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From the Democratic Review.

LINES TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Hencafter I may, thou hast thy wish e'en here;
To many a striving spirit dost thou come,
Sweet lady! from thy far-off northern home,
Like a blest presence from another spiner;
And love and faith, the night-lamps of the soil,
Have burned with brighter flame at thy control.

A friend and alister art thou now to those
Who weepo'erburdened with life's weary load,
And faint and toil-worn tread the desert road;
To them thou beckonest from thy high reposa.
Thou'st gained that steep where endless day up
That faith whose followers are baptized with it

here came no voices from thy distant shore,
We beard no echo of thy country's lyres,
We saw no gleaming of her household fires;
eloud had hung thy land and language o'er,
Until thy pictured thoughts broke on our eyes,
Like an Autora of thy native skies.

hy name is loved through all our fair wide land;
Where the log-cabins of our western woods
Are scattered through the dim old solitudes;
there, glowing with young life, our cities stand,
There go thy white-winged messengers, as went
Of old the angels to the patriarch's tent.

My harp is tuncless and unknown to fame;
A few weak chords, alsa! chance-strung and frail,
O'er which weeps fitfully the passing gale.
Would it indeed were worthier of its theme,
That it might bear across the distant sea
The homage of unnumbered hearis to thee.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And atill with a voice of delore.
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work,—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Sean, and gussel, and shand,
Band, and gussel, and sean,
Till over the britions I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O: men, with sisters dear!

O! men, with inothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures! lives!

Stitch—stitch—citich,
In poverty, hinger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death ?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible abupe,
It seems to like my own—
It seems to like my own—
It seems to like my own,
Because of the fasts I keepOh! God! that bread sbould be so dea.
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work - work in My labor never flag; And what are it wages? A bed of straw, A crust of bread—and rags. That shatter? A profession of the straw is a broken chalf—A able—a broken chalf—And a wall so blank, my whatow I thank For sometimes falling there!

*Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
: Work—work—work,
As princers work for trine!
Band, and gusset, and sean,
Sean, and gusset, and band,
I'll the heart is sick, and the brain I
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work,
In the dail December light,
And work—work,
When the weather is warm and brightWhite underneath the eaves
The brooding evallows eling.
As it to show me their sumy backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour,
To feel as I need to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love, or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would case my heart,
But in their briny bed
My team must stop, for every drop
Hinders medie, and thread,?

With fingers weary and wore,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A warmen set in towomably rags,
Pfying het needle and dured—
Sitch i stich! a stich!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a wider of solorous pitch,
Would that its cone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Soig of the Shirt!"

Yet there are some to whom a strength is given, A will, a self-constraining energy.
A Faith which feeds upon no earthly hope, which asers thinks of victory, but content in its own consummating, emphating because it ought to combat, even as Love Is its own cause, and cannot have another.

Miscellany.

LILIAS GRIEVE.

t of her Redeemer.

had old Samuel Grieve and his orely for their faith. But they left puse, willing to die there, or to be never God should so appoint. They less; but a little grand-daughter, old, lived with them, and she was thought of death was so familiar.

the blood.

Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinvs were not yet relaxed, and in his younger days
had been a man of great strength. When, therere, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense
receiving an indignity from such a slave, made
s blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed,
e gray-batted man, with one blow, felled the ruf-

of recease.

It is blood both, and, as if his yourn new problem to the floor.

In the floor.

That blow scaled his door.

That bow scaled his doon. There was a fierce Thumult and yelling of verathful voices, and Samuel me ferrier was led out to die. He had winessed such butchery of others—and felt that the nour of his better that the north of the butchery of others—and felt that the north his better that the problem of the problem of the high his priest's servant, and saidst, "The cup which my the priest's servant, and saidst, "The cup which my the priest's servant, and saidst, "The cup which my the priest's servant, and saidst, "The cup which my the priest's servant, and saidst, but he will be the priest's servant, and saidst, "The cup which my the priest's servant, and saidst, "The cup which my the priest's servant, and saidst, "So, and could be a served to the server of the server o

and seemed now like men themselves condenned to die. Sbame and remore for their coward cruelty, smote them to the core—and they had them that were still kneeling to rise up and go their ways—then, forming hemselves his or egular order of coverance of the covera

German edition of the writings of this admira woman, is prefixed by an autobiographical letter to the authoress to the publisher—written, dotter at his urgent suggestion, and beautifully charae. We copy the following translation of it from Democratic Review:

om the soil of ther became d of his es

this disorderly hand of soldiers proceeded on their way that can be thought of, looking longingly towards house to the head of Yarrow, and there saw, the future, to see and to perform miracles. In the soldiers, the house of Sammel Grieve. This mility, I must confess I always thought of myeding to more noble and comprehensive character; I meet in the soldiers, the house of Sammel Grieve. This mility, I must confess I always thought of myeding to more noble and comprehensive character; I meet in the soldiers of the confess I always thought of myeding to more noble and comprehensive character; I meet in the soldier of the confess I may be considered to get some refreshment, and right earning a turnul of many trades and many feet, came out, and were immediate. As you may glance against that family circle, and the most described bits hand to Pather Mathwey, and the most described by the latter of the most described by the

rich fountains of culture she yet derives nouran-ment.
Would you look more deeply into the soul? See, thee, how a thick earthly reality gradually spreads is dark cover of clouds over her splendid youtful of dreams; how twilight surprised the wandere early on het way; how anxiously, yet how in vain she at the fall of now; the darkness increases; it be-comes night. And in this deep, endless winter injut, she hears complaining voices from the East and from the West; from a dying nature, and from desparing humanity; and she sees life, with all its love and beauty, buried, with its loving, heating heart beneath cold beds of ice. Heaven is dark and empty; there is no eye there, and no heart. All is deed of whige, except sorrow.

the human soul arst opens to the light of the eternal Perhaps you wish to hear something of my authorship. This commenced in the eighth year of my age, when I a postrophized the moon in the French verses:

40 Corps calasted to nature 19

And for a long time, I continued to write in the same sublime spirit, the reading of which I will the influence of unquiet, youthful feelings, without design, as the wave leave their traces on the shore, I wrote to write. Afterwards, I took up the pen from different motives, and wrote what you have

her hussand, opening in a moment, these words of the control of the property o

The theorem and the fature, I cherish only the solitary with to complete what I have undertaken. If
I succeed in this, I shall consider myself as less unworthy of the great kindness which has been shown
me; and the good and honest, whose approbation
has inspired me, must thank themselves for the
greater part. I thank you sir, most heartly. Receive this expression of my sentiments towards yourself, and your countrymen also, and be assured of
the esteem and gratitude of TREDERIKA BREMER.

e recently held several meetings to take into eration their own wretched and oppressed con-Most horrible facts are disclosed. From a of one of these meetings in the Boston Post, p the following:

without attending to anything entry at the distribution of the control of the con

le beck. Four cents paid for under-shirts, by several. Some were paid off at the end of the week wholly cents, which the employers purchased at the tell-diges, at the rate of 105 for a dollar. To some who had complained of the prices, empress had answered, 'If you can't live as you nat to on the prices I pay you, you know there are nates where you can go to and live! (meaning wates of lift flame.)

The following is an extract from a speech deli-red by Father Mathew, at a temperance meeting Cork, Ireland:
"If out of our bridewells, lonatic asylums, prisons from the gibbet or the grave—uay, even from hel-lelf, the voices of the victims of drunkenness could

h.—M. Botta, the French cossul enced, a year back, making exten-ind formerly covered by the city of as situated on the Tigris, opposite of Mossoul. The walks are still ill as some huge piles of bricks, foundations of the piales of the In one of those piles he disco-so of a pilace, the walls of which as reliefs and inscriptions in con-rect months. The strength of the red consumer was hitherto po-syrians. The French government a sum of money, to enable him of

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

ed with and orporated with and nich is necessary to butter intended is to incorporate the particle of liquid,

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nader the following heads:

dy of the President, and the lawless pro-

dress to his constituents, September 12, 1842.
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Upright men shall be astonished at this, and the phimself against the hypocrite.—Job. xvii. 8.

rices.

term will commence the first second day in the honth (November). There will be two weaone in the spring, the other in the fall.

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On.

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