VOLUME II.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1841.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

Oliver Johnson, General Agent:

The Standard.

President's Message.

PITTSBURG CONFERENCE OF THE MET CHURCH. 1841.

PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD OF CINCINNATI, OLD SCHOOL!

The second continues from London and Dublin, second from the Lord's Superior of the Lord's

Communications.

will be lurnished with every variety aterials, Medals and Mother-of-rance. The LIBERTY BELL, is from Garrison, L. M. Child, E. dams, Mrs. Follen, N. P. Rogers, ineau, Pierpont and others) will

For, and 30 against."

A very nisule case of articles has just arrived in London Replayer 1 and the control of the Committee of the Committee

No. XLVII. Hunter De 0, a slave, h

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1841.



GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Says: to a genucian status assays: a says: the Captain-General of the Island had dem Mr. Carrias all his accounts, including interest, d. &c. of the negroes of the Amistad; and insists Carrias shall be paid the whole of it. And it that the Captain-General intends to deduct the

NOTICES.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE MEETING

The meeting will be held at the usual place, the Re-ramed Presbyterian church, in Cherry, between Teath and Eleventh streets.

The first meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 22d lt., at 11 o'clock.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR

ubject of human rights, the meeting participate, participate, participate, proceeding from shavery, J. A. Collin Green Changlas, recently from shavery, J. A. Collin and gentlemen from Providence, and other parts State, will lecture throughout the State, and will ittendance at the several conventions.

WILLIAM APLIN, Rec. Sec.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

1,813.00

Poetry.

For the Anti-Stavery Stand

The loved one, the loved one!
Unseen but never far—
All souls must have a loved one,
Though haply but a star.

and thou, most blessed wom.
When first I looked on the
Wert in thy heavenly lustre
Only a star to me.

I gazed on thee so distant, And with such truth did long That, in my earnest loving, My soul grew high nad stron

And in its deep abysses
Thy shade slept silverly;
Seen only in calm weather
As stars are in the ses.

to kept I ever quiet,
That it might rest therein;
For thine unconscious shadow
Was utmost bliss to win.

I know not how it happened-For we can never know The channel whereby Heaven Into the soul doth flow;

But, while I yet was gazing,
I was methought lift up!
My soul was filled with splends
Like an o'er brimming cup;

And ere I ceased from words Next to this burning heart I prest thee, truest woman, All glorious as thou art;

And, now thou art my loved one, Thou art my star no less; For Heaven and Earth are married In thy full loveliness.

LINES. BY MOTHERWELL.

The murmur of the merry brook.
As gushingly and free,
As gushingly and free,
It wimples with its san-bright look
Far down yon sheltered lea,
Hamming to every drowsy flower,
A low, quaint lullaby,
Speaks to my spirit at this hour,
Of love and thee.

Of love and thee.

The music of the gay, green wood,
When every leaf and tree
Is coaxed by winds of gentlest mood,
To nuter harmony;
And the small birds that naswer mak
To the wind's fiftin glee,—
In me most blisful visions make
Of love and thee.

in the Boot distint viscous make.

The rose perits up its blanking do follower and them. So soon as it can see, along the eastern hills, one stream of the sound of the size o

ats subject—thee.

And when in midnight hour, I note
The stars so pensively,
In their mild beauty onward float,
Through heaven's silent sea,
My heart is in their voyaging,
To realms where spirits be,
But its mate in such wanderings,
Is ever—thee.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO CINQUE.

more upon the waters! Whither now, ave Cinque! do thy auxious wanderings te gallant ship! Say, doth her gilded prowain her way to elimes of bondege wend? theu once more in chains, and borne along egions where thy fetters will be strong?

To regions where thy fetters will be strong?

Ab, no! Thou art a freeman now! The air
You breathe is but the breath of Liberty!
No more of sorrow or of dark despair
Shall press thy noble heart. Aye, thou art free.
And even now, for o'er the trackless main,
The good ship files to benr thee home again.

The good ship lies to ben't free home eagain.

Home! Home!! thy soul must kindle at the we
Thou art a hashond, and thy doting wife
Will great thee with a heart whose throbs are
Thou art of pather: thou hast given life
To those who soon will cling around thy knee,
And shout for joy their sire again to see.

And shout for joy their sire again to see.

Oh! might I then an unseen witness stand,
And see the greetings of thy kindred there—
The wild embrace—the grasping of the hand—
And hear the shouts that their will rend the air

Of pleasure here I would an age resign,
That for a day I might unite in thine.

ge you now, forget not those whose hands d hearts were opened at your tale of grief t not him—that brave old man*—who stans

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

hem in a condition little sole to be as so foll upon the colored place. If it is truth—the whole, ghastly, dreadful master "the added, turning to Frederic, "what will you please to say to her? I move the colored place to be a colored place. The colored place is the colored place and the colored place is the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place is the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place in the colored place is the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place in the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place in the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place in the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored place. The colored place is the colored place in the colored pl

ies of Edward pugnished.
his duty rendered to the dead, every thought
n reverted to the poor prisoners. But hefore
could be released, it was necessary to decide
account was to be rendered to the unbappy

en." replied Clio: " ar

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MILLER M'KIM, ""

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