# NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME V .--- NO. 20.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1844.

WHOLE NUMBER 228

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Sydney Howard Gay, Maria Weston Chapman, Edmund Quincy,

# The Peculiar Institution."

## Pro-Slavery.

## Ireland.

### Selections.

## Communications.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.



GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Preditord, Oct. 3, 1844.

WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, as been found impossible to make preparate a proposed, as the time will be given hereafter. The frience are centrated to unite with fresh zeal, it industry, that the occasion may out fail to be promises to be—one. of great important of the promise of the promise to be—one. of great important of the promise of the promise to t

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENN SYLVANIA.

| Part | CADDER | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | 100 | Dibade (and fair 7 a 6 b) see Albane (b) colored (b) c

THE STATE OF THE S

TAKE NOTICE.
NOTICE of application for the disc
yent from his debts, pursuant to
the third article of the first title of

Graham House, New Arrangement.

## Poetry.

THE OF CRY THE HUMAN BY E. B. BARRETT

"There is no Gol," the foolish saith,—
Bat none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft, the ery of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside araves are raised;
And lips say, "God be philio,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be philipl, O. God!

The tempest stretches from the akeep
The shadow of its conting—
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human—
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and graid
We spirits tremble under!
The hills have echoes; but we fad
No answer for the thunder.

Be pitiful, O God!

The battle burtles on the plainEarth feels new sightes upon her:
We cap our brothers for the wains,
And ceal the harvest . . . hon's,—
Draw face to flees, front line to line,
One image all inherit,—
Then kill, came on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitful, O God!

The plage can festering through the town And never a bell is tolling:
And corpus, justice freath the moon, Noë to the dead-err's rolling!
The young child calleth for the cap—
The strong man brings it weeping:
The mother from the tube hooks up,
And shrielst nawy its aleeping.
Be pixifal, O God!

Be pinish, O God's

The plague of gold strikes far and ear;

And deep and strong it enter:

This purple chimar which we wear,
Makee madder than the centuar?a.

Our thought sprow blank, our words grow of
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on "Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures,

We place the sheep, with figures,

Be pitful," O God f

The eurse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-ears anort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Honess!
The trib preach, "Jinke," and future days,
And hear on angel scoffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.

Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feat—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the wine-cup, lest some venes their should shake as it was a some venes to share not so that and picket it round—"It shall be on's to-morrow!" God's werapha! do your voices sound—"As said in naming orrow 7
Be pitful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadlast skies, above us:
We look into exach other's eyes,—
4 And how hone wil you love us 2"—
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathlese—
"I'll death us part!!—O words, to be
Our best for love the deathless!
Be pittful, dear God!
We trouble by the begalists.

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last nieth, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God,—to class those fagers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—
To use a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

When is the usryant only?

Be pitfill, O God!

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces:
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places?
We cannot speak: we see onew
The fills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smale press through
The kinsens she is giving.
Be pitfill, O God!
We pray together at the kirk,
Por merey, merey, solely—
Hands werey with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The comps is calm below our knee—
Is spirit, bright before Thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
Without the rest or slory!
We leave the communing of meis,

Be pliffel, O God?

We leave the command of men,
The magnar of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
With seedless generations.
Are we so have 1—The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors;
And, glassed therein, our appirts bigh
Record from their own terrors.
Recoll from their own terrors.

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, attenns, beholding I
Woods, hamlets, attenns, beholding I
The son strikes, through the furthest mist,
The city's spile to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass,
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God t

And soon all vision waterh dollMen whisper, "He is dying;"
We cry no more, "Be pitfull"—
We have no strength for crying!—
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine Look up and trimpin rather—
Look in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Pathery.
BE FITTURE, O God!

From the Mohawk Mirror.
THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY THE REV. B. FOLTZ. I asked the bondman, trod in dust,
As galled with chains he smote his brea'
Say! is there one thou still canst trust?
He said, "There is in heaven."

I asked him with his heart-strings riven,
For dear ones—to the market driven—
Tell I can there be a joy-drop given?
He said, "There can—in heaven."

He said, "There can—in heaven."

Jaked him with his race nigh run,
When age and death came sweeping onHast thou a friend that on a sustain?
He said, "L'have—in heaven."

Lasked him in d'eath's fearful strife,
And ean this friend now give the life?

Saying, "My all to Him I give!

He smilted—and lives in heaven.

## Miscellany.

B 0 0 K S.

and civil had "made as much he should want, hy rading which to in Boston." "was pretty well off in the world," and civil had "made as much he should want, hy rading which to in Boston." "was pretty well off in the world," and chief the state of the stat

FIGHTING MISSIONARIES.

It is a pity that Exter Hall should ever be conunded with Woodwich Arsenal. A pity isit, that,
fahric expressly built and dedicated to the gathertage of Christian Charity—where she pleases to the
working children, the bright ones of the earth,
the state of the charter of the carb,
working children, the bright ones of the earth,
the state of the charter of the carb,
the state of the charter of the carb,
the state of the charter of the carb,
the state of the charter of the charter of the carb,
the state of the charter of the char

lowing simple inscription:

WILLIAM SELERY CHANNING,
Honored throughout Christendom for his cloquence and counge in maintaining and advanting the Great Cases meet the Christian Society of which, during nearly (orty years, he was Pastor."

On the other side is the following:

HERR REST THE RYAGINS OF,
On the other side is the following:

HERR REST THE RYAGINS OF,
On the other land, 1820, as a Minister of deuse Christian Change of the Past of the Cases of the Lindson Control of the Cases of the Lindson Control of the Cases of the Lindson Control of the Cases of the Lindson Cases of the Lindson

Died 2d October, 1842, while on a journey, at Ben-ngton. Vermont.—Christian Register.

TRANQUILIZING EFFECT OF PICTURES.

The daughter of Patrick Henry, who married Ro-bert Campbell, (a brother of the English poet,) still survives, as we learn by the National Intelligencer, in Virginia—"not unnarked with some of the pater-

Warbroken

The REE CALLIGOES!

SIST received, I case for calicose, Alto, 2 saves

sharing mentins; together with a large assortment

tall, Real Real Sister

Philadelphia, 8th, no. 2710 1832.

Philadelphia, 8th, no. 2710 1832.

Education and Industry!

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANARD

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANARD.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANARD.

CTAUS M. BURLEDH, Plainfield, Ct.

CHAMEN ATKENSON, Marion, Grant co.

LOCALE MERITHMEN, CT.

LORING WHITHIS, NEW MATHOPT, Mass.

LORING COLORS, WILLIAMS, CT.

LORING WHITHIS, NEW MATHOPT, Mass.

LORING COLORS, WILLIAMS, CT.

LORING WHITHIS, NEW MATHOPT, Mass.

LORING COLORS, WILLIAMS, CT.

LORING WHITHIS, NEW MATHOPT, Mass.

LORING COLORS, WILLIAMS, CT.

LORING CT