

POETRY.

A VISION.

In form of a Dialogue.—BY GRANOS S. GRANT.

At dead of night, when others sleep, Near Hell I took my station; And from that dungeon, dark and deep, O'er heard this conversation:—

GHOST.

Hail! Prince of Darkness, ever hail Adored by each Infernal, I come among your gang to wail, And taste of death eternal:

To weep and howl, in endless pains, Among your frightful legions, To gnaw my tongue, and clank my chains, In these Infernal Regions.

DEMON.

Where are you from? the fiend demands, What makes you look so frantic? Are you from Carolina's strand, Just west of the Atlantic?

Are you that man of blood and birth, Devoid of human feeling? The wretch I saw, when lost on earth, In human cattle dealing?

Whose soul, with blood and rapine stained, With deeds of crime, to dark ill? Who drove God's image, starve'd and chain'd To sell like beasts in market?

Who tore the infant from the breast, That you might sell its mother? Whose craving mind could never rest, 'Till you had sold a brother?

Who gave the sacrament to those Whose chains and hand-cuffs rattle? Whose backs soon after felt thy blows More heavy than thy cattle?

GHOST.

I'm from the South, the Ghost replies, And I was there a teacher; Saw men in chains, with laughing eyes, I was a Southern preacher!

In tasselled pulpits, gay and fine, I strove to please the tyrants, To prove that slavery is divine, And what the scripture warrants.

And when I saw the horrid sight, Of slaves by tortures dying, And told their masters all was right, I knew that I was lying.

I knew the time would soon roll round, When Hell would be their portion, When they in turn in fetters bound, Would plough the fiery ocean.

That murdered Ghosts would haunt them there, Their hearts in pieces sever; Their conscience sting, their vitals tear, And curse their souls forever.

I knew all this and who can doubt, I felt a sad misgiving; But still, I knew, if I spoke out, Only, of course I would lose my living.

They made me fat, they paid me well, To preach down Abolition; I slept—I died—I woke in hell, How altered my condition!

I now am in a sea of fire, Whose fury ever rages; Whose slave and can't get free, Through everlasting ages.

Yes, when the sun and moon shall fade, And fire the rocks dis sever, I must sink down beneath the shade, And feel God's wrath forever.

The fiend heard this, and with a yell, That made his chains to rattle, Resounding through the vaults of hell, Like to the raging battle.

Rejoice my friends, in chains he cried, A moment leave your wailing, And toss your fettered arms on high, Our kingdom is prevailing.

With Priest and Politicians blest, Heroes renowned in story, And Bishops, too, among the rest, Have paved their way to glory.

Peal joined to peal, and yell to yell Throughout those dismal regions, In notes which none can raise or swell, Bid the Infernal Legions.

Wave followed wave with horrid glare Along the fiery ocean, And Ghost and Demon mingled there, In tumult and commotion.

How long they cried, how long must we, From hopes of pardon sever, Sink down and plough the fiery sea? The answer was, forever!

Our Ghost stood trembling all the while, He saw the scene transpiring; With soul aghast and visage wild, All hope was now retiring.

The Demon cried, on vengeance bent, I say, in haste, retire! And you shall have a Negro sent, To attend and punch the fire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lynn Pioneer.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

I did not intend to revert to this occasion again, but the division which took place among the Friends this year makes it necessary. It seems that they, in company with nearly all the sectarians in the land, are in a sad state, and are about to be rent asunder by the entering wedge of innovation. Just now the professed Quakers of the country are divided into three classes,—the Hicksites, Gurneyites, and Wilburites;—Gurneyism and Wilburism being the fruit, of occasion, of the division above alluded to.

I believe none of them profess to follow in the footsteps of Fox,—as he was a radical reformer who used to be a great opponent of churches and disturber of the peace, and was accustomed to walk right into the synagogues in time of service and heard the lion in his den, a la Foster. Indeed Stephen Foster, in his best moments and before he got caught in the net-work of organization, was nearer like George Fox than any man who has appeared since that great man "fell asleep." Quakerism in its palmy days instead of harmonizing with the public sentiment used to defy it to the teeth. Then it was noble. Then it was manly. Then it was Christian. Those were the days of Mary Dyer, and William Leddra, and Judah Brown, and Marmaduke Stephenson.—There are some among the modern Quakers who have something of the same spirit,—more among them perhaps than any other sect. The Quakers in Pennsylvania, for instance,—more particularly the Hicksite branch,—contain some of the most devoted and uncompromising friends of Truth in the land.

Whether the recent division will result in a general reform of the body, and a conversion of it to the doctrines of the original Friends or, whether it will simply result in the substitution of two selfish sects for one, remains to be seen.

But to the Quarterly meeting. I attended the public session last Thursday morning, but nothing occurred of note. The speaking (or singing) was quite common-place, that sort of "calm" prevailing which is the forerunner of a storm. John Wilbur, after whom certain "ites" alluded to are called, was present, and chanted a rambling speech containing considerable in general but nothing in particular; Nathan Page of Danvers threw out a wide-awake sentence or two; two or three of the brothers and sisters ejaculated a little; an unfortunate young man with red hair exploded once or twice; one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, sang an address to Deity; some of the ancient and honorable in the high seats joined solemn hands,—and the meeting was "done."

Then came the business session. This, not being a member, I did not attend. They had a sort of a "long parliament"—resulting in a secession. Both the Wilburites and the Gurneyites claimed to be the Quarterly meeting exclusively,—and as neither could do any business while any persons not members were present, each waited several hours very coolly, (considering it was a dog-day) for the other to go out.—Meanwhile many an excellent stone of our little "Quaker-don," and many a fine appetite "wasting its sweetness on the desert air" of the cheerless meeting house.

Friend Wilbur came out into the world once or twice and made a liberal purchase of lozenges, and others of more carnivorous propensities stole home and swallowed a leg or two of mutton; others came out to air and sun themselves, and a few, sick of the unprofitable meeting, went home "for good."

In this great sitting-match—nearly as interesting but not quite so exciting as a trotting-match—though fully as profitable—the Wilburites "succeeded" their competitors handsomely. Whether the winners were less hungry than their rivals, or less patient only, of course is matter of mere opinion.

The Wilburites, in possession of the field, proceeded at a rapid rate to do up their preliminary business, which was despatched with great promptness. The next day, Friday, the Gurneyites took possession of the Friend's Meeting House, and the Wilburites went to the Silchester Chapel (loaned them by the "Christian" sect) and both proceeded to finish their work, which was all completed in course of the day.

What this work or business was, of course I am ignorant. Of this thing only can we be sure, that it was a vain and useless work, which humanity would gladly dispense with. Such is the character of all sect-work. It has got to be "stale, flat, and unprofitable." It can be "nothing else." What a pity that the men and women who are engaged in it, many of whom are perfectly sincere, and really believe all their solemn and stupid ceremonies tend to the glory of God and the good of man, were not engaged in some plain and practical reform,—for instance in devising some efficient plan for ridding the country of drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and slavery. It is really melancholy to think so much of moral and intellectual power as the Quakers unquestionably possess, should be withheld, to so great an extent, from the radical and christian movements of the day. In this very town the Quakers have it in their power to give the cause of reform, in all its departments, an impetus which in one month would be felt in every part of the country. Why, in the name of truth could't they have done this at their late meeting, instead of quarrelling about mere doctrines, and non-essentials? Suppose that after they had duly convened, they had proceeded at once to take action on the great fact that one sixth of their fellow citizens were enslaved, or that intemperance is sweeping with such fearful strides, over the land? Would't this have been more profitable than their sitting-match? I leave it to their own good sense to decide.

I know they'll reply to all this "thee had better mind thy own business;" but it must be evident to every man in his senses that a paper devoted to popular reform would be sadly remiss if it did not on such occasion as that under notice, remind the Quakers of their signal departure from the principles out of which their denomination sprang, and warn the community against adopting or countenancing the poor substitute which has usurped their place.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

HENRY G. GREEN, THE MURDERER OF HIS WIFE.

This wretched man is to-day to suffer the fearful penalty of the law for the murder of his young and innocent wife, to whom he had been married but a few days when the awful crime was planned and perpetrated.—A Troy correspondent favored us, weeks ago, with the following summary of the facts concerning the murder, which we have reserved till this time.

Troy, July 31, 1845.

Mr. Editor.—I promised you a concise statement of all the material facts in the case of Henry G. Green, indicted for the murder of his wife by poisoning, tried at the last July Oyer and Terminer, convicted and sentenced to be hung on the 10th day of September next.

Green is about 22 years of age, five feet five or six inches in height compactly but stoutly built, has light hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. His countenance does not express much intelligence, and his head, phrenologically speaking, would indicate a man of strong passions without much sensibility. He has received an ordinary education, such as can be acquired in our schools and academies. He was born and has lived most of his life in the town of Berlin, Rensselaer county. He was for two or three years a clerk in a store in this city.

He was married on the 9th day of February last, at Stephentown, in this county, by Elder Spoor, at the house of Charles Wheeler, to Mary Ann Wyatt, of Thornton, Grafton county, N. H. a young lady of the same age as himself—said to have been a very pretty and graceful girl, of sprightly manners and much intelligence. She had been, with her brother and some other persons, engaged in the representation of temperance plays in some of the cities and villages of this State and New England. It was at one of these representations in Berlin that Green first saw her. He immediately felt or feigned a strong passion for her; and in order to be with her, the more effectually to press his suit, he shut up his store, left his business, joined the company, and went with them into Massachusetts, and continued with them until he had persuaded the girl to marry him.

After the marriage he brought her to Berlin, to the house of Ferdinand H. Hull, where they staid Tuesday night. Wednesday night they staid at the public house of Deniston & Streeter. Thursday they went with a party of young people in a lumber sleigh to Hoosic Corners, and returned at 10 o'clock, P. M. to the house of Mr. Hall. Friday morning Mrs. Green was as well as usual and ate her breakfast with the family. After dinner she said that Henry had given her some pills and they made her very sick. They caused her to vomit severely. Saturday morning Green came to breakfast and said his wife was better but would not come down. After breakfast he carried her a cup of tea. After dinner he brought to Mrs. Hull a tumbler containing a little water with a white powder spread over the bottom of it. He asked Mrs. H. to put some saleratus into it, which she did. He went out with it into the hall that led to his wife's room. After this Mrs. Green called Mrs. Hull to her room and complained of distress in the stomach, and cold and numbness in her limbs.

I will not go farther into detail, but state that from this time she became worse and worse till Monday morning, the 18th of Feb. at 9 o'clock, when she died.

The charge or poisoning rests upon the following statement of facts: A white powder was taken from a spoon, which appeared to have been used to give her medicine, and a chemical analysis proved the powder to be arsenic. Some powder was also taken from a bowl of chicken broth, from which she had been fed, and was proved to be arsenic. One witness swore that she saw Green heating and stirring broth before the fire, and apparently mashing something that did not mix easily with it. One also swore that she observed some white powder sprinkled upon the crusts in some coffee that had been prepared for the patient to drink.

Upon the Coroner's Inquest the stomach of the deceased and small portions of the esophagus and duodenum were taken out, and submitted to chemical tests. Arsenic was found in the contents of the stomach; it was also found imbedded in the mucous membrane of the stomach. Many particles were visible to the naked eye and more with the help of a microscope. The stomach also had a gelatinized appearance, such as is produced by arsenic—that is, the mucous membrane was softened into the consistency of jelly or pulp. Physicians also swore that the symptoms of the patient's disease throughout her sickness were such as would be produced by the administration of arsenic.

Her own account, as related to Dr. Hull on Sunday, is:—"After taking those pills which Henry gave me on Friday I had such a burning through me that it seemed as if I could not live a minute. Henry has been feeding me with powders ever since I took those pills—he has put it into almost every thing he has given me. He has put it into my coffee and into my broth, and almost all my drinks. Yesterday I asked him for some wine and water; he got some, turned his back to me, took a paper from his pocket and dusted something into it that was white; he gave it to me; I asked him what it was that he put into it, and he says a little flour; I drank it and it distressed me very much."

All the persons who attended her in her sickness swore that they had no arsenic in their possession and gave her no medicine that could have been mistaken for it. Circumstances were shown that rendered it probable that Green had arsenic in his possession, and took it from a glass of papers kept in the store of Deniston & Streeter. Such are the facts upon which he was convicted. No motive shown for his conduct. He himself said that she had never said or done anything to offend him, and had never deceived him in any way. He said she was a virtuous girl and spoke especially of her amiability.

His counsel argued that the enormity of the crime, so entirely without a motive, made it improbable. It was not possible that so young a man could have deliberately poisoned the beautiful and amiable girl whom he had but one week before promised to love, cherish and protect.

The Judge in his sentence remarked to the prisoner—"You stand condemned as guilty of having murdered your wife,—

Your case in all its aspects exceeds in enormity any of which I have ever heard. It will no doubt stand out on the page of history as the most criminal, awful case of murder that ever came before a Court or Jury."

A. B.

THE JACK-KNIFE.

From the New York Organ.

A ship was driven out of her course; and cast away within sight of an unknown coast. All on board might have escaped in the boats, though rather crowded, but one of the passengers, on their refusing to admit his trunk in any of the boats remained in the ship to unfasten it and get out his pocket-book, which contained notes to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. This he thought would not detain him a moment, and he requested them to wait, but in the hurry and confusion of the moment, he could not immediately recollect what he had done with the key of the trunk. Having found it at last, and secured his money, he perceived to his dismay that every boat was out of sight, while the ship was falling apart, and suddenly he found himself in the sea. Catching at some article that was floating by, he clung to it almost unconsciously, not relaxing his hold even when his senses were failing him. Fortunately he was floated to land, and when he revived, found himself lying on the beach. As soon as his strength returned, he ascended an eminence, but could see no sign of the wreck or the boats, or any human creature. But as he was leaning despondingly against a tree, he was startled by being clapped on the shoulder, while a voice at his ear exclaimed, "What cheer, my hearty!" Turning round, he gladly recognized one of the crew, and inquired what had become of the rest.

"Why, I don't know, but I suppose they are safe by this time; but I have seen nothing of them."

"Were you not with them in the boats?" "No; I stayed on board to the last."

"And so did I, though I was not aware of your being on board. I hope you succeeded as well as I did in saving your property."

"I had nothing to save but my jack-knife and a plug of tobacco—both safe enough in my trousers pockets."

"Then why did you not think of saving yourself at once?"

"No, I could not leave the ship so long as the planks held together. She can't say I was not true to the last. But come, comrade, let us see what kind of quarters we have got into."

They traveled some distance without any signs of a habitation. Necessity quickening their ingenuity, they were successful occasionally in catching fish, oysters, or birds, in all which the sailor's jack-knife proved of invaluable service, preparing the proper snares and weapons, opening the oysters, cutting up and cleansing the fish or birds, and above all in striking a light to make a fire for the purpose of cookery. Once also when they were attacked by a wild beast, the sailor, by prompt use of his jack-knife, preserved their lives.

They had lived in this way many months, when arriving at the opposite side of the island they found it inhabited by savages, who conducted them to their king. The gentleman, anxious to conciliate his copper skinned majesty, produced a five hundred pound bank note, and politely offered it to his acceptance. The king examined it with some curiosity, applied it to his nose and tongue, and being satisfied that it was not good to eat, returned it with some contempt. The gentleman soon found that twenty thousand pounds could not procure the smallest consideration. The sailor, on the contrary, in a few days became a personage of great importance, from the many services he was enabled to render with his jack-knife, among a people where iron was unknown. They liberally supplied all his wants, and his rich friend was glad to profit by his bounty.

One day, as they were attending the king on an eminence overlooking the sea, they descried a distant sail evidently passing by the island. They kindled a bonfire and hoisted signals, but did not succeed in attracting notice.

"If we only had a ramble," exclaimed the sailor, "I think we could get within hail, as she does not stand far out, though it is plain she intends to pass without touching this way."

The gentleman produced his twenty thousand pounds, and offered it to the king in exchange for a canoe, but his majesty rejected the roll of paper and turned to the sailor, with a single word—"Knife!"

The bargain was instantly closed; the jack-knife was received by the king with no less delight than was experienced by the Englishman, as they jumped into the canoe. By dint of hard paddling, and favorable current, they got within hail, and were taken on board the ship, which proved to be an English vessel homeward bound.

As they came within sight of the white cliffs, the gentleman took the sailor apart, and handing him two notes, which amounted to a thousand pounds, said,

"You must not refuse to accept this, for you have done more for me than twenty times as much could have done. I trust you may find these bills on any day or other, as useful as your jack-knife has been. I have learned by this time, a man's wealth is to be measured, not by the extent of his possessions, but by the use of what he possesses."

From Punch.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF MR. POLK.

Harken, Mr. Polk. President of the United States of America, to a friendly whisper of advice from Punch. You have been lately expressing an intention of seizing on the Oregon Territory, and in defiance of the British lion appropriating the lion's share. You have thereby caused the said lion to wag his tail and roar. Attend to that roar, Mr. Polk, mark that it is—be warned, and beware! Run not your head into the lion's mouth.—In other words, do not engage yourself in a contest with Great Britain.

In the first place, you want money to buy powder and shot; you have no national bank nor any body else to lend you a sixpence, for those who lend sixpences expect to see them again.

Secondly, Mr. Polk, there is a circumstance on which it behoves you well to ponder. Among your glorious insinuations, that of slavery is very conspicuous. You have a large negro population. That's a fact, sir, as your countrymen say; a great fact. You will hardly venture to arm your negroes.—You dare not trust your slaves with arms.—It would not be against friends of freedom that they would direct those weapons.—Would you expect them to fight for the chains and drivers, and to defend the law of Lynch? Do you calculate they would rally round the whipping-posts,—and be faithful to their colors—the stripes.

On the contrary does it not occur to you that England might present them with their freedom in a ar-tougl-box! We should send few men to Kentucky, if we sent plenty of muskets. Liberty, remember, is inscribed on the British flag; it would be awkward for you were we to hoist that flag in America.

You are yourself a slave owner, Mr. Polk. What would be the effect of a proclamation of the O'Connell species, addressed to your "hereditary niggers!" Think of that Master Polk. No sir, vapour, hector, bully, bluster, swagger as much as you please. Shake your swag, cough your chin; make faces, take sights across the Atlantic at the "Britsishers," and welcome. You will only divert us—ourselves especially—by affording us subjects for jokes and caricatures. In a word, talk as long and as big as you like about going to war; but don't do it. If you do, depend upon it as Richard the Third says, "a black day will be for somebody;" and who that somebody will be, you may pretty particularly considerably well guess.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—As the good Deacon A. on a cold morning in January was riding by the house of his neighbor F. the latter was chopping wood and threshing his hands at his door. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstration of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon; wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this cold morning?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the wag, "I merely asked for information; we haven't a drop of rum in the house."

A HEROINE.—A Paris correspondent of the London Illustrated News records a truly commendable incident in the life of an actress. He says he was present a few days before, at a scene which took place on the Quai Valmy; a young girl, it appears had been washing some linen on the banks of the canal, and, in endeavoring to regain a handkerchief, fell into the water and disappeared. The crowds who witnessed the accident ran shrieking to and fro, but none made an attempt to save the drowning girl. Suddenly appeared a young lady, fashionably dressed; the moment she was made acquainted with the circumstances she divested herself of her bonnet and shawl, and dashed into the water more than three times this brave girl labored to save the drowning victim; at length three young men assisted in drawing both females to land. The name of the heroic girl is Adèle Chevalier, an actress. She was placed in a chaise, and conducted to her lodgings, amidst the cheerings of the populace.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.—On the repeal of "that mother of mischief, the stamp act, Dr. Franklin, in 1776, sent over from London to his wife, who was then living in Philadelphia, a new dress &c. In this letter he says:

"As the stamp act is at length repealed, I am willing that you should have a new gown, which you may suppose that I did not send sooner, as I knew that you would not like to be finer than your neighbors, unless in a gown of your own spinning. Had the trade between the two countries totally ceased, it was a comfort to me to recollect that I had once been clothed from head to foot in woolen and linen of my wife's manufacture; that I never was proud of any dress in my life, and she and her daughter might do it again if necessary."

WELL ANSWERED.—That was a noble answer which was given by a clergyman of our acquaintance, when urged to drink wine at a wedding. "What, Mr. M.," said one of the guests, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No, sir," was the reply, "I will take a glass of water." "But, sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to 'take a little wine, for his often infirmity.'" "I have no infirmity," was the reverend gentleman's noble reply.

The Worcester Telegraph asks: "May we not find an answer to the inquiry, 'Why is crime of every hue so prevalent in the community?' in the low state of religion in our churches?"—Essex County Whig.

Marked might do without physicians, if they would observe the laws of health; without soldiers, if they would observe the laws of Christianity; without tax-gatherers, if they would keep their tongues, and penknives without preachers, if each one would take care of his own conscience,—but there is no living without farmers.

No man can guide well who has not been well guided.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

NEW GARDEN—David L. Galbreath, COLUMBIANA—Lot Holmes, COOL SPRING—T. Ellwood Vickers, MARLBORO'—Dr. K. G. Thomas, BEULAH—Jacob H. Barnes, CANFIELD—John Wetmore, LOWELLVILLE—Dr. Butler, POLAND—Christopher Lee, YOUNGSTOWN—J. S. Johnson, NEW LYME—Hannibal Reeve, AKRON—Thomas P. Bench, NEW LISBON—George Garretson, CINCINNATI—William Donelson, SALINEVILLE—James Farmer, EAST FAIRFIELD—John Marsh, FALLSTON Pa.—Joseph B. Conle,