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AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

The Standard.

Selections.

Communications.

notes of their story, the colored gale-keeper of the calthe was filly saidled. She was emin set at liberty, and
shahisheast because alarmed, and informed the brother of
this, the latter came to the cast, and went for me to come
of its, the latter came to the cast, and went for me to come
the cask, in a passion, "D—p you, you're been taking
actor; you're handed any confidence; when I let you in,
I supposed you to be a gentleman, d—n you." I told
had I was not convert that I held any option to be
than I was not convert that it had made some
monorands of the story of the



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Under the broad san's mellow lig Gilding each shrub and tree, How calmly, beautifully bright. The mountains look on me.

Rising above the vapory cloud, In outline boldly free, Serene when storms are shrickin The mountains look on me.

Their sinuons, wave-like form From a subsiding sea; Of quiet, after tempests past The mountains speak to me.

Thus they of states anhlimely high A type must surely be;
Of close communion with the sky
The mountains speak to me.

And in the scenery of my mind, Rising from memory's sca, Such holy states stand well-defined And ever look on me.

Upon such heights, in deep repose
Pre watched with beoded knee;
Transfigured forms around me rose
And still they look on me.

Those memories screwely high,
My sool can never flee;
Therefore of converse with the sky
The mountains speak to me.—L. M.

ID-The publisher of the Herald of Freedom, Concord, I. H. will please send that paper, one year, to James loyle, Rome, Ashtahula county, Ohio, and draw on H. V. Williams, Boston, for \$1 50.

Anti-Slavery Liems.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment that ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Lients.

RIOTS, LYNCH LAW, &c.

Free-Labor Calicoes for Sale.

Poetry.

Beautiful child! In y lot it east; Hope from my path hatti forever passed; Nothing the Tuture van bring to me Hath ever been shadowed in dreams to thee; The warp is woren, the arrow sped, My brain hatt throbbed, my heart is dead: Tell ye my tale, then, for love or spld! — Yearn have passed by since that tile was told. Years have passed by since that tule was told Gold keep thee, child, with thine angel brow, Even as sinless and bright us now; Even as sinless and bright us now; The fair, pure basis it is thine to bring, Would that the bloom of the scal could be, Beautiful spirit! caught from thee; Would that they gift could new impast The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

ne roses that docum for the pure in neutri-leaghtifie blidd ir mayst thom never hear "ones of reproach in the sorrowing en; the sensitifie blidd in may that check never plow With a warmer tint from the heart below; the caseful failful if mayst thou never bear. The cillaging weight of a cold despair— to heart, whose makeness each bope hath crossed, Which has the thrown one die, and the stale hash lost

need naturation one disc, and nee stake a matiful child! why shouldst those stay? ere is danger near thee—eway! mway! in thy spotless purity; way in thy spotless purity; thing can here be a type of thee; every air, as it fans thy brow, y leave a trace on its stainless snow: I spirits of evil haunt the howers, d the serpent glides from the trembling motion ability.

And the serpent glides from the trembling is Beautiful child! also, to see A fount in the desert gush forth for thee, Where the queenly likes should faintly gle! And thy life from on as its silent strenm, After from the world of doubt and sin— Finis weary world thou must wander in; Such a home was once to my visions given (It comes to my heart as a type of heaven.

comes to my heart as a type of heaven, antiful child! let the weary in heart hisper thee once, ere again we part; ill thee that want, and tell thee that pain were can thrill in the throbbing brain, Il a sadder story that brain hatb learned, Il a fereer fire hath in it burned: d keep thee sinless and undefiled, ough poor, and wretched, and sad, my chi-

and provided the state of the special state of the

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

If Males, Ager.

If father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow, hou will bring back a radiant and smiling. To our loady house of sorrow, should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss, But tens are my words suppressing; thinks on my mother's dying kiss.

And my mother's parting blessing.

And my mother's parting blessing, et to smorrow I hope to hide my care, et to smorrow I hope to hide my care, I will still my besom's beating, and strive to give to the boson fair. A kind and courteous greeting, he will beed me' not, in the joyous prid-Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty; th! little need has new-made bride Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Of a daugater's quiet duty. Thou gavest her costly gems, they say, When thy heart first fondly sought her; Dear father, one nuptial gift, I pray, Bestow on thy weeping daughter. My eye, even now, on the trensure falls, I covet and ask no other; It has bung for years on our nacieut, wn 'Tis the portrait of my mother!

ace she mingled with the living, y bride should weary or offend, hat portrait might waken feelings he love of thy fond, departed friend, and its sweet and kind revealings— her mind's commanding force, unche y feeble or selfish weakness, ter speech, where dazzling intellect fas softened by Christian meekness.

a sotteade by Unissian mecacist, fifther, grant that at once to-night, the bridal crowd's intrusion, ove this portrait from thy sight, my chamber's still seclusion; In nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bea will beam on me protection, if ask of Heaven, in my faltering phallow thy new connection.

THE CELESTIAL EMPEROR The world rests on a tortoise,
And a tempot rests on that,
And on the tempot sitteth
Earth's emperor, fierce and far

Miscellann.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST. CHAPTER XLIII

im Mrs. Shepherd entered, and thus addressed by the second of the second

The state of the s

en.

Lucy felt strength enough to have walke

g circuit that the wagon brought her, he

rould have been easily found, for the track we

and the stars were bright; but it was too fa

tee felt certain that, did she attempt it, th

g would find her exhausted and still far for

To discover the footpath, was therefore he

theretailey, and she set about it with a light

CHAPTER XLIV.

step made her turn her darting forward, she was His distance, however, from I been standing, was very not mastered it—and look-

" said Karl, mornfully; " their aa beea better dealt with."

mbre. In his eyes upon this las exclamation of delight.