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WHOLE NUMBER 401.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY

Selections.

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tenee.

W. Brown, Robert Morris, and other distinguished
s, have promised to participate in the meeting.—
house be filled at the appointed time.
d by Jac. T. Hilton, Jacob Lampson, J.J. Deblois,
Schmeines, C. B. Lawion, J. W. Batler, Robert
Thomas Bown, T. H. Tompkins, Daniel Smith,
Harris, O. H. Taylor, Henry Weelen.

is first resolution was amended by Henry Bibb,

management.

Vorsd, That the proceedings of this meeting be igned by the officers of the meeting, and published a the Liberator and Emaceipate, and published a the Liberator and Emaceipate, T. H. HLTON, President.

J. J. DERLOIS,

TION. DALTON,

ROBERT MORNIN To.

ROBERT MORRIS, JR. | Secretaries.

THE WAR SPIRIT IN HARTFORD.

and children an

elocution, anke communing tole of his power and of his at religious wow, to the perpet

latare.
clear to the Committee, from the above decibeing upon a clause of the Canatitation, is
a law of the land, that any and all of this State upon the subject of fogitire slaves
intional and void, and are no more than blank

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A. E. GREER, Cor. Sec.

A. E. GREER, Cor. Sec.

The Engressentiaties in Corganitative good reason for not in the second of the second of

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.] Der ban're Mesch iritt in die Welt, &c. Der bast'n Mesch ittis ist Welts &c.
The better man he treadeth abroad
In the world with a trusting heart;
And thisks what swelteth his son to find
Around in life's bosy mart;
And vows, with generous feelings warm,
7 o Freedom his true and stalwart arm,

t o Freedom his true and staiwart arm.

But all, alas, is so little and mean;
That trath when he findesh there,
Then seeketh he in the world's great thro:
But for himself to care;
The heat, to cold and haughly rest,
Closes to live within the breast.

The bears, ...
Closes to live within the breast.

Alas the shising beams of truth
Not always warmth impart.
Huppy are they who, for wisdom's good,
Pay no with a human heart
The enhanisat's exercet, the worldling's eye,
The plois to thy glorious deatiny!
H. W. G.

H. W. G.

If the Defaham, Massachetti, recently gave in the Parish Weng I is necessary personal temperature of the Defaham, Massachetti, recently gave in the secondaried the American narray and the accompanied the American narray and the accompanied the American narray and the American narray

stars, though glorious lumins...

I failst light in these northern latitude
a write by gas-light at my desk, in ar

le by all the appliances connected
to which both yon and I ar

"end for our bread and but
"end for our bread and but
"end for our bread no notice
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and preview.

broad of Entrey.

The English aristocracy, who consist of shout feat should be a should Secretary of the many many the secretary was to be shown to many regard to the secretary of the part of the state of the secretary of the part of the state of the secretary of

Poetry.

From Howitt's Journal.
THE NIOBE OF NATIONS.

BY FERDINAND FRELLIGRATH. The landlord cares for or and hund,
Their worth a peasant's worth sarpasses!
Instead of draining maring ground—
Old Ireland's wild and drear morasses—
He leaves the land a longy fen,
With sedge and oseless moss grown over;
He leaves it for the water-ben,
The rabbit and the acreaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of Heaven! Of waste And wilderness, four million acres! And wilderness, four million aeres I

"Th yon, corrupt, outworn, debased,
No wakening peals prove slamher-breake
Ob, Irish land is landlord's land;
And therefore by the wayside dreary
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their dead to bury.

Am long for the state of the st

Erin—she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, sgonized, with wild hair flying,
And atterns the shanceck's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the ses, the streams,
And by her sneican hills' foundations—
Her, more than Bron's Rome, beseems
The title "Niohe of Nations." HEBE.

BV JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I saw the twinkle of white feet, I saw the fissb of robes descending; Before her went an influence fleet, That bowed my heart like harley bending.

As, in hare fields, the searching hees
Pilot to blooms heyond our finding,
It led me on by sweet degrees,
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemad grim Pates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's goldeo gates
On musical hinges awang hefore me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp Thrilling with godbood; like a lover I aprang the proffered life to clasp;— The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has dronk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! swait the gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Panience;
Haste scatters on unthankfal sods
The immortal sid in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize opon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honour.

THE PRODIGAL.

BY RICHARD CHEVENTS FRENCH

T.

Why feedest thou on husks so course and rude?
T could not be content with angel's food.

II.

How camest thou companion for the swine?

I leathed the courts of Heaven, the choir divine.

III.

V. sordid rags hang round thee on the bre

VI.

An exile through the world who hade thee rosm?

None, but I wearied of a happy home.

VII.
Why must thou dweller in a desert be?
A garden seemed not fair enough for me.

WIII.

Why sue a beggar at the mean world's door?

To live on God's large bounty seemed so po

IX.
What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.
From the Liberty Bell.
SONG.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

** STARLE SOFFELL**

Ob bird, thou dartest to the sun
When morning beams first spring,
And I, like thee, would swiftly run,
As sweetly would I sing;
Thy burning heart doth draw thee up
Unto the source of fire,
Thun drinkers from its glowing cup,
And quenchest thy desire.

Oh dew, thon droppest soft below
And pearlest all the ground,
Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thon never caust be found;
I would like thine had been my hirth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might aleep the night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

Oh clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastered in fields of blue,
While mose and stars your fold can keep
And genily sheepherd you,—
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flock's across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new-shorn fleeces white.

Ob singing winds, that wander far, Yet always seem at home, And freely play 'twixt star and star Along the beading dome, I often listen to your song, Yet never hear you say One word of all the happy worlds That shine so far away.

For they are free, ye allare free,
And hird, and dew, and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Ob would like theirs had been my hirth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might steep this night through m the earth
To waken in the sky.
wood, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Blischiers

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and proread, I may be permitted to add a world and all selections of permitted to add a world and all selections of permitted to add a world and all selections of permitted to add a world and all selections of permitted to add a world and all selections of permitted to add a world and all selections of permitted to add a world and all selections of the Water-Dave.

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