VOLUME 1.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1840.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

NATHANIEL P. ROGERS, Editor

NUMBER 17

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# NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.



George Thompson.

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## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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Scene in the days of Wickliffe.

BY MARY HOWITT

A little child, she read a book,
Beside an open door;

And, as she read page after page

She wondered more and more.

Her little finger, carefully,
Went pointing out the place;
Her golden locks hung drooping down.
And shadowed half her face.

The open book lay on her kneeHer eyes on it were bent,
And as she read, page after page,
Her color came and went.

She sat upon a mossy stone, An open book beside; And round, for miles on every sid Stretched out a forest wide.

The summer sun shore on the tree The deer lay in the shade, And overhead the singing hirds Their pleasant clamor made.

There was no garden round the house And it was low and small; The forest-sward grew to the door, The lickens on the wall

There was no garden round about. Yet flowers were growing free: The cowslip and the daffodil Upon the forest lea.

The butterfly went flitting by;
The bees were in the flowers
But the little child sat steadfastly,
As she had sat for hours.

"Why sit ye here, my little maid!"

An aged pilgrim spake—

The child looked upward from her book,

Like one but first awake.

Back fell her locks of golden hair, And solemn was her look; And thus she answered, willessly, "Oh! Sir, I read this book."

"And what is there within that book
To win a child like thee!
Up! join thy mates, the singing birds
And frolic with the bee."

Nay, air, I cannot leave this book,
I love it more than play:
've read all legends, but this one
Ne'er saw I till this day.

'And there is something in this book
That makes all care begone;
And yet I weep, I know not why,
As I go reading on."

's Who art thou, child, that thou should A book with mickle head? Books are for clerks—the king himself Hath much ado,—to read."

"My father is a forester,
A bow-man keen and good;
He keeps the deer within their bounds
And worketh in the wood.

"My mother died at Candleman The flowers were all in blow Jpon ber grave, at Allenby, Down in the vale below,"

This said, unto her book she turned,
As steadfast as before—
"Nay," said the pilgrim, "nay, not yet,
And you must tell me more.

"Who was it taught you thus to read?"
"Ah! sir, it was my mother;
She taught me both to read and soell.
And so she taught my brother.

My brother dwells at Allenby, With the good monk alway, and this new book he brought for me, But only for one day.

"Oh! sir, it is a wondrous book, Better than Charlemagne; and be you pleased to feare me now I'll read in it again."

"Nay, read to me," the pilgrim said, And the little child went on To read of Christ, as is set forth In the gospel of St. John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cliecke did shide—
The pilgram sat with bonded head,
And he wept by her sade.
"I've heard," said he, "the archive
I've heard, "said he, "the words
I've heard the I've, at Rosse,
Bus never did their spoken words
Thus to my spirit come.

Thus to my spirit come.

'The book, it is a blessed book,
Its name, what may it be ""
Said she, "they are the words of Clin
That I have read to thee,
Now done mit the English tongue,
For folks unlearned as me."

The little gut gave up the book, And the pilgran, old and brown, With reverend lips the kiss the pag Then on the stone rat down.

and age he read, page after page, Page after page he turned; and as he read their ble seed words. His heart within him horned.

hen came the sturdy foreser
Along the homeward track,
Yhistling aloud a londing tune,
With a slain deer on his back,
and greeting gave the forest.
Unto the pilgrim poor—
the old many rose with thoughtful
and entered at the door.

Thus, through the midnight did the Until the dawn of day, And then came in the woodman's 'To fetch the book away.

All quick and troubled was his speech His face was pale with dread; For he said she king had made a law, That the book should not be read— For it was such fearful beresy, The boly Abbot said.

mere moster or immagenate in faily opens, and the control of humin nature, in common speech of the institution, here was placed under our case of the institution, here was placed under our case a man who had committed homicide. On his trist also that the control of the institution, here was placed under our case, and, for want of a more suitable place, was considered in the common pail of the county in which the offeres was committed. Here he had been imprisoned casewater years, sometimes being in a has hulturen olanous exclusively been done in quartened, and the control of the contro

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When this was written ten years had clapsed nee the publication of his first plate. In three

OCTOBER 1, 1840