

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. E. LIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as Slaveholders, it maintains an abolitionist position on the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

VOL. 3.—NO. 44.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 148.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

TERMS.

- \$1.00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.
\$1.25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and
\$1.50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for less than one year to be paid invariably in advance.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All orders to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNARD.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

- 1. In sending the name of a new subscriber or a remittance for an old one, write it distinctly, and give not only the name of the Post Office, but the name of the County and State in which said office is located.
2. When the Post Office address of a paper is to be changed, be particular to give the name of the office from which it is to be changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.
3. According to general usage, subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as willing to continue their subscriptions; and those who are in arrears cannot discontinue their paper, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid, and if they neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, or move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible for payment.
4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper (for which the individual has subscribed) from the office, and removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
5. If you wish to discontinue a paper, first pay all arrearages, then request the publishers either personally, by letter from yourself, or through your Post Master to have it stopped.

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

At the late Anniversary of the American A. S. Society.

Mr. President—I hold in my hand the following Resolution, which, with your permission, I will offer to the Society, and to which I will address my remarks:

Resolved, That recognizing as we do, with profound gratitude the wonderful progress our cause has made during the last eighteen years, and yet considering the effort now making to impress the community with the idea that the Church in this land can and will abolish Slavery by its own virtue, and that the parties are able and willing to grapple with the evil, this Society deems it a duty to reiterate its convictions, that the only exodus for the slave out of his house of bondage is over the ruins of the present American Church, and the present American Union!

(The resolution was received with loud applause, accompanied with hisses from the remote part of the house. At the request of a gentleman below the platform, it was read again.)

That Resolution asserts but very little, if anything, more than has been uttered by the previous speakers. You will not find me differing, scarcely a hair's breadth if at all, from the sentiments to which you have listened, with such profound respect and attention, for the last hour and a half. There has been a response from the bottom of my heart to every expression of gratitude and appreciation of the wonderful progress of the Anti-Slavery cause during the last eighteen years. I know that if we should have prophesied ten years ago, that the labors of the few men and women, pledged to the enterprise, would be blessed by benignant Heaven with so large a measure of success within the short circle of so few years, we should have been deemed more maniac and fanciful than even we have been supposed to be, in expecting so much from such ridiculous means. Most fully do I agree with all that has been said; yet as I listened to the speakers with that delight which we all felt in the picture which they presented to us, I remembered that we came here not only to look in each other's faces, thank God and take courage, as Paul did when, journeying to Rome, he met the brethren; but to look over the land, reassured ourselves of the truth of our principles, take a new departure, make a new observation of the heavens, and see what remains to be accomplished; to gather experience from the past, and lay plans for the future. The abolition of Slavery, when first agitated, seemed an

extremely simple thing—a very easy task.—The distinguished leader of the enterprise, to whom allusion has been made, never dreamed for a moment of the mighty obstacles he would find in his path. On the contrary, with a ready faith, which amounted almost to credulity, he appealed with undoubting confidence to the Church, to the State, to parties and sects, to rally around him; he at last had found a panacea for the griefs of enslaved humanity, a pearl of great price. But slowly and sadly he awoke to the conviction that our institutions are all hollow; when he knocked at the door of the Church, emptiness answered and nothing more. Gradually did the conviction force itself upon him that Slavery was not a mere superficial excrescence, but, like an oak of a thousand years growth, had struck its roots through the strata of a thousand centuries, reaching the very fundamental granite of the national character and institutions; that it was to be rooted up only by a convulsion that should reorganize society and make its great interests clash and jostle against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. (Applause.) The Abolitionists from year to year have been more and more deeply persuaded of this truth, and we draw it not only from the conviction of our own minds, but the strangely frequent defiance of the Union, which comes to us from every position, created by our proposing to seek the dissolution of the Union. At the Irish Wake held in my own city, (Boston,) by the Congressional Committee that brought the remains of John Quincy Adams to Massachusetts, Abbot Lawrence is said to have observed that the Union was stronger on that day than it had been for fifty years. He may be right. At that board was met a strange mixture: the men who had attempted to capture and to expel Mr. Adams from the House, were permitted to come to Boston and meet with those who had just been relieved, by his death, from the hard task of appearing to support him abroad, while they were undermining his principles, taking the very four corners of the Union, and lifting them up at her pleasure, asserting that the Union was made to guarantee the institution of Slavery, that the primary purpose of National Government is a crusade against the world to champion the sins of South Carolina. A few days later, how stood the great men of the Republic! That Democratic President, one of whose slaves was among the seventy-seven who endeavored to escape just now from Washington, James Madison, in the meridian strength of his intellect, in the Congress of the United States, endeavoring to make a way, if he could find it, by which to abolish Slavery from the country. At the door of the Congress, in the fullness of his years, stood Benjamin Franklin, entreating the first Congress to go to the very verge of their Constitutional power to put down the system of Slavery. All over the country the great men were pledged to the same ideas. Wylie and Jefferson almost saved Virginia. Jay covered New York with his angel wings, and Samuel Adams thundered in Faneuil Hall. We come down a little later, to 1807. Then the abolition of the Slave-Trade was deemed to be the abolition of Slavery itself. That was the lesson which Wilberforce and Great Britain were teaching the world. By the accomplishment of that, it was thought that the Union would be sundered from the system of Slavery; and as soon as it was possible, in the fullness of his years, stood the old man in Virginia, in order to bring forward a plan of emancipation, respected the current sentiment of the revolutionary party. Where are your Gods, O Israel, now! the successors of these men—their Anti-Slavery sentiments. Echo answers, where! Where is the proposition on the part of any party, or anything that deserves the name of party, to put down Slavery itself? The great parties of the country propose nothing more than to drive Slavery back into its Constitutional limits! The lion has broken out of his cage and torn his door to pieces, and the purpose of the keeper is not to provide for him a stronger cage, but to induce him to retreat into his old one. What is the guarantee that he will stay there? That things will be any better for the fifty years to come? Have we a better man than Jay to lead us against the compromise of the Constitution! Any honest man with Wylie, and bolder man than Ellsworth and Rufus King! I throw you. Why under the best of leaders and best of auspices, and which has failed! This bringing Slavery back into Constitutional limits reminds me of the story of the Arabian Nights. A fisherman drew from the water a casket which was the seal of Solomon. Foolishly listening to entreaties from within, he broke the seal, and there came out a giant, who dilated his proportions till he filled the whole horizon and reached the heavens; and began to threaten the man with vengeance, though he had been his deliverer. The story goes on that the cunning fisherman wiled him back by appearing to doubt whether so monstrous a being was ever in that casket; to convince him of which, the giant again entered, and the fisherman shut him up again. Slavery was admitted into an obscure corner of the Constitutional limits, and I said we broke the sacred seal of right God had set upon our heads; by and by the monster began to expand, it looms up, it covers the horizon; now it plants one foot on Wisconsin, and exiles the colored man, the other on South Carolina, and kicks Massachusetts out of Charleston, in the person of Samuel Hoar—strangles the Mexican eagle with one hand, and eggs with the other the free lips of Faneuil Hall. Seeing all this, foolish politicians say—"wait a little, and I will wile her with a cunning tale—wait a little, you shall see her go down again into the same little chamber whence she came." Suppose she should. What then! Can you keep her there! But think you, have you better means to contend with Slavery in time to come than heretofore! Try it. If you have better men, try them—better motives, try them. There is Webster, the man who goes up and down claiming the

poor man went down to Marshfield, and, I suppose, as the clergy say, "wept in secret places," since I never heard of his weeping before in public on this account. All this the great leader of the Whig party relates to the Senate in 1848; being what he intended to have done against the annexation of Texas, some four or five years before. It reminds me of the story of an old revolutionary soldier, who came down to Boston at the time Webster was going to declaim over the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument. There was a Committee appointed to examine certain persons claiming to have been present at the battle, who were to ride in open carriages, and be the special object of part of the address. There was one of them who entered the room, wishing to have a certificate; and when questioned as to his being present at the battle, he said, "I'll tell you all about it. I got up very early that morning, and said I, wife, we'll have an early breakfast; so we sat down, and then I got my gun out." "Stop, Sir," said the Chairman, "we wish simply to know whether you were in the battle." "Let me tell," said he. "We sat down to breakfast, and after we had been there awhile, we got on the subject of the fighting." "But were you present, that is all we wish to know." "Let me tell. Said I, wife, I shall go down to Charleston." "You shall do such thing," said she, and she hid my hat. "Then you were not there!" "No; but I fully meant to be there." (Laughter.) So Daniel Webster meant to oppose the annexation of Texas by a public meeting, but somebody hid his hat! We are very much obliged to him for the information, though it comes rather late in the day.

I was alluding to the subject of the progress of the political strength of Slavery. Now you will observe that Slavery gains strength, not only in the slave States, but still more in the free States. After the free States have abolished Slavery through motives of economy, they still retain the virus of pro-slavery prejudice, which upholds the system more strongly than any strength of the slave States themselves. Illinois, in her virgin pride, forbids colored men to set foot on her soil under pain of a large fine and imprisonment. Wisconsin forbids the colored man to vote. Ohio disgraces herself by her black laws. Pennsylvania, that once permitted 40,000 blacks in vote, shuts them off by her new Constitution, from the ballot-box. New York still disfranchises them. Connecticut, the little State that exports schoolmasters and wooden nutmegs, steeped to the lips in orthodox divinity, by a large vote refuses the colored man access to the ballot-boxes. These are the free States of the nation. Now there was nothing in the public sentiment of the days of the Revolution, in the sentiment of any of the old parties that secured any such result as this. Why a friend told me yesterday, that Timothy Pickens, in 1805, moved for an alteration in the Constitution, to strike out the three-fifths slave basis. If you will pass your eye along the Senate and House documents, you may find a similar motion of Rufus King, and these of others, to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia. Now a Liberty party President sits in the Senate of the United States, and has not yet opened his mouth on the question of abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia. I might go on, and you may increase them for yourselves, and allude to another aspect, respecting the great men of the Revolution. Wylie, Jay, and Jefferson, who almost silenced the confederacy in Virginia, in order to bring forward a plan of emancipation, respected the current sentiment of the revolutionary party. Where are your Gods, O Israel, now! the successors of these men—their Anti-Slavery sentiments. Echo answers, where! Where is the proposition on the part of any party, or anything that deserves the name of party, to put down Slavery itself? The great parties of the country propose nothing more than to drive Slavery back into its Constitutional limits! The lion has broken out of his cage and torn his door to pieces, and the purpose of the keeper is not to provide for him a stronger cage, but to induce him to retreat into his old one. What is the guarantee that he will stay there? That things will be any better for the fifty years to come? Have we a better man than Jay to lead us against the compromise of the Constitution! Any honest man with Wylie, and bolder man than Ellsworth and Rufus King! I throw you. Why under the best of leaders and best of auspices, and which has failed! This bringing Slavery back into Constitutional limits reminds me of the story of the Arabian Nights. A fisherman drew from the water a casket which was the seal of Solomon. Foolishly listening to entreaties from within, he broke the seal, and there came out a giant, who dilated his proportions till he filled the whole horizon and reached the heavens; and began to threaten the man with vengeance, though he had been his deliverer. The story goes on that the cunning fisherman wiled him back by appearing to doubt whether so monstrous a being was ever in that casket; to convince him of which, the giant again entered, and the fisherman shut him up again. Slavery was admitted into an obscure corner of the Constitutional limits, and I said we broke the sacred seal of right God had set upon our heads; by and by the monster began to expand, it looms up, it covers the horizon; now it plants one foot on Wisconsin, and exiles the colored man, the other on South Carolina, and kicks Massachusetts out of Charleston, in the person of Samuel Hoar—strangles the Mexican eagle with one hand, and eggs with the other the free lips of Faneuil Hall. Seeing all this, foolish politicians say—"wait a little, and I will wile her with a cunning tale—wait a little, you shall see her go down again into the same little chamber whence she came." Suppose she should. What then! Can you keep her there! But think you, have you better means to contend with Slavery in time to come than heretofore! Try it. If you have better men, try them—better motives, try them. There is Webster, the man who goes up and down claiming the

claiming in the October Sun of the Old Dominion, that the "Constitution has nothing to do directly or indirectly, with the subject of Slavery." If he did originate the idea—it owes him no practicable development. He is like a man with a patent, who made no use of his invention and lost it, as the lawyers say, by non-user. Webster now, at least, has no claims. He reminds you of a man in the theatre who had invented a method of producing a rumbling noise for the actors, and whenever it was successful, stood up and cried out to his companions in the pit, "that is my thunder!" exactly so with Webster. But the malicious world will not believe Daniel, especially as they see he dares touch his own thunder only when very far North in a cool climate, (say at Springfield, by the cool Connecticut,) fearful of burning his fingers.—Did he launch it in the hot sun of the District, or under the red heat of Calhoun's flashing eye?

Calhoun is bringing in the abolition of his pro-slavery doctrines. Taylor has written two letters to me—one about the blood hounds and the other with his sword on the battle-fields of Mexico. Clay is beyond redemption. As for McLane, he comes with a white shield like the man in the London riots, when some were writing over their doors, "no Papery," and others, "no Protestantism," he wrote over his door, "no Religion at all." An American politician has no chance for success unless he was never known before. (Applause.) The best you can say of him is, he has no principles whatever. (Applause.)

Just imagine, then, the Presidential candidates coming up like the knights of old, with their banners. Calhoun has got a black flag, and on it, in red lines, "Slavery now and forever." The Lord light glares from it, and he bears himself bravely below. Then comes Taylor, with a banner dripping with blood, and no motto—it needs none. Clay lowers like a blight over Kentucky, with these lines borrowed from Queen Elizabeth's answer to the Catholics, "What the Convention make it that I believe and take it."

McLane has a white flag of silk, and on it, "No principles, suit yourselves." John P. Hale shews a man attempting to stand on two stools, and for a motto, his answer to Foote when charged with approving of the action of Captain Sayres. "Thou canst not say that I did it."

Truly, No. No man ever stood on two stools. There was a time when sons of South Carolina went like Olmutz, and Huger, and Bollman, to risk their lives in saving Fayette from the grasp of a tyrant. Did South Carolina approve then? Now they ask of Hale what he thinks of this act of Captain Sayres, and he says, "thou canst not say that I did it."

Polk's banner is pictured with three women, sold at auction for the benefit of the United States Treasury, and the legend, "these are my trophies." But I have only named five, there is a sixth. Webster comes from New England with his banner, like a true Yankee, inscribed on both sides, for shall not all customers be suited! One side is towards New England, and its design, like our old New England almanac, is calculated for the meridian of Boston, but will do for the neighboring States. (Laughter.) It is a man running after the Wilmot Proviso, and saying, "that's my thunder." On the other side is an autumn scene; with the beautiful and sunlit Capitol of Richmond in the background, and over it the date "1850," before it stands the "God-like" Daniel, and floating from his lips is the motto, "Go home to your friends, and spread it broadcast by press and speech, that Daniel Webster, in the October's son, of the Old Dominion, before the Capitol at Richmond, proclaimed his belief, that the Federal Government has no power, direct or indirect, over the subject of Slavery." And Daniel would get on very well, but that, to borrow a Jack Downing word, our coast winds are "cantankerous," and will keep turning the banner the wrong way.

"These be thy Gods, O Israel." These are the men that are to save us; if political machinery can save us. These are the men that represent the political idea of the times. Do not imagine that Anti-Slavery has any hatred towards these. I am not using invective when speaking thus of these men. When you look up at the vane you do not feel angry with it, though the wind be East. So with these men. I am sorry for the pro-slavery cause to which they bow. They are but straws on the current, and I dwell upon them by name, simply because men cannot receive truth except when it links itself to individuals. God never reforms men with abstract ideas. The philosopher and student digs up from the lowest strata a new idea, and links it with his fibres and life blood, and grows strong in the hope that it will some day be the idea of the community. He casts it out broad-ast, and thoughtful men like himself do not reach ideas so. It is when some Luther smites with his battle-axe the triple crown, that the people apprehend the principle symbolized in the struggle, help the defender, and become sharers in his mighty idea. If, therefore, I would make this people apprehend the great truths of Anti-Slavery, I must deal with the leaders of parties, not in the spirit of anger, not in the spirit of insult, not because the individual is not as good as any of the party he represents.

It is time for me to close. I know there are other men who can interest you far better than myself. (Cries of "Go on.") I do not forget the devotion of Palfrey, the boldness of Giddings. John P. Hale, when cut loose from the ridiculous political balloon which lifts him into the Presidential current, and set on his own feet in the Senate, is an honest and brave man. (Great applause.) I recognize the services they can do to the cause of liberty, but always when I think of them, I think of them as of the man in the fable in chains, and compelled to fight for his liberty. It is Giddings with his hands chained behind, Palfrey with his foot entangled in the network of that covenant with death he has sworn to

support. On the other side towers Calhoun, armed with his battle-axe, nerved with the hope of saving his own plantation. And how unequal is the contest. (Applause.)

The Southerner gets up and says to Mr. Hale, "do you approve the act of Captain Sayres?" Did he say, "My mother told me of a Wallace—I have heard of a William Tell! South Carolina once produced a Marion, and it was somewhere here Henry was born, with his cry of "Give me Liberty, or give me death." Did he point to France, and say, "why do you glory in the blood, and then forget the heroes at home?" No. He says, "I have never counselled, nor aided in any encroachment on the compromises of the American Constitution." He respects the laws of the District! He knew there was a law above all these; there was a seal more sacred than that of Solomon; it was set on a casket more precious than that of the Arabian tale. He knew the ears of the world were waiting his answers. How like ice have they fallen on the beating hearts of those who judged of him by the foolish wishes of a party that seeks to skulk out of existence under the shadow of his name. They went on to question him: "Do you believe, Mr. Hale, that any man in the District has property in his fellow-man?" "I never said I did not believe it," says the representative of the political Anti-Slavery party. "Do you approve?" says one, "of the act of Captain Sayres?" "I never said I did," was the reply. (Cries of "Shame.") What could he have said else? Men, who go to the ball-rooms next fall in New York, would could you say less! How dare you lift to God a pure hand and swear you will support the Constitution as he did, and then cry shame on him for giving just such infamous answers as you must give in his place! If you plant the vine, you must expect the fruit; if you eat sour grapes your teeth will be set on edge. There is not a man of you who has a right to throw a stone at John P. Hale; he said just what he ought to have said, unless he were bound as I think, and ready as he ought to be, to refuse an oath in support of the Constitution. I take him only as the Spartans took the drunkard and placed him before their children, for a warning. He is the likeness of yourselves; then ask yourselves—are you ready to go and do likewise. So with Giddings. These are different men from those of the past, and better men. Why the old representatives always reminded me of the story of the Sicilian slaves, who, when their masters were all absent in battle, revolted, and took their stand, in arms, outside of the town.—Their masters returned, and when they found it was only their slaves, sheathed their swords and displayed their slave-whips. At the sight of this well-known instrument they struck immediately. Calhoun did not need his battle-axe. The South came with their slave-whips, and the white slaves of the North recognized the legitimate symbol of authority, and lowered their knees at once. (Applause.) But, thank God, it was discovered one day, that one Joshua Giddings had a back bone, and men began to conclude Abbe Raynal was wrong—the race had not degenerated on this side the water.

We are told to trust the Constitution—the Statesmen of the nation—our error may be mended—we do not think our distinguished men to be worse than all the world. Daniel Webster was as sound a man when he started as James Madison, as Luther Martin, or Governor Morris, but he was thrown into the maelstrom of political temptation, and like the sailor carried over the waterfall, dumb! (Applause.) Clay, you recollect, was told by one of his constituents, "Harry, I've voted for you for years—but never shall again after such a vote." "Have you a rifle?" said Clay. "The best one in all Kentucky." "Did it ever miss fire?" asked Clay. "Sure enough." "What did you do, throw it away?" "No, indeed—pick the flint and try it again." "Try me again," was Clay's reply—and you know his magic wit was successful. But we are asked to keep picking the flints of rifles that have gone away missed!

Slavery has swelled from, in fifty years, 700,000 to 3,000,000. She emasculates our literature, stains the crime of justice, renders the wealth of the land her vassal, poisons the communion cup, prostrates the influence of the nation to her purposes, laughs at political parties, makes ready use of religious sects. Can either sect or party shew a cause to expect a change! If a tree has borne fine fruit it will begin to bear grapes! I throw not. I know the power of this sentiment to which my friend Parker has alluded, but I know this, also, that the way in which truth makes his way against institutions thoroughly corrupt, is not to bow at their feet—with bated breath and whispered humbleness,—and cry we are very moderate men; O King, live forever; thou hast but cast us into a fiery furnace and a lion's den." This was not Luther's tone, or Fox's. It is not before such timid or uncertain trumpets that the walls of unbelief fall down, or evils blanch away. I believe in the hopeful picture our friend has so eloquently depicted. I know God did not bring noble men here and give them this noble heritage, that our coasts should be strowed with the wrecks of human hopes. Liberty is not to die here. God never scooped the valley of the Mississippi for her grave, nor formed the thunders of Niagara for her requiem. This people should be the standard-bearer in the hopes of humanity. They will be made so only by the progress of the Anti-Slavery sentiment, trampling on a corrupt Church and replacing it by a purer expression of a true religious sentiment.

A man fancies that at whatever cost, he must go up and be a citizen, even if he sacrifice to idols, to gain permission to touch a ballot. As Andrew Fairweather said, if you put a pudding on one side of hell and an Englishman on the other, he will spring for it.—So with an American, if you put him on one side of the crater and a ballot on the other, he will risk all to get it. He thinks God sent him into the world to vote, and before He made him a man, He made him a citizen, taking into account what he should do at twenty-one. Forgetting that the highest expediency is the highest right, he dreams he shall lose influence if he sticks close to honesty.

It is no proof of faith to trust a great principle when its good results spring up at your very feet; but when it is done in darkness, when the principle seems to the world to be folly, and leads only into clouds, then faith folds her arms in sublime trust, and resting on the bosom of infinite wisdom, rests secure that when He laid the foundation of the earth, He saw to it, that justice should be always expedient. (Applause.) Therefore, when the American is called to sunder himself from the Constitution, tear himself from the