

POETRY.

The Parted Friends.

Amid New England's vallies,
Where her laughing waters flow,
Two little maidens wandered
In the days of long ago.

Years fled and they were parted;
One sought the blooming West;
Manhood's truth and childhood's beauty
Make her lowly path-way blest.

A few more days of sunshine
And of shade will roll away,
Then the quiet grave will open,
To receive their kindred lay.

John Littlejohn.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

John Littlejohn was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scolding wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his say;
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two,"
When foolish Arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the light and plain.

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the World's de-
spite;
When foils or quacks desired his vote,

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,

When told that events would justify,
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,

When told from the pulpit, or the press
That heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those, could enter there
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretence of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious sham philosophy,

Think of our Country's Glory.

BY ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

Think of our country's glory,
All dimm'd with Africa's tans—
Her broad flag stain'd and gory
With the hoarded guilt of years!

Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shriek'd, alas! in vain,
When heart from heart is rending
Ne'er to be join'd again.

Oh, no! by every blessing
That Heaven to thee may lend—
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Notes by the Way.

INTERVIEW WITH A PRISONER.

In a former number I gave an account of my visit to the Eastern Penitentiary on the Sabbath. I shall now sketch a few particulars in the history of one of the inmates.—The Warden and a Quaker accompanied me.

"How long have you been in prison?" I asked. "I have been in different prisons ever since 1830, excepting one year." "Then," said I, "you have been 17 years in confinement. This is a long time to be shut out from society."

"Well," said he, "I have been in here 17 months, and I say this (turning to the Warden,) that I have not received an unkind word from you." "I was," he continued, "in Sing Sing two years and a half, and such a prison I never was in before. I would not believe men could be so cruel—why, it was worse than the Inquisition. When I first entered my cell, I received notice of the rules, but I forgot some of them. I omitted to put my hand through the gratings of the door when it is first closed, a custom which gives the keeper a chance to know that the prisoner is in without the trouble of looking within the door."

"I remember," he said, "that one man was to receive the cat, (the name of the whip which he believes, six tails,) and on inquiring why he was to be punished, the answer was that it was for being ugly! Men were treated to the most brutal manner. If they refused to take off their shirt, the language was, 'd—n you, take off that shirt!' Continuing his narrative, he said, 'I was punished about fifty times in Sing Sing, till finally I hardly dared to wink.'"

"I am now forty-five years of age. I had no education when I was young; I was put in prison at fifteen years of age. And from there I escaped. I again commenced stealing, and carried the goods to a house of Assignment. I went two voyages to S. America. In company with another, I afterwards commenced stealing. We stole some jewelry. A pardon was afterwards granted. I again went to sea. I was afterwards taken up for Burglary. I went afterwards on board a Man of War. I escaped from her by swimming away. I was again taken up for Burglary, and was sentenced for three years."

"But," said I, interrupting his narrative, "what could have induced you to go on in crime! Have you no principle? What are your religious views?" "Oh," said he, "I believe in future rewards and punishments." "But," said the Warden, "there ought not to live so; they may die in this criminal state."

"I remarked," he said, "I ought not to live so now. It is not the idea that we have got to die, that should induce us to live well; we should love and fear God even if we were never to die. Religion is a matter for life, and when we are fit to live, we are fit to die."

"Each cell has a spot of ground connected with it, about sixteen feet long, and seven feet wide. In a few instances, this has been converted into a shop. I saw there the peach tree which Dr. Howe described so poetically in his speech in Boston, at the meetings of the Prison-Discipline Society."

that hour to follow in the path of virtue and integrity.

"Would you have worked if you had found some one to give you employment?" I asked. The prisoner looked with much earnestness at me as he sat on the floor of his cell, having given me his only seat, and then said, "When I was discharged, I could not find encouragement. The world brands the prisoner with infamy."

"The prisoner looked with great earnestness upon his keeper, as if meditating some excuse, when he very archly said, 'How many police officers do you think are honest?'" "To this, the keeper replied, 'Suppose there were not one, that would be no excuse for these. There should have been honest and have sought for work. And if these had not obtained employment, then they might not have starved, but have gone to the Almshouse.'"

"The Almshouse!" exclaimed the prisoner; "the Almshouse! but I could not go there. I would not like to go to such a place, evidently carrying the idea that that was worse than the prison." "Yes," said the Warden, "but many honest people have gone there; there is nothing so very bad in going to such an institution. It would be far better than to commit crime."

"Here the prisoner gave a specimen of the conversation there, and the manner of conversing without opening the mouth or moving the lips. This could be done without detection. It was not exactly ventiloquism, but it showed, at once, the ease with which communication could be carried on between man and man even under the most vigilant eye of a keeper."

"No," said the prisoner, with great earnestness, "I would never wrong a man who trusted me. A rogue's life is not very pleasant after all." "Why, then," I asked, "did you continue a life which you, yourself, say was so disagreeable and so hard?" "I have had many compunctions of conscience," continued the prisoner, "but then what could I do? I could not sometimes obtain work and I should have starved."

"I assured him that I would befriend any discharged prisoner, and our time having elapsed, we abruptly left the cell, leaving his strange excuse unanswered." "Such was the substance of a conversation with one who knew all about prison life; one who had evidently weighed all the circumstances connected with crime; one who all the while, believed in a state of eternal punishment; one who confessed that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' The narrative was interesting, and I trust it will show the importance of doing for the Discharged Prisoner. It is evident that thousands might be saved, if proper means were taken. But the community is dead to the subject, but the time will come when such a Christian work will be done, and then many crimes will cease."

Animals.

A great many anecdotes are told of the sagacity of animals, and in Jesse's recent work on Dogs, we find several that we have not met with before. Of the Dog's ability to find his way home, he says: "A few years ago some hounds were embarked at Liverpool for Ireland, and were safely delivered at a kennel far up in that country. One of them, not probably liking his quarters, found his way back to the port at which he had been landed from Liverpool. On arriving at it, some troops were being embarked in a ship bound to that place. This was a fortunate circumstance for the old hound, as, during the bustle, he was not noticed. He safely arrived at Liverpool, and on his old master, or huntsman rather, coming down stairs one morning, he recognized his former acquaintance waiting to greet him. A similar circumstance happened to some hounds sent by the late Lord Londsdale to Ireland. Three of them escaped from the kennel in that country, and made their appearance again in Leicestershire. The love of home, or most probably affection for a particular individual, must be strongly implanted in dogs to induce them to search over unexplored and unknown regions for the being and home they love."

"He also tells a story of an acute Colley, as follows:—"A lady of high rank has a sort of colley, a Scotch sheep dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so; but if he is told to ring the bell, when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place.—His mistress says, Ring the bell, dog. The dog looks at the servant, and then barks his bow, wow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him, 'Don't you hear that I am to ring the bell for you? Come to my lady.' His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but, during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this he immediately interferred, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say, 'if he could, 'It is all right now.'"

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY M. M. NOAH.

At a musical soiree last winter, at the splendid mansion of a thriving merchant, and with a man of taste and liberality, we were struck with the magnificence which met our eyes in every direction. The highly polished mahogany doors, the ponderous and beautiful Egyptian marble mantle pieces, the rich Wilton and royal carpets, highly polished chairs and divans, elaborately carved and gilt cornices, pier-glasses, suspended grandioses, satin curtains—all after the fashion of Henry IV. The drawing rooms were filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the supper and refreshments presented a scene of richness and luxury only to be looked for from persons of overgrown fortunes."

"These creatures do such acts on the Scottish mountains, in regard to the guidance and direction of flocks, that they are utterly incredible without being seen, and nearly incredible when they are. The waving of a shepherd's arm at a distance far beyond the sound of his voice, is sufficient to regulate all their movements; and you may see them a mile or two miles off, on tops of hills, obeying every gesture of their master, pointing out various and complex operations. We saw a colley once in Perthshire taking a flock of sheep to Falkirk, Tryst, or Fair; and as the road was dusty, he chose to indulge his charge occasionally with a bit of green water and nibble. To accomplish this, where he observed a gap in a hedge, he bounded into the field and ran on to the farther extremity of the field. If he found an opening there, he returned and drove the sheep into the pasture to pick up a little on their way; if not he occupied the gap and resolutely denied them entrance, driving them, with barking, along the turnpike road."

"While on the subject of wild animals, I may mention a leopard that was kept by an English officer in Samarang, during our occupation of the Dutch colonies. This animal had his liberty, and used to run all over the house after its master. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand and the hookah-stem in his left, when he felt a slight pain in the left hand, and on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low, angry growl from his pet leopard. On looking down, he saw the animal had been licking the back of his hand, and had, by degrees, drawn a little blood. The leopard would not suffer the removal of the hand, but continued licking it with great apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting again to disturb the pet in his proceeding, called to his servant to bring him a pistol, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot. Such pets as snakes nineteen feet long and full grown leopards, are not to be trifled with. The largest snake I ever saw was twenty-five feet long and eight inches in diameter. I have heard of sixty feet snakes but cannot vouch for their truth or the tale."

"In an English work, called 'Reminiscences of the late Major Rogers,' we find a word or two about the freaks of monkeys: He had once accepted the invitation of a brother officer, in a totally different part of the island, to try a few days' hostilities against the elephants that neighborhood, and had arrived after a day's sport, to within a mile or two of the bungalow, where his host and hostess were awaiting his arrival, when, passing by a delightfully cool looking river, he thought a plunge would be the most renovating luxury in existence; so a plunge he determined to take, sending on his servants with his guns, and an intimation that in ten minutes, he would be home to dinner. So stripping and placing his cloths very carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys 'overhauling' his entire wardrobe! One was putting its legs through the sleeves of his shirt; another cramming its head into his trousers; a third trying to find if any treasure was concealed in his boot; whilst the last formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavoring to unravel its mystery by unripping the lining and taking half a dozen bites out of the brim."

"As soon as he gained his mental equilibrium, (for the thing was so ridiculous as to make him laugh heartily, notwithstanding his disgust at seeing his garments turned to such 'vile purposes') he made with all haste towards the shore; but the judge of his horror when he saw these 'precious rascals' each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off at full speed into the jungle! not leaving poor Rogers even the vestige of an article of raiment to cover himself. All he heard was a glorious chattering, as they one by one disappeared, the last one logging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up by getting between his legs. Here was a pretty pickle for a Christian, under a boiling sun! and here he began to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of mind which we may conclude to be 'more easily imagined than described.'"

"MIRTH AND WISDOM.—Nobody can deny that there is truth in the old saying, 'It is good to be merry and wise.' Not only is this simple truth, but sound philosophy.—It is an excellent thing to be cheerful, and to laugh at what is ludicrous; in short, to look at the sunny side of things, and even in the gloom and cold of winter, to recollect that there is 'a good time coming,' when the sunshine and warmth of the glorious summer, will make all things glad. Thus, even while we enjoy ourselves, we may be 'wise' in doing so. We may be exercising that hopeful, practical philosophy, which makes the best of the present, and looks cheerily forward at the future, with its rich promise."

"In the spirit of most men lies a creative power, which only needs the right moment to call forth the spark. The beautiful—To love the beautiful in all things, to surround ourselves, as far as our means permit, with all its evidences, not only elevates the thoughts, and harmonizes the mind, but is a sort of homage we owe to the gifts of God and the labors of man. The beautiful is the priest of the benevolent.—Bulwer."

DAVID WOODRUFF,

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BENJAMIN BOWN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER, TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER, AND DEALER IN Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles. No. 141, Liberty Street, PITTSBURGH.

MORE NEW BOOKS. Just received from New York and Philadelphia, among a great variety of school and miscellaneous books, Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Keightley's History of England, a New and Superior work, in two vols. Baldwin's Pronouncing Gazetteer. Bolle's Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary. Wood and Bach's U. S. Dispensary. Davis's Revelations, 'The Most Remarkable Book of the Age.' &c. &c. Blank Books of every description. Paperies of all kinds, such as lace edged, gilt, and embossed note papers, fancy envelopes, motto papers, visiting cards, perforated board, perforated cards, &c. Fine cap and post papers, pens, ink, pencils. Paints (dry and fine.) Crayons, drawing pencils, tracing paper, tissue paper. In short, a complete assortment of stationery. All for sale low at the SALEM BOOKSTORE. June 18th, 1848. if

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING. The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business. Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woolen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and one thousand single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woolen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound. Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven. ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD, Green street, Salem. June 10th, 1848. 6m—148

Agents for the "Bugle." OHIO. New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and L. Johnson. Columbiana; Lot Holmes. Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin. Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes. Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas. Canfield; John Wetmore. Lowellville; John Bissell. Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm J. Bright. New Lyme; Marsena Miller. Selma; Thomas Swayne. Springboro; Ira Thomas. Harveysburg; V. Nicholson. Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke. Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson. Columbus; W. W. Pollard. Georgetown; Ruth Cope. Bardsburg; Alex. Glenn. Farmington; Willard Curtis. Bath; J. B. Lambert. Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna; Joseph Carroll. Havnata; Thomas Wilkesville. South Union; Caleb Greene. Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby. Maita; Wm. Cope. Richfield; Jerome Harlburt, Elijah Poor Lodi; Dr. Still. Chester; Roads; H. W. Curtis. Painesville; F. McGrew. Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell. Granger; L. Hill. Hartford; G. W. Bushnell. Garrettsville; A. Joiner. Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore. Achor Town; A. G. Richardson. INDIANA. Winchester; Clarkson Puckett. Economy; Ira C. Maulsby. Penn; John L. Michner. PENNSYLVANIA. Pittsburgh H. Vashon.