
than a desire to establish a professional re-
putation. That he could attempt this, at such
a risk of the prisoner, seemed to me hard
hearted. I have thought highly of the pro-
fession of the Law compared with divinity;
but really it is a cruel one. He was a young,
educated man—gentlemanly dressed, and
apparently in easy circumstances; struggling
before a Jury, agonizing almost, to get them
to send a poor fellow, three or four years, to
the State Prison. He might as kindly
have murdered him on the spot. Himself
would rather be shot dead, than sent there.
And so, evidently, had the wretched prison-
er. The Counsellor, the Jury and the Court
did not seem to care any more about him
than if he had been a carcass they were ex-
perimenting on, in galvanism. The Jury
seemed quite at ease, as though they had
nothing very trying to themselves on their
minds. The Judge appeared desirous of
discharging his part creditably,—anxious for
the Law, but not at all troubled lest that
young man, the prisoner, should be torn
from his family and sent to the State Prison.
He might have been troubled about it,—but
it did not appear. Perhaps if he had cared
any thing about the fate of the prisoner, it
would have disqualified him to pass sentence.

I went in, in the afternoon, to hear the
verdict of the Jury; for I could not stay to
witness the efforts of the young counsel for the
State. While the jury delayed, I heard the
rattling of chains, and an officer came in,
conducting two convicted men to receive
their sentence. They were chained together.
One of them had been convicted of passing a
counterfeit dollar, and the other of altering a
promissory note. The latter was said to
be a man of hitherto irreproachable charac-
ter; and he looked the very picture of despair.
His entrance and the rattling of his chain,
and his countenance of death attracted but
little attention, and apparently awakened no
sympathy at all. I was a spectator. I will
not say any thing of my own feelings.—
They were undoubtedly morbid. The Clerk
at length called the men by name and read
them their sentence. It was serious to them,
but the clerk did not seem to be aware of it.
He read it audibly—and accurately, and
with proper emphasis. It assigned one of
the men to three days solitary confinement,
and three years hard labor,—the other to six
days solitary confinement, and eight years
hard labor, in the State Prison. This man
has a wife and seven children. When his
sentence was read, he settled down in the
box, as if he had received a bullet in his
bosom, and his countenance looked as I
should suppose a man's would who had re-
ceived a mortal gun-shot wound. The judge,
in a very quiet business like way said, "Mr.
Sheriff let the prisoners be remanded." He
then proceeded in the same tone, to decide a
motion for a continuance of a civil suit,
about which two attorneys were talking to
him. They none of them, seemed to be
aware of what had happened to the men in
chains. And when the officer conducted them
out, one of them looking more like a
dead man than a living, I almost wished he
was a dead man, for his sake and his fami-
ly's—and their chains rattled on the court-
house floor—it escaped the notice of the
Judge and the attorneys altogether. They
were engaged in effecting that continuance.
Those prisoners came to Concord in the same
stage with me. I talked with the Sheriff
about them. He said he never had seen a
man suffer like the man I last mentioned.
I went to him, upon the top of the stage, and
tried to impart some little gleams of con-
solation to him. I told him the warden of the
Prison was a very humane and kind-hearted
man, and he would not be treated as prison-
ers formerly were treated—and that there

was a good deal of sympathy felt for him.—
It was like consoling the dead. He tried to
thank me, for he saw I had some feeling for
him,—but, oh, said he, you can't help me.
He said it in the tones of absolute despair.
I could not help him, sure enough—but I
thought it might abate his misery a little to
know that I pitied him. The stage landed
him at the prison gate, before carrying me
to my home, and I saw the wretched man
enter the stone house. He followed the
officer without seeming to notice any object.
I don't know as it is allowable to manifest
the little interest I do here, for a convicted
and sentenced man—with the State's chain
about his ankle. It would disgrace, prob-
ably any paper but mine. But I thought I
would say thus much about him.

When that man comes out of that prison
again, his children will miss of them, he
grown up, and he will be altered some as
well as they. May be his wife will not be
living.—Rogers' Herald of freedom.

From the Temperance Record.—Extra.
CONFESSION OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

Mr. Gough appeared before the committee
at the hour appointed. His appearance was
much as heretofore with the exception of a
fallen and softened expression of counte-
nance, which became him on so peculiar an
occasion. Having been requested to speak,
he gave utterance to the following confes-
sion, which was pronounced in a firm and
manly, but modest tone:—

Beloved Brethren:—To me this occasion
seems so extraordinary—it is so different
from what I, and you too, had any reason to
expect, a few days ago—that you must bear
with me if my manner and matter also should
appear rather confused. Indeed, (said the
speaker, much affected, and leaning against
the wall,) I am not well!

[No language could convey to the reader
an idea of the tone in which these last words
were uttered, nor of the thrilling effect that
they had upon his auditors.]

I say not well—I speak not of physical
illness; but it is here—Oh! my God! it is
here—(he laid his hand upon his heart) who
shall say what a day may bring forth! Ah!
dearly have I learned to appreciate the sacred
injunction of the invincible Paul—'Let him
that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he
fall!' I have, indeed, preached to others,
and have myself become a castaway! If
man never forgives me—for I have no right
to expect forgiveness from man—I, in my
present low estate, do still hear a voice from
Calvary; I hear those blessed tones of mercy
—'My grace is sufficient for thee!' (Here
the eloquent speaker covered his face with
his hands, and burst into a flood of tears.)

Who says that my disgrace is a disgrace
to the glorious cause of temperance? Who
says that my unworthy apostasy—no, no, I
will not use that word. Who says that my
temptation and my weakness entail dishonor
upon the great cause of which I have been
so unworthy an advocate! Let such, if any
there be, compare the loss and the gain.—
Let them call up the hosts of redeemed men
and women; let them summon the wives
and children who, in every town, by the
seaside and by the woods, in city and coun-
try, bless God every morning that they rise,
and every evening that they lay down, for
the glorious pledge—that pledge which
snatched a father and a husband from the
arms of ruin—that drove back the rushing
wave from their dwellings—that raised the
fallen man from the miry pit and placed his
feet upon a rock.

Would they compare my single fault with
all this redemption! who looks at the sun to
see one spot upon his disc, and then swears
there is no daylight because that glorious orb
contains a few obscurities upon its sur-
face!

Nay, what is my own case in connection
with the Great Temperance Cause! what is
a fly upon the mill-wheel! what is a drop in
the ocean!

Have I, indeed, given evidence of my sin-
cerity? Oh, let those who think so, if ac-
customed to the intoxicating cup—let them
try but for one year, for one month, or for
one week, to conquer the inextinguishable
thirst that consumes their being—they will
learn how much sincerity is required to ab-
stain, for a short time, from the seductive
bowl!

Beloved Brethren! I could not say less, but
I must proceed with my narrative. You are
already aware—and thanks to the intemper-
ate editors, the public are pretty generally
aware, of the situation in which I was found.
It is necessary that I give a detailed account
of the facts. I could well wish to be spared
this duty; but like the Spartan boy, I must
nerve myself to endure it, though the
fire eat into my heart.

In the city of New York there is a little
edifice, at the corner of Centre and Reade
streets, of unique construction, being made
up principally of glass lights. Here I re-
paired to get a glass of soda with a friend
who had invited me, whose name it is un-
necessary to mention, as I believe he was
guiltless of any evil intention. The soda
was drawn for me; but the man had no syrup
in his shop, and used Lucina Cordial as a
substitute.

Such was the peculiar effect of this cordial
upon me, that I lost the use of my reasoning
faculties to a great degree; my old appetite
for ardent spirits revived in me as if some
infernal demon had been permitted to lash the
unrestrained helm of my judgment—throws a-
way the compass—and then let loose all the
winds of heaven upon my pilotless bark. As
I walked down Centre street I felt the most
intense desire for women and wine. As I
passed the taverns and bar rooms, I could
scarcely resist the inclination to rush in and
satisfy my craving appetite.

In passing Dotran's corner, I met a young
woman, an acquaintance of some years' stand-
ing, who was tying her shoe. Being dark,
I accidentally touched her elbow in passing.
She then recog- ited me and called me by
name; I stopped, and after a moment's con-
versation, she requested me to call with her
and see a fallen sister whom she was desir-
ous of rescuing from the abyss of ruin. As
it is a part of my mission to redeem the lost,
and to raise the fallen, I gladly consented,
although myself standing on the very preci-

piece that overhung the vortex. I entered,
with her a house in Walker street, where I
found an elderly lady and the sister of my
female companion. After a tedious conver-
sation, a feeling hardly to be described in
words came over me—the burning, raging
appetite for liquors. The little which was
found in the house only added to the flame.
I gave money to a young woman, and proce-
ded more; and here my memory fails. What
happened afterwards, I can no more tell than
the maniac who struggles with his chains in
the asylum for maniacs. From that moment
all is chaos.

My example, more than words, bids "huz-
zard" that stoneth, take heed lest he fall."
I hope to be again in the field. I hope to
stand before the public with all my wounds
and bruises upon me—a monument of the merry
deeds of man—a monument of the merry of
God! I hope to do more than I have ever
yet done—to wrest the sceptre from King Al-
cohol, and trample in the dust the mighty foe,
from which I am delivered.

RESPECT FOR CONGATENCY.—Some time
since two heathen boys were brought to this
country to obtain a Christian education. The
evil of rum-drinking had been so impressed
upon their minds by our Missionaries, as to
render it, in their estimation, incompatible
with the purity of religion. On landing, they
were invited to share a pleasant home with
a citizen distinguished for hospitality, whose
kindness they amply repaid by their cheer-
ful, artless manners. During their stay, the
host was visited by a distinguished clergy-
man, whom he, in a most affectionate man-
ner, introduced to the boys as a "Mehany,"
(adopting their own pronunciation.) The
boys seemed awe-struck with the presence of
so high a dignitary; and seated themselves
in a distant part of the room, silent and re-
served. At length the host stepped to the
sideboard and got the welcome decanter for
his guest. No sooner had the clergyman tak-
ken a draught than the spell was dissolved,
and springing from their seats they moved
off, saying, "He no Mehany! Mehany
no drink rum!"

O. M. E. CONGRESS.—The large body of
Members composing this Congress, convened
at Cincinnati on Wednesday morning a week—
Bishop Hamline is the presiding officer, and the
Rev. J. M. Trimble was elected Secretary.—
The various committees were appointed & reports
referred to said committees. On Thursday morn-
ing, Bishop Soule, who adheres to the Metho-
dist Episcopal Church, South, was invited to take
the chair. The conference was not willing to
recognize him as its presiding officer, and adopted
a resolution by an almost unanimous vote,
expressing it as "inexpedient and highly im-
proper," for Bishops who have separated them-
selves from the jurisdiction of the Methodist
Episcopal Church, to reside at any conference
composing said church.

Strive to be pure in thought, if our mind is
free from evil, our actions will be also; let us
never intend, much less commit a wrong act.

Man lives in "dark, dark, dark, and in
long a love.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."
NEW GARDEN—David L. Galbreath.
COLUMBIANA—Lot Holmes.
COOL SPRING—F. Ellwood Vickers.
MARLBORO'—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
BERLIN—Jacob H. Barnes.
CANFIELD—John Wetmore.
LOWELLVILLE—Dr. Butler.
POLAND—Christopher Lee.
YOUNGSTOWN—J. S. Johnson.
NEW LYME—Hannibal Reers.
AKRON—Thomas P. Beach.
NEW LISBON—George Garretson.
CINCINNATI—William Donaldson.
SALINEVILLE—James Farmer.
EAST FAIRFIELD—John Marsh.
FALLSTON Pa.—Joseph B. Coole.

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