

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"No Union with Slaveholders."

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From the New York Tribune.

First of August, 1845.

Among the holidays of the year, some portion of our people borrow one from another land. They borrow what they fain would own, since their doing so would increase, not lessen, the joy and prosperity of the present owner. It is a holiday, not to be celebrated, as others are, with boast, and shout, and gay procession, but solemnly, yet hopefully, in humiliation and prayer for much ill now existing—in faith that the God of good will not permit such ill to exist always—in aspirations to become His instruments for its removal.

We borrow this holiday from England. We know not that she could lend us another such. Her career has been one of selfish aggrandizement. To carry her flag every where where the waters flow, to leave a strong mark of her foot print on every shore that she might return and claim us spoils, to maintain in every way her own advantage, is and has been her object as much as that of any nation on earth. The plundered Hindoo, the wronged Irish—for ourselves we must add the outraged Chinese (for we look on all that has been written as to the right of that war as mere sophistry,) no less than Napoleon, walking up and down in his "tarred green coat" in the unwholesome lodge at St. Helena—all can tell whether she be righteous or generous in her conquests. Nay! let myriads of her own children say whether she will abstain from sacrificing, mercilessly, human freedom, happiness, and the education of immortal souls, for the sake of gains in money! We speak of Napoleon, for we must ever despise, with most profound contempt, the paltry use she made of her power on that occasion. She had been the chief means of liberating Europe from his tyranny, and, though it was for her own sake, we must commend and admire her conduct and resolution thus far. But the unhand-some, base resolution of her captive has never been enough contemned. Any private gentleman, in chaining up the foe that had put himself in his power, would at least have given him lodging, food and clothes to his liking, and a civil turnkey—and a great nation could fail in this! Oh, it was shameful, if only for the vulgarity of feeling evinced! All this we say because we are sometimes impatient of England's brag on the subject of Slavery. Freedom! Because she has done one good act, is she entitled to the angelic privilege of being the Champion of Freedom?

And yet it is true that once, once she nobly awoke to a sense of what was right and wise. It is true that she also acted out that sense; acted fully, decidedly. She was willing to make sacrifices even of the loved money. She has not let go the truth she then laid to heart, and continues the resolute foe of man's traffic in men. We must bend low to her as we borrow this holy day, the anniversary of the Emancipation of the Slaves in the West Indies. We do not feel that the extent of her practice justifies the extent of her preaching, yet we must feel her to be, in this matter, an elder sister, entitled to cry Shame to us. And, if her feelings be those of a sister indeed, how must she mourn to see her next of kin pushing back as far as in her lies the advance of this good cause, binding those whom the old world had awakened from its sins enough to loose! But courage, sister. All is not yet lost. There is here a faithful band determined to expiate the crimes that have been committed in the name of Liberty. On this day they meet and vow themselves to the service, and, as they look in one another's glowing eyes, they read there assurance that the end is not yet, and that they, forced as they are

"To keep in company with Pain
And Fear and Falshood, miserable train."

may

"Turn that necessity to glorious gain."

may

"Transmute them and subdue."

Indeed we do not see that they "bate a jot of heart or hope, and it is because they feel that the power of the Great Spirit and its peculiar workings in the spirit of his age are with them. There is action and reaction all the time, and though the main current is obvious, there are many little eddies and counter currents. Mrs. Norton writes a poem on the sufferings of the poor, and in it she, as episode, tenderly laments the sufferings of the Emperor of all the Russias for the death of a beloved daughter. And it was a deep grief, yet it did not soften his heart, or make it feel for man. The first signs of his recovered spirits are in new efforts to crush out the heart of Poland, and to make the Jews lay aside the hereditary marks of their national existence, to them a sacrifice far worse than death. But then—Count Apraxin is burnt alive by his infuriate serfs, and the life of a serf is far more dog-like or rather machine-like than that of our slaves. Still the serf can rise in vengeance, can admonish the Autocrat that humanity will yet turn again and rend him.

So with us. The most shameful deed has been done that ever disgraced a nation; because the most contrary to consciousness of right. Other nations have done wickedly, but we have surpassed them all in trampling under foot the principles that had been assumed as the basis of our national existence and our willingness to forfeit our honor in the face of the world.

The following stanzas, written by a friend some time since, on the Fourth of July, exhibit these contrasts so forcibly, that we cannot do better than insert them here:—

Loud peal of bells and beat of drums
Salute approaching dawn,
And the deep cannons' fearful bursts
Announce a Nation's Morn.

Imposing ranks of freemen stand
And claim their proud birthright,
Impostors! rather, thus to brand
A name they hold so bright.

Let the day see the pageant show!
Float, banners, to the breeze!
Shout Liberty's great name throughout
Columbia's lands and seas!

Give open sunlight to the Free!
But for Truth's equal sake,
When Night sinks down upon the land,
Proclaim dead Freedom's wake!

Beat, muffled drums—toll, funeral bell!
Nail every flag half-mast!
For, though we fought the battle well,
We're traitors at the last.

Let the whole nation join in one
Procession to appear,
We and our sons lead on the front,
Our slaves bring up the rear.

America is rocked within
Thy cradle, Liberty,
By Africa's poor palsied hand,
Strange inconsistency!

We've dug one grave, as deep as Death,
For Tyranny's black sin,
And dug another at its side
To thrust our brother in.

We challenge all the world aloud,
"Lo! Tyranny's deep grave!"
And all the world points back and cries—
"Thou fool!—behold thy Slave!"

"Yes, rally, brave America,
Thy noble hearts and free,
Around the Eagle, as he soars
Upward in majesty.

"Ours half thy emblem is the bird,
Out-facing thus the day;
"But, wouldst thou make him wholly thine,
Give him a helpless prey."

This should be sung in Charleston at 9 o'clock in the evening, when the drums are heard proclaiming "dead Freedom's Wake," as they summon to their homes, or to the custody of the police, every human being with a black skin who is found walking without a pass from the white. Or it might have been sung to advantage the night after Charleston had shown her independence and care of domestic institutions by expulsion of the venerable envoy of Massachusetts! Its expression would seem even more forcible than now, when sung so near the facts, when the eagle soars so close above his prey.

How deep the shadow, yet cleft by light! There is a counter current that sets toward the deep. We are inclined to weigh us of almost equal weight with all we have had to trouble us as to the prolongation of slavery, the hopes that may be gathered from the course taken by such a man as Cassius M. Clay. A man open to none of the accusations brought to diminish the influence of Abolitionists in general, for he has eaten the bread wrought from slavery, and has shared the education that excuses the blindness of the slaveholder. He speaks as one having authority; no one can deny that he knows where he is. In the prime of manhood, of talent, and the energy of a fine enthusiasm, he comes forward with deed and word to do his devoir in this cause, never to leave the field till he can take with him the wronged wretches rescued by his devotion.

Now he has made this last sacrifice of the prejudices of "Southern chivalry" more than ever will be ready to join the herald's cry, "God speed the right." And we cannot but believe his noble example will be followed by many young men in the slaveholding ranks, brothers in a new sacred band vowed to the duty not merely of defending, but far more sacred, of purifying their homes.

The event of which this day is the anniversary, affords a sufficient guaranty of the safety and practicability of strong measures for this purification. Various accounts are given to the public of the state of the British West Indies, and the fees of emancipation are of course constantly on the alert to detect any unfavorable result which may aid them in opposing the good work elsewhere. But through all statements these facts shine clear as the Sun at noonday, that the measure was there carried into effect with an ease and success, and has shown in the African race a degree of goodness, docility, capacity for industry and self-culture, entirely beyond or opposed to the predictions which darkened so many minds with fears. Those fears can never again be entertained or uttered with the same excuse. One great example of the safety of doing right exists; true, there is but one of the sort, but volumes may be preached from such a text.

We, however, preach not; there are too many preachers already in the field, abler, more deeply devoted to the cause. Endless are the sermons of these modern crusaders, those ardent "sons of thunder," who have pledged themselves never to stop or falter till this one black spot be purged away from the land which gave them birth. They cry aloud and spare not; they spare not others, but then, neither do they spare themselves, and such are ever the harbingers of a new advent of the Holy Spirit. Our venerated friend, Dr. Channing, sainted in more memories than any man who has left us in the nineteenth century, uttered the last of his tones of soft, solemn, persua-

sive, convincing eloquence on this day and on this occasion. The hills of Lenox laughed and were glad as they heard him who showed in that last address, an address not only to the men of Lenox, but to all men, for he was in the highest sense the Friend of Man, the unsullied purity of infancy, the indignation of youth at vice and wrong, informed and tempered by the mild wisdom of age. It is a beautiful fact, that this should have been the last public occasion of his life.

Last year a noble address was delivered by R. W. Emerson, in which he broadly showed the just *milieu* views upon this subject in the holy light of a high ideal day. The trust man grew more true as he listened, for the speech, though it had the force of fact and the lustre of thought, was chiefly remarkable as sharing the penetrating quality of too "still small voice," most often heard when no man speaks. Now it spoke through a man, and so personalities or prejudices, or passions, could be perceived to veil or disturb its silver sound.

These speeches are on record, little can be said that is not contained in them. But we can add evermore our aspirations for thee, O our Country, that thou mayest not long need to borrow a holy day, not long have all thy festivals blackened by falsehood, tyranny, and a crime for which neither man below nor God above can much longer pardon thee. For ignorance may excuse error, but thine, it is vain to deny it, is conscious wrong and vows thee to the Mammon whose wages are endless torment or final death.

From the Honesdale (N. Y.) Democrat.

James G. Birney.

The abolition candidate for President, in a letter written on the 12th of Dec. 1844, though but recently published, makes the following extraordinary declaration:

"The objection that appears so insurmountable to you, against swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, does not present itself in the same light to me. * * * Such parts of the Constitution as are opposed to the law of God, to common justice, to humanity, to good morals, I reject as no part of that instrument. I should have no hesitation in affirming to support the constitution of the government, whilst I should be prepared, indeed consider myself bound to disregard any immoral provisions that might be found in it."

What is this but a virtual justification of perjury? If the Constitution of the United States, in Mr. Birney's judgment, is opposed, in one or many particulars, "to the law of God, to common justice, to humanity, and to good morals," that is a good reason why he should not swear to support it. But, his notion of swearing to support the Constitution, with a mental reservation to disregard such portions of that instrument as, in his opinion, conflict with strict morality, is monstrous. That he should make so infamous an avowal is astonishing. If a man may take an oath to perform the duties of a public office according to law, with a mental reservation to regard only so much of the law as he thinks to be right, why may not another man adopt the principle of mental reservation in giving testimony in courts of justice?

If Mr. Birney's party should be successful, and elect him to the Presidential office, what a spectacle he and it would present to the world! On the day of his inauguration, he would stand up in the presence of a great multitude of his fellow-countrymen, and swear to support the Constitution, in all its parts and particulars; to support it not as "he understands it," but as the authorized expounders of the Constitution, the judiciary, understand it. And the next day, perhaps, he would be found violating the plain and unequivocal requirements of the Constitution, and justifying his conduct with the plea that he reserved the right to do so when he took the oath!

If Mr. Birney believes any part of the Constitution immoral, he cannot swear or affirm to uphold it, and be an honest man. At the commencement of his present career, he put himself at the head of what was professed to be a great moral movement for the liberation of the slaves. To consummate that movement, he and his associates declared that they would use no other means than argument and persuasion. But, soon they discovered, or thought they discovered, in the strong religious sentiment and feeling that pervaded the country in favor of emancipation, a powerful instrumentality which they could turn to political account. Forthwith they seized upon it, and set at work to secure to themselves all the offices of the State and General Governments. Previously to this last movement, however, they had denounced the Constitution as an immoral compact, entered into, in part, for purposes at war with justice and humanity; they had thus denounced it so frequently and so ostentatiously, that they could not recede from that position without being exposed to inferences discreditable to their integrity. Having considered the difficulties in which they were involved, they determined to maintain their stand, and avow the intention, in case they should be successful in their political scheme, to set the Constitution at defiance, and take credit to themselves for it, under the pretence that they were too conscientious to support such an instrument. Their plea for forfeited oath and violated Constitution, is to be—conscience—the plea that great villains have set up in all ages for their unnumbered crimes. The baseness of these men is last developing. This declaration of Mr. Birney is the most cool and impudent confession of flagitious purpose that has been made in modern times.

Remember the cause of the slave.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Indiana Slave-case decided.

United States Circuit Court, Friday, May 23rd, 1845.—Vaughan vs. Williams—Debt for the rescue of slaves, damages \$500. The above case came on for trial on Wednesday last before the Court and Jury, Judges McLean and Huntington presiding.

In the fall of the year 1835, one Tipton, a citizen of Kentucky, owning three slaves—a man, a woman, and a child—came to Illinois, and settled in Warren county. During the time he was there, in the winter following, and in the spring of 1836, he built himself a house, and cleared a certain lot of land—about thirty acres—part of which was done by the aid and assistance of the slave Sam, which was the name of one of the slaves; also, Tipton was assisted by his sons, who had previously settled in this State, and beside whose farm was that of their father; the negro woman worked in the house, and was understood by the neighbors to be the wife of Sam; the child, a girl, was their child.

In the spring of 1836, the neighbors of Tipton having hinted to the negroes that they were free, of which he heard, some time in April, same year, he took them in a covered wagon to Missouri, and there sold them as slaves. The man who bought them from Tipton, sold them to the plaintiff for about \$1,100. This was soon after their arrival in Missouri. In 1837 they escaped and came to the State of Indiana, and resided in Hamilton county, on a small farm bought for them by the kindness of some friends—until the time of their re-capture, which was some time in 1843 or '44. The old negro man is about fifty, the woman about thirty, and the girl about nine years of age. Some time in 1843, '44, armed with a writ from Missouri, and a warrant from this State, the plaintiff attempted to arrest the negroes in their cabin under night, but was prevented until the morning, when the neighbors, alarmed with the cries proceeding from the cabin, flocked in to their aid, and the defendant, with others, refused to allow the plaintiff to carry off the negroes by force. An investigation was demanded and agreed to, but while on the way to the justice's office the negroes escaped by the aid and assistance of the defendant and the crowd.

The action was brought to recover damages of \$500, recoverable under the act of Congress, against any person aiding or abetting the escape of fugitives from labor when arrested by their owner. The case was ably conducted by Messrs. Wick and Barbour, and O. H. Smith for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Bradley and Quarles, and Judge Stephens, for the defendant.

Judge McLean after summing up the evidence in a very able manner, charged the jury as to the law in the case, who, after a short retirement, found a verdict for the defendant, which was in strict accordance with the charge of the court. The trial lasted two days and a half, and created great excitement.

By the above decision, the following point is settled in this State, viz:

That slaves brought into a free State by their owner, he becoming a resident or citizen thereof, and using them as his servants, are free, and any subsequent sale of them in a slaveholding State is void and in the event of their escaping afterwards to a free State, they cannot be re-captured as slaves.

SLAVE WHIPPING IN NEW ORLEANS.—Our fellow citizen, Jeremiah Curtis, Esq., in a speech recently made in this city, stated that, while in New Orleans not long since, he was informed by his steward, an exemplary member of a christian church who had been taken from his vessel, and thrust into the 'calaboose,' under the laws of Louisiana, because God had given him a skin somewhat colored—that the public whippings were inflicted there in the morning, and that if he would come early in the day he would have the opportunity of witnessing them. Desirous of acquainting himself with slavery in all its operations, Mr. C. went early the next morning to the prison and there witnessed the merciless application of the bitter lash to the naked backs of men and women. He learned that the regulations of the city required that when slaves were to be punished, they should be whipped by the public whipping-master at the calaboose—the number of lashes should not exceed 25. The fee for infliction was a cent a lash. The whip used had a short handle and long lash, which the master, standing at a good distance, handled so 'scientifically' that every stroke brought the flesh, and the blood flowed in streams down the back of the victim.

At the time Mr. Curtis went to take his steward away, the whipping master came out of the calaboose with hands covered with blood, and remarked:

"There, that is the most obstinate nigger that I ever saw."

Mr. C. then went into the calaboose and there saw a black with his throat cut, and lying on the floor in a pool of blood. On inquiry, he learned that the man had been a slave who had always sustained a most estimable character: that he had ever done all in his power to please his master: that he had never been punished, but that for some imaginary offence his master now had sent him up for a whipping and to be placed in the chain gang, and that he had declared he never would submit to that. When the time came for the execution of the punishment, and he was satisfied, by the entrance of the whipping master, that there was no reprieve, he drew his knife across his throat and fell upon the floor and shortly afterwards was a corpse!

What a commentary is this upon the oft repeated text, "the slaves are contented and happy."—*Ban-gor Gazette.*