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Also Governing the following t

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Doetry.

For the National Anti-Slav SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

It seemeth like the ripple While billows still are sic rest; ripples, with their glant waves shal proudly swell.

thence doth rie dated dirge? whence those

ong His unrequ

oh! no, thank God! a brighter day has dawned upor the world.

And Freedom's banner, waving now, shall nee'r sgait be furted,
Esoh fetter shall be broken, each burden be nndone,
Safore the fad o'our God--the Great, Eternal One.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

FRIEND JONATHAN! for friend thou art, Do prythee take now in good part Lines the first eteamer shall waft o'er. Sorry am I to hear the Blacks Sorry am I to hear the Blacks Still hear your ensign on their backs; The stripes they suffer make me sore.

Another region sends it down,
Where soon will rise its hundredth town
The wide Pacific now is thine.
With power and riches be content;
More, more than either, God hath sent.
A man is better than a mine.

Scarce half a century hath past Ere closed the tomb npon your last, The man that hallt the Westers world: When gamblers, drunkards, madmen rose, He wrencht the sword from all such foces. And crush them with the fron they hu

Beware of wrong. The brave are true. The tree of freedom never grow
Where Frand and Falsehood sow'd it
Hast thou not seen it stuck one day.
In the loose soil, and swept away
The next, amid the hind and halt,

Who danced like maniacs round about? The noisiest, fonlest, rabble rout! Earth spurns them from her, half-at Slaves they will ever he, and should. Drunken with every neighbor's blood, By every chief they arm betrayed.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

BY GRARLES MACKAY.

BUILD Allow-yes hulld a lie,
A large one—be not over tender;
A large one—be not over tender;
That all the wat raiss it high.
That all the wat raiss it high.
That all the wat the magnitude of the large of the period of th

nough storms may hatter it evermore, sough angry lightnings flash around it, cough whirthnings rave, and whirtpools re overwhelm and to confound it, the ship shall ride, all wrath of time at hostile elements defying: which softruth are doubtless strong, tt great's the buoyancy of lying.