VOLUME VIII.--NO. 35.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1848.

WHOLE NUMBER 399.

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

Selections.

"FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

TATIONAL ANTICLAYED PLANE OF THE PROPERTY OF T

	1832-,85.	1849-,45.	Difference.	
Sugar, (hhds.)	86,628	44,208	42,420	
Rum, (Puncheons,)	32,075	15,060	17,015	
Molasses, (Casks,)	585	98	487	
Ginger, (lhs.)	2,548,645	1,836,776	711,868	
Pimento, (lbs.)	5,834,490	3,986,085	1,848,405	
Coffee, (lbs.)	14,499,955	5,155,503	9,344,452	

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD
By the result. The spirit of princingest appeared to be belowing that the extension of Survey was the noject of the result. The spirit of princing and a few more than the properties of the survey was the noject of the result. The spirit of princing and a few more than the spirit of princing and the result of the survey and the spirit of the spirit of princing and the spirit of the spirit of princing and the spirit of the spirit

See a series of the series of the control of the co

el.

camer J. R. Thompson arrived at New Orleans
caning of the 11th instant, bringing dates from
so to the 4th.

inga no news of importance from Gen. Wool's

The ship Thansaro had reached New Orleans from New Cong, with date from the latter elly to the Sh instant, being four days like than billion occurred. The ship the ship that the ship t

Seneral Rtems.

Distressing Case of Suicids.—Corofte; Walters yester-ay held an inquest on the body of Horace Wells, each about 35 years, who was compited to prison on attacks list on a charge of having the previous evening rown a quantily of vitical pan two females in Bind ary, with a view of destroying their dresses, &c. and the operation of the property of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of the control of the control of the con-trol of the control of

re.—I rowne.

Orrible Confession of a Negro.—A few days since, the ro, Isaac Phillips, who was a fugitive from justice, to I nowisian, so the charge of mordering his master, Alseph Dean, of Lake Providence, was delivered up a recolation, and taken from our jull, where he had a confined some time back, to the acene of his crime, this is all there, he made two confessions or a statements.

Mr. Alreip Den, of Lake Providence, was detirered at on a regalities, and lake from one Jul, where he had you are registries, and lake from one July. Where he had you are registries, as the woodleashout or natements, both despite any pasticipation is the unrefer of his east, the providence of the control of the Rer. In according to the law of the Rer. In according to t py pages a row one. I afterwards brick july and the page of the pa

esquires, if they believe so, why not end it Territory is a state of the public analysis that is the point. But they of mish believe so. They have beener—Bymaria Reck.

They have beener been a second to the proper section of the second of the second

Haven Fallsbirn.

A Band of Brathers—Hon. Wm. B. Calboan, recently elected Secretary of this Commonwealth, as a brather of the Commonwealth, as of Hon. John H. Calboan, Secretary of the Sease of New York—White Industry of the Commonwealth of the Commonweal

naraccistic, as \$1008.—Ezpras.

Call Thing by their Right Names.—As affair or, a rown in Vermont, a few days ago, which in a se scriousness of the shiple with which it was cod, must have been exceedingly Indicerons, and lostrates the necessity of caling things by the amors. A deacon of the church, as sund, went tore with his jay for some wine for the comment of th

year. An atoclous law.

Romanic and Reality.—The North Amarican says that
Dr. Niles, recently appointed by President Polk as
Dr. Niles, recently appointed by President Polk as
Dr. Niles, recently appointed by President Polk as
Dr. Niles, recently appointed the wiles of
Dr. Niles and Blanch, "In the Wandering Lew.
Chrical.—We understand that the Rev. B. C. Dahp,
of Boston, bas bern invited to become the pastor of the
Elizabeth street Universalist Societies," in New York (it),
at a yearly salary of \$3,000. He will probably accept.
—Lound Coar.

-Lossit Cour. Marriage is High Life.—To-day, at 12 n'clock, Sasan, dasahier of Sensior Benina, was marifed to a young emitteman of S. Joint. There were serve hidenanch, the serve hidenanch in the server hidenanch in the se

The venerable Misa Edgeworth has a new work

De Boigue, the sprightly French writer, whose latesketches of this country have excited so much attention, says of Gen. Taylor and his politics: "Is Taylor a Whig? is he a Democrat? No one knows—he don't know himself!"

For the Standard—from January 1504, to 224, 1848
444 Thomas Room, Bastin, Max 2 0
367 Edmusd Jackson, 1 100
388 Samel Dewacet, 1 100
438 Lina H. Ober, Milrorl, Max 1 100
438 Lina H. Ober, Milrorl, Max 1 100
431 A. O. Alery, Baltariown, N 3 1 40
431 A. O. Alery, Baltariown, N 3 40
40 Richard Martin, Sandardtile, N 4 40
7 5

DONATIONS. Dr. Austin Flint, Leicester, Mass

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treaspret.

[Pr Norrea.—By the post-office has now in force publishers of newspapers and sherice, falls surveiged by the recipited by an anglest of a managers to and benches, falls surveiged by the recipited by analysis the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will fall a hill, surveiged of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have the papers and the proper to the subscribers and the papers of the papers of

NOTICES.

| The Annual Meeting of the Massachustur Alley of the Special Country of the Special Countr

ome of these outraced ones, we ask eich and all of one oneshings, of what you can, do all that you out one of the control of t

Adbertisements.

FREE PRODUCE STORE, Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

New goods, just received:
Fine shirting and sheetine mislin, bleached and brawn.
Sain stripe. Fine 64 plaid maslin.
Also, on hard, heavy movilins, of different widths.
Also, on hard, heavy movilins, of different widths.
Clinens, warranted free from coulden.
Manchester? gingbams of as erior quality, various styles.

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of spife.

Online, On the control parties, assured parties, of the control par

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
(Successor to Joel Fisher
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry
Philadelphia, 3d mo. 25th, 1847.—17.*

UST PUBLISHED, and for sale at this office, "The Legion of Laberty, and Fore of Trails," 10th ceiting. —This work contains about 200 passes (close realing; 20) camineta substitution, and about 60 illustrative earnwises. Price 371-2 coats; in mushin, and 22 cents, in price covers. A very likeral discount to those who purchase a namber of epoints. Infrarece, Right, and Appeal of Women, from ratios wathers, 12-12 cents.

Also, the Condition, Influence, Right, and Appeal of writer, whose itsed so much politics." In a contempt of the contempt of t

NEW YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENY.

Poetry.

From the Liberty Bell. THE RUNAWAY SLAVE AT PILGRIM'S POINT

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING I.

I stand on the mark, healde the shore,
Of the first white pilgrim's bended knee;
Where ealle changed to sneestor,
And God was thanked for liberty.
I have run through the night—my skin ia'as dark—
I bend my knee down on this mark—
I look on the sky and the eea.

O, pilgrim-souls, I speak to you:
I see you come out proud and slow
From the load off the spirits, pale as dew,
And round mean fround me ye so.
O, pilgrims, I have masped and rou
All nicht long from the whips of one
Who, in your names, works sin and woe!

III.

And thui I thought that I would come
And kneel here where ye knelt before
And feel your souls around me hum
In underione to the ocean's rons;
And lift my black face, my black hand,
Here in your ammes, to corse this land
Ye blessed in Freedom's, heretofore.

Iv.

I am black, I am black,
And yet Ged made me, they say:
But if He did so--milling, back
He must have cast his work away
Under the feet of his white creature,
With a loud is Grown, that the daisy features
Might be trodden again to clay.

And yet He has mode dark thines
To be glad and merry as light;
There's a little dark bird sits and singe,
Chee's a fack stream ipples out of sight.
And the dark frogs chant in the safe morase
And the awelest stars are made to pass
U'er the face of the darkest night.

VI.

But we who are dask, we are dark!
O God, we have no stars!
About our south, in evre and cark,
Our blackness shats like prison-ba
And crouch our souls so far behind,
That never a comfort can they find,
By reaching through their prison-ba

I am black, I am black,
And once I laughed in girlish glee;
For one of my colour stood in the track
Where the diversed from, and looked at me:
And tender and full was the look he gave I
A Stave looked so at another Slave,
I look at the sky and the sen.

IX. And from that hour our spirits grew
As free as if unsold, unbought;
We were strong consult, since we were two,
To conquer the world, we thought.
The drivers drove as sky by days
We did not mind; we went one war,
And no better a liberty sought.

In the open ground, hetween the canes,
He said "I love you," as he passed:
When the shingle-roof rang siarp with the rains,
I heard how he vowed it fast.
While others trembled, he said in the hut
And carved me a bowl of the cooca-nat.
Through the roar of the hurricanes.

XI.

I sang his name instead of a sone;
Over and over I mang his name.

Backward and forward I mang it slong,
With my sweeten does, it was still the sare
But I sane it low, that the slave girls near
Might never guess, from what they could hear,
That all the song was a name.

XII. I look on the sky and the sea!

We were two to love, and and two to pray,—
Yes, two, O God, who cried on Thee,
Though nothing didst thou say.
Coldly thou sat?s! behind the san,
And now I cry, who am but one,—
Thou wilt not speak to-lay!

We were black, we were black,
We had no claim to love and bitsa—
What marvel, one was cast to Wrack?
They wram my cold hads out of his—
They drarged him—why, I crawled to toce
His blood's—art's the the dast—not much,
Ye pilgrin-sonis,—though plain as THIS 1

XIV. Wrong, followed by a greater wrong!

Grief seemed too good for such as I;

So the white man brought the shame ere!

To stiffe the sob in "y throat thereby.

They would not leave me for my dull

Wet eyes." It was too meetiful

To let me weep pare tears, and die.

XV.

I am black, I am black!

I wore a child upon my breast,—
An amoelte that bung too slack,
And, in my unrest, could not rest!
Thus we wrest moming, child and m
One to another, one to another,
Unitl all ended for the best.

YVI.

For hark I I will tell you love—low—
I am black, you see:
And the babe, that lay on my bottom xo.
Was far too white—low while for one.
As white as the ladies who scorned to gray
Beslet one of thorwho but yetterday.
Though my tears had washed a place for my knee

And my own child—I could not bear
To look in his face, it was so white:
So I covered him up with a kerchief rare.
I covered his face in, chose and light!
And he moaned and struggled as well as might be,
For the white child wanted his liberty.—
Ha, ha! he wanted his master's right.

XVIII, He mouned and beat with his head and fe

His little feet that never grew!
He struck them out as it was meet
Against my hear to break it through.
I might have song like a mother mild,
But I dared not sing to the white-laced child
The only song I knew.

AIX.

And yet I polled the kerchief close:
He could not see the sun, I swear,
More then, alive, than now he does
From het ween the roots of the mans
I know where!—elose!—a child and m
Do wrong to look at noe another,
When one is black and one is fair.

XX.

Even in that single glance I had
Of my child'n tace,—I lell you all,—
I saw a look that made me mad,—
The master's look that used to fall
On my sonl like his lash,—or worse,—
Therefore, to save it from my cure,
I twisted it round in my shaw).

XXL And he monned and trembled from foot to
He shivered from bead to foot,—
Till, after a time, be lay, instead,
Too sudden) still and must.
Too sudden) still and must.
And I felt, beside, a creeping cold,—
I dared to lift op just a field,
As in lifting a leaf of the manco fruit.

XXII.

Bat axy froit! ha, ha!—there had been
(I laugh to think on 't at this hour!)
Your fine white angels,—who have seen
God's aceret nearest to His power,—
And gathered my froit to make them wine,
And sucked the soul of that child of miane,
As the humming-bild sucks the soul of th

XXIII.

Ha, hal for the trick of the angels while the property of the property xxtv.

From the white man's house and the black They could see God rise on his throne.

XXV.

My little body, kerchiefed fast,
I bore it on through the forest—on—
And when I felt it was tired at last,
I accoped a hole beneath the moon.
Through the forest-tops the angrels far,
With a white face finger is every star
Did point and muck at what was done.

XXVI. XXV.
Yet when it all was done arielt,
Earth twist me and my buby strewed,—
All changed to black earth,—mobiling white,—
A dark child in the dark,—easter young:
I sate down a miling there, and song
Thie song I told you of, for good.

XXVII. And thus we two were reconciled,
The white child and black mother,
For, as I sang it,—soft and wild,
The same song, more melodious,
Rose from the straw whereon I safet.
It was the dead child singing that,
To join the sonk of both of m.

XXVIII.

I look on the sea and the sky !

Where the Plietnin's ships first nachored lay,
The great son ridesh befromsky!

But the Plietnin's shots have all a way

Through the first faint streaks of the mora!

Which they dare not meet by day.

XXIX. XXIX

Ab, in their stead their houter sons!

Ah, ah! they are on me! they form in a rine!

Keep off,—I brave you all at once,—

I throw off your eyes like a notione thine!

You have killed the black exple at next, I think;

Did you never stand still in your triumph, and shriol

From the stroke of her wounded wine?

XXX.

(Man, drop that stone you dared to lift !—)
I wish you, who stand there, seven abreast,
Each for his own wifes grace and gift,
A little corpse as safely at rest,
Hid in the mangles! yes, but wie
May keep live babies on her kare,
And sing the song she liketh best.

AXXI.

I am not mad—I am harely
he post strike may fixed—
he post strike may fixed—
I money no strike, all fixed—
I money no strike, all fixed—
Ye are here of the Washington race!
And this land is the Free America,—
And this mark on my wrist—(I prove what I say
Ropes tied me up here to the flogglay-place,

XXXII.

You think I shricked there? not a sr
I hung as a goord bases in the surI only carsed them all around
As softly as I might have done
My own shild after. From these sa
Up to the mountains, lift your hands
O Slaves, and end what I begun.

XXXIII. XXXIII.

Whips, curses I these must answer thuse!
For in this Unrow, ye have set
Two kinds of men is adverse rows,
Each loathing each! and all forset
The seven wounds in Christ's body fair;
While He sees agoing everywhere
Our countless wounds that pay no debt.

Our countries womans use by no seed.

XXXIV.

Our wounds are different—year white men
Are, after all, not seeds indeels.

Nor able to make Christs again

De good with bleeding. We who bleed,—
(sleand off)—we help not in our loss,—
We are too heavy for our cross,
And fall and crush you and apour seed.

Amount and crush you nod your seefs.

XXXV.

I fall,—I swoon,—I look at the sky!
The clouds are breaking on my brain;
The clouds are breaking on my brain;
I am foated along, as if I should die
Of Liberty's exquisite pain!
In the name of the white child waiting for me
In the cleep black death where our kinese sgr
Myble mee, I keave you all crume-free,
In my broken heart's diadain!

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MICHAEL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Michael Standard Standard

JANUARY 27, 1848.