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The friends of humanity are constitutionally entitled to this paper, inasmuch as it was forced into existence by the slaves, viz.—WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, ELIZABETH LEAVITT, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, JR.

EDMUND QUINCY, Editor.

THE LIBERATOR.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. TERRETTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

THE POPE AND PRESIDENT DAVIS.

According to the Paris journal, *La France*, the offering up of prayers has taken place between President Davis and the Pope.

RICHMOND, September 22, 1863.

"Pro Vicarius Apostolicus, Sir:—I cannot but feel, while you have written to the clergy of New Orleans and New York in such kind communications, that you will sympathize with emotion the deep grief now expressed for the ruin and devastation, soon to be visited on the Church in the South, and the blight falling against the States and people which have selected me, in your wisdom, to bear, yours and your clergy's, to exhort the people to peace and charity. I am deeply sensible of the delicacy and charity which has dictated your to this repeated appeal to the clergy. It is for this reason that I feel I am not presuming improperly, in the name of the Confederate States, our gratitude for such benediction of Christian peace and love, and to assure you that the people, *determined even in their worst hour of need, to meet their cruel oppression, and profile amongst, as choices now, as they have always been, to the end of this implacable war*; that we have addressed prayers to Heaven (?) for their success, and that we have now desires; that we desire some of our enemy's possessions; and that we fight *merely to resist the usurpation of our country* and the shedding of our best blood, and to force them to let us live in peace and quiet, to worship in our own institutions and under our own laws, which, not only unknown to us, but unemployed by the tens *perpetuity*, but also the free exercise of his religion. I pray your Holiness to accept, on the part of myself and the people of the Confederate States, our sincere thanks for your efforts in favor of peace. May the Lord preserve your Holiness many days of your Holiness and keep you under his divine protection.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

REPLY OF THE POPE.

"Hortensius and Honorable President—Salutation. We have just received, *with all suitable welcome*, the present sent by you to place in our hands your letter, dated 22d of September last. Most sincerely are the pleasure experienced when we learned, from these persons and in the letter, with what feelings and joy and gratitude you were animated, *illustrious and honorable President*, as soon as you received the formal of our letters to our venerable brothers, John, Archbishop of New York, and John; Archbishop of New Orleans, in the 19th of October last year, and in which we have, with all our strength, exhorted the Catholic people of your Republic to bless that in our episcopal piety and solicitude they should endeavor, with the most ardent zeal and *to our name*, to bring about the end of the cruel war which has broken out in these countries, in order that the blessings of peace may soon be restored, and dwell charitably together. It is particularly pleasing to us, and we thank God Almighty that he may pour out upon all the people of America the spirit of peace and charity, and that he will stop the great evils which afflict them. We, at the same time, beseech the God of mercy and of all consolation, that he may give

fame, and with a powerful party ready to suspect his every motive, to thwart his every purpose, and to oppose his every movement, yet, to guide the Ship of State safely through the storm that then caused its mutiny to be heard, and its bold lightnings to be seen from the Jordan to the south. The great speech for Jackson in this rebellion was Nov. 1860, when South Carolina commenced to secede, and Buchanan was President, and Lincoln was President. He would have trampled out with his iron foot the spirits of slavery, and would have saved the country, and spared what had suffered to be scattered broadcast over the land.

On the reconstruction, we think Mr. Phillips entertains exaggerated fears. If the rebellion should suddenly collapse, and the leaders be secured or fire the country, there would be more danger than we think it now to be justly apprehended. Then the slaves would be left, as they were, a wild herd, with two millions of slaves not free in fact, and with contrabands, and with a North, and with a South, and doubting men in the loyal states, no force might can determine the right, and a kind of a division of the country might, or should have, how long the sore would fester, how much the ulcer would be inflamed and habituated, or how soon the constricted roots of the cancerous parts would be of the body politic would grow, and how to make another civil war, we dare not admit. But the probabilities are very small of such a sudden termination of the rebellion, and more small the probability that the hypothesis is the supposition that the rebel leaders, before they give over, in their madness and wickedness, would decide on the dissolution—with a hope of enlisting their slaves on the side of the rebellion, and of the North, to secure and solve the question of slavery forever, leaving no room for theory, for experiment, or for discussion in the matter.

Mr. Phillips sees, as all must see, the danger of free institutions, and the danger of being all governed by a small number of slaveholding planters—and he looks with the confidence not to the thinking immediately by which the large plantations of the rebels would be divided up for the benefit of the loyal soldiers, who, for the sake of, have fought and are fighting for the nation's salvation. He fears that, under the present policy of the President, the owners of these plantations may all come back to enjoy the unhallowed inference upon the future that is to be secured from such ownership. While we admit the possibility of danger which Mr. Phillips sees in the Proclamation, we think he does not give sufficient prominence to an important fact, to wit: that the President, in his Proclamation, in advance of the amnesty proclamation—the military offices, above the grade of Colonel, and Cabinet, and those who hold civil offices, State and Confederate, in rebellious States, are excluded from the benefit of planters and large landholders; so that from this cause, as well as from others, we think there will be in the rebel lines with no intention of returning, or have been slain in battle or died of exposure and sickness incident to the war, there is likely to be a very large proportion of the plantations of the South to be divided and distributed, as we think Mr. Phillips would have them.

We have not space to enter into the train of thought. We will say, however, in conclusion, that we go the whole length with Mr. Phillips for using the abundant means of the loyal Northern States and forced into our hands for the destruction of that accursed and cursing institution, that has been the mother of all our national sufferings and sorrows. We know that a wise man will provide against not only probable, but possible evils, and the fact that such evils as Mr. Phillips contemplates may arise under the plan of the President, is a sufficient reason for looking well into the matter, and wisely providing against such a contingency. We think, and believe, and trust, we do not know exactly to what extent we agree with Mr. Phillips; we think, and believe, and trust, he does not know what he think, for his memory often on Thursday evening last.—*Portland Sun Press.*

COLORED TALENT AND ELOQUENCE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, 1864.

To the Editor of the Boston Daily Morning Journal:

Since coming into Pennsylvania, I have attended two very important and interesting meetings of my race. Cooper Institute, last night, I follow the style of some in Boston, I mean *the African, for they are American by birth, and a few—such as the Hayneses—are ashamed of the peculiar institution*—by blood.

On the evening of the 1st inst., a Ratification meeting was held. Let me quote from the programme:—"The grand array of talent and colored gentlemen ever brought together in this country will grace the platform in Cooper Institute Hall, New York's wigwam, on the Nation's great birth-day—the day when Abraham Lincoln made good his promise to the slaves of the Rebellious States rebellion, that if they did not cease to disturb the peace of the country, he would write the Proclamation of slavery; and proclaim liberty to 3,722,000 bond children, and thereby by the foundation of personal liberty to 3,000,000 of free—the day when King Cotton was dethroned. We will ratify that deed of Emancipation this day, and show that the colored children may tell it to their children's children, and the generations yet coming, what the noble people that did so redeem this nation—what the people's Congress did for the District of Colombia—what they should do for the Rebellious States." Let the reader pursue this quotation again, and then thank God for so great blessings. Let the Rebel Leaders of the programme was also significant:—"COLORED MEN, YOUR COUNTRY CALLS! Will you be Slaves? *Sign the Chorus!! Sustain the Government!!*" Such a meeting as this makes every loyal man proud of his fellow-citizens. Oh! Slavery makes cowards of all tremble. The proceeds of this New Year Assembly were devoted to the cause of emancipation throughout this country among the blacks—Wilberforce University in Canada—and in sending money to the relief of the freedmen, and reading matter to the negro soldiers.

In the meeting of the 4th inst. was a Jubilee of the American President's Friend Society. In its character and aims it was very similar to the Ratification meeting of the 1st inst.

These meetings were addressed chiefly by negro orators. Dr. Rev. Bellows, Cheever and Boole participated in them, however, and were each received with loud applause, especially the latter, which, of course, consisted almost entirely of blacks. But every body knows enough of these gals-faced orators, and so I will let them alone to speak of the "dark and shady" speakers, just saying of them that "a white, with a black face, is a good-will and generous sympathy were read from Hon. Charles Sumner and Hon. Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The principal black speakers were, Rev. Henry H. Garnet, Rev. Dr. Peter, Rev. E. H. Cain, Prof. W. H. Day, and Dr. Randolph. Mr. Garnet will be remembered as the friend of the slave, who presided and truly read the resolutions, addressed to those who beleended the negroes in the July riot. He presided at the Ratification meeting, and at next noon forget how felicitously he introduced the exercises, by fining for an John Brown's favorite hymn:—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow," &c.

The entire audience joined in it with a will. After prayer by Chaplain French, the chairman proceeded to show how completely all fancied objections to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation had been met and met in its practical workings among both the blacks and whites. And Mr. D. referred most touchingly to the conduct of the colored troops at Port Wagner and Port Hudson, and then in a patriotic strain to the alacrity with which the negro was rushing to be enlisted and armed, and necessarily. He spoke of the "pretty and pathetic" feeling displayed by the white soldiers and officers, who were so delighted and thoroughly relieved man, and calculated to overcome the last lingering prejudice and hatred.

But I must refer to another. The strongest and most eloquent address of the Dedication Week was that by Rev. H. H. Cain, of Brooklyn. When he took his seat, amid the deafening uproar of applause, I involuntarily said, in a low tone, to my friend, "this is our *Black Beecher!*" This man made some excellent points, and was very emphatic in his call upon the negroes to stop grumbling, and go to fighting for the Union. But his peculiar point was, that God's work was done, and the work which he laid upon educating his race. He said, "*Man is not free unless the negro is free. Man is not free unless the intelligent and intellectual education of my race, for its sanitation, time and eternity.*" Mr. Cain, I understand, intends to publish my letters and morals were to lift the black man up. And for this great purpose, Wilberforce University was established. He spoke of the facility of Wilberforce University as the place for the education of the negro, and most eloquently to the scene at the White House when the committee of negroes waited on President Lincoln, and he never listened to a more eloquent address from any man's lips.

Patriotic resolutions were sung, and a negro band discovered sweet music. A negro lady presided at the meeting, and did herself great. Fifteen or twelve thousand about and around the hall; but our Governor's "friends" made no demonstration, and I have attended all the meetings in the North had been as these two meetings. The "elect" must have been converted.

J. L. T.

The Liberator.
No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1864.

"THE SOUL IS MARCHING ON."

We understand that FREDERICK DROWN, Esq., the youngest brother of the heroic and noble John Brown, of Ossawatomie, (recently with the most prominent Anti-Slavery members of Congress, (in connection with whom, we are pleased to see the name of Benjamin Gray, recently escaped from Kentucky,) for the position of Superintendent of the Government Colony of Freedmen at Arlington Heights, and he will undoubtedly receive the appointment.

Mr. Brown is a man of great practical experience as an agriculturist and business manager, and is a man of great ability, and deeply sympathized with, the convictions for which his brother sacrificed his life, the appointment is one well fitted to the place. Colonel Shaw, the Superintendent's Department will be organized either in the War or Treasury Departments, under which Superintendents of the Colony of Freedmen, and Superintendents of the Poor. It is supposed that the Government will be induced to appoint Mr. Brown as Superintendent for the Poor Department.

It will be a signal act of poetic justice, that he should be entrusted with the welfare of the freedmen of a State, the cause of which, his brother, John Brown, suffered a felon's doom not five years ago, at the hands of those who, to-day, are outlaws and felons, not only from the Government, but from the sentiment of the civilized world.

Thus the world does move; and in view of this and other glorious facts, we cannot but feel that Mr. Phillips seem more prophetic than we dared to hope, when he said,—"It is not impossible that Virginia may be redeemed, that in her right mind, sitting at the feet of New York the dust of John Brown, for some marble mausoleum at Richmond, as repentant Florence, rebel in sacrilege, forged of Ravenna the dust of that outlawed Dante, whom a century before she ordered to be burned alive."

FRATERNITY LECTURES.

On Tuesday evening last, the supplementary course of four lectures, given this year by the Parker Fraternity, commenced in the Music Hall. The course was inaugurated last year by the lecturers of an hour upon the Great Organ, but this part of the performance continued an hour, in consequence of the unusual attention of the lecturers. The lecture, by Mr. Lang, was of a pleasing and varied character, displaying various modifications of power and sweetness, and was received with loud bolging the attentive audience to wait patiently for the chief attraction of the evening.

The lecture was given by George William Curtis, of New York, and his subject was "Thackeray."

Commencing with a statement in regard to the practical usefulness of writings which proceed from and treat of the human heart, and referring to the Pilgrim's Progress, "that Sunday Schoolmen Cruso," as a shining example among them, Mr. Curtis proceeded to show that the creation of a writer of fiction, just gone from the world, was a great benefit.

Mr. Curtis contended that he approached his subject with a great prepossession, knowing that the kinder sex is accustomed to mistreat Thackeray, and to repeach him as a calumniator of the sex, and that the impression thus made not well founded, and proceeded to give incidents, new and old, to that writer's history, which seemed to show the contrary of such a charge. He also claimed that the very writings which had brought upon Thackeray the reproach of cynicism might receive, with the proper spirit, a very different construction, and he appealed to various of the characters there delineated, in evidence that their author entertained a kindly feeling for the fairer nature, not exaggerated in his descriptions of the evil.

Moreover, the corruptions of high life in English society, represented in the fashionable novels of that writer with eye keen enough to pierce through their shams, and a heart bold enough to face the reproach of his compatriots, and to expose the hollowness that that eye and that heart, and bravely undertook the work. Society shuddered at his life-like pictures of corruption, and the soul of the Thackeray had yet bled while he lived. Mr. Curtis believed, however, that there was no malice in these delineations; that life and sentiments were shown in those pages just as they actually existed; and that the evil traits therein were drawn not with pleasure, but with pain. He thought, however, that the author was fearful of the evil that worshipped in that very Hall had heard the same truths taught in the same way; and that the Sunday Schoolmen of Boston had heard the same truths, and alike taken the inevitable stand which Martin Luther took at Worms, when he said—"Here I stand! I can do no other! God help me!" He hoped that the work by all these men had existed in actual life before they were lashed in description.

At Thanksgiving, a new grave, the lecturer thought, the occasion of misanthropy should be buried. To us Americans, to us in the midst of a war provoking fraternity, compassionate and death crushing the hopes of conciliation and peace, as we remember that his language was ours, and that his countrymen are our brothers.

The lecture was heard by a very large audience, and with that deep attention which Mr. Curtis always commands. The next course will be given in the same place, next Tuesday evening, by Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, preceded by a concert on the Organ.

CONSCIENCE VS. THE COMMUTATION TAX.

On our last page may be found a letter from our highly esteemed friend, ALVAN H. LOVE, of Philadelphia, addressed to a gentleman distinguished for great and rare ingenuousness; in which he cordially states his reasons why, when drafted, he could neither pay the commutation tax, nor hire a substitute, nor pay the $300 commutation tax. He also states in what manner he was treated by the enrolling officer, and the conscripts, and the surgeon, and the examiners. Though fairly exempted by reason of non-residence, he refused to claim the exemption, and underwent the ordeal, and was found serving, as the reason set forth in his letter. The question is an important one, and ought to be well considered by our friends who are able, and desirous to be cordially recognized in all its bearings. Read the letter.

JUSTICE TO THE COLORED TROOPS.

In the editorial article in the New York Tribune, a few days since, on the pay of colored troops, and the duty of Congress to pay off all arrearages, by an act which shall, at the same time, pass all taxes, the following statistics are given:—

"The 54th Massachusetts, in the year 1863, received The regiment lost its little finger, 20 by disease, 115 wounded, 116 missing (prisoners?) 1 by accident, 1 killed, 1 by suicide, 1 by drowning, 1 by sunstroke, and the usual allowance for clothing. Now, we do not know why the 54th should be an exception, but actually it only cost the Government for clothing, while it cost the Government for the other regiments, in the year, 1863, them for their services, and the men who gave their lives for the country in the battles from Port Hudson and Wagner, are brought in debt on the Quartermaster's accounts for the clothing they wore when they died, and from their bodies after death. *This regiment was made to pay for its clothing, and the regiment lost its little finger and one of the service.* The 1st North Carolina regiment, (colored,) lost 1 by accident, 1 by suicide, and the same pay as white soldiers. They have been seven months in the field, and the regiment has received but much more for clothing is $51, leaving $19 due to each man, which pay is the means of their family, but because no change would make matters much worse; and but for the force of circumstances in the latter part of the present Congress. To attempt to rebuilding the foundation of our Government, in the year of grace, would indeed be, as the President says, "a cruel and astounding breach of faith."

Such issues as the 54th Mass. and 1st Colored cause, in the minds of the loyal people, the inquiry—No rebel State can return to the Union with slavery. Alabama, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina, can never return to the Union again, except as free States. For this consummation Abolitionists have labored, and given up their all, for their years. We have the assurance that, while Lincoln remains in his present position, "not one will be returned to slavery who is made free by the terms of the proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress."

Are the people of the loyal States prepared to have Lincoln in his present position, and kill him in keeping the above pledge, and thus, by reversing the emancipation policy? *I believe they are.* The 54th Mass. thousand enrolled in the Loyal Legislature of Ohio, in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and all the New-England States and New York will vote, in November next, to retain him in the present position, if he will pledge himself to carry out the plan of reconstruction on the basis of freedom to all and the entire abolition of slavery, *if they shall know* opposition we do.

This is a war of Abolition and Subjugation on both sides. The South inaugurated the war to make slavery the foundation of their labor, and institutions, in this and on the continent. The North is fighting to abolish slavery, slave labor, and slave legislation. The Rebels have made it a war to subjugate the North. The North fights to subjugate the South to Freedom. Which shall be victorious? Liberty or Slavery? Free Labor or Slave Labor? One must be. Which shall it be? The coming Presidential election will decide this issue.

Shall Lincoln be re-elected? Shall he move down—down to perdition!... So surely as we sit," say the rebels, "so surely shall we make the North pay our war debt, though we wring it from their hearts."

With the Government in the hands of McClellan and Vallandigham, Pendleton and Seymour, can doubt the North will be once more and for coming ages subjugated to slavery and to slave-labor? Will the Unionists and Union Leagues, all pledged to raise the Union on the basis of freedom, and without a slave, who can doubt that such a party will be engaged to freedom and free labor, and the Republic and the continent, in all coming time, be saved from the scum of all villany, and the curse of God and the oppressed of all lands? The year 1864 is replete with destiny to unborn and unnumbered millions. Let the Abolitionists and Liberals, and Union Leagues, and FOREVER!

LETTER FROM JOSHUA T. EVERETT.

EVERETTVILLE, Jan. 19, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON:—It is now a long time since I have met you in public assemblage with the friends of freedom. Yet, in private and in our course, commanded with you concerning the extension of our glorious cause, which, thank God, I have lived to see, and to serve at most.

I wanted to be at the Dwelle meeting at Faneuil Hall, with intense anxiety, and I prepared to go, but the letters and the notices prior to my knowledge of its appointment. But the faithful reports of its proceedings, the glorious speeches by the noble men and the letters sent to the meeting, almost drink-ly "well, as the fire-brors among many brothers," have proved a rolling and fed satisfaction.

Well, now is really to see the glorious jubilee of emancipation in the flesh, which we have lived to be postponed till it would be witnessed into the millennium of Christ.

The retrospect of the whole history of this army so dear to God, and so hated by the enemies of the cause of the continent, but to oppressed beauty all over the globe, shows most clearly how almost was your moral vision, and those who are endowed with the spirit of the strong your sense of justice; for your sake, I have lived to see the glorious accomplishment of the great work of God, and the glorious result, and its present session, crown the Edition of slavery in all the States of the Union. Edition of slavery in all the States of the Union. Edition of slavery in all the States of the Union.

GLORIED PEOPLE OF MEMPHIS CELEBRATING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Memphis, as previous notice, the colored people of the Colored Baptist church on Second street, on the 1st of January, 1864, at ten o'clock, A. M., to meet for the purpose of the President's proclamation on freedom. Rev. Dr. Lewis Randolph was called to the chair. The following gentlemen were appointed Vice Presidents, viz: Rev. Jas. Lindsay, George W. Preston, Rev. Lewis Madray and Warren Brown. H. N. Steele was appointed Secretary, assisted by Lieut. John C. Stewart, Henry Sellier and Charles C. Dickson.

The following resolutions were then read by Prof. Scarlock, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we hail with feelings of joy and gratitude Almighty God, that we have the exalted privilege of meeting together, for the purpose of offering unto him our humble thanks for the magnificent and brilliant chapters written in the nineteenth century.

Resolved, That we greet the dawn of this beautiful and ever memorable day; and we trust that our children will inherit unit truth and honor shall continue to be revered among the civilized nations of the earth.

Resolved, That the respect to his excellency, the President of the United States, and the administration we declare for the gallant army and navy that have been offering arms, backed by their courageous sons, to triumph over hundreds of battle-fields, in order to pledge themselves as colored men to fill the ranks made vacant by our colored brothers, who have fallen so bravely upon the various fields of strife.

Resolved, That we recommend every colored man, capable of performing military duty, both North and South, to enlist in the army and navy of the United States, where he can successfully perform his duty to his God, his country, and his fellow-men.

Resolved, As this is our country, and we are citizens of the United States, in the eloquent language of Attorney General Bates, therefore we are willing to defend them with life and limb; and after protecting them with our guns, we humbly pray God that there may be generosity enough left to protect us in our sacred rights.

Resolved, That we recommend the colored people everywhere in the United States to stand by the Government, as true to the cause and stripes.

Resolved, That we recommend the benevolent societies of the North to send teachers, who are willing to be our true and devoted friends.

Resolved, That we recommend the teachers to bring the Bible with them, ready for creation to be the rule of the rudiments, as it is the fort, and not to wait for significant houses to be erected in time of war.

Resolved, That we are highly gratified with the spirit displayed by which our colored soldiers are addressed by their officers, viz: men; and we urge the colored men in all places, at all times, and under all circumstances, to cease using that vulgar phrase, "nigger," a phrase not used by the higher-toned classes, but by the more vulgar and ignorant.

Resolved, That we are in favor of renting a building forthwith in the city of Memphis, to be used as a school house for our colored children, as we do not deem it expedient to build one at present.

Resolved, That a committee of ten be appointed to memorialize Congress relative to certain matters pertaining to the amelioration of our condition.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Memphis *Bulletin*, Cincinnati *Gazette*, New York *Tribune*, Chicago *Tribune*, *Anglo-African*, and the Boston *Liberator*.

After listening to some fervent and eloquent remarks made by H. N. Steele, Sergeant Scarlock, Joseph Orbell, and Henry Sellier, on motion of Sergeant Scarlock, adjourned.

DAVID RANDOLPH, *Chairman*.

E. S. RAVEN, *Secretary*.

STATE OF THINGS IN NORFOLK.

MR. GARRISON:

Dear Sir—John Brown would ransom the slaves! at the slave-masters gave him no earthly crown, and set his imprisoned "Free" in Christ's blessed "Free dom" was it by blight and

Contents of brigades in this department send out their heroes to spread liberty throughout this land, thus counting the glorious Fugitive Slave Law of the Emancipation.

John Brown's daughter, led by the on-marching God of her father, has come to Norfolk to join us in doing her father's work.

Better roles over us, you know. His grips makes Sabbath clerks in its shoes; but, at the double-quick tattoo of his drum-beat, the earth march into the ranks of men.

We are enthusiastically satisfied with Gen. Butler's Special Order, issued a few days or months ago. Gen. Sagles put into execution an old municipal law of Norfolk, requiring colored people to be within doors at 9 o'clock, P. M., a law of Mayor Lee, Hogan, the Military Governor of Norfolk, repealed. That law was enforced without being promulgated; and hence, confusion and bewilderment were the consequences.

Gen. Gen. Barnes is Military Governor of Norfolk, and he rather prefers the colored people to be in doors when to do so. And now, to-day, Gen. Butler issues Gilson General Orders concerning the negro! Noble white, noble enough to be called a Higher Law, "second Declaration of Independence."

On the heels of our army come fugitives to Norfolk in bodies of four hundred.

Just now, while we were taxing our ingenuity to provide comfortably of one body of four hundred, there came another four hundred, asking us to open the house to them.

Make room they are. We are their mothers, and women enough to mother them. Make room with the body. "All thy wants are well supplied."

Gen. O. Brown, their Quartermaster and Superintendent, makes them comfortable in quarters specially denied to fugitives.

An opportunity to enter the army is, at once, offered to the able-bodied, men, and they are, at once, put to the pioghaire to the sword, ten-acre lots are to. To-night, the Captain points out the timber, much as are, and cutting a stick.

The time for the moving of seed is not yet, and the wheelwright is purchase necessaries comes only with the harvest.

To the North we must still look for clothing, since they bring the little they own.

LUCY CHASE.

Norfolk, (Va.) December, 1864.

The publication of the above has been unintentionally delayed since it came to hand.—[*Ed. Lib.*]

Extract from a private letter received from a friend in Norfolk, Va.:—

"I have not before been South since April, 1861. Then I went to the hospitals, and passed through Baltimore just after—since then they have all the streets well enclosed with Massachusetts blood. I reached Norfolk on New Year's day, where I found regiments of colored soldiers drawn up for review, preparatory to the principal streets, under the command of Major Stearns, Massachusetts 54th, and saw also a procession of colored women and children, dressed in holiday attire, in their first celebration of the anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation.

"The Prince is sold in the streets and the principal stores of the strangers. And although I have been here but one week, I have not heard a lisp, even from one who knew I was to be accountable to my country for the administration, or in favor of slavery. I was a stranger here, and they took me kindly, and sympathized with the spectacle, constantly visible, of regiments in the national uniform. Nor have I heard the complaint that the colored people are not as good as we are, or as well off, or as faithful and industrious as we are, or any of their duties, so formerly."

know this, that in my opinions, North or South, I have not before had my name tended by a walker who could be compared with the man who makes my free here. But master ran away, and left him, very much to his gratification, and he is as happy as any man can well be imagined. He is very quick in his movements, and says they keep him running all the time. I think he accomplishes more work than three would have done, or been expected to do, as slaves.

I wrote the above two paragraphs because I could not help giving expression for the joy my heart could, has forced itself upon my mind. I have for some time regarded slavery as practically dead—as certain to die, I am convinced, as the Confederacy is to the father than I had supposed, in introducing us to stand a system of free labor, satisfactory both to the employer and the employed."

AID FOR THE SUFFERING SOLICITED.

LAWRENCE, (KANSAS,) Jan. 6, 1864.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

DEAR SIR:—I write to my a word to you about our colored population here. They suffered more than the white people in the destruction of property, and have to be fed and clothed during Quantrill's raid. The moments they learned he was in the place, they fled in the greatest fear, and with quick steps, to the woods and swamps, and left their all in the mercy of the rebels. Their houses being dry and fragile, were easily set on fire, and quickly burned—some being burned in the latter class of houses, and other being set on fire, by the intrepidity of their masters, the women.

Since the rebellion ago, I was appointed by the Relief Committee to take charge of their remaining funds, and distribute them to the most destitute of the city, receiving instructions to look after the colored people particularly, as they had not received their share of the funds sent to the relief of the sufferers by the raid of the East. The distribution of this fund has slied me to become acquainted with the wants of the colored people; and I feel more than ever interested in their welfare. For the most part, they are willing to work and take care of themselves. But almost all their cabins were burned up and their clothes and furniture—were burned up in the raid. And every thing in the line of bedding and clothing has become exceedingly scarce. I have been a good deal of suffering—suffering from actual cold; some have been frost-bitten; their mantles are generally open and cold; they do not have good bedding—no good wood, very little bedding, and clothing generally poor and scanty. So many of the white people were burned out and left destitute as well as they feel poor, and are to a great extent unable to extend help to the suffering blacks. I do not know how many colored people are in my district, but there are very many families whose support—the fathers and husbands—are away; some were sent South, some died in the service, some were killed, some have gone to drive teams over the plains, and some are shiftless, and do little to support their families. Some are very poor, and need more to expend, and then I do not know what will become of three destitute families, or how they are to be supported. I do not know how many women, and bedding. During this cold weather they have suffered very much, and will continue to suffer till the spring of the year.

If you and your people could assist me in any way, I would be glad. February will be a cold month, and these poor people will need fuel to keep off the cold. Perhaps I can do some good in this way, and I cannot bear to have them overlooked, or their claims disregarded. If they can get through this winter, they will need no further aid.

I do not suppose you can do much individually, as I have heard you say you are poor, rich, only in faith, but I did not know but that you could stir up some of your Boston men to do something—men who have means, and would like to do a little good. Perhaps you think anything can be done for this class, I would be glad to have it done.

Yours, very truly, JOHN S. BROWN.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS AT PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, Jan. 22, 1864.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:—Frederick Douglass delivered the lecture in our "Independent Course" last evening. I wish you could have seen the enthusiasm of people into him. We were obliged to stop the sale of evening tickets long before the hour of the lecture arrived. The house was never before packed so full—more than three hundred persons were obliged to turn off away under its roof, a large proportion of whom had been in their seats two hours before the speaker came, and their interest and sympathy with the poor man who had done such a slave! At every point of ingress and egress, the house was running over; and yet there was not one in the place, or out of it, some other public pet, on full our City Hall is "plenty out"; and possibly some people may learn that it is best to treat with respect and kindness the man whom that public desire to hear.

Rev. Mr. Stebbins gave him a splendid introduction. He said, "We have to go and ask permission Mr. Douglass in a patronizing spirit, but as an equal in every respect. He comes to us not as a black man, not as a white man, but as a man, and as a man!"

Mr. Douglass was sensibly affected by his reception, but soon warmed with his subject, and gave us one of the best lectures of the season.

So many were disappointed in not hearing Mr. Douglass, that our committee determined to engage him for another night in the lecture, and have accordingly arranged with him to speak again on the 11th of February—which is the evening that was set apart for Gerrit Thompson. We desire you to arrange with Mr. Thompson to deliver his lecture on the evening of February 25th, two weeks later.

LETTER FROM CAPT. DANIEL FORTER.

NORFOLK, (VA.) Jan. 22, 1864.

DEAR GARRISON,—I am just in from an expedition that I was sent out for, to Currituck County, to find an account in the *Liberator* of the tragical death of JOHN CUTLER, of Dunverport. I cannot refrain from giving the principal outline of the affair, through your paper, about this old and very dear friend, so suddenly snatched from us.

As nearly as I can learn, the Church in North Danvers, I tried to fight a good fight against slavery from 1848 to 1850; and although John Cutler was not a member of my church, he was always in my pulpit, and I felt—one of my best friends and most generous supporters. He was truly a good man; a good Samaritan to the poor and oppressed; and he was ready for any abolitionist as ever lived; a hard working man all his life; and always illustrating, at home and abroad, the principle and practice of the Golden Rule. When he were with full in my public work, there was no house in Danvers to which I resorted for sympathy and rest and comfort as to that of John Cutler. He was my brother beloved, and I feel his death as a sore affliction. I wish to render to his wife and sister, who were in full sympathy with him in all his labors, and who, in their suffering humanity, my endeavor sympathy with them in their sore bereavement.

The sister, Miss Lucretia Cutler, has been a confirmed invalid and a great sufferer for many years, but always cheerful and resigned. Her little bedroom, adjoining that of John, was the scene, I was always helped through her trust in God, and her happy spirit. Her brother John was her hope, her life, her joy, her life, as well as that of the loving wife, in indeed true parable. May God put it into the hearts of those who have and love them to bring unto this lone light as possible! Truly, DANIEL FORTER.

THE AWFUL TRAGEDY IN CHILI.

The following account of the destruction of the church of the Company of Jesus, on the 8th of December last, is from the Valparaiso *Mercury*:—

"A catacomple, gigantic, horrible, unexampled in the annals of our country, and perhaps of the world, has plunged into mourning the city of Santiago. We will see the utmost brevity in relating the calamity to our sorry readers. Every one knows the celebrated mystery of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, celebrated in the church of the Company of Jesus, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, had in it a temple of wood, which, for a year, served as a church for the Daughters of Mary, in which, on payment of an entrance fee, a spectacle of a very attractive nature was offered. Every year, from the 8th of November to the 15th of December, the day of the Immaculate Conception, lasted a splendid festival, in which orchestral music, singing, and a numerous attendance of the ladies, of lighted gas, of liquid gas, and every imaginable comfortable in the world, attracted and perfectly on the high altar. Every night the church filled with a sea of heads, and the spectacle was beautiful and gauze dresses. It could only be lighted up in the beginning, but afterwards, the illumination and the work of extinguishing was only ended when the night was far advanced. In 1862 they decided on adopting hydrogen gas, but the engineer's plan, though approved of by the Council of Santiago, was opposed by Ugarte, whose mind maniacally had marked for its victim the beautiful sisterhood from the Lord. He worked his way down to such a depth of superstitious, and one of his confederates, the Bishop of Chili, the Celestial post-office trick, by which, the Daughters of Mary, and the Company of Jesus, the Virgin's letter. At the entrance of the temple, the Virgin's letter-box was constructed, and the letter was placed in a small box, deposited in sealed letters their wishes and their prayers. On Wednesday that known to the Virgin's city was placed before the high altar, and Ugarte, who was acquainted between the Jesuits and the Daughters, exhibited to the Divinity those offerings, or course hoping that slaughter would be the result. The Jesuits, who were unfamiliar, not by a religious raffle for the favor of the Virgin, a prize of 1,000 dollars, and drawn by a despotical Minister of State, and a woman whose character was not dubious. The Jesuits, who were ignorant of the conspiracy, in the mass of exaggerated nobilicism. The church of the Company, built the latter half of the seventeenth century, possessed a spacious nave, but a roof that dated only from the year 1840, of painted timber. The only door of easy access to the congregation was the nave in the centre, the small doors leading to the aisles being opened one half way, and distributed between the Jesuits and the Daughters of Mary, door communicating with the sacristy. A few minutes after 9 o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 8th of December, more than 2000 women and a few men were seated in the nave, and the gas was flowing. However, that did not prevent a compact mass of fire from attempting to enter the church, on the steps, because it was the last night of the month of Mary, and no one could enter the church, except by the prize Ugarte, who always succeeded by his exciting declamations in drawing in tears the places as well as the hearts of the Jesuits, and the apostolic Nuncio and devotee of Pius IX., the Bishop of the American College in Rome, the French also. It is said that Ugarte, wounded in his pride and vanity, and in his superstition, by the fact that Gaspar Elizagurre had told him that the illumination of the Virgin could not be compared to that of the fire in Rome, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I will give you a Virgin whose illumination shall be greater than the world has never seen!" Nobody can deny that he kept his word. Indeed, the fire ignited by the lamps and candles had hardly finished, when the roof of the church was on fire, and the flame, fire its woodwork, and wrapped in flame a kind of tabernacle, which was composed of cotton, painted and wood. In less than two minutes the altar, about 23 yards high, was in a blaze, and the conflagration spread thrifle. The advance of the fire was even more rapid than the panic of the audience. When the flames reached the roof, the whole flock of devotees rushed to the principal door. Those near the lateral door, and had to escape at the front door, and particularly the men, gained the little door of the sacristy; and those who had to escape by the principal door, through the throng, even still struggling to get in, and the fire, which did get in, and the fire of the fire, stimulated by the desire of getting a good place, and the fire, which had reached the door of the dia. Then, the flames having crept along the roof, the principal door, which was opened, was closed, as gas from the cornices to which they were strung, a mass of fire, which broke, and the fire, and the tangled throngs below. A new and more horrible contrast, which, in the fire, the fire, and the fire, the affrighted gaze with pictures twisted more awful than those which Dante has immortalized. Nor is it less than a hundred of the tortures of the damned! In less than a quarter of an hour, about a thousand human beings had perished, including many children, but very few men."

MUTUAL SCENES ON THE REMOVAL OF THE DEAD.

The Providence *Journal* publishes the following report by Mr. W. A. Pierce of Providence from his father, who was at Santiago, Chili, when the terrible and appalling catastrophe by which more than two thousand souls perished in the church of the Jesuits, occurred. But the failure to rescue the unfortunate victims was owing to the idiotic police system of the Chilians. The writer says:

"I hear you asking, why were those sufferers not rescued? Ah, I ask, why were they not rescued? My heart sickens within me at the question. Those destitute, simple, ignorant creatures, mostly Indian foreigners, had they been allowed to work, and to do, in their own way, could not have failed to rescued nearly or quite the whole mass. But, no, it is always the one man who is called the chief, and a sentry on every avenue leading to the fire. They have, as I hear, no fire engines, and no water, but a little one old Gordon pump. I fought my way past the police one entire square, by sweating good money, and I was knocked in return, until I was knocked by some one, and I was knocked down, and all within hearing of the fire, and I was knocked down, and I was knocked down, and I was knocked down

Poetry.

THE LIFE THAT IS.

Thou ever living breath of the ocean of pain,
Oh welcome, welcome back to life's free breath.
To life's free breath and day's sweet light again,
From the dark shadows of the pale vale of death!

Thou hast indeed reached the twilight hour between
The world of spirits and this grosser sphere
Dimly by the shadows of things of earth were seen
And faintly fair earth's voices on thine ear.

And now, how gladly we behold, at last,
The wonted smile returning to thy brow!
The rose-tint returning, the light of hope, and joy,
In the light leaves, is music to thee now.

Then wert thou weary of thy lot; the earth
Was wearying and pressing heavily upon
Thee! Gladly thou hast left the homebuilt hearth,
And sweet was every day's farewell to thee.

Then wilyness back to all thou would'st not leave,
To this grand march of seasons, days and hours;
The glory of the morn, the glow of eve,
The beauty of the seasons, and stars and flowers!

Yet you are where these ever delight to rest;
Yet where which is to thy joy to hear;
To the kind life that ever pleased thee best,
The strong tasks of love, that made thee glad.

Welcome to group of friendly hands; to prayer
Offered where crowds in reverent worship come,
Gently breathed and the hymns of love
And hopes, and hymns of joy quiet home.

Then bright gleams of the better land,
Even from thy virge! the mysteries opened there
Are what the faithful heart has long sought for
In its still depths, yet words may not declare.

And I and them that, from the brighter side
Of life's dim border, seem wandering away,
Illumined from the inner glory, shall abide
Upon thy spirit through the coming days.

Then wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

And now, in thy ripe autumn, we have met
Once more, to darken yesterday's yearnings strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain,
When so sad fatherly, and tender, and troubled long.

"Hey may be many days yet, ere the balmy air,
And radiant walks of heaven, a little space,
Where He, who went before thee to prepare
For his meek followers, shall come to place!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE ARK OF FREEDOM.

Extract from the Curtis's Address of the Salem Register, January 1, 1864.

Where is the one of soldier birth
Who yon and flower of the vanished year,
Flying dull songs to a listless ear?

What though we take another lack,
Leaving awhile the beaten path,
Let us look forward, friends, not back!—

Mustering what must yet be done,
Not by the past was already run,
Or the fight of battles fought and won.

Lauds victories South and West,
Vicksburg, Gettysburg, with the rest,
Old Shenandoah, Hot and Red—

The Mississippi, strong and grand,
Was from a traitorous rebel hand,
By the mighty grip of a loyal land.

Hallow victories old, and true!
But not what's done, but what to do,
That's the question for us and you!

Hear amongst the terrible fleet
Of the Rebel storage and bitumen war,
Dwindling the nation so!—

How wh back to the land we love,
Peace, the beautiful, white-winged dove,
Brooding the dreadful waste above?

Glimmer there not on shining star,
Waiting for showing and for war,
Over those raging waves of war?

—Look where the Ark of Freedom rides,
Tranquil, over the restless tides!
Hie we hastened in sides and guides!

God's in Architect! He the Plan
Formed or ever the race began!
Therefore, the only hope for man!

Hitherto, the sad delusion of human blood,
Out of Self-commanding God!

Only let us be firm and true,
Faithful to the Ark, as Noyes Caleb,
Faithful to the Ark, as Noyes Caleb,
And once that our well-beloved land
High and dry in the beauty shall
Reach and rest on Mount Ararat!

While you it while Peace falls her wings,
And Heaven with its myriad voices sings
The ever-new song of the King of Kings!

BLACK TOM.

Hemled by his rebel master
Over some a hill and glen,
Black Tom, with his will and children,
Found his way to our brigade.

Tall, full limb, and trim, and swarthy,
Tom, from whose danger rose—
Down on the big strong gray rescued
Thought the rebel fled—

One day, Tom was marching with us
Through the forest as our guide,
When a bullet from yon rebel
Broke his arm as we passed his side.

On a bluff while men bore him,
Through the forest dense and dusty,
Lulled him, dying, where the waters
Brightly flashed over our camp.

Pulsing to his wife and children,
Tom his last message gave;
Gold he has no one address round him,
"Don't let them be slaves again!"

"Not by Heaven!" outspoke a soldier,
"And that oath we let pledged
Our brigade will still protect them—
They shall never be slaves again!"

Over old Tom's dying face
Gleam and pass like a joyous ray;
And, with endeared friends around him,
His free spirit passed away.

"PEACE ON EARTH."

Years! when over every land and sea
Peace shall wave her snowy wings of love!
When boundaries are no longer land, but free,
When brotherhood is no longer force with strife,
When hatred no longer lifts its bitter life,
When the world shakes off its fetters, and
When battle-horse trembles at the trumpet blast
Blown from the lips of Peace, and which the soul
Of Slavery and Death the way unshaken!
Dark is the earth the polarized heart!
Dark and dreary that land which the soul

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEABODY.

Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Pure hearts enjoy more beautiful than ever to me," said Lelia, in response to Rowlands, who, as she spoke, had by her husband's side on the terrace walk.

"I am glad it does, Lelia," said Mr. Nelson, with a loving look, "but it is not half beautiful enough for my Lelia."

The young wife looked up in her husband's face with the thought that he had wondrous beauty, for herself, and he went on.

"Just tell me, darling, what I can do to improve Powhatan."

"I scarcely know," replied Mrs. Nelson, "I almost fear to suggest, lest by change I lose that which is exactly perfect to me. Do you remember dear Mrs. Bourwick, with her good texts?

"Yes, darling, I do remember them, but not the native, erratic eye that you possess. If you will tell me what I can do to make your home more worthy of you, you will add to my happiness, as it is my necessity of my being to contribute to yours. Shall I raise another terraced walk? Shall I enlarge the green-house, build another fountain, or erect a tower? Name, darling, what can I do for you?

"If I were to suggest any positive improvements," returned Lelia, "I might be in the hope of adding to the happiness of my noble husband."

"Spoken like myself dearest," rejoined Mr. Nelson. "I am constantly in search for the means of pleasing you. We'll be like our bird-lessons, and live over for each other, will we not? Life looms up before me like one vast building, which I am to try to make immortal, and be merry. But what will you have done? I am impatient to know. The Work cou-shall be ready-made for them. Shall it be Lelia's walk, Lelia's arbor? Say the word, my fair one!" and the enthusiastic husband pressed her lips with a kiss. Mrs. Nelson was fully aware of the depth of great joy, and so with a rosy blush, and the dearest little chirrup of a kiss, she found voice to say—

"Your wishes do, dear, to have a walk around the bowling green, bordered with flowers!"

"Darling!" returned the lover-husband; "it shall be done sooner. Why did I never think of it before?"

"What would you think of having a trellis built to train the yellow jasmine under and about my plan?"

"Charming, again, darling! you know how to help fit up the bird's nest, do you not, dearest?"

"I noticed in the Mount Pleasant garden," said Lelia, "that the arbor walks were bordered with the English primrose and pansies."

"The prettiest things in the whole world! I am delighted that you noticed them. We must not be outdone by Mount Pleasant."

"I say, Joe," added Lelia, "that king Brownlee's arbor-vine and hawthorne hedges were pruned more evenly than ours."

"Nothing escapes my Lelia's eyes, I perceive," said Mr. Nelson, fondly; "but go on, please, there is still a wide margin for improvements."

"How would it do for some of our green-house plants to be arranged on each side of the serpentine walk?"

"I should admire to have them," said Mr. Nelson, "gardener Bill shall take them out immediately."

"Shall I fall him to put the oleanders, the cactus and geraniums which are in bloom, in the front conservatory?"

"Ah, yes indeed!" replied Mr. Nelson, "why did we never think of that before, Lelia, darling, for your suggestions. Our tastes are in harmony, and you need never fear to hint your wishes. My own complete will, I am the mere instrument of mortal, I, we can make Powhatan, a very paradise. I will at once order the improvements, and you shall superfine them with me."

Thus passes after passage of the early bridal period was traced in the glowing pages of a rare dream, and months passed on as, absorbed in the mysterious enchantment of Love, they lived for each other, and, for the time, were a little world by themselves. The gay circle of kind and appreciative friends, who called, or sent in thoughtful presents, were, to the Nelsons, as if they belonged to another planet.

Lelia was gentle and domestic, and exerted herself to the utmost in the supervision of household affairs, that home should be a paradise, and, indeed, it was, was her ready aid, and anticipated her every wish; and Mr. Nelson styled her the queen of housekeepers.

"A smiling, joyous, and radiant Lelia, Lelia, is second for one, in this poor trouble-tinged world, that the course of true love did "run smooth." So everybody said, as they drained the Nelsons, joining the bride, and wondered at Powhatan as a very Eden.

"The happy pair found life busy with enjoyment. There seemed nothing wanting to complete their felicity. They had congenial tastes, were devoted to each other; they had wealth, honor, a charming home, and the blessing of Heaven upon them. There was, however, a small shadow rising in the distance, as Lelia thought of her husband's absence during the session of the Legislature, and, at parting, but that would be only for a few short months, and she resolved to bear it like a true heroine. Meanwhile, there was every day some pleasant visitor at Powhatan and its grounds, as, in walks and rides, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson whiled away the morning hours in, and close enjoyment. The mere sight of Lelia, made a never-failing source of amusement. It was a new joy to her, now that she realized its power over her husband. Certain it is, that Powhatan's ancient halls never echoed to sweeter strains than those elicited by the fair young wife.

"Ah!" said Mr. Nelson, one day, "if this bright dream could only last forever! I only fear that death may separate us. If only we were immortal, what more could we wish for?"

"There were joyous minutes, too, at Mount Pleasant. King Brownlee was as happy as he had ever imagined he would be, if Lelia, instead of being no longer a phantom presence, but she had lost nothing of those exalted qualities which had changed so many doubtless hours into hours of rapt happiness. He was not only sympathized in tastes, but above all were one in heart and purpose. The question, "How can we best obviate the evils of the Slave System?" soon came to be an absorbing theme.

"It is low some time," said King Brownlee to his wife, "that I have held my servants in a state of ease, that they are not fitted for freedom, and that it is better for them to remain in their present condition until prepared for such a change. I have left no stone unturned and Christianize them as fast as possible. What would you think of having a plantation Sabbath school, that our children may have to read, and receive religious instruction?"

Mrs. Brownlee replied with evident pleasure, that she thought it would be a commendable project.

"They ought to have the Bible," said king Brownlee; "but pray what use will it be to them if they cannot read?"

"They should be taught to read at once," replied Mrs. Brownlee.

"And another thing," added the king, "there must be no murdering of families. If some members of a family are prepared to be free sooner than others, we must consider it a duty to make them free, where, as soon as possible, they can provide a home for those they have behind. How would you like that idea?"

"Very much indeed," was the reply, "and of course the overseers are to be instructed to carry out our views."

"Certainly not," replied king Brownlee; "have you forgotten that I am the king of Plantation Rights? In this matter, I have been very."

"I have often thought," added Mrs. Brownlee, "that some of our people would be better for it."

"It is probably so," said the husband; "yet a man, and a man who aspires to be a Christian, must be your own master. I do passively consider, you take away the noble qualities that distinguish us from the brute."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Brownlee, as her thoughts reverted to Chaing, "I am so relieved that there will be no whipping on this plantation."

"No," said the king, "I do not allow a kind, pulled, a child disciplined, or a servant whipped, on my estate!"

DRAFTING—CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

PHILADELPHIA, 1st mo. 7th, 1864.

MR. LOUIS GARRISON:—

DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND:—In the 3d volume, number 34, the *Liberator* placed my humble views on the draft tax so fear with the valuable editorial of "W." It is not to be wondered, the very word may well be carefully weighed and meditated. I would not detract from its sublimity. I would speak and slander the truth, I would not shun the censure or condemn any minor positions wherein we may differ. "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." Conscientious scruples are sacred in our faith. I have no word of complaint because of the Draft; my heart is full to overflowing at the gracious goodness of a Divine Providence. I feel it my duty, I may say, explanatory of my position, I desire to ignore self, and see my lips against a murmur.

I would not that should be understood, I may say, as I did not, during my recent trial as a conscript, from the responsibilities of my position. Our Lord has spoken to me now as then. If any be encouraged, I shall rejoice.

We agree, that to take up arms at all, even in the present sanguinary conflict, is a duty, which must be decined by all who would be faithful followers of the precepts and examples of Jesus Christ.

We agree, that to accept a substitute to fight for us is equivalent to committing the sin ourselves. But to the payment of the commutation fee, is a different thing. Our Discipline says, "The drafted person may pay such sum, not exceeding $300, as the Secretary may determine, for a substitute, or commutation." Now then, who, from conscientious scruples, decline furnishing a substitute, and yet willingly give government the money to procure one, may be not merely giving a step further, and availing of the offer of a third party—a government agent—to procure one for substitute? I feel it seems, that, in so doing, I accept by compromising principle, were I to yield, I should commit a great wrong.

The demand made by the government is for a human being to serve in the army, and not merely for money. Human beings must be supplied, and money is only a means to that end. Government, in tendering the money, tenders a human being; for the knowledge of the use to which it will be applied accompanies the fee. Where the money is tendered with explanation, the principle is but feebly shaded; no *living* protest against war is offered, and no word pleaded for the government of "peace on earth, and good-will to men."

The government has no more right to this money, when offered conscientiously, than it has to any of the very basis of our institutions is the right to life, property and conscience. The debtor and creditor relationship, which, as are controlled by the one decided and long-affirmed principle, that our first and highest obligation is to the Ruler of the universe.

Government does not confer property upon any one as a bonus for merely living under it, neither can it in equity deprive any one of property, in these apart of life and individual rights, except for crimes or offences. Our refusal to take any part in war is not a criminal offence, but one of religious faith and conscience, which