

POETRY.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle. THE TYRANT'S WARNING.

BY THOMAS WICKERSHAM.

"Deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor, lest my fury go out like fire, and burn that none can quench it."—JEREMIAH, XXI, 12.

"Deliver him"—thus saith he, Whose dwelling is Infinity— The God Omnipotent— "Deliver him whose soul is spoil'd, Who unrequited, long has toil'd, Whose aspirations all are foil'd, Whose joy of life is spent.

"Deliver him whose form is bow'd Beneath the haughty and the proud Oppressor's power—whose wailings loud Ascend unto my throne; Deliver him whose soul is crush'd, Whose spirit-breathings all are hush'd, Whose tears in agony have gush'd With each upheaving groan.

"Deliver him whose mental sight, Is whelmed in dark and gloomy night, Till it is stricken by the blight Of his unceasing woe; Whose spirit with oppression groans— Who 'neath his burdens sighs and moans, Uplinking with imploring tones, Beseeching, 'let me go.'

"Deliver him whose wages, long Have been withheld from him by wrong Whose arm is weak that once was strong, From unremitted toil; Who crieth unto me all day, Who bows beneath the tyrant's sway, Until, with age, his head is gray, And bow'd unto the soil.

"Deliver him whose heart is riven From kindred hearts—whose wife is given A prey before his eyes, and driven Forever from his sight; Whose dearest ties are torn apart, And left alone to feel the smart Of agony, consume his heart, Till it is seared with blight.

"Deliver her whose child is torn From out her arms, and rudely borne Away, while she is left to mourn Its loss with wailings wild; Who feels upon her flesh the smart Of stripes, because when forced to part From her loved one, her breaking heart Cries out, 'my child! my child!'

"Deliver those from whom the ray Of Heaven's light is shut away, Whose noble faculties all lay In superstition's gloom; Who 'neath the slaver's gory rod, Are made to kiss the blighted sod, And worship slavery's demon-god, Then sink into the tomb.

"Deliver him whose mouth is dumb, Lest swift destruction on you come, With fiery vengeance for the sum Of all your villainy— Lest like the whirlwind with its seath, Consuming fury cross your path, And rushing in avenging wrath, Shall crimson land and sea!

"Deliver him whom you have bound, For quickly shall the trumpet sound, To dash the tyrant to the ground, Beneath the trampling heel; For brimfull with dread vengeance flows The red wine cup of wrath for those Who side by side stand with my foes, Whose doom, despair shall seal.

"Deliver him"—it is the word Of Him whose voice in darkness heard, The elements of chaos stir'd, And called this world to birth; "Deliver him, scarred with the lash, Lest scathing thunders o'er you crash, And waves of dark damnation dash! You from the realms of earth!" Clinton Co., O.

From the Christian Citizen. THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

The banner and bugle are coming this way, The warrior from battle returneth to-day; The cannon is waking its echoes about,— The delicate girls to his triumph come out! Go pull up the moss-turf to carpet the street, And wreath up the laurel to toss at his feet; Let bravely look on him from hamlet and town No matter what won him his lofty renown; Ask not for the story—what do ye with pain! Leave tears to the dim eyes that watch for the slain;

To the widow-made bride who is tearing her hair, And shrieking aloud in her first young despair; To the sister who kneeleth all night on the ground, Whom hope hath left mad by the red gaping wound, Leave sighs to the wounded whose cry goeth up, In vain for the draught of the cool healing cup,

Who only is found in the horrible hour By the raven that waiteth to tear and devour, But gaze at the star on the cavalier's breast, The foamy-white feather that floats on his crest, The sheen of his sword, and the flash of his eye, And wave your white hands as his steed dashes by.

That noble proud creature! ay, honor him too; Full bravely he stood when the war-lightning flew; He laughed 'mong the trumpets, the shriek and the shout, Where 'life like the tempest-blown candle' went out. Ye may look at the gorgeous trappings that deck, His limbs prancing limbs, and his haughty curved neck; But remember ye not how in blood boiling heat,

He trod out the life that lay under his feet. But sing to the man of the daring high. And worship the glance of his glorious eye; And pray on the morrow for meekness' reward, The kingdom of peace, and the reign of the Lord! URANIA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ONLY SON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Mr. Harcourt sat alone in his study. The walls were crowded with book-cases filled with the massive tomes of the law; his table was covered with papers of importance; and a pile of notes, which had just been paid him by a client, lay close at his elbow. The costly lamp that hung above his head threw its light full on the upper part of his face, bringing the massy brow out into bold relief, and giving additional sternness and promise to his cold and inflexible features. All at once he rang the bell.

"Is master James arrived?" he said sharply when the servant entered. "Yes, sir." In a few moments the door of the study again opened, and the lawyer's only son stood in the presence of his father. He was a youth of about seventeen, fair and manly to gaze upon, but with the look of dissipation in his countenance which mars the noblest beauty. An expression of feminine softness and irresolution in his face, contradicted the proud and self-willed glance of dark glowing eyes. He seemed indeed to judge from his look, to be wholly a creature of impulse.

"So you have been in another scrape, sir!" said the old man harshly. The youth bowed his head and bit his lip. "It cost me four hundred dollars to pay for the carriage that was broken, and the horse foundered in your drunken frolic. What have you to say to that, sir?"

The young man's eye wandered restlessly around the room, without daring to meet his father's face. Nor did he make any reply. "How long is this to last?" said his parent in a more angry tone. "Have I not told you again and again, that I would disown you if these things went on! You're a disgrace, Sir, to me—a blot to my name. Thank God your mother did not live to see you growing up!"

The youth had been evidently nursing himself to hear his father's rebukes with as much coolness and indifference as possible, but at the mention of his mother's name his lip quivered, and he turned away his head to hide the tears that gathered in his eyes. Had that stern, irritable old man known how to follow the chord he had struck, his son might yet have been saved; but he was a hard, correct man, unaccustomed to make allowance for difference of character, and he resolved to drive his son into obedience by the strong arm of parental authority.

"You turn away to laugh, you rascal, do you!" said he, enraged. "You believe, because you are my child, I will not dishonor you. But I would cast you off if you were ten times my son; and I made up my mind to day to tell you that once to go. There is a pile of notes—five hundred dollars, I believe; take it, and to-morrow I will make it a thousand, before you depart. But remember, this is the last night you shall pass under my roof—the last cent of money you shall ever touch."

When his mother was alluded to, the youth had almost made up his mind to step forward, ask pardon for all his evil courses and promise solemnly hereafter to live a life of strict propriety; but the sharp and angry tone in which Mr. Harcourt pursued the conversation and the words of banishment with which it closed, seemed to make him irresolute. He colored, turned pale, and parted his lips as if to speak; then he clasped his hands in supplication, but the cold, contemptuous look of his father checked him, and he remained silent. The angry flush, however, rose again to his cheek, and became fixed there.

"Not a word, sir," said the father. "It is too late for pleading now. Don't be both a blackguard and a coward. I told you if you ever got into a discreditable difficulty I would disown you. But warning did no good.—You must reap as you have sown. Will you go?"

The youth seemed again about to speak, but his words choked him. The spirit of the son as well as that of the father, was aroused. He felt that the punishment was disproportioned to the offence, even great as it had been. He took the notes which his parent held out to him, crumpled them hastily together, and flinging them scornfully back, turned and left the room. The next instant the street door closed with a heavy clang.

"He has not gone, surely!" said his father, startled for a moment. But his brow darkened as his eye fell on the notes. "Yet let him go—the heartless villain—he is hereafter no son of mine. Better die childless than have an heir who is a disgrace to your name. Did I not do my duty to him?"

James Harcourt went forth from his father's house in utter despair. Pride had supported him during the last few moments of the interview, and he had met his stern parent's malediction with bitter defiance; but when the door had closed upon him, and he turned to take a last look at the window which was once his mother's, the tears gushed again into his eyes, and covering his face in his hands, he sat down on a neighboring step, and sobbed convulsively. "O! if she had been living," he said, "it would never have come to this. She would not have left me to form associations with those who wished to make a prey of me—she would not have galled me by stern, and often undeserved reproaches—she would not have turned me from my house with no place whither to go, and the temptations around me on every side.—Oh! my mother," he said, casting his eyes to heaven, "look down on me and pity your poor boy."

At that instant the door of his father's house opened as if some one was about to come forth. A momentary hope shot through him, that his parent had relented. But no! it was only a servant who had been called to

close the shutters. Ashamed to be recognized, the youth hastily arose, turned a corner and disappeared.

Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely on him; he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily, to bear him to and from Court. An invitation to his dinners were received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been. He had no one to love. He felt that people counted him only from interested motives.—O, how he longed to know what had become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that years had removed the veil from his eyes, how horribly he had used the culprit.

"Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer, he might have reformed," he said, with a sigh. "He always had a good heart, and his poor mother used to say he was so obedient. But he got led away."

At this instant a servant cautiously opened his library door. "It is almost ten o'clock, your honor," he said, "and the carriage is at the door." "Ay, ay," said the judge rising, as the servant disappeared. "I had forgot myself.—And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried to-day, for the mail robbery."

Many an observation how greeted the judge, as the officers of the court made way for him through the crowd, for the trial was one of unusual interest, and had collected large numbers. He smiled affably on all, and taking his seat, ordered the business to proceed.—The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine-looking man, but the judge, occupied with a case he heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal, or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through, and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard.

Then the judge, for the first time, directed a keen glance to the prisoner. "Surely I have seen that face before," he said. But he could not remember where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury-box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a bitterly severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner rose firmly and drew himself to his full height. But, before sentence was pronounced, he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone, that the judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who was so courageous should stop to beg for his life.

"I acknowledge my crime," said the prisoner, "nor do I seek to palliate it—nor either do I ask for mercy. I can face death; I have faced it a dozen times. But I wish to say a word on the cause that brought me to this place."

Every neck was strained forward to catch the words of the speaker; even the judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

"I was born of respectable, nay, distinguished parents," said the man, "and one at least was an angel. But she died early, and my father, immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associations, which, therefore, naturally were not all of the most unexceptionable kind. By and by, my irregularities began to attract my father's notice. He reproved me too harshly. Recollect I was spoiled by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment this time, was more severe and quite as ill-advised as before. I was a creature of impulse, pliable either for good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive me when he should have persuaded me with kindness.—The fact is, neither of us understood each other. Well, matters went on thus for two years and more; I was extravagant, rebellious, dissipated; my parent was hard and unforbearing."

"At length," continued the speaker, turning full on the judge until their eyes met, "at length one evening, my parent sent for me into the study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me about a fortnight before with dishonorance if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I was to be no son of his, but an outcast and beggar. He said too, he thanked God, my mother had not lived to see that day. That touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he given me a chance, I might have reformed, but he irritated me with hard words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard and sent me forth alone into the world. From that hour," continued the prisoner, speaking rapidly and with great emotion, "I was desperate. I went out from his door a homeless, penniless boy. My former associates would have shrunk from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But what needs it to tell the shifts I was driven to? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread. You, who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means to which the miserable outcast must resort for a livelihood! But enough. From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out of my father's house, my fate was inevitable, leading me by constantly descending steps, until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day, ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future, as I have been reckless of the past."

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained their eyes to him, the spectators turned toward the judge, to see what effect the prisoner's words had produced. Well was it that no one had looked there before, else that proud man had sunk cowering from his seat. They would have seen how

his eye gradually quailed before the speaker—how he turned ashy pale—how his whole face, at length became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was now fully awake. In the criminal he had recognized his own son! He thought then of the words he had once used; "As you sow, so shall you reap." But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then feeling as if every eye was upon him, penetrating this terrible secret in his looks, he sank with a groan, senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the courtroom, when it was found that the judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physician said by a stroke of the apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence, and before the next session of the court, the culprit had received a conditional pardon, the result, it was said, of the mitigating circumstance, which he had urged so eloquently on his trial. The terms on which a large portion of citizens petitioned for his pardon require that he should forever after reside abroad. It was said that the judge, although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner as to visit him in a long and secret interview, the night before he sailed for Europe.

A year after these events, Judge Harcourt resigned his office on the plea of ill health & having settled his affairs, embarked for the old world where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America.—Travellers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life, who passed for his adopted son. A smiling family of grand-children surrounded him. The happy father could say, in the language of Scripture, "this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

IMAGE OF CHRIST.

In a late paper written by Lydia Maria Child of New York for the Boston Courier, is the following interesting notice of a beautiful image of Christ now on exhibition in that city.

"A little further down Broadway is now exhibited a very remarkable ivory image of Christ on the Cross. I never saw a work of art that impressed me so powerfully. The subject is usually painful to me, like all others that represent physical suffering. But the artist has here chosen the moment when bodily agony has passed away, leaving no trace, but a very slight contraction of the brow. The languor of death has gone over it, and the serene and holy expression of the departed soul alone remains on the beautiful countenance. I think I never saw anything so perfectly divine in its expression as the mouth. The anatomy of the figure is wonderful. The tension of the muscles, and swelling of every little vein, are shown as plainly as if it were indeed a crucified human figure. The development of the head, too, is such as belongs to a character where the high moral qualities predominate. This perfection in details is the more remarkable, because the ivory was wrought by a poor monk of St. Nicholas, who knew nothing about the making of images. He was seized upon by a 'divine mania,' the result of intense feeling and religious meditation. He thought 'the dear Lord and gracious Mary Mother' would aid him in so holy a labor; and suddenly a vision sprung up within him. It would never pass away from him; and if his thoughts wandered for a moment into the world, he would bow himself with sighs and tears before the form he was shaping. His penance was to continue his prayers and his slow labor, without food, drink, or sleep, for twenty or thirty hours, through the night, till the day-break looked into his cell. On such occasions he sometimes saw a miraculous glory encircling the head of the figure. Thus he worked upon it four years, ever cherishing the hope that it would be placed in some church where it would be revered by all the people. Mr. Lester, our consul at Geneva, overcame his reluctance to sell it, by assuring him that in America it would be an object of great veneration. I cannot help feeling some sympathy with the poor devotional monk, when I see this work of prayer and tears exhibited in Broadway for two shillings, instead of being preserved in some consecrated niche, as he so devoutly hoped. It is exhibited on the second floor; and I see the papers say, that 'the Christ must be brought down, because the people will not go up.'" This has been the practical teaching of the Christian church, ever since Constantine welded it to the state. Hence its priests sustain the galleys, and pray for the success of armies.

SONNET.

ON SEEING THE IVORY STATUE OF CHRIST

The enthusiast brooding in his cell apart O'er the sad image of the Crucified, The drooping head, closed lips and pierced side, A holy vision fills his raptured heart, With heavenly power inspired, his unskilled arm, Shapes the rude block to this transcendent form.

Oh Son of God! thus, ever thus, would I dwell on the loveliness enshrined in Thee, The lofty faith, the sweet humility, The boundless love—the love that could not die, And as the sculptor, with thy glory warm, Gives to this chiselled ivory thy fair form, So would my spirit in thy Thought divine Grow to a semblance fair as this of Thine. Broadway Journal.] ANNE C. LYNCH.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

An English paper, the Western Times, relates the following incident: "Buddleigh Salterman has been the scene of a most thrilling incident. Six infant children on Wednesday morning, got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it.—Daylight returned, and still there was no tidings of the helpless children; the day wore away, and still nothing was heard of them—they were lost either in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths. A Plymouth trawler, on Friday morning early, while fishing saw something floating at a distance; she bore down to it and

discovered it to be a boat—and in the bottom six children cuddled together like a nest of birds fast asleep, God having mercifully given that blessed solace after a day of terror and despair. The trawler took them aboard, fastened them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing little hearts with a promise to take them home. Between three and four in the afternoon the trawler was seen in the offing with the boat astern. All eyes were turned towards her; the best spy glass in town was rubbed again and again, and at last they made out that it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town—the mothers came frantic to the beach, for there were no children discerned in the boat; none to be seen in the sleep. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the trawler came in, and the word went round, "they're all safe," and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day, and a prayer, eloquent for its rough sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who in his infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea, during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, the sixth was but nine years old.

BAD WRITING.

His letters put me in mind of tum't and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word.—A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old, crooked nails which have just been released from a century's duration in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his characters, without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writing; he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resurrection of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, either that he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me, for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed.—Dr. Parr.

AN INDIAN HANGING.

The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under a Cherokee Sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago, about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. We have the particulars from an eye witness. The Sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the Court Lodge, but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short for his accommodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution. The whole band of Indians, with the Sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and after a little time, a tall cotton wood was found with a projecting branch far up the trunk, that in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully guarded by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure—then came to the shore, donned his blanket and stood ready for the last act of the drama. The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the Sheriff to work himself as far up upon it, from the trunk, as he could—which was done, the Sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the Sheriff and the Indian. When all the arrangements were completed, the Sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal when he, the prisoner must jump off the limb—to which Nat cheerfully assented. The Sheriff reached the ground, and looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted—"Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!" And jump Nat did, and after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind. [Albany Atlas.

A great lie, says the poet Crabbe, is like a fish on dry land; it may fret and sting, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still and it will die of itself.

Anti Slavery Publications

J. ELIZABETH HITCHCOCK has just received and has now for sale at her boarding house, Sarah Galbreath's, west end of High st. THE CONSTITUTION A PRO-SLAVERY COMPACT, OF SELECTIONS FROM THE MADISON PAPERS. THE BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES, OR A TRUE PICTURE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH AND CLERGY, by S. S. Foster. COME OUTERISM, OR THE DUTY OF RE-SESSION FROM A CORRUPT CHURCH, by Wm. Goodell. THE AMERICAN CHURCHES THE BULWARKS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, by James G. Birney. "THE OFFERING," "THE DISUNIONIST," by Wendell Phillips. "ARCHY MOORE" by Richard R. Hildreth. "VOICES OF THE TRUE HEARTED" From No. 1 to 6 inclusive. PORTRAIT OF LUCRETIA MOTT. CHANNING'S LAST ADDRESS. NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.