VOL. X .-- NO. 41.

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,

SPEECH OF HON, HENRY CLAY

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1850.

and I put it which was conducted by the gullant Scott, as the 'threatened to be abeliabed in the District of Colums' severed perpends to incline commonwhat pressure and the proposal to the commonwhat pressure and the proposal to the propo

WHOLE NUMBER 509.

TREMENDOUS DEMONSTRATION

THE VOICE OF NEW YORK

THE UNION.

ENTHUSIASTIC PROCEEDINGS

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERS STANDALD.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERS STANDALD.

AND COMMON CONTRACTOR STANDALD STAND

Congressional.

if the Wilmot Proviso, in any form, founded in the toll, saffering and blood of the Re
disvery be abolished in the District of tion; and because our fathers united us in bon
like an introduce a resolution, that the
political union. He believed that they coted w

wes alive, and was going to live; organization. He appealed to the down those who insist upon the people are influenced by these that politicians and statesmen,

General Intelligence.

THE Water Cure establishment of the late David Rugglat Northampton, Mass., is offered for sale.

-The Cincinnati Advertiser assess that the wholeer of hogs slaughtered in the valley of the West, due past year, was 1,097,957.

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On Saturday morning, Mrs. Caroline Augusta Mc-antock, wife of the Rev. Dr. McClintock aged 35

persent. New Common continues the friends at the close of the meering, Sunday creaming the friends at the close of the cause, and the duty of upon the present aspect of the cause, and the duty of Abolitomists. Per order of the Board of Managers RUTH BUFFUM, Rec. Sec.

Publications.

Publications on hand and for sale at the Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 142 Nassau street, New

Amusing Tales,
Authentic anecdotes of American Slavery,
Mrs. Child,
Mrs. Chi

under ti Constitu Dattelizer Jonathas Bristmas, Slavery, Considerat the produ

Poetry.

From The Literary World. THE PRAYER OF LONELINESS and for ever-from my yearning sigh "Gone-and for ever-from my yearang sight.
Nor where the cold grey dawn is slowly breaking
Do I most miss thee, loved one, from my side:
Though and the memory, in that lonely waking.
Of smiles that once unto mine own replied.
Thy kiss upon my brow seems softly stabling,
There bursts from quivering lips a stifled moan,
the silence and the dawn are both revealing.
I am slone, slowly

I am stone, atone
And when the twillight lingers, faintly fading,
The gloom will deepen likewise in my soul;
Remembrance of goal joys, the present shading,
Grid-prieds to teart that mock my strong cond.
First prieds to teart that mock my strong cond.
First panish and seem lightly still carsening
The handed hair, so loved, so prisad by thes
Them as in days gone by I, hear thy blessing.
Breathed o'er me tenderly!

Breaking over me tenuerry:

That dark and lonely vigil must keep;
mentines awaking,—oh, most monarful error i with a most of the most of t

Sweeps or me ince a pair.

That we are separate for Eteralty,
That we are separate for Eteralty,
Thy priceless love, that made life's paths so pleasant,
May be in thy new home withdrawn from me.—
That them—so pure—will mark my similal straying.
Looking with holy eyes on each latent,
for find whan most my heart seems humbly praying,
Exil with good is bleat.

Evil with good is bleat. And knowing some impure may not inherit. The boson of "for cast out by perfect love". That, I shough attention fluids, may not merit A boson with time in fairer worlds above.—Tarning from earth, and all its errors gladly. They spirit weary of its fruitiess care, May leave me,—with while pinions drooping analy—To darkness and despair.

To autraness and sense; listen to my plending!

Ob, if the memory may to thee come.

Of the devotion which I gare, nulmending in My sorrow, and the blight of heart and bons;

My sorrow, and the blight of heart and bons;

Which daily guides my life and fills my heart, if this can thrill thee, on my truth relying.

Then can'st not so depart!

The car is not to support the car is not to support the car is not to support the car is not car is

They wife, to shield, and awe. UP = AND DOWN. UP! is the merry lark floating to sing Iw in the merry lark floating to sing In matins for joy to the sun of spring; IDown! is the bird of right winging to pear $For the mice in the burn-hole, due and direar;}$ UP! is the level wind hour hole, due and direar; UP! is the level and hour to all floorers that lives. Down! is the griging mine, lone, dark and cold, where the children of Manumon attervo for gold: Up! is the heave that looked no high. Up is the heave that looked no high.

Up! is the calm of the clear and blue sky Up I as the calm of the clear and blue sky. Far o'er the mountain tops raising the eye; Down I is the mist of the cultureless clob Stooping the gase to the seputhers sed; Up I is the watchman who tells of the night, When how the stressler of more ravidy and bright; Down I is the sluggered who keepsth him dead thed; When morning's does are all person and thed; Down I is the coward who have a dark; Up I is the her—the watchful and brave.

Up 1 se the hero—the watchful and brave.

Up 1 is the pareit who raises mankind;

Up 1 is the pareit who raises mankind;

Up 1 is the pareit who sales of the blind;

Up 1 is the pareit who sakes the sales;

Down 1 is the traitor—the door of the grave;

Up 1 is the high saven of prophets of old—

The bone of the saints, the meek and the bold;

Down 1 is the blind of the highs and will of the blind of the b

THE EVENING HYMN.

THE EVENING HYMN
ANOTHER day, with mute adies,
Has gone down you untrodden sky;
And still it looks as cleer and blue
As when it first was bung on high;
The sinking sun, the darkening cloud,
That drew the lightning in its ran;
The thunder, trumping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with aliver obtions, Comes oftened o'er the distant abore; Though I have heard them many a time of the comes oftened o'er the distant abore. They cover name as with the comes of the comes of

The hard-cound cas, the summerar took.
All these that Maker own.
The despening woods, the fading trees.
The grandpoper's last feeble sound.
The flower's last wakened by the breeze.
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twill plant the stillness more profound.
The study last wakened by the breeze.
And sillness reign in glow and ginds.
And other own as rects at this
Will close upon as calm a day;
These, sinking down the deep alyse.
Will, like the last, be avept away.
Until estratily is glands—
The boundless sea without a shore.
That without time forever reigned.
And will when time's as more.
Now nature sillness needs:

And will write time and more. Now nature this is noft, repose, A living semblance of the grave; The day state noticeless on the rose, The bought have almost cassed to wave; The bought have almost cassed to wave; The silent is perfectly the silenting earth. Tree, mountain, atream, the humble sod—All tail from whom they had that's birth, And cry, "Babold a God!"

—Thomas Mill.

Miscellany.

LORD JEFFREY. Edinhurgh Re-OFRANCIS JEFFREY, editor of the

offrey—or as Lord Campbell wound winis Pracis Jeffrey.

ago—or even lory—the death of Jeffrey.

ago—or even lory—the death of Jeffrey.

r comment and gooversation than it is pe old age. No critic ever filed—evil—a more important positions in Jeffrey filled unitiers that Mr. Jeffrey filled unitiers that Mr. Jeffrey filled unitiers trees and-twenty years in the litera-etecenth century. Whenever the his reaccent hectury. Whenever the his reaccenth century. Whenever the his reaccent hectury. Whenever the his reaccent hectury. Whenever the his reaccent hectury.

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The Correspondent of the Clivarder. Will it have a constructive by the second of the constructive by the second

nifest its presence by a knock upon governor sons. Its

"—Weekly Truce.

"A RASE OF BEET TRA."—A Booth minister,

"A Violanzy tale of bowbeer might generate from and

BE DAVID M. DAVID, World, W. Control,

"A World, "A

MARCH 7, 1850