

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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WHOLE NO. 66.

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The Rulers.

There is no hope for the American slave, there is no remedy for the American freeman, but RIVALRY! It is not more than folly to expect that Slavery can be abolished under the existing Constitution and Government, or that the rights of the nominally free will be respected under it, when they come in collision with slavery. Why does slavery exist at this moment? Because it is profitable in its pecuniary returns! The slaveholders are not fools. They have eyes to see, and sense to understand, and they know that the South would be richer, as well as happier, if slavery were abolished. Slavery exists, mainly, because it puts the entire political power of this great nation into the hands of a small oligarchy, the title of which is derived from membership in human flesh. Two hundred and fifty thousand slave-owners, or, deducting the women, minors and absentees, about one hundred thousand voting men, have the absolute control over the other sixteen million, nine hundred thousand souls. They make the laws, dictate the policy, appoint the great officers of State, make war and peace, provide for themselves and their sons; and all in virtue of their slaveownership. It is reasonable to suppose that they will throw away the chain that invests them with all this power! Is there an instance in history of an oligarchy limiting its own power, or laying down its authority? A single despot may do this, for he is subject to the influences which may act upon a single mind; but an oligarchy NEVER! Nothing but compulsion ever extorted rights for the many from the few.

Our hope and trust is that the men who now act with the Whig party, in the hope of doing something for the abolition of slavery, will see how false is their position, and how empty are their hopes. They will perceive that the Constitution is pro-slavery, only pro-slavery, and that continually. That the Union is but a chain, binding the slave at the South, and the seaf at the North, equally to the chariot-wheels of slavery. That there is no practicable amendment of the Constitution, and no action under it, which can release those who sustain it from the guilt of sustaining slavery. It is only to men who receive these truths, and, receiving, act upon them, that we look for any substantial anti-slavery work. It is only those that the slaveholder fears. Dissolve the Union, and the chief motive for maintaining slavery is removed.—Dissolve the Union and the main protection of slavery is withdrawn. Withdraw the prop of Northern bayonets, and the inverted pyramid will soon obey the laws of moral gravitation, and come tumbling to the ground. Guided and disciplined by Christian enlightenment, placed under the droppings of the sanctuary, and faithfully taught (by the missionary whom their master supports) that precious scripture, 'Servants obey your masters,' who knows but they may be plucked as brands from the burning; a consummation devoutly to be wished, since they would thus at once be rendered more obedient while retained, and bring a better price when preference or necessity should induce their masters to dispose of them.

I submit this plan to your Excellency's consideration, and am, with due respect,
SIMON SHACKLE.

The Abolitionism of Old Times.

It is common for those who oppose "anti-slavery agitation" to refer to the abolition of slavery in the New-England States as a thing placed under the droppings of the sanctuary, and faithfully taught (by the missionary whom their master supports) that precious scripture, 'Servants obey your masters,' who knows but they may be plucked as brands from the burning; a consummation devoutly to be wished, since they would thus at once be rendered more obedient while retained, and bring a better price when preference or necessity should induce their masters to dispose of them.

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The League and Lever of Brotherhood.

There are thousands on both sides of the Atlantic, who have formed a vast league with all the attributes of God, nature and humanity, to restore the millions of human beings who have been expatriated from the brotherhood of mankind. The light of the Gospel has revealed an Archimedean point of rest, and they have got a lever under the SLAVE—a lever whose longer arm reaches into Heaven, and is now descending beneath the weight of the Eternal Throne and all the angels of light. Oh, they will raise him! they will raise him! without asking the aid or consent of human legislation.

The Slave is at last remembered in a Thanksgiving proclamation! Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, in appointing the 26th proximo as a day of thanksgiving and praise, requests the people to pray that God "will give efficiency to the means which shall, in His own good time, exhibit to the world a practical illustration of that prominent and beautiful truth put forth in our Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal," and present this great confederacy of States without a bondman in its limits." Why don't Gov. Briggs also pray that God "will in His own good time" elect him Governor, and not call upon the people to do it!—Indiana Freeman.

IS HE MY BROTHER!—What! shall I regard that poor black slave that is toiling in the sugar mill or cane field, a brother? And that miserable drunkard who is lying in the gutter, a brother? And that vile criminal who is lying in prison for murder, a brother? And that wild fanatic frothing at his mouth for madness, a brother? In just that sense and degree, friend, that God is father, you must be a brother to the most wretched and degraded being on earth, and he a brother to you.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

anything, must make its possessor an honest man. It will cheer up the spirits of every ignominious slaveholder, when troubled at the thought of going to Judgment, riding on the unpaid labor of the fatherless, the widow, and the stranger. He will rejoice when he sees the extent to which Christians engaged in the same business, profess to be going to heaven. And, if the Spirit of God should be pleading with some oppressor to break the chains and let his "little ones" go free, what will be the effect, when our statistical reports inform him, that the practice about which he is permitting his mind to be troubled, is no bar to communion among the wisest and best men in one of the largest denominations in our land? The command of the Savior is, let your light shine. But the General Assembly have had some mysterious objects in view, when they commanded the churches to let their wickedness shine. It evinces a bold determination to sustain slavery. They have proclaimed it on their minutes, that the testimony against slavery, issued in 1818, declaring it to be utterly inconsistent with the law of God, and totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the Gospel, as interpreted by them, accords with their own decision in 1845, which makes it a sin, so entirely harmless and venial, that it was no bar to communion with "Jesus Christ and his inspired Apostles!" We need not be told, that, at the last meeting, our commissioners were permitted to speak out their sentiments. The amount of it is, that for once they did not take from them a right which the ascended Savior has guaranteed to the humblest officer in the house of God, and one which no body of men can take away, but at the risk of incurring the divine displeasure. And it is to be feared, that this can conscientiously be considered as imposing a lasting obligation to silence and submission. It is a humiliating fact, that we have been so long familiar with appeals to the Scriptures, and other efforts in that body, to defend those who are degrading and plundering millions of men and women and little children, that we are beginning to feel patient and thankful, if our own commissioners are permitted to escape. But the repose of the oppressor will not be disturbed next year. They have adjourned to meet in one of those slave regions, where the man, who opens his mouth against the sin of slaveholding, must make up his mind to abide the consequences.

In the mean time, the Synod of Cincinnati are far gone from the ground they once occupied. They have repented of their refusal to receive a minister because he had sold a woman; of their forbidding one of their churches to call a minister from another State, because he was a slaveholder; of their proclamation to the South, that those who wish to be received, must wash their hands of this iniquity; of their day of fasting, on account of this sin; of their earnest exhortation to the people under their care, to assemble in their respective churches, and cry mightily to God for forgiveness, and plead with him to avert from us his wrath. As an unequivocal proof of their having taken back their repentance and prayers for pardon, they have, within the last two years, received a slaveholding minister, who, at the time of his reception, publicly avowed it, that he had bought, sold and held human beings as slaves, and that he felt held a man whom he would probably sell. Thus, as to their future course, they have settled the principle. Thus the churches of the South are informed, that, if any one is willing to leave his slaves in the hands of the overseer, and seek a region, where he can live on the gains of oppression, undisturbed by the cries and tears of the oppressed, the door of Synod stands open, and that he may calculate on the government and discipline of the Church being employed, not to bring him to repentance of his sin, but to defend him as a brother in good standing.—It is painfully manifest, that the various means, employed during a period of from sixteen to twenty-five years past, to induce those bodies to change their course, have been not only unavailing, but have been made the occasion for a more settled determination to persevere, and for the propagation of principles, by way of apology, which are subversive of the Scriptures and the declared faith of the Presbyterian Church:—Therefore—

Resolved, That this Session cannot, in future, hold fellowship with the General Assembly, or the Synod of Cincinnati, till they repent, and bring forth fruits worthy of repentance.

And, in the language of the Presbytery of Chillicothe, in 1839, they further declare, that they cannot hold fellowship with any Presbytery, Synod, or other ecclesiastical body, while it tolerates, under its jurisdiction, either the sin of slaveholding, or the justification of the sin of slaveholding, and, especially, the justification of it by appeal to the Scriptures,—which, in their judgment, is blasphemy of Almighty God, and a shocking proscription of his Word. By order of the Session.

S. CROTHERS, Moderator.
A. B. WILSON, Clerk.

Note.—The Session do not consider the above Resolution as imposing any obligation to hinder others from conscientiously pursuing a different course; they simply say, that they themselves cannot hold any direct fellowship with those bodies, till they repent, &c.

A KENTUCKIAN IN OHIO.—"At the Theological Seminary I was obliged to examine the subject of slavery, for the discussions on that subject were frequent among the students. The more I examined, the more I was convinced that anti-slavery men were right. I had never defended it as right, but I did not want to admit it to be a sin—a great sin. But a careful examination of God's word, and of the nature of the system, convinced me that it was a sin. I began to write on the subject by my father, who is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and with sorrow of soul, I addressed a slaveholder. At the end of the term he called me home, to go no more in a free State, regretting that he had not sent me to Princeton."

A TALE OF SLAVERY.

The following account, given by a correspondent of the "Christian Advocate and Journal," is evidently drawn from life, and is such a scene as must often occur under the system of Slavery in this land. There is no law to prevent its occurring as often as a master shall find it for his convenience to part with any portion of his slaves. The occurrence took place at Wilmington, North Carolina:—

"There are at Washington city, at Norfolk, at Charleston, and perhaps at some other in the old States of the South, slave markets, where slave dealers purchase upon speculation such slaves as they can obtain, for the purpose of re-sale at a profit in the extreme South.

As I went on board the steamboat, I noticed eight colored men, hand-cuffed and chained together in pairs, four women, and eight or ten children, at the apparent ages of from four to ten years, all standing together in the bow of the boat in charge of a man standing near them.

Of the men, one was sixty, one fifty-two, three of them about thirty, two of them about twenty-five, and one about twenty years of age, as I subsequently learned from them.—The two first had children, the next three were single, but had parents living from them. Counting near them I perceived they were all greatly agitated; and, on inquiring, I found they were all slaves, who had been born and raised in North Carolina, and had just been sold to a speculator who was now taking them to the Charleston market. Upon the shore there was a number of colored persons, women and children, waiting the departure of the boat; and my attention was particularly attracted by two colored females of uncommonly respectable appearance, neatly attired, who stood together, a little distance from the crowd, and upon whose countenances was depicted the keenest sorrow.—As the last bell was tolling, I saw the tears gushing from their eyes, and they raised their cotton aprons and wiped their faces under the cutting anguish of severed affection. They were the wives of two of the men in chains! There, too, were mothers and sisters, weeping at the departure of their sons and brothers; and there, too, were fathers taking their last look of their wives and children. My whole attention was directed to those on the shore, as they seemed to stand in solemn, submissive silence, occasionally giving utterance to the intensity of their feelings by a sigh or a stifled groan. As the boat was loosed from her moorings, they cast a distressed, lingering look towards those on board, and turned away in silence. My eye now turned to those in the boat; and although I tried to control my feelings amidst my sympathy for those on shore, I could consent to no longer, and found myself literally "weeping with those that weep." I stood near them, and when one of the husbands saw his wife upon the shore wave her hand for the last time, in token of her affection, his manly efforts to restrain his feelings gave way, and fixing his watery eyes upon her, he exclaimed, "this is the most distressing thing of all!" The husband of the other wife stood weeping in silence, and with his manly hands raised to his face, he looked upon her for the last time. Of the poor women on board, three of them had husbands whom they left behind. One of them had three children, another had two, and the third had none. These husbands and fathers were among the throng upon the shore, witnessing the departure of their wives and children, and as they took leave of them they were sitting together upon the floor of the boat, sobbing in silence, but giving utterance to no complaint.

But the distressing scene was not yet ended. Sailing down Cape Fear river 25 miles, we touched at the little village of Smithport, on the south side of the river. It was at this place that one of these slaves lived, and here was his wife and five children; and while at work on Monday last, his purchaser took him away from his family, carried him in chains to Wilmington, where he had since remained in jail. As we approached the wharf a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, and anguish seemed to have pierced his heart. The boat stopped but a moment, and as she left, he bid farewell to some of his acquaintances whom he saw upon the shore, exclaiming, "boys, I wish you well; tell Molly (meaning his wife) and the children I wish them well, and hope God will bless them." At that moment he espied his wife on the stoop of a house some rods from the shore, and with one hand which was not in the cuffs, he pulled off his old hat, and waving it towards her, exclaimed "farewell!" As he saw by the waving of her apron that she recognized him, he leaned back upon the railing, and with faltering voice repeated, "farewell, farewell!" After a moment's silence, conflicting passions seemed to tear open his heart, and he exclaimed, "what have I done, that I should suffer this doom! Oh, my wife and children! I want to live no longer!" and the big tears rolled down his cheek, which he wiped away with the palm of his unchained hand, looked once at the mother of his five children, and the turning of the boat hid her face from him forever.

As I looked around, I saw that mine was not the only heart that was affected by the scene, but that the tears standing in the eyes of many of my fellow passengers bore testimony to the influence of human sympathy; and I could, as an American citizen, standing within the limits of one of the old thirteen States, but repeat the language of Jefferson, in relation to the general subject, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just!" After we left Smithport, I conversed freely with all these persons; and in intelligence and respectability of appearance, the three men who have thus been torn from their families would compare favorably with the respectable portion of our colored men at the North. This is a specimen of what al-

most daily occurs in the business of the slave trade.

Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,
A. C.
From the Liberator.

Slavery and Poverty.

We think the following extract from Mr. Garrison's speech at Exeter not out of place in this country, any more than in England. We have those among us, too, who try to raise a false issue, and to palliate the horrors of slavery, and excuse their own indifference by endeavoring to put the free laborer into the same category with the slave. Such a man, if intelligent, is a false friend to the laborer. He has embraced his cause for selfish ends. Either his head or his heart is not to be trusted. He has either no true perception of the relative evils of human condition, or he confounds them for his own purposes.—The abolitionist is the true friend of labor every where; and he who is not an abolitionist is a true friend of labor nowhere.—q.

"Since he had been in this country, he had heard people talk of the famishing condition of the poor man here, and say we have enough of slavery in England, why need we trouble ourselves about this slavery which is three thousand miles off. Now, any man who says that there is slavery in this country, is either ignorant of what is meant by slavery, or he is a hypocrite.—(cheers.) Any man who attempts to run a parallel between the poorest of the poor in England, and the best fed slave in America, and gives a verdict in favor of the slave, shows that he is dead to every feeling of liberty, and fit to be himself a slave.—(cheers.) He was not there to apologize for British oppression, of which there might be too much; his heart bled for the suffering millions of this country.—(cheers.) But what did they gain by falsehood? Nothing. Show him the poorest man in the kingdom—he did not care how mean he was, how ragged, how little food he could procure. He knew one thing, that if he should ask him if he would go to America and become a southern slave, he would knock him down, unless he should happen to be a non-resistant.—(loud cheers.) He knew he would say at once,

"Better to sit in freedom's hall,
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,
Than to bend the neck and to bow the knee
In the proudest palace 'of slavery'—"
(cheers.)

That was the spirit of Englishmen. Now the slave gets a peck of corn a week; do not your poor get more than that; do they not get some little variety? A peck of Indian corn a week, two meals a day, the one taken about ten in the morning, the other after the toils of the day are over, when he is too happy to be released, and allowed to go back to his miserable hovel, where all must mingle promiscuously on the cold floor, with nothing to cover them. Here he endeavors to make his little hoe cake in the best way he can, and he has hardly caught a brief interval of sleep ere the cursed sound of the slave owner's lash awakes him from his troubled dream, and he is again marched out to the rice field, to waste the few years which constitute the wretched remnant of his life, in this ceaseless, hopeless labor.—(hear, hear.) You have hardly begun to run the parallel; yet you can go no further. I ask if men are whipped here to drive them to their work; could you serve the humblest man in England so.—(cheers.) How many mutilated bodies, bearing the mark of the lash or the brand of the iron, can you produce? The British law would step in to protect the humblest individual, whilst the American slave received no protection whatever.

To the Governor of South Carolina.

May it please your Excellency:—

The plan which I am about to propose for augmenting the industrial resources, and thus increasing the prosperity of our beloved country, is addressed to you as the representative of a state which, having been among the foremost, by word and deed, in supporting the institutions of that country, is entitled to the credit of being eminently AMERICAN.

Our brethren of the North, (I deem it highly judicious to keep up the use of this complimentary phrase,) though liberal and faithful on some points wherein their interests differ from our own, have yet thoroughly demonstrated a point which is not perfectly clear to all minds before seeing the facts and figures which they have furnished, namely, that the prosperity of a country will be in direct proportion to the amount of active industry employed in it. It is wise to learn (as your Excellency is aware that a great Latin poet has remarked) even from our brethren—and it would be unpardonable for us to neglect the lesson given to us in that particular by that robust and eminently useful class of people, the inhabitants of the Northern states. Industry is not only their taste, but their policy; let us make it ours, and it may be hoped that the strange fancy for emigration to the West, which has led many of our citizens to leave their estates, and withdraw their servants to other fields of labor, may be checked.

Without farther preamble, I respectfully suggest to your Excellency the expediency of proposing to the Legislature the passage of the following laws:—

Be it enacted, that from and after the passage of this act, all Jews, resident or travelling in this state, shall be taken and held to be the property of the Commonwealth; their property, real and personal, shall be considered as being on the state, and they themselves shall be sold as slaves for life, by the Sheriff of their respective towns, at public auction, to the highest bidder, in lots to suit purchasers, and without reserve, as soon as the needful arrangements can be made.

The advantages of such a law would be manifold.