







POETRY.

Man can build nothing worthy of his Maker. From royal Stomach's stupendous fane, Down to the humble chisel of the carpenter...

Report of the Committee on the Affairs of the Friends' Society to their Yearly Meeting, May 25, 1840. As the proceedings of the Committee have been of more than common importance during the last year...

lands, as has rarely been laid open before a legislative body. The Committee have not been unimpaired of their duty in other quarters, and to show the enlightened and humane views of the friends of our own State as to these people, we here insert the following speech of William H. Seward...

I am entirely satisfied of one fact, after an intimate acquaintance with this people for the last six years, that not one child, if left to his own unbiassed feelings, would wish to be separated from his parents. I know what I say, my knowledge has not been obtained through idle report...

Suppose you are lukewarm, and carnal and carnal in your affections; you hear one exhort, or pray, or preach, who you cling to your sins, and your affections will not rise, if, through prejudice, or pride, or the early bias of your mind, you are not pleased. If I have a subject to suggest, although you admit every word of my temperance, and my kind, and my assent, you are not pleased. If I have a subject to suggest, although you admit every word of my temperance, and my kind, and my assent, you are not pleased...

Michael Blake, a colored man, about thirty years of age, was formerly a slave of the State of Maryland, who about 1780, was taken to New York, near the city of New York, and there he was sold to the State, passed in 1783, into the hands of a free man that brought him or taken out of the State, and then was sold to the State of New York, and then was sold to the State of New York, and then was sold to the State of New York...

Death of the Phoenix. There is a smile of power, in every feature we see; A sane whose way we never play, Whig good divine calm.

From the Liberator. The Truth shall make you free, the green leeches The yoke of bondage; Lo, your way of weeping All's laid round us from our guilty sleeping.

Stanzas. Wouldst thou a wanderer remain; A wild and reckless spirit cease; Check the warm flow of youthful blood, And lead a fast and sober life.

Stanzas. I waldy be has gone away, And dark across the sky, 'Tis pitiful—but yet beware, Reform must come from kindly care.

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