NUMBER 9.

VOLUME II. PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

Oliver Johnson, General Agent:

The Standard.

Cemperance.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1841

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

Communications.

GENESEO, Henry County, Illinois, } July 6th, 1841.

Timeren, an open de missi of any individual who shout the nad rectify the missi of any individual who shout the nad rectify the missi of the nad the shout of the nad the shout of the nad the period in the shout of the nad the nad

TALES OF OPPRESSION. BV ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXX Samuel Wils



THE ONE DOLLAR PLEDGE.

| Pleke Wineler | Wineler | Wineler | Win | Wineler | Win | Win | Stame | Harritt | Win | Win | Wineler |

D FILL UP THE LIST. -CI GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Congress.

will not fail they have what they call a unwined by the control of the control of

The Queen of H

siderable decrease of Post Office Millhur

NOTICES.

If I had thought thou could't have died, I might not weep for thee!
But I forcot, when by the sale,
That thou couldst moral be.
It never though my mind has passed,
The time would eer be ober,
And I on thee-should Look my last,
And thou should'yt smile no more.

and tuou should's same no more.

And still upon that fare I look,
And think 'lavil' smile again;
And still the thought I will not trook,
That I must look in vain'
But when I speak—thon dost not say,
What thou ne'er left unsold;
And now I feel, as we'll I may.
Sweet Mary'—thon art dead'

Sweet Mary — Into art near

All cold, and all serence—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been
While even thy chill, bleak corse I have
Thou seemest still mine own:
But there I hay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

Lo not think, where'er thon art,
Thou hast forgiten me:
And I, perhaps, may sootheth is heart,
In thinking, too, of thee—
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen hefore,
As fancy nerer ould have drawn,
And never can restore!

SUMMER MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

as W. H. GERLIOT.

How sweetly an the hill-side sleepa
The sanlight with its quickening rays
The ventum trees that crown the steepa,
Grow greener in its quivering blaze.
With subtle wing, breathes only lifeAud, ringing with a thousand notes,
The woods with song are rife.

the wooss will sold age reflect.

Why, this is nature's holiday!

She puts her gayest manile on—
And, sparkling o'er their pebbly way.
With gladder shouls the brooklets it

The birds and breezes seem to give

A sweeter endeace to their song—
A brighter life the insacets live,

That float in life along.

The cittle on a thousand bills,"

The dreet flocks that dot the vale, All joy alike in life, that fills
The air, and breathes in every gale. And who that has a heart and eye and the breathes in every fill be the bless and drink it in,
But pants, for scenes like these, to fly
The city's smoke and din—

As west companionship to hold
With Nature in her forest-bowers,
And learn the gentle lesson told
By singing birds and opening flowers?
Now do they er who love her fore—
Though books have power to stir my heart,
Ver Nature's waried page can more
Of rapturous poy impart!

Or rapierous joy impart.

No selfish joy-ff daty calls,
Not sulten! I turn from there—
Though dear the dash of water-dils,
The vind's low voice among the trees,
Bitch, flowers, and flocks—fine Col harb raught
—Oh keep, my heart, the lesson still—
His soul alone with laists is fraught,
Who beeds the PATHER'S will I

ALAS' HOW SOON THE HEART FORGETS.

Alas I how soon the heart forgets
Its deepest, wildest pain;
The tear an hour the eyelid wets,
And all is joy again;
Still rusbes on the tide of men,
As though the past had never been

A year, one year, is scarcely gone, Since, in the yellow fall, We heaped the frozen clay upon The dearest of us all; And now, nlas! as 'tweer a dream. The memory of that day doth seem,

She was our life but yester-morn, And by her tombstone now We sing, and plant the mellow corn, And drive the furrowing plough, As gay as if beueath that stone Were sleeping one we'd never known

WRONG NOT THE LABORING POOR

not like the vapors, splendor-rolled, at, sprung from earth's green breast, usur spread around contagion black and cold, I all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

ol imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise, Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, und plai he thankful clouds, that heautify the skies, Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain

emulate the mountain and the flood, has trade in hiessings with the mighty deep soothed to peace, and satisfied with good, an's heart be happy as a child usteep.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XVII.

at to take."
inte sure of it, sir, let that freedom be
," replied the German.
ee a large estate here," resumed Edward,
told that you own no slaves. May I not
this is a proof of your condemning sla-

sy soul, "replied Freders Steinmark, with the Gall "replied poor Edward, ferrently— guisace I have heard such words." why should hap affect you so strough, my why should hap affect you so strough, and II stell you, sir. If you abhor slavers, you touched with compassion for those who are to be such as a soung man of my own touched with completes, faithful, and affec-of human beings—is, at this moment, ea-or of the most guidless, faithful, and affec-of human beings—is, at this moment, ea-and the fearful danger that threaten a slave all the fearful danger that threaten a slave at the fearful danger that threaten a slave and the fearful danger that the slave threaten a slave and the fearful danger that the slave threaten a slave and the fearful danger that the slave threaten a slave and the fearful danger that the slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave and the slave threaten a slave threaten a slave

ard, I see that you have failed. God

r not what you talk of, my dear child, no idea of the being that lives yonder, he forest, and hid, as it should seem, world. His eye, his smile, his voice.

widly hrought the image of his new efore his mind's eye, his memory sud-o him the looks, words, and actions ed the day before in Mr. Yandumper's

e, if you keep the engagement at Natchez."

It is at Natchez. It is a state of the state of the

CHAPTER XVIII

re hen?"
proported in the same accents, then?"
proported in the same accents, then? "
when, saying, "When you may us hall see her, chosen of Hawen!"
stated. It grower law," he can said the same accent the same accent with you now."
"In the force with you now," and drawing his blower you now, or with you now in the same accent to the same accent to the same accent to the same accent to the work and as tepping out of their way, and

he", was the equally laconic reply: and Lucy after her brother, repeating the word in an ac-the most heartfelt joy. is, my love," said Edward gravely, "do you blace any confidence in the words of that poor

his post."
ufficient; there was
iward, and he set off
f his active limbs.
a, Lucy?" said Ed-

If you believe a thing impossible, your y shall make it so; but he that pers

Popular English Periodi

ON QUARTERLY, EDINBURGH

WESTMINSTER REVIEW

BENTLEY'S MISCELLAN

ticular,
the four Reviews, \$8 | For Blackwoo
Three of them, \$7
Two of them, \$5
One of them, \$5
The four Reviews, Blackwood, Metropolis
Black, an
One of them, \$2
The Bulley's Miscellary, \$20.

The All subscriptions payable in adv

EDWARD LATH

CARPENTER,

No. 134 Chrystic street, New-Younded to.

MAN-KILLING.

"Man-killing, by Individuals and Nation
Dangerous in all cases; By Heury C. Wigh
phelot of Op. 18 mo., price 10 cents. 3
may be had of O. Johnson, 143 Nassau-stree

Sailors' Home.

WILLIAM P. P ew-York, July 19th, 1841. 1 mo.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STAN