VOLUME 1.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

THANIEL P. ROGERS, Edito

HISTORICAL RECORD.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1841.

I am, dear sir.
Yours respectfully,
J. H. TREDGOLD, Sec.

The commission which Mr. Collins took to Engleud, an under which he has acted, signed by Mr. Jas. S. Gibbom Chairmon of the Executive Committee of the Am. A. S. Society, and dated New-York, Sept. 25, 1849. TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

NUMBER 42.

and a failure from the first."

Such was the Judgment of Amos A. Phelps, one of the foremost of the secolers in 1840, and now one of the main pillars of the American and Poreign Society. The Editor of the Emacipator copied this paragraph, with brief strictures, to which Mr Phelps replies:

## COMMUNICATIONS.

JAMES S GIBBONS, Chairman in

No. XVI.

or to a fittie, our to a fittie more than
purpose.
d every circumstance as it has occurguilt of the whole belongs.
"THOMAS > HUGHES."
mark
Aged about twenty-two years.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1841.



rites;
ge F. White's part of the correspondence, as far
owledge goes, finds no defenders, and few apolohose who are free from sectarianism in the Socioim in a very unpleasant predicament, and I guess
est friends could wish his letters had never come
est friends could wish his letters had never come

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.



in yonder hill, on yonier hill,
The Red Chief long ago was laid;
these hoary oaks, remaining still,
Their boughs above the steeper braid,
libough no marihe rears its head,
Exected by some fillial hand,
sike moments round his natrow bed
The giants of the forest stand.

en May gives softness to the sky, and gently waves her locks of gold, shadows of the thicket lie spon the dark ento nhing moold: ee greenest are the twinkling leave near his silent couch of rest,

The oak and mapls on his grave
Rich palls of gold and crimson ca
When solemnly their branches wave
And tremble in the autum slav
When frozen is each crystal spring,
And Natore wears a brow of gloo
The pinions of the tempest fine
Pale garlande on his homble toml

where the trophy of the chase and but of bark are lying low, ik thistles nod in breezy grace, and weeks of desolation grow! I Panther of his tribe again Vill over aim the nearfed shaft, in the forest combat stam I is knife in alaughter to the haft.

in Summer, while the world is still,
And twiltight clouds are growing dim.
The wekolis on yonder hill
Chants ofactimes a fittel hymn:
The nimble chaser of the deer
Lies darkly hlended with the dust;
Beneath the shaded urf, his spear
And dreaded hatchet idly rust.

He sleeps alone '.—The light canoe
Is rotting by the weedy shore,
And Indian girls with blossoms strey.
The damp sepathral clod no more.
Ere long the bard will seek in vain
Yon moend beneate those mossy tr
The share of some unshinking swain
Wilkgive its secrets to the breeze.

BY MISS JULIET H. LEWIS.

hirlwied " woold take a walk very fast " walker in he,")
So bustling about,
He at length set out.
atep right hitle and free.

"Twas plainly seen, as he rush'd along,
He was bent upon frolic that day;
He winstled with glee—
Or saeg merrile.
For his heart was glad and gay.

h lay straight through the dark grees way o'er the mountain's broad brow His track you might trace, Ie every place, left his marks, I trow.

Asp was the first to hear his versite shook through each branch.
The timid young tree,
Trembled fearfolly,
he sank upon the ground.

The Hick'ry beheld his sister fall, And exclaimed, with an ill-natured socer, "She's nervous to-day, And doth faint away; Such weakness cao't flourish here!"

ru the Whirlwind came, he heard e scoffer unfeelingly jest; So wrenching about His old trunk so stout, mg ooe was laid at rest.

The Pine saw the Hickory's shivered trun And howed luw, as the wind whistled past, But the courtesy Of the nodding tree, save him from the blast.

The Oak in defiance tossed his head,
For a veteran right bold is he—
But a single stroke
Felled ine mighty Oak;
Alas! for the prood old tree!

ward still! and his mighty br antholog of glad triumph now And he laughs to see Each old forest tree, mileg, meekly bow.

The blooming Haw heard the Whirlwin And it filled her with weighty slarms;

But he loved the block Of the flowlring bush, And boro her off in his orass.

On! onward still! o'er the land he swoeps
With wreck, sud roin, and rush, and roar!
Nor stops to look back
On his dreary track,
But speeds to the spoils before!

an insult to the whole community—Neefab.
Beacon.

CLOTHING FOR THE LUNGS.—Persons with
weak lungs will be glid to learn, while these
cold March winds are blowing on us, that an incell of the lungs. It is an instrument composed
of several thicknesses of exquisitely fine cloth,
made of silver wire, fixed in a case, and by
means of a sur of stock, bound over the moute,
means of a sur of stock, bound over the moute
is silver, and when the next breath is drawn in,
it receives back the beat, and so the air is furnished to the lungs divested of its painful qualiries of the second of the second of the second of the
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THE DAY ASTER A BATTLE—There are few sadder things in life than the day after a battle. The lagh beating loops, the bounding sprits, have peased uway, and in their stack comes the depressing reaction by which every over-wrought excitement is followed. With fire different eyes do we look upon the compact ranks and glisten-bus flees—

With helm arrayed, And lance and blace, and plume in the gay v

And these shall than, and upon the cold many of the house of the shall be s

MISCELLANEOUS.

The measure Transmit And American Street of the control of the co

persons well known as mobiles.

31th. Two of the Dayton presses are avawedly advocates of the mob system, while a third growts jest loud enough to show its lear of the mob.

35th. The mohoracy comprises the whole coffee house interest in the town.

Franklin.

refered in the town.

[We think the 34th item usjost. The articles we have been spirited, and maily demandations of the doings of the roters. The philes presents, we suppose, are the spirinal conditions.

SCENES AT THE SOUTH

atabled inon with a lande.

Fatal Butd.—The Cincinnati Republican stars it dust was fenght at Alton, III., on the 4th met, we dough was fought at Alton, III., on the 4th met, we have a support of the stars of the