

WHAT A FEW PENNIES CAN DO.—A few years ago a little tract containing a thought on liberty was sent to a slaveholder down in North Carolina. He read it. It took such a hold upon his mind that he could not sleep, so he got up and read it to his wife. She said, "We must set our slaves free before we sleep again." So they went to the magistrate and had them all emancipated before they dared to sleep. They then talked to their neighbors, and gave them that little tract. By-and-by nineteen poor slaves came trudging up to Cincinnati, holding up their free papers and singing songs of jubilee. From here they went on to Mercer county, where Augustus Wattles is, and where the colored people are making a great settlement, and building a large house for a manual labor school.

That little tract cost three cents, and freed nineteen human beings from slavery. Who'll buy candy?

How many slaves did the political action of the Liberty party ever free? How many is it ever likely to free? Not one. Yet they have abandoned to a great extent, that moral action which would do the work, for the political action which only retards it.—*Spy.*

Cassius M. Clay.—Mr. Hartshorn, the agent for New England, of Mr. Clay's True American, has received a letter from him, dated Lexington, Kentucky, September 5th, in which he writes: "The mob will not stop my paper. Somewhere, I will go on soon.—In the mean time, you may proceed to get subscribers in all confidence. My defence against the manifesto and wrongs of the mob, when out, will be sent to you, in advance of the papers." In conclusion, Mr. Clay says: "My health is yet bad, but improving slowly."—*Atlas.*

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.—German Physiologists affirm that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and twenty-five, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking!

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE UNION.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

I do not pretend to be so well versed in the science of mental Philosophy, as to be able to account for all the incidents of the dream I am about to relate, nor shall I inform you whether it came to me in the visions of the night or in my waking moments; suffice it to say, that by some inexplicable change I had entirely lost my real character, and had become another person.

It thought that my heart was overflowing with patriotism, and my love of our glorious Union came bubbling up like a spring from a rocky place. I had been much excited because of the attempts of some of the fanatical abolitionists to destroy it; and I turned for consolation to President Polk's inaugural address, and the patriotic and glorifying manner in which he spoke of it was like balm to my lacerated spirit. In another paper I read the proceedings of a Liberty party meeting, where resolutions of censure were adopted against those who were endeavoring to sunder the political bonds which bind us to the South, and peacefully withdraw from the great national compact. Ah, thought I, proslavery as they call me, I can give to these men the right hand of fellowship, and especially to this one who will go for the Union. "Slavery in or slavery out, Texas in or Texas out," ay, and who "will fight for it in the forests of Maine, or in the swamps of Carolina." Glorious, said I, this fellow is a man after my own heart, and none of your traitor Disunionists. Why Calhoun and McDuffie can ask no more. Hurrah for Stewart! We must give him a nomination as soon as his party is joined to ours.

While indulging in reflections upon the liberality of these men, and comparing their sentiments and conduct with that of the unreasonable and fanatical Dissolutionists who were seeking to abolish slavery even at the expense of the Union, I was startled by the clattering of a horse's hoofs upon our stony streets as it dashed rapidly by, and the riders cry of "To arms! To arms!" rang like the notes of a battle trumpet through the city.

I immediately hastened to the military headquarters, and there learned that an express had arrived from the South bringing intelligence of an insurrection among the slaves which threatened to endanger the existence of the Union, accompanied by a demand for northern troops. A force of two thousand was immediately drafted, of which number were Alvan Stewart and myself. We were ordered to be in readiness to leave at an early hour the next day; and I must here confess, that much as I had talked about the Union, declaring that it must be preserved at all hazards, and at any amount of blood and treasure, I said these things when I had no idea that I should be called upon to fight for it; and an order to "start to-morrow for Timbuctoo," would have been as agreeable as the one I was obliged to obey. I had just become fairly established in a small but profitable business which I knew would be ruined by even a short absence; I had furthermore been but three weeks a husband, and under such circumstances who can wonder that it was with reluctance I exchanged the tender embraces of my new-made bride for the death grasp of the insurgent slave.—Oh, it was a terrible thought! that instead of the words of tenderness I had but to-day heard spoken, there would be the despairing cries and agonizing groans of the poor wretches I had sworn to murder; that instead of the blessings of my wife, I should have the curses of the dying negro. Bitterly did I repent of the compact; but having made it, having induced the Southerner to retain his hold on his slaves, having promised to stand by him and thus led him on step by step until he met the terrible catastrophe which now threatened to overwhelm him, I resolved, come what would, to redeem my pledge.—But what would I not have given, if I could, with a clear conscience, have taken my stand with the Dissolutionists, and felt that I had honorably withdrawn my pledge from the keeping of the South—withdrawn it before

the hour of her extremity had arrived, so that no reproach would have rested upon me.—But regret was unavailing.

I embarked and found myself enrolled in the same company with Alvan Stewart; I was only a private, he a Corporal. On, on we sped, day and night as fast as steam could carry us. We journeyed with the north star looking down coldly upon us, for we had turned our faces from it, as though we heeded not the fixed principle of eternal justice of which that star is the emblem.

On the afternoon of the second day we reached our place of destination where we found encamped a large number of men, most of whom were from the North. Among the Michigan troops, and bearing the rank of Sergeant, was James G. Birney. The interview between him and Corporal Stewart was exceedingly affecting. By the time we had pitched our tents and set our guards, it wanted but an hour of sundown. I strolled through the encampment and was very much struck by the difference in appearance between the northern and southern troops, for a more ungodly and ruffianly set of men than the latter, I never beheld. Their countenances were as dark as the complexion of a mulatto, and a constant scowl rested upon them. They were continually quarrelling, gambling and drinking, and every sentence they uttered contained a horrid oath. The northern troops, the regiment to which I was attached in particular, were on the contrary very religious. Our Chaplain was a man of remarkable piety, a distinguished member of the Northern Methodist Episcopal Conference.—Our first evening in Carolina was closed by a regimental prayer meeting, at the conclusion of which a portion of us sang that beautiful hymn commencing—

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die,
Did he devote his sacred head
For such a wretch as I?"

The evening was perfectly calm; and we were encamped directly on the borders of a swamp where a body of the insurgents were said to be concealed. I have no doubt they heard and were benefited by hearing a portion of our Christian worship, for although I felt as if shooting negroes was not the right kind of business in which to be engaged, it would have been still worse if while engaged in it we had neglected the performance of any of our religious duties.

The following morning the troops were ordered to penetrate the swamp, and kill or capture all the negroes they met with. Government was particularly anxious this should be done, for it was rumored that the wife and children of the Commander in Chief of the negro forces, Henry Clay Jackson—who, by the way, is a lineal descendant of the worthies whose name he bears—were there concealed, and it was thought that if our troops could obtain possession of them we might compel favorable terms from the rebels.—Unpleasant as was the duty, it had to be performed. As the swamp was of considerable extent, and in many places the mud from two to four feet deep made but slow progress. About 1 o'clock P. M. we reached the centre of the swamp without seeing any signs of a negro, when our commander called a halt, for we were all completely exhausted. The depth of the mud, and its remarkably slimy and adhesive character had made our journey a very toilsome one; then there was a continual exhalation arising from the great abundance of decayed vegetable matter, which enveloped us like a cloud, so that I could taste infection in every breath I inhaled, and no very pleasant visions of a broken constitution, of lingering disease, and a painful death passed before me. I looked upon my companions, and found their appearance had very much changed since the hour of morning parade. Alvan Stewart stood near me; not far from him was a Georgia slave-trader noted for his cruelty, and a Texian who had robbed a bank in Kentucky and murdered a man in Tennessee. They seemed disposed to make fun of the Corporal, for I heard the Georgian say "Hah, my old buck! I guess you find this a little bit worse than the Seminole war you used to talk about." As Alvan Stewart tarred away from the insulting fellow, the Texian impudently called out "Are ye made Governor of that island yet?—wont you sell your chance for a good dinner?" But Mr. Birney was there to sympathize with his friend, and I saw his look of condolence as the Corporal thus addressed him: "Sergeant Birney, I never expected this; it is far worse than being in the forests of Maine. Suppose we construe our orders as we choose to understand them, and go home and have our tickets printed, and circulate our handbills for the fall election!" Had I not been myself in so deplorable a condition, I should have pitied him. There he was, three feet deep in mud, and his beautiful uniform besmeared with swamp slime; the day was sultry, and the perspiration was streaming in torrents down his face; it was the dinner hour, but no dinner was to be had; the musquitoes were many and fierce, and there was no escape from them, but then there was a glorious consolation which belonged to us all—we were in a Carolina swamp fighting, or ready to fight for the Union, and perhaps some of us would have the satisfaction of leaving our bodies to sink and rot beneath its mud.

Just then a volley was fired by the insurgent slaves, who had come upon us unawares. Corporal Stewart and Sergeant Birney both fell, the former was shot through the stomach, the latter through the head. I saw them but a moment, and then the ground slimy mud closed over them. Alas! though I, not a stone can be erected here to tell that they perished in defence of the Union, and were slain by the insurgent slaves of America. A second volley was fired which restored me to consciousness. My vision had departed, and I stood once more upon Ohio soil. I was so rejoiced that I could say with Bunyan's christian pilgrim "I awoke, and behold it was a dream" that I involuntarily sprang to my feet exclaiming,

"No union with slaveholders!
Down with the blood-streaked flag!
Trample the goro-writ compact
With Slavery's wrinkled hag."

N. T. T.

Letter from Harriet N. Torrey.

That slavery is an evil of no common magnitude, there are but few, possessing the ordinary aggregate of intelligence, who pretend to deny. And whether we look upon it with the views of Statesmen or Philanthropists, whether we ponder its bearings upon the political aspect of our country, or upon our moral and social condition, we are startled at the enormity of the evil, and ask, with feelings of mingled shame and apprehension—is there no proper and attainable remedy? If there is no remedy, our condition is indeed deplorable. If the fetters of the slave are the bonds which secure unto us life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—we hold our tenure of the same at a fearful price. For that life, that liberty, and that pursuit of happiness is secured unto us by the sacrifice of all the attributes of humanity which God has given to more than two millions and a half of human beings, varying in color, but possessing the same physical organization, the same social feelings, though compelled to flow in an ungodly channel, and the same claims to immortality which we possess. We talk of our republican institutions, and boast of our country as the home of the free, and the refuge of the oppressed; and if such was actually the case, there would be more propriety in our talk and boasting; for it would bear the impress of truth, and therefore afford us a pretext for honest exultation. But truth, like murder, will out; and whatever means may be employed to conceal the deformity, and prolong the existence of slavery, they all tend to give us a fairer view of its loathsome body of corruption, and to sharpen the axe which is to sever the multiplied cords of its existence. It seems strange to us that the framers of the Constitution, possessing that far-seeing sagacity which enabled them to lay the foundation of a government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed, instead of a Monarch's will, should have parleyed with an institution which was then in its swaddling bands, and by granting it peculiar immunities—secured its existence and fostered its growth, until it has attained to a state of a giant, and now stands with one foot firmly planted upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the other upon the northern lakes, ruling its friends with despotic sway—bidding defiance to its enemies—and deriding their delicate efforts for its extermination.—How often has the assertion been made—repeated and reiterated, that the North has nothing to do with slavery—that it is a southern institution—entirely subservient to southern interests, and essential to the prosperity of that portion of the Union; when at the same time its subtle influence was coiling, like a venomous reptile, around the very vitals of the North, whispering peace, peace—in order to quiet its struggling victim until it could fasten it with its deadly fangs.

It is said that personal rights are the foundation of all others. As a nation, we claim all other rights; therefore, we cannot but feel some anxiety as to the nature and stability of our foundation, as well as of the superstructure that has been reared upon it. That its primary elements were right; that the Declaration of Independence embodied these noble and comprehensive principles which emanate from man's higher nature, and which are calculated to bear him onward and upward to a more perfect system of moral and political equity—all seem to admit. But the Constitution reveals the presence of the spirit of evil, and gives the lie direct to our exulting boast of equal rights, and universal liberty. Like a deformed statue upon a chaste and beautiful pedestal, it elicits our wonder by its incongruity. It is a curious anomaly—but no more curious than true—that while our forefathers were pouring out their blood like water in order to secure those rights which they could never obtain while they acknowledged the divine right of kings, they were preparing the way for the establishment of a more cruel and remorseless despotism upon the soil ostensibly consecrated to freedom. With one hand they were valiantly battling for truth and right; while with the other they were forging fetters for the wronged and benighted African. At the first glance, we are led to conclude that the American slaveholder possesses more than the ordinary share of human rights; because the rights of so many human beings are merged within his own; he repudiates the divine rights of kings; yet he arrogates to himself the divine right to control the souls as well as the bodies of his fellow beings, thus divesting them of every attribute of humanity, as well as of immortality. But, is the slaveholder, in reality, the all-sufficient freeman that he imagines himself to be? Life is not, under any circumstances, exempt from jeopardy by casualties, or by visitations of Providence. And in the case of the slaveholder we look upon those casualties as increased in a ten-fold degree; for he is surrounded by those who, from motives of vengeance, or from a determination to possess their inalienable rights, stand forth unfettered in the image of their Maker, favorable, and circumstances being favorable, look upon the taking of his life, not only as justifiable, but as a praiseworthy deed. Therefore, instead of enjoying his life like a freeman in the true sense of the word, he has to guard the same with the utmost vigilance, and never possess that common feeling of security which pervades the non-slaveholding States. The term liberty, in its genuine signification, means a great deal; and can never be demonstrated to a slaveholder, only by theory; because his experience has not qualified him for a correct understanding of the same. In the first place, his dependence curtails his liberty; for he is entirely dependent upon his slaves; his food and raiment are procured by their toil, or purchased with their flesh and blood. If justice is the foundation of liberty—does not that which the slaveholder possesses, rest upon a miserable foundation—or rather upon no foundation at all! In all ages of the world, the pursuit of happiness has been the moving principle of human actions.—And so far as it has led men to be virtuous and good, it has been subservient to the well-being of society; but when it is based upon

selfishness, and pursued for the gratification of her desires, it becomes degraded in our estimation, and calls forth our unmeasured condemnation. The slaveholder has also his pursuit of happiness; and in what does it consist? The answer comes murmuring forth amid sighs, tears and groans out-zubbling from millions of stricken human hearts—and from the harsh clanking of fetters upon millions of human limbs—his pursuit of happiness is our continual misery! Is this right? Is it in accordance with the principles of humanity? Is it rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's? No—for it is at variance with the laws of nature, and with the teachings of revelation. It retards the progress of civilization; for it degrades the moral and intellectual man. It opposes the spread of the pure broad principles of christianity; for these principles, universally understood and practised, would effectually eradicate every vestige of the system of ungodly abominations. If "liberty is justice guarded," where is the boasted liberty of the slaveholder? If he possesses certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, does he understand those rights, and secure unto himself the immunities which they comprehend? He knows that there is a dangerous mine beneath his feet, and that the hour of its springing is not of his own appointing; his own injustice and oppression has placed a burning brand within the hands of his enemies, and he trembles for the consequences while he seeks to perpetuate the cause.—Liberty is but a bye-word when it depends upon tyranny for support; and the pursuit of happiness becomes unjustifiable when it subverts the course of nature, and involves the misery of our fellow beings. The slaveholder may sing the songs of liberty; but their echo will be as discordant as the vulture's notes while exulting over his mangled and bleeding prey.

And now, admitting the evil, is there no proper and attainable remedy? The present age, is an age of inventions. The spirit of investigation is aroused. The tide of progression sweeps steadily onward, bearing upon its bosom the honorable principles of truth and right. A purer light irradiates the intellectual world. Theories of moral, social and political economy, of liberal and comprehensive composition, emanating from the combined wisdom of the past and present, are gradually assuming the form and stability of systems. The friends of humanity have toiled with the devotion of martyrs to raise her from the dust, and the story of her wrongs, like trumpet-tones, has awakened many a guilty dreamer to life and action. The traditions of men have ever contravened the commandments of God; and the eternal principles of truth have been set aside by the subtleties of error. But the spirit of the present age seems to be onward and upward, bearing down all obstacles which hinder its progress towards a system of moral equity, which will tend to reconcile the conflicting elements of human governments, and to save our own beloved country from a despicable and iniquitous thralldom. The blood of the Revolution was insufficient to consecrate the institution of slavery; it has become a terror to its friends, and loans upon its enemies for support. Will they succumb to the task—and merely bend their backs to sustain the burden as the South demands? Hark! from the Pilgrim's rock—from the granite hills and the moss-grown valleys of New England there comes a voice—re-echoing through the length and breadth of this fair land which makes the nation tremble; for it proclaims aloud—"No union with slaveholders—no crouching to sustain a burden of iniquity—and no concessions to a power that robs humanity of its attributes, and degrades the image of our Maker to a level with the beasts that perish!" Glorious response! glad harbinger of better days to come, when the foulest blot that stains our national escutcheon shall be wiped away, and millions of human beings who are now writhing beneath oppression's iron heel shall arise from their degradation, and like that rank in the scale of beings which God and nature has assigned them. Too long has the withering curse of slavery rested upon the "land of the free (!) and the home of the brave." Too long have the friends of humanity been persecuted and reviled, branded with abusive epithets, and stigmatized as the originators and abettors of treason; for the weapons which have been hurled against them are beginning to recoil with ten-fold force upon their enemies. Too long has public opinion resisted the innovations of the spirit of the age, and lent its influence towards the extension and perpetration of American slavery. Now the die is cast—the deed of shame is consummated. Texas has become an integral part of these United States, and her soil must be re-baptized with the tears and blood of human beings, toiling in bitter bondage for their fellow men. The domestic slave trade, protected by a prohibitory tariff, has received an impetus commensurate with the importance attached to it by its warmest friends. What more can they ask—what more can be given! The common sense and the moral feelings of Americans has been woefully outraged, and the dignity of the nation has been sacrificed to the dread Moloch of slavery. Humiliating as is the position which the United States now occupy among the nations of the earth, there is not only a strong probability—but an absolute certainty of its being changed; for the institution of slavery thrown wholly upon itself for support, cannot exist; because it does not possess within itself the elements of perpetuity. Withdraw the support which it now receives from the North, and its downfall is inevitable. Its final struggle will be fierce and desperate—awful to contemplate. Like Sampson of old, its strength will be fearfully revealed in the hour of dissolution. The timid will quail and retire from the contest; but the courageous and the true-hearted will stand firm as a rock, undaunted by the din and strife of the mighty combat. The murderous sword rests quietly within its sheath. The voice of the thundering cannon is as silent as the grave; for none but moral weapons can avail for the extermination of a moral evil. God speed

the day when their triumph shall be complete—when the discordant and conflicting elements of society will be made to harmonize—and the "Declaration of the universal brotherhood of man," will become the foundation of all human empires.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, OCTOBER 3, 1853.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

"THE DISUNION PLEDGE."

We now come to the consideration of the remaining objection which the Disunion Pledge urges as a reason for the non-support of the Constitution, and which is expressed as follows:—"that slave insurrection shall be suppressed by the combined military and naval power of the country, if needed in any emergency." This refers to two provisions in the Constitution, one for protection against domestic violence, the other for the suppression of insurrections. The Herald by some strange oversight wholly neglects to notice the second clause, which the pledge would seem more directly to refer to, but attempts to build an argument upon that, which would appear at first sight to be more favorable to its position. The part which the editor quotes is this:

"The United States shall guaranty to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

He admits that this clause, although general in its character, is applicable to servile insurrections, and that it is binding upon the President, the members of Congress, and such U. S. officers as may be called into service. He considers it "highly beneficent, and one of the best parts of the U. S. Constitution." It makes the United States a "Peace-Maker." Yes! Dr. Bailey calls the United States government a PEACE-MAKER, though it is rather strange for a peace-maker to wear a warlike guise, to come to make peace "armed and equipped as the law directs," with legions of blood thirsty followers to enforce its peace-making commands. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Captain Stockton of the Princeton man-of-war, christened his big gun "Peace Maker," and its terrible explosion blew to atoms those who designed to use it to destroy others. Dr. Bailey, with as total a disregard to the just application of terms as Captain Stockton ever manifested, has christened the father of that big gun, the U. S. government, "Peace-Maker!"

But to return to the Dr's argument, which instead of being wrought in the school of strict construction in which he was educated, is as loose an interpretation of the Constitution, as any arguer could desire of the original code. It is briefly this. The general government is bound to protect the States against domestic violence. A servile insurrection is domestic violence. The simple duty of the government, is to command and enforce the Peace; if the slaveholder then attempt to reduce again to slavery the slave who has risen to the state of a freeman, his violence be upon his own head. It is not bound to replace and rivet anew the broken fetters; therefore the Constitution is not in this particular pro-slavery. We shall reply very briefly to his argument. The Constitution requires that every State shall be protected against domestic violence. What constitutes a State? Not a certain number of people, for if so, then is Iowa a State, although she has refused to adopt a Constitution. We would define a State to be, that portion of the inhabitants of a territory who support the Constitution which the people constitutionally adopted, and act in accordance with the laws and regulations of such government. Such is the sense in which the word State is used in the Constitution. If the slaves of South Carolina rise in rebellion against the authorities of the State, they are not while in that attitude a portion of the State although they may be in a majority. Suppose they adopted a Constitution and called themselves the State of South Carolina, which of the parties would Congress be bound to recognize as a State, and protect against domestic violence? Most certainly the minority; for the Constitution of the majority grew out of a rebellious movement, is the fruit of disobedience to the constituted authorities. The slaves of Carolina are held in conformity with the State laws; an attempt to gain their freedom would be in opposition to those laws, and Congress is bound to protect every State against domestic violence, not by setting at naught its laws, and encouraging others to trample them under foot, but by maintaining the supremacy of law, which is the life and soul of every human government that has yet been organized. A few more lines of