

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"TO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.
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From the Liberator.

RHODE-ISLAND A SLAVE MART.

Start you, reader, at this announcement! Well you may; but read the following extract, and see its truth confirmed. It is taken from the Providence Journal of the 13th ult., where it appears in an advertisement signed "M. A. D'Wolf," as assignee of William H. D'Wolf,—how appropriate the name for such ferocious bipeds!

VALUABLE PROPERTY.

Will be sold at public auction, in front of the counting room of Mark A. D'Wolf, in Bristol, on Friday, the 14th day of November, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the benefit of creditors,

All the right, title and interest which William H. D'Wolf had, at the time of the making of his assignment, to the following described real and personal property, viz:—
* * * * * One undivided fourth part of a certain Coffee Plantation on the island of Cuba, known as the "Mount Hope Estate," situate about 20 miles south westerly from the city of Matanzas, and near the village of Madriga, with one undivided fourth part of all the buildings, improvements, coffee-trees, NEGROES, (1) stock, tools and utensils belonging to said estate.

There is not our accusation, proved! Is not Rhode Island a bona fide slave mart! Who will say she is not! When our eye first rested on the above advertisement, it at once reverted to the title of the sheet that contained the outrageous, humanity-degrading notice, to see what Southern paper the Rhode Island slaveholder had chosen through which to disgrace our native State, and give publicity to his own infamy; when lo! "Providence Daily Journal" stared us in the face! We could scarcely believe the evidence of our own eyes; we almost thought some ocular illusion had deceived us. But no—we were not deceived—it was a "Northern print with Southern principles" that had the audacity (and to what servility too will not such a despicable print descend) thus to display in its columns, in this day of anti-slavery progress, an insulting advertisement for the sale, at public auction, at half noon, and on the soil of old Rhode Island, of political and religious liberty loving man, HUMAN BEINGS! If we had any State pride left, it was abashed, if not annihilated at the discovery. Let the sheet that could thus scandalize itself and stigmatize its own State, hereafter bear the eponymous title of "Providence Journal and Slave Auction Advertisement."

Whether there were to be (in mercantile parlance) any "samples" of this "valuable property" in "chattel personal" on the auction stand, on this occasion, for the inspection of purchasers, the advertisement said nothing; neither the name of the auctioneer announced. Probably no knight of the hammer can be found in Bristol, so lost to all sense of shame as (like this baby-stealing "Assignee") boldly to have his name publicly associated with so vile a transaction. We hope, for the credit of all the functionaries of this character in Bristol, that this slavemonger of an "Assignee" found it necessary to import one from Charleston or New Orleans, and to procure for him a special license for the occasion.

Look, too, at the audacity of this Rhode Island slaveholder in styling his slave plantation "Mount Hope," after the eminence bearing that name in Bristol, and famed of yore as the residence of the bold and daring King Philip, who (rude savage though he was) kept no human herds of slaves, disdaining alike to enslave others or to be himself a slave; and who long and desperately contended for the liberty of which the rapacious and cruel old Puritan, in his parings for annexation, would deprive him, and who at length fell a victim in her cause at the hand of Capt. Church, whose conjunction of name and deeds would seem to have been ominous of the spirit and deeds of those organizations which at a later period have conspired to rob man of his rights, and trample his humanity in the dust. What an outrageous integrity! A slave plantation called after Mount Hope, whose fastnesses were once the shelter of the untamed red man in his freedom, and under whose shade he once dwelt, secure and happy! As well call "Ashland," "Dunker Hill," or "The Hermitage," "Therwoppy!"

RHODE-ISLANDERS! What think you of this outrage?—of Humanity being offered on the auction block on your own free (!) soil—

you, who are loud in your boasts of freedom, and of the deeds of your gallant "heroes" in her defence—who elicit to have struck, on her blue waters, the first blow of the Revolution, and whose sons once felt the fires of freedom burn in every vein—who glory in having given birth to a GERRARD and a PERRY to defend your rights, and repel the assaults of your foes—who exclaim, in exultation, while the motto on your Anchor, "IN GOD WE TRUST," still inspires your State pride, and denotes your confidence and trust in the Ruler of nations, (unless such a display of "patriotism" and trust in Deity be a mockery)—

Shall the land that WILLIAMS trod Deny her rights—forget her God!

In view of such high pretensions, RHODE-ISLANDERS! are you not ashamed, like ourselves, at the perpetration of such a bold and audacious outrage on your soil? Or does the hum of your spindles and the clatter of your shuttles drown the cries of the slave, and render you deaf alike to the wails and the protestations and remonstrances of the little Spartan hand of abolitionists, who have year after year, in warnings and entreaties, rebukes and condemnations, endeavored to kindle again in your breasts those fires of freedom that have been well nigh extinguished by the floods of sectarianism, which roar louder than your waterfalls?

Again we appeal to you, RHODE-ISLANDERS! whose State was so recently the theatre of a fierce struggle for "equal rights" and constitutional liberty, that resulted in a civil war that came nigh drenching your soil in blood—is this a specimen of the "law and order" that now reigns in your State? Or is it indicative of a state of things that the adverse party would establish in part of it, or as their highest conception of it! The death-like silence of both your parties, in regard to this infamous transaction, proves you both, a party, alike recalcitrant to principle and false to humanity.

But who is the man that has dared so audaciously to make our native State a slave mart, and himself a trader in the souls of men on horseback! Let the genealogy of a notorious slave-trading and privateering family in his State, answer the question. As he is ambitious to perpetuate the unenviable notoriety of that family, in their war upon humanity? Or, should he ever aspire to a seat in the U. S. Senate, will he find it convenient, in silly, political subtlety, like this illustrious predecessor, to protest that it was "many, many years" since he was engaged in the traffic of human flesh, (as though time could wipe out that stain of infamy) in order to strengthen his claims to election!—Mark Anthony D'Wolf—that's his name.—Henceforth be the name of a traitor to God and a foe to humanity upon him. Some could boast of her Mark Anthony as Caesar's friend. Little Rhode should blush at her as freedom's foe. The former would bury Caesar in tears—the latter would dance on Liberty's grave, and with wolfish scent and hyena ferocity, tear asunder the heart-strings of humanity.

Y.

From The True American.

VISION TO CINCINNATI.—SIGHTS SEEN THERE.—PROSPERITY OF, AND THE CAUSE OF IT.—KENTUCKY.

I'll play the fool no longer. I have been stark blind when I thought you stork mad. I know not how you feel now; but I am as one whose eyes are just opened, and I look upon a new world.

I love Kentucky. There is not a spot in her, or about her, that I don't cling to with a woman's affection; and I was crazy enough—fool enough—to join in the hug and cry about you, because I thought you against Kentucky. Heaven forgive me! I knew you well. You were wrong in many things, as I believe, but right at heart and right in aim, and I go for you now, as openly and fearlessly as I went against you before.

The Lexington mob first turned me. I hate despotism. See how men erige before it. See how it dwarfs them. Not a press in old Kentucky, where men vote openly, and bear themselves bravely, that ventures to resist it. Shame! Shame! Even the Journal cries *proci* and thinks this not the time for discussion. Why, where would these editors have been when Columbus in Spain saw, in vision, the new continent, and claimed the means from his Government to go and find it! Against him, as they would have been against every reformer from Luther to the present day. Not the time! Where my State's interests are concerned—where the interest of the people is at stake, now and now only is the time for action. Let who will huddle, and hesitate, and dodge, I will not. I am for Kentucky; the whole of Kentucky; for all her people—for the greatest good of the greatest number; and therefore, I am for law, the freedom of speech the liberty of the press, and for gradual emancipation.

Another thing has clinched me. Here I am, in Cincinnati. From my window I see the hills of Kentucky; bold, lofty, and beautiful; not go to them; and nature only blooms—not man—the rich soil tells from its native growth what may come out of it; but it is cultivated by human hands. And from them cast your eyes upon Ohio, and what life! What energy, what progress you behold! Barren hills-tops subdued and made rich; gleams teaming with life; plains all astir with industry and prosperity; and yet few owning more than fifty acres apiece! Why this difference! I tell you I could not shut my eyes to the fact. Slavery is the cause. Out with the fact

for it is so! That keeps Kentucky down.—But she shan't be kept down; she shan't lag behind; so let us join in ridding her of this cause, and in putting her in a position worthy her name and her pride.

I am in Broadway. My window opens south. I hear the hiss of steam, the clatter of machinery, and the eternal din of human industry. Clatter! clatter! Hiss! hiss! Buzz! buzz! Tireless—ceaseless—they go on as if there were no rest here for machinery or man. And I have gone abroad and looked into shops, and furnaces, and manufactories, and mechanical establishments, and seen with my own eyes why Cincinnati—why Ohio—stands where they are—and why Louisville—why Kentucky—stands where they do. "The labor. There is the secret. This VOLUNTARY LABOR THAT DOES IT ALL. That makes the difference. That sets Cincinnati away ahead of Louisville, and makes Ohio distance Kentucky. And shall we not see it! Shall we bite the nose off our faces, and cry "we won't examine—we won't discuss—we won't do anything because a set of fanatics abroad roar against Slavery, or a set of fanatics at home roar for it!" I go for my own interest—I go for the interest of Kentucky—and I GO, THEREFORE, AGAINST SLAVERY.

I went up, with a friend, to one of these Cincinnati factories. The owner of it is a man every inch of him. He looked tall—his face was blackened with soot and sweat; and his hands roughened with labor; but his large full eye—his lofty brow—his strong frame—and his directness of speech—assured me, at once, who and what he was; and he has two hundred and fifty hands under his employ! But no matter about him—the self-made. Enter that room; you see a dozen or more workmen; they are all busy. But stop and speak to one of them; don't fear; speak; how ready and intelligent his answer; he is well-informed, and knows what to say, and when to say it. Go now into the room adjoining. It is darker, and there is harder work apparently. The men look blacker; they don't notice you, and you fear to disturb them. But there! one looks up—speak.—How very intelligent he is; how clear his explanations. And more than half of these hands are married! What a little village this one establishment supports! I hear that near two thousand souls, a fourth of the population of Lexington, are dependent on this factory.

Why can't we have such establishments in Kentucky! I asked the proprietor.—"We have water power, and everything else necessary."

"Whites and slaves won't work where there are slaves. Labor, to be effective and honorable, must be free."

"But," resumed I, "we can work our slaves."

"It won't do," he rejoined. "Manufacturing labor must be intelligent. Then you have to whip slaves to make them do their task—and when done, it is not well done. No safety, either. One bad slave, whether for revenge or out of laziness, may destroy in one night all your buildings. Free labor is the only paying labor—it is the only safe labor."

I said no more; for I felt what he said to be true, every word of it. But never mind this conversation. I want to follow up these laborers—I want to see and know all about them—for they are the State. So I said to my friend, "do you know where any of them live?" "I do." "Well show me, and, if possible, let me go into their houses." I continued, "Nothing easier. Come on," replied my friend, "and I will make an appointment for you," and as we entered the first room, and I was introduced to several of the workmen, and told what I wanted, and at once, I agreed to visit them. Well—I am there. And neatness, comfort, and abundance are to be seen all around me! They are well off; they are independent; they are happy.—For they are confided in at the manufactory and laud at home, and have enough and to spare. Say you "I saw exceptions!" Friends, Kentuckians, I visited four or five of the workmen's houses, and in all—yes, in ALL—there was every comfort man or woman could desire.

Nor did I stop here. Satisfied of the well doing and well-being of the laborers—I desired yet more to know what was their social position, and the prospects of their families and children. I said so to my friend. "No difficulty," replied he. And he takes down the names of children, and asks, "Will you be at school to-morrow?" To-morrow is here, and at ten I am waited upon. Now for the Free Schools. We dash away, and soon arrive at the schoolhouse. Pause. For the building is a fine one, and has a neat garden in front—it is a temple dedicated to Freedom! Satisfied—delighted—with this out door gaze, we enter. "There," said my friend—"these are the girls we saw yesterday—and these," entering different rooms, "are the boys." They were examined. They read—were put to the black-board—recited, &c., The picture was complete. And it was a glorious one to gaze upon and to imitate.

Fathers in Cincinnati toil cheerfully, because it is honorable for them to make their living by the sweat of their brow; they are content, because their homes are made glad by warm and loving hearts; and they are happy, because their boys and girls are well educated, and are destined to take their station by the side, or before the richest and proudest in the land; and thus with small farms without the city, and small capital within, through voluntary labor, and industry, Cincinnati and Ohio are becoming great, intelligent, happy, and powerful.

The cause! The cause! Repeat it, friends!

—FREEDOM. Yes, Kentuckians, FREE LABOR AND NOTHING ELSE DOES IT ALL. They saw it before. I did not understand it before. But here it is plain as the sun in the heavens! and if you look at it you can't help seeing it; the thickest film will fall from your eyes if you but gaze upon it. Do you own slaves? So do I; they are nearly my all.—But I say, let's get clear of them, and substitute in their stead voluntary labor. It is our only salvation. It would be better for me and my children—for you and your children—for the State. Don't you own any? Then in God's name work—work day and night—that you and yours may be, and do, and live like these free workmen of Cincinnati. Make your boys men by letting them know the blessings of an honest independent toil. Never mind your politicians! Never mind your editors! Never mind your lordly, brow-beating aristocrats! Never mind the cry about abolitionists! Do what your hearts tell you is right. Like me, shake off prejudices, and for the sake of Kentucky, that we all love, for the sake of our wives and children, dearest to us than life, let us resolve to make KENTUCKY FREE.

From the Indiana Freeman.

"BLEACHING."—AN ANECDOTE.

A Boston paper says:—"It is noticeable in this market, that Sherman's Lozenges are not so black as they were."

Upon which the New Orleans Picayune remarks:—"And in this, that negro babies are not so black as they used to be."

How does the State Sentinel, (which seems incapable of distinguishing the difference between an abolitionist and an amalgamationist,) account for this phenomenon!

The slaves at the South, owing to some cause, are getting "bleached" with remarkable rapidity. Some of them are so very white that it is almost impossible to discover that they are "negroes." A late paper, for instance, contains the advertisement of Mr. P. Lee, of Mayville, Ky., offering a heavy reward for the apprehension of his slave Fanny, who is described as being "the mother of four children, about 25 years old, as white as most white women." Fanny's children are no darker than their mother. How came this woman and her offspring white! Not legitimately, I presume.

The following anecdote, which I am assured is positively true, in every particular, will serve to illustrate the necessity of preventing the democratic "abolitionists," of the South, from coloring their blacks white:

About a year ago, Mr. T., a Baptist clergyman, from a neighboring county, was travelling towards Greenfield, to attend a protracted meeting. As he reached the National Road at Cumberland, he saw, some distance west, a gentleman travelling the same direction with himself. The day was chilly, and the roads intolerable, and Mr. T. thought it would greatly alleviate the tedium of the journey to have a sociable companion. Waiting for the gentleman to come up, he entered into conversation with him, and found him highly intelligent and agreeable. After travelling together, for some time, Mr. T. inquired what business had called his friend to Indiana; for they had become quite intimate—to Indianapolis! He had been there to organize an African Baptist Church! "Why," exclaimed Mr. T., "you must be greatly interested in the colored people to travel so far, in such unpleasant weather, to organize a church among them."

"Perhaps," replied his companion, "you are not aware that I have some African blood in my veins." He raised his hat, and Mr. T. saw that his hair curled slightly. Here was a predicament! But Mr. T. consoled, as he had thus far received nothing but pleasure from the intercourse with his companion, he would suppress his prejudices and travel on with the black man. And as they were about separating he told the colored preacher that if he would come up to the meeting at Greenfield, he Mr. T. would endeavor to make arrangements to have the colored church admitted into the Indianapolis Association. They separated.

A few days after Mr. T., while preaching, saw the colored minister enter the meeting house, accompanied by Mr. M'Dougal of Indianapolis, and another gentleman.—After concluding his sermon, Mr. T. requested his former fellow traveller to close the meeting with prayer. Instead of complying he seemed confused, and said hastily, "You must excuse me, sir; I beg you to excuse me."

Mr. T. was somewhat surprised at this refusal; but as he left the pulpit his surprise grew into utter astonishment, as the people crowded around his colored friend shaking him by the hand, and exclaiming:

"How do you do, Governor?"
"How is your health, Governor?"
"Are you well, Governor?"

Mr. T. looked again, and the blood rushed to his face, as he discovered that he had mistaken His Excellency, James Whitcomb, Governor of Indiana, for the colored minister that he had met on the National Road a few days before!

This little story has a moral to it. It would be expedient for Gov. Whitcomb, before going near the Ohio river, to get out free papers. And furthermore, some efficient steps should be taken to prevent blacks from looking like white people, or vice versa.

All who have Anti-slavery memorials, to the State or National Legislatures, should send them in early in the Session.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

REVOLUTIONS.

What are Revolutions, and whence come they? They are changes in the policy or established usages of a people, which, though they come not without observation, are yet silent and unmarked in their earlier and more important processes. He was a wise man who said, "We live in the midst of a Revolution and do not know it!" The race has been ever in a revolutionary state; though we note in the calendar only the last results.—Where freedom of thought and expression is permitted, the progress of revolution is more plain to the observing eye, and may be urged on with greater momentum. But it is always at work.

Hence our hope in the moral movement against Slavery. We look around us; and it seems as if its foundations were established forever. The system is guarded by the desperate ferocity with which the slave-owner maintains its integrity, and by the supineness and selfishness which prevent the funds set apart by Church and State, from molesting it. It is defended by commercial timidity, by clerical craft, by political knavery.—Its lines extend to the remotest frontiers of the land, and its impregnable citadel lies in the Constitution of the nation. Insurgents are exposed to cross fires from every side, and their numbers are from time to time diminished by treachery and desertion. Here it would seem as if there were an institution beyond the reach of reforming hands. Is it not idle to waste life and strength in attacking it! So has looked each onward movement of the race, until the time of its triumph. So insignificant and insufficient did it appear, in the first stages of its progress, to undiscerning eyes. Such has been the fate of the earlier champions, who have marshalled onward the successive revolutions which have changed the policy of nations and of the world. It moved the laughter of the courtiers of Elizabeth to see the starved demeanor and prin self-righteousness of men who chose to suffer persecution and want, rather than hear "an ill-mumbled mass" said in the churches of the Reformed Establishment. But their grand-sons found it no laughing matter at Naseby and Marston-Moor.—And the next sovereign but one to the lion-hearted Queen, sealed with his blood the Revolution those obscure fanatics had begun upon the scaffold at Whitehall. The squabbles between the Royal Governors and the legislatures of the American Colonies, have in themselves no intrinsic dignity, and they often seemed to contemporaries as factious and contemptible. But it was from the seed that was thus sown and fostered that the Tree of Liberty, we hear so much of, grew up in 1776, and it is to this, that such shelter as its branches have afforded, is due.—The sippers of the wits of Paris, a hundred years ago, and the blasts of ridicule which were breathed from them,

"How to overthrow a fool, and how to shake a throne!"

were not things to arouse the jealousy of the despotism of a thousand years. And yet before the century was over, they had laid throne and altar in undistinguishable ruins, and given a shock to the established state of things in Europe which will be felt to the end of time.

It was a glorious Revolution, imperfect as it was, by which Englishmen, through the long and painful struggles of more than forty years, ascertained their rights and recorded them in the Acts of Settlement of 1689. But the triumphs of that Revolution were due as much to the men who in the preceding century had renounced their livings, for conscience' sake, and led forth their flocks to foreign or to desert lands, as to those whose more fortunate hands crowned the work they had begun. They were as truly the martyrs of liberty whose blood followed the lash of the heads as they were whipped at the cart-tail through the town, or stained the pillories where their ears were left as monuments of their fidelity, as were Hampden, or Vane, or Sidney, who ungrudgingly poured forth their lives in her cause, at Chalgrove-field or on Tower-Hill. It was a memorable Revolution which severed the tie that connected the thirteen colonies to the parent country; though its benefits have been so mournfully curtailed to us by the short-sighted selfishness of those who achieved it. But that Revolution began not with the battle of Lexington, or even with the spirit of resistance aroused by the Stamp Act. It began almost as soon as the first emigrants in Massachusetts made the old charter the pretence for an independent Government; and its progress may be traced through all the phases which opposition to the parent State assumed in different provinces. It was a great Revolution that tumbled in the dust the dynasty of the Bourbons, with all the accumulation of abuses that clustered around it. But it did not date from the assembling of the States-General in 1789; nor were the coarse and cruel hands that consummated it, those to which it was chiefly due. For many years before, the philosophers and encyclopedists had been preparing the way for the mighty change, and schooling men's minds to expect and to demand it.

On any one day previous to the successful issue of any of these revolutions, the existing state of things in either of these nations, seemed fixed as the foundations of the earth.—And yet the change came in due time. We look about us, and the great Institution of our land, incorporated as it is with almost every other institution, social, civil, and religious, stands up before us, with its battlements insulting the heavens, and its foundations going down to hell. Almost all the moral force,