



DEMOCRACY IS THE LAW OF NATURE PERVADE THE LAW OF THE LAND.

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A BIBLE ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM

Question. What is slavery?

Answer. Slavery is servitude in involuntary bonds.

Q. What is the institution of American Slavery?

A. American slavery is a political institution. By provisions of the constitution it is national; but is provided for directly, by the constitution of each slaveholding state.

Q. How can it be abolished?

A. Only by slaveholders, or by three-fourths of all the states in their respective legislatures; or else in conventions, if so provided.

Q. Is slavery in accordance with the spirit and language of the declaration of independence?

A. It is equally at variance with that declaration, and with the spirit, and general maxims of scripture; but the constitution, when framed, in after years provided for slavery, as the only condition on which the Union could be formed.

Q. Is the constitution in this respect null and void as some pretend?

A. Nothing has been done to invalidate its provisions for slavery; but it has been carried out by subsequent legislation of congress, as other provisions of the constitution.

Q. Could it ever have been valid in this respect since it wars with the declaration of independence?

A. The declaration of independence is not the constitution; the departure of the constitution from that declaration only shows a change of position, to effect a compromise.

Q. But is it not invalid in regard to slavery, since neither slavery, slave, nor negro is mentioned in the constitution?

A. The constitution was designed to be sufficiently explicit to satisfy slaveholding states; it did satisfy them; and every nation in christianity knows its intentions. An effort at this late period to evade its phraseology is an unmanly quibble upon words.

Q. Is the institution of slavery sinful?

A. It is. The sin of the institution is the sin of the body politic.

Q. When does the holding of slaves become sinful in an individual?

A. When the spirit of slavholding prevents his setting them at liberty; and also when he might emancipate them, and in doing so, benefit and elevate them. But the ever abiding sin of slavery lies in the body politic, and may not in all circumstances cleave to the individual; though in a majority of cases, slaveholders may have a fearful account to render at a righteous tribunal. If the correctness of this position is questioned then we ask,

Q. Why did the inspired apostles give instruction for the proper treatment of slaves, if in all cases the holding of them is sinful?

A. Nobody can tell; for plainly in that case, any instruction must have been inadmissible, except an imperative injunction to set them free.

Q. Why is all teaching at variance with the above answers attended with so much envy, strife, and evil surmising?

A. On this point the following words of the apostle are conclusive.—“Let as many servants as are under the yoke, count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise them because they are brethren; but rather do them service because they are faithful and beloved partakers of the benefit.—These things teach and exhort. If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness, he is proud, knowing nothing; but dotting about questions, and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, railings, evil surmising, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness; from such withdraw thyself.”—1 Tim. vi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Q. Why do not the church withdraw from anti-slavery men who “teach otherwise” than the apostle, though they claim, as might be expected of the proud, a large share of the religion in the church?

A. We cannot certainly infer that the church are to apply discipline in the case. The passage seems to furnish the rule for each individual, in reference to such teachers as are here specified; and it at least prohibits giving them countenance. This is charity's most favourable construction of the passage.

Q. Do the scriptures direct us to discipline men for holding slaves?

A. No such direction is given. They could not consistently give directions for the conduct of masters towards their slaves, and at the same

time make them subject to discipline for holding them.

Q. May we believe, then, that the holding of slaves is treated in the scriptures as less certainly criminal than theft or robbery?

A. Most assuredly we may. The scriptures nowhere give directions for the manner of committing theft and robbery, for the very good reason that these acts are always sinful; but, “the powers that be” have robbed men of their liberty, and they are in this state in our hands, it may be, and evidently is, our duty to treat them with all kindness. Such duties the scriptures enjoin; teaching that slaveholders, under these circumstances, are worthy of all honor: “Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed.”—We are not at liberty to withhold this instruction; for the next verse bids us speak: “These things teach and exhort.”

Q. Does the duty of submission to “the powers that be” justify us in buying and selling slaves?

A. It is difficult to conceive of circumstances that can justify an individual in buying and selling slaves; and let all prayerfully enquire for their duty in this respect, that they be not partakers of other men's sins.

Q. If the constitution is at variance with the spirit and general maxims of scripture, which enjoin the golden rule, would it be right to disregard all national and state laws which provide for slavery, and following Mr. Leavitt's counsel—abolish slavery with the sword?

A. This is plainly forbidden.—“Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Who-soever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.”—Rom. xiii. 1, 2. These instructions were primarily given to those who were under heathen governments; which never failed to stand in the way of many of the holy aims of the gospel; but they must not resist; for the scriptures everywhere treat the worst of human governments as better than anarchy, and “a terror to evil doers.” Nor will the direction to obey God rather than men justify any act of violence against the civil powers. No man is obliged to carry out the slavery code in buying and selling slaves; and still all are bound to desist from all acts of hostility against the laws of the land, however corrupt.

Strange is the new doctrine, and full of treason, that all human laws may be treated as null and void, which do not accord with the divine law. To disobey is always our privilege, though it might cost us our life, if obedience of the civil law, would involve direct disobedience of God; and still any act of violence against civil authority, is prohibited by the divine rule: nor will the plea of good aims and good intentions help a treasonable action of any description. Therefore, if Mr. Leavitt (to use his own language) would “push the pirates off the slaves with cold steel,” let none enrol themselves under his banners.

Q. What may be regarded as Mr. Leavitt's meaning in advocating the right of the general government to abolish slavery by the sword?

A. Mr. Leavitt must be supposed to be well informed that it does not belong to the general government to abolish slavery, either with or without the sword. As our rulers are appointed to act under the constitution, the crime in them, of making insurrection against the rights of the people, would be in proportion to the confidence reposed in them. The man who would move the general government to take up the sword against the constitution and the rights of the people, should receive the rebuke he merits: for, if he has in his mind a powerful mob, while he talks of the general government, he is of a fearful spirit, and his influence no less fearful.—Mr. Bailey of Cincinnati has very properly discarded this treasonable doctrine; and if we are to interpret the silence of the liberty party in regard to the sentiments of Mr. Leavitt (Mr. Bailey excepted) as an approval, we may not boast of living in an age of sober reason.

Q. Since only slave-holders, or three-fourths of the states can abolish slavery, are not the efforts of a political anti-slavery party at the north useless?

A. There is now a majority of slave-holding states. These could much more readily be persuaded to abolish slavery, each state by itself, and in its own way, than by any joint action for an amendment of the constitution; but the liberty party

cannot claim to have adopted measures, calculated to soften and persuade slaveholders. Nor is the anticipation reasonable, that the non-slaveholding states will generally approve of abolishing slavery all upon any other plan than that of remuneration, after having encouraged slaveholding; and certainly the action of the liberty party has no tendency to make the doctrine of remuneration popular.

Moreover, were their president now in the chair of state, his hands would be tied by the national compact, in support of American slavery.

Q. Should not the north, therefore, resort to the power of persuasion?

A. The whole of the duty of the north lies in persuading the south to let the oppressed go free.—All hostile attitude is riveting the chains upon the slaves. Let all who have friends in the slaveholding states, entreat them, with all tenderness, to use every effort for the termination of this evil in their respective states. To employ persuasion in the kindest forms is the imperious duty of the entire north.

Let such as are styled pro-slavery, rebel to the charge of doing nothing for the oppressed, by entreating their masters to bless them with liberty; and peradventure, both masters and servants may soon rejoice together, in the happy fruits of freedom and equal rights.

But may heaven's mercy forbid, that ministers of the gospel should any more be seen at the head of political parties, their mouths being filled with invectives to gain this or any other object in the universe.

Christ has said, “my kingdom is not of this world;” and may his ministers return from all political contests, to their appropriate work, that the holiness of the gospel may pervade the sources of political power, and slavery disappear under Messiah's reign.

Should any be pleased to denounce the above sentiments pro-slavery, they may possibly prefer the same charges against the scriptures of divine truth.

ASA DONALDSON.  
Dover, (Ill.) Oct. 5, 1845.

DEATH OF PAUL, OF KENNA.

From Marston, or Memoirs of a Statesman, in Blackwood's Magazine.

Yet, this time of national gloom was the most splendid period of the court. With the double purpose of recovering his popularity, and concealing his negotiations, Paul plunged into the most extraordinary festivity. Balls, masquerades, and fetes succeeded each other with restless extravagance. But the contrast of the saturnine Emperor with the sudden change of his court was too powerful. It bore the look of desecration; though for what purpose, was still a mystery to the million.

I heard many a whisper among the diplomatic circle, that this whirl of life, this hot and fierce dissipation, was, in all Russian reigns, the sure precursor of a catastrophe; though none could yet venture to predict its nature. It was like the furious and frenzied indulgence of a crew in a condemned ship, breaking up the chest and drinking of liquors, in the conviction that none would survive the voyage. Even I, with all my English disregard of the speculative frivolities which to the foreigner are substance and facts, was startled by the increasing glare of those hurried and feverish festivities.

More than once, as I entered the imperial saloon, crowded with the civil and military uniforms of every court of Europe, and exhibiting at once European taste and Asiatic magnificence, I could scarcely suppress the feeling that I was only entering the most stately of theaters; where, with all the temporary glitter of the stage, the sounds of the orchestra, and the passion and poetry of the characters—the fifth act was preparing, and the curtain was to fall on the death of nobles and kings.

The impression that evil was to come, already seemed to be universal. Rumors of popular conspiracy, fresh discoveries by the police, and new tales of imperial eccentricity, kept the public mind in constant fitfulness. At length I received the formal communication of a “challenge” from the Czar to my sovereign, along with all the other crowned heads of Europe, to meet him in a *champ-d'as*, and, swords in hand, decide the quarrels of nations. With this dispatch came an invitation for the whole diplomatic body to a *masquerade*! in which all were commanded to appear as knights, in armor—the Czar, as grandmaster of the Order of Malta, exhibiting himself in the panoply in which he was to settle the disputes of mankind.

Perplexities like those form a large share of the trials of the foreign ambassador. To attend the *fete* was embarrassing; but to decline the invitation would have been equivalent

to demanding my pass ports. And I must acknowledge, that if the eye was to be gratified by the most superb and the most curious of all displays, never was there an occasion more fitted for its indulgence. All the armories of Europe, and of Asia, seemed to have been searched for the arms and ornaments of this assembly. The Kremlin had given up its barbaric shield and caps of bronze; the plate-mail of the Crusader; the goldenmail morions and cuirasses of France; the silver chainmail of the Circassian; the steel corset of the German chivalry; and a whole host of the various and rich equipments of the Greek, the Hungarian, the Moresco, and the Turkomen made the *Winter palade* a blaze of knight hood.

Yet, to me, after the first excitement, the whole conveyed a deep impression of melancholy. It irresistibly reminded me of the last ceremonial of dead sovereigns, the “Chapelle Ardente.” Even the curtains fell round the throne, fringed with jewels as they were, to me looked funeral. The immense golden candelabras were to me the lights round a bier. I almost imagined that I could see the sword and sceptre laid across the coffin, and all of the lords of Empire that remained, a corpse within.

I was roused from my reluctant reverie by the approach of a group of masks, who came dancing towards the recess where I had retired, wearied with the general noise, and the exhaustion of the *fete*. One of the casements opened into the famous Conservatory; and I was enjoying the scents of the thousand flowers and shrubs of the park, the finest collection in the world. But, in the shade, the group had evidently overlooked me; for they began to speak of matters which they could not have designed for a stranger's ear. The conduct of the Czar, the wrongs of Russia, and the “necessity of coming to a decision,” were the topics. Suddenly, as if to avert suspicion, one of the group struck up a popular air on the little three-stringed guitar which throws the Russian crowd into such ecstasies; and they began a dance, accompanying it with a murmuring chorus, which soon convinced me of the dangerous neighborhood into which I had fallen. The words became well known afterwards. No language exceed the Russian in energy; but I must give them in the weakness of a translation.

The news may rush  
To its fountain again!  
The bill of a bird  
Lake Ladoga may drain;  
The blast from the pole  
May be held in a chain;  
But the cry of a Nation  
Was never in vain.  
When the bones of our chiefs  
Fed the wolf and the kite,  
When the spurs of our squadrons  
Are bloody with bright;  
When the Black Eagle's banner  
Is torn from its height;  
Then, dark heart-dreamer  
Beware of the night!  
I hear in the darkness  
The tread of the bold;  
They stop not for iron  
They stop not for gold;  
But the sword has no edge  
And the scurf has no fold;  
Proud master of millions,  
Thy tale has been told!  
Now the chambers are hushed,  
And the strangers are gone,  
And the site is no site,  
And the sun is no sun,  
And the mistle of Earth  
Sleeps forever alone,  
The worms for his brother,  
The clay for his home!

My conviction was complete, when in the whirl of the dance, a small roll of paper dropped from the robe of one of the masks, and fell at my feet. In taking it up to return it to him, I saw that it was a list of names, and, at the head, a name which, from private information, I knew to be involved in dark political purposes. The thought flashed across me, in connection with the chorus which I had just heard, that the paper was of too much importance to be suffered to leave my possession.—The life of the sovereign might be involved. The group, who had been evidently startled by my sudden appearance among them, now surrounded me, and the loser of the paper insisted on its surrender. The violence of his demand only confirmed my resolution. He grew more agitated still, and the group seized me. I laid my hands upon my sword. This measure stopped them for the moment.—But in the next, I saw a knife brandished in the air, and felt myself wounded in the arm. My attempt to grasp the weapon had alone saved me from its being buried in my heart. But the fracas now attracted notice; a crowd rushed towards us, and the group suddenly scattered away, leaving me in possession of the paper.—My wound bled, and I felt faint, and desired to be led in to the open air. My mask was taken off; and this was scarcely done, when I heard my name pronounced,

and saw the welcome countenance of my friend Guiscard by my side. He had arrived but on that day, on a mission from his court; had, with his usual eagerness of friendship, gone to inquire for me at the hotel of the embassy; and thus followed me to the *fete* at the critical time.

As he supported me to my equipage, I communicated the circumstance of the rencontre to his clear head and generous heart, and he fully agreed with me on the duty of instantly apprising the Czar of his probable danger. As I was unable to move, through pain and feebleness, he offered to take the roll with him, and demand an interview with the sovereign himself, if possible; or, if not, with the governor of the palace. The paper contained not only names of individuals, all long before objects of public suspicion, but a sketch of the imperial apartments,—“three hours after midnight.” I looked at my watch, it was already half-past two. This might or might not be the appointed night for this dreadful business; but if it were there was but one half-hour between the throne and the grave. Guiscard hurried off leaving me in the deepest anxiety, but promising to return as speedily as in his power. But he came not. My anxiety grew intolerable; hour after hour passed away, while I reckoned minute after minute, as if they were so much drained from my own existence. Even if I had been able to move, it was impossible to know where to follow him. His steps might have been watched. Doubtless the conspirators were on the alert to prevent any approach to the palace. He might have fallen by the pistol of some of those men, who had not scrupled to conspire against their monarch. The most miserable of nights at length wore away; but was only to be succeeded by the most fearful of mornings. The career of Paul was closed! On the entrance of the chamberlains into his sleeping apartment, the unhappy Czar was found dead. There could be no doubt that he had perished by treason. He was strangled. The intelligence no sooner spread through the capital, than it produced a burst of national sorrow. All his errors were forgotten. All his good qualities were remembered.

But where was my gallant and excellent friend, Guiscard?—Of him I heard nothing.

Another week of suspense, and he appeared. His history was of the most singular kind. On the night when I had last seen him, he had made his way through all obstacles, into the palace, and been promised a private interview with the Czar. But while he urged that no time should be lost, he had sufficient proof that there could be no chance for an interview. A succession of apologies was made: “the Czar was at supper”—“he was engaged with the minister”—“he had gone to rest.” In total hopelessness of communicating his pressing intelligence in person, he at length consented to seal the roll, and place it in the hands of one of the officers of rank in the household. But that officer himself was in the conspiracy. The paper was immediately destroyed; and the bearer was considered too dangerous to be sent back. He was put under arrest in an apartment of the palace, and told that his life depended upon his silence. He urged his diplomatic character in vain. The only answer was the sword of the conspirator turned to his throat. But within the week the revolution was complete, and he was set at liberty. A new monarch, a new government, a new feeling followed this dangerous act. But the character of the young monarch was made to be popular; the reign of caprice was at an end. The empire felt relieved; and Russia began the most glorious period of her national history.

LOVE AND MUSQUITOES.

A TALE OF TRIBULATION.

Almost every body who can feel anything has felt, at some time or another, the pangs of love, so it is scarcely necessary at present, to tell what those pangs are, especially as the inexperienced in these matters, if there be any such over twelve years of age, are furnished with admirable descriptions in almost every book, pamphlet, and newspaper, that comes to hand. I suppose the public to be almost equally well informed with respect to the anguish of musquito bites, for these afflictions are as universally felt, though certainly not as well described as the other. It is not my intention just now, to speculate on the comparative amount of distress occasioned by the darts of Cupid, and the stings of those other little winged tormentors, but I have been familiarised with both kinds of misery,

and have passed days and nights of agony, sometimes under one affliction and some times under the other; I believe, except in one instance, was I subject to both calamities at once. The remembrance of that combination of tortures ever, even now, causes a thrill and shudder through my whole frame.

I was traveling on the eastern shore of Maryland—a district renowned for female beauty and insect voracity—and on a certain Sabbath afternoon, in the month of July, I arrived at a diminutive village, on the shores of a stream called the *Pocomoke*, which seems to me to be an earthly duplicate of the river Styx; being dark, sluggish and tortuous, and swarming with musquitoes as the infernal flood was said to swarm with spectres. Every village hereabout, however small, has its church or meeting house; generally a neat white wooden tabernacle of extremely moderate size, with a pulpit at one end and a singing gallery at the other; the intermediate space being furnished with pine benches, never painted and sometimes scarcely planed. Altogether these temples would not be to the taste of those christians who formally renounce the pomps and vanities of this world, while seated comfortably in handsome pews, decorated with crimson cushions and rich brussels carpeting.

It was not yet time for the afternoon service to commence, but the congregation had commenced to assemble. I took a position at the door among a crowd of devotees who were waiting there for the arrival of the minister. I was amazed at first to see the little throng in constant motion—twirling and twisting about, in what I thought a rather heathen-like manner—more after the fashion of a troop of dancing derivishes than a christian assembly. The mystery was soon explained, for scarcely had I taken my stand, when my face and hands were covered with colonies of musquitoes, which began to eat me up alive in a way that showed me the expediency of keeping up some muscular motion to interrupt their sanguinary operations.

Most of my neighbors were sadly unprovided with defensive armor to repel the attacks of the multitudinous foe. It was not the fashion in those parts for the ladies and gentlemen to wear shoes and stockings in warm weather, and their garments being made of homespun, or factory cotton, as it commonly called, are such penetrable stuff, that the musquitoes never consider them as any obstacle to the gratification of their appetites for blood. Hence what is said of the United States in general, may be said of the people of this region in particular—“there is no such thing as standing still;” there must be motion of some kind, progressive, saltatory, rotary, or retrogressive.

By and by the ladies began to arrive; they were dressed in domestic plaid; but some who were particularly inclined to show off, were decked out in calicoes of the gayest colors. These were the belles of the neighborhood. They wore straw or chip hats, decorated in extreme cases, with gaudy ribbons and feathers of all indigenous kinds that forest or farm-yard can supply; the plumage of the peacock, guinea-fowl, pheasant, and rooster being most conspicuous. The feet in all cases were uncovered. Never did I see such a delightful example of loveliness unadorned, as those shoeless and stockingless little feet exhibited. Commonly the foot unsued to cotton and kid-skin bondage, expands rather much to suit our ideas of feminine delicacy, but with the eastern shore girls it is not so; the soil is soft and sandy, and yielding gently to the feet it neither indurates nor enlarges them. Some of those feet and ankles (pardon me reader for dwelling fondly on the reminiscence) were indeed of the most elegant pattern, and those of one young lady especially concentrated all my powers of observation. She had the most divine pair of little trotters, that youthful poet ever fancied when he loved, and I have a strong persuasion that a handsome foot is, with a young man of poetic temperament, the most indispensable of all female qualifications. The young lady in question was neatly, not ostentatiously dressed; her frock was rather too short, as many might have suggested, but to me no such objection occurred at the time. Never was there a more exquisite face or a more faultless figure—Eve's not excepted. She was female perfection unshod—unadorned loveliness in cross-barred factory cotton.

As soon as the service was over, I stood sentinel at the door to have, at least, another fair view of this

eastern shore Helen; but, before I relate what followed, it will be necessary to state some particularities in the manners and customs of the neighborhood where the events here related, took place. Being remote from all the corrupting influence of city life the people are incredibly innocent, and unsuspecting of course. Every stranger is considered a decent fellow until he proves himself otherwise; whereas, in places where human nature is better understood, it is the shrewder and safer practice to hold every unknown individual as a rascal until he gives some evidence to the contrary. But taking it for granted that every traveler who comes among them is as virtuous and respectable as a knight errant, the inhabitants of this district do not stand on the ceremony of an introduction; and so far from thinking it rudeness or impudence for a man to make himself acquainted in the speediest way, that is, by introducing himself, they look on this course as the light of good breeding. Familiar with these local particularities, I made no scruple of offering my attendance to the young lady who had fascinated me and was graciously accepted and entertained by her in the capacity of a beau. In the course of five minutes, while gallanting her homewards, I was acquainted with two particulars, viz: that her name was Charity, and that she resided at a place called *Musquito Cove* about two miles distant. Her own name delighted me, especially as it seemed to express the kindness of her disposition; but the title affixed to her place of residence filled me with a multitude of gloomy forebodings. I had heard frightful accounts of that same *Musquito Cove* from various travelers. It is a place of great etomological celebrity.

As we proceeded, both classes of sensations, the amatory and the cautionary, or the scarfication of my heart and that of my skin became more distressing. Possibly the internal inflammation would have reached a dangerous crisis, but for the phlebotomizing operations of the musquitoes, and the counter irritation they produced, which tended to draw much of the heat to the surface. By the way, this will furnish an agreeable hint for some of those young ladies and gentlemen who imagine that there is no cure for love besides matrimony or a rope. The incidents just narrated give us reason to believe that a proper vesiculation of the cuticle, or outer skin, by exposure to a few thousand ravenous musquitoes, (or in case this be not convenient, extensive blisters of Spanish flies or cataplasms of ground mustard or cayenne pepper may be substituted,) would be found vastly beneficial in cases of love, as well as in other inward fevers. But this is a speculation that may be left to the doctors of medicine; if despite their usual obstinacy, they will attend to a sensible suggestion from one who does not belong to their fraternity.

But to return. I never had much faith in love at first sight; but when in particular circumstances, we happen to see more of the amiable object at the first interview, than in ordinary cases, we could discover in a year that there may be such a thing as extemporaneous love. Besides, reader, to make my story perfectly intelligible and credible, I was very young at the date of these adventures, and the sight of ten lovely female toes was a novelty that was likely enough to take my discretion prisoner. Some simple poet has said that “The very shoe has power to wound;” but as to the efficacy of the weapon, there seems to me to be as much difference between a foot in a shoe and a foot unshod, as between a sword in a scabbard and a sword unsheathed. As my heart and liver (the organs which love is supposed to attack most especially,) became more and more inflamed, it seemed that the insects, as if resolved not to be outdone, even not by almighty love himself, assailed my outward man with more desperate violence.

“Yonder,” said my enslaver, pointing to a still, misty expanse of water, “yonder is *Musquito Cove*, and that is my dwelling;” showing me a neat white cottage in fearful proximity to the said expanse of water. Fixing my eyes on the Cove, I saw a dark cloud fitfully moving over the surface of the quiescent liquid. It was a cloud of animated existence—a cloud of musquitoes! Horror! Scarcely ten yards of earth separated the abode of my new beloved from those waters which to me seemed more gloomy and terrific than the asphaltic gulf; for the latter destroys the winged nuisances of the air, while the other breeds them. Is it possible, thought