

were fought and lost. Then it began to be manifest that the great exemplar of rebel virtue was given to vulgar jealousies, that he kept back competent officers, and advanced to high rank his parasites and mere tools. It was discovered, too, that his capacity for civil affairs did not procure that recognition from foreign powers which had been expected. In short, it began to enter at last into the glowing Southern imagination, that Jefferson Davis was, after all, but a common mortal, and by no means a first-rate specimen of the kind.

The war finds the rebel non-combatants busy as bees. They hammer away at their idols as if it afforded some relief in the general misery to assail the author. Davis stands to-day like the "Prophet of Khorrassan," with his wild remorselessly torn away, exposed to the withering gaze of millions of people whom he has plunged into anarchy and ruin. His coadjutors in revolt are buried, or wander exiled from desolated homes. His own State has felt all the horrors of war, and in the midst of so much calamity he is exposed to the upbraiding of the population whom he betrayed. When the end shall come, it may yet be his lot to share the fate of Acton, as a fitting conclusion to a career that has worked so much disaster to a large section of the country.

**REBEL ORY FOR HELP.**

The following extract from the leading article of the Richmond *Enquirer* of Dec. 16 will be received as the highest evidence of the impending collapse of the rebellion:

"Whenever we are reduced so low that we cannot maintain the contest, then we can secure liberty and nationality by the sacrifice of slavery. But until we are prepared to make this sacrifice, it is no use to look to Europe for help either by recognition or intervention. All the military authorities, those who command the armies, and those entrusted with the administration of the conscript bureau, are prepared to say that the means of securing our armies to maintain a force in the field that shall bear to that of the enemy the proportion that the armies of the two nations bore to each other in 1863; then no necessity exists for either arming the negroes or appealing to Europe for protection.

But if those authorities shall answer differently, then we submit that a crisis is upon us that demands the alternative of subjugation without slaves, or independence by arming the negroes. There is every prospect for four years more of war; and as long as we rest on the defensive, the enemy can carry on the war without the risk of defeat. If they know that we never follow up our repulses, but must always remain on the defensive, they know that though they may not be able to defeat our armies, yet we will never defeat theirs, and the war is merely a question of exhaustion. Shall we prolong the war for the sake of the negroes? Shall we sacrifice our children to preserve our slaves? Shall we exhaust our country, destroy our noble defenders and endanger every institution, rather than test an experiment that may give us the means of securing our armies, of assuming the offensive, and of conquering speedily peace? Neither rhetoric, nor argument, nor authority, can determine whether the negroes will make for us faithful soldiers, experiment must test and decide this question. Gen. Lee asks that this experiment be made. But we hate, detest and despise the enemy far more than we love and admire Slavery; and if our liberties cannot be gained but by the sacrifice of Slavery, we are prepared to make that sacrifice, and to urge that sacrifice upon our countrymen.

We would not return into the Union if every slave could be returned to his master, and every guarantee that human ingenuity could devise were received for the protection of the institution. We prefer liberty with free society, to re-union upon the secret basis of slavery. Such we believe to be the sentiment of the people of Virginia. But we know that great many doubtless this question of arming the negroes; and yet the experiment ought to be tested, and the fact ascertained, whether the negroes will make soldiers.

**THE HORRORS OF ANDERSONVILLE!**

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from Annapolis under date of December 8th, furnishes a long and painfully interesting account of the condition of the Union soldiers that have just been released from the Southern hells. It is enough to chill the blood to read of these atrocities. After describing Annapolis and referring to the commission appointed to release the prisoners, the writer says that the condition of the prisoners had been under-standed in any descriptions yet published. They all testified to having been used like dogs at Andersonville. At Florence they received better treatment at the hands of Colonel Iverson, son of Senator Iverson, of Georgia. The following is the description of the men as they were received:

**SKELETON MEN, VICTIMS OF PALSY, MAGGOTS, AND VERMIN.**

All the men were filthy, ragged, or naked, and swarming with vermin. They came to God's country with scarce enough strength to articulate their joy. Their limbs were palsied and stiffened with a scurvy which marked them everywhere; their bodies were smeared all over with the excrement of their diarrhoea, in which they were compelled from sheer weakness to lie; their hair was matted with filth of the same character; some with their limbs and bodies filthy as they were seen at all points, and some enormous tumours as to suggest the idea of bursting to the pitying eyes that were bent searchingly upon them. Lice of great size swarmed over them—ravens, torturing—living in burrows in the flesh, honey-combing it all over with their dwelling-places. They were almost the bulk and shape of grains of wheat. Their bites keen—their combined attacks excruciating. Others were, in addition to these ills, afflicted with "ground sores." Their bones pierced their tightly drawn flesh, reduced by starvation; and at the hips, shoulders, and other projecting parts of the body, these sores were formed and peopled with hideous, slimy, maggots, whose every motion was untold agony to the unhappy sufferer, who had neither the means, nor the strength, nor perhaps, in the stupor of suffering, the will to remove them. There were but few of these, however; though, as the soldiers said on their oaths, such sights were quite common at "Anderson." But the poor victims died too fast for any large number to accumulate at one time. They might be seen at all points, gasping under their horrible pains, the maggots gnawing, eating, piercing, nearer, nearer every day, to the vitals. In some instances, they formed lines of communication between one sore and another, by eating little conduits for some distance under the skin. Through these ways they travelled in lines, the living arcade over them heaving up and down as they moved. No care was taken of these martyrs, no medicines given, no facilities for even a very moderate attempt at cleanliness, and they died by scores, to be buried like dogs, in great heaps in unmarked graves. But we will continue this reference to life at Andersonville. Our friends of the commission will soon present these facts, and others far more horrible, in a detailed way, and we will confine ourselves simply to what might be seen at the Naval Hospital wharf, on the Severn river. The terrible cases of suffering—those at which humanity would shudder to its inmost soul—had been hidden by the soil. Only those were seen which had not reached the point where death lovingly took the sufferer home. What the character of these cases were we have just shown. Concerning the dead, we have seen, and found graves in Georgia, the reader has seen in the widest conjecture. We assure him that he will find that he has scarcely imagined the truth.

**CHRISTIAN PATIENCE OF THE SUFFERERS.**

In our tour through the hospitals we saw these released men, black with sun-tan and the smoke of the pine fires over which they bent as they cooked their food that mocked their hunger and robbed them of their lives. They were in "God's country" now. The grand old stars and stripes waved over them, and the notes of their own sweet national music were wafted through the air to their grateful ears. Attentive nurses in the United States hovered round their bedsides, anticipating every want, and watching with a more than brotherly tenderness each change of symptom. Words of cheer, assurances of returning health, were coaxing back the red blood to their wan cheeks, and lighting up their hollow eyes with a gleam of hope. But, alas! there were and are cheeks—hundreds of them—that will not glow, and eyes that will not sparkle evermore.

The march and fifteen have up to this morning already died in hospital, and the fate of many more is sealed. No medical skill can save them—no love, no hope lure them back to life again. Rebel despotism has exhausted the life-spring, quenched the life-

lamp. One may gurgie yet a little while, the other glimmer; but both are ebbing, both shall disappear. It was a pleasant sight to see the Commission members crouched around the beds of the wasted skeletons, aptly described by a simple soldier, one who was almost a skeleton himself, as looking "like skeletons that doctors have, you know, strung on wires, only covered over with skin so that you couldn't see how they were made." Some of the Commission were men of venerable age—the chairman, Dr. Delaford, Mr. Wilkins, and Mr. Winston, for instance—all, with sorrowful faces, listened to the tale as it was gaped out from the parched throats and withered lungs of a martyr. "On errands of pity and of mercy bent," each found an echo in their hearts. There lay the sufferers. Most of them had been hale men, with the instinct of life strong in them. The Commission purposely selected such, so as to further the ends of truth and justice, and allow nothing like prejudice to interfere in their examination into the diabolism of treason. It would take many an effort, many a systematized assault, to break down the citadel of life in those frames. They were the granite. Weaker bones were so far advanced that the white enamel shone through the skin, which every moment seemed to be losing its hold on its prisoners, allowing them to escape their thralldom. The thorax marked all its parts. The ribs were clearly visible; for the skin, tanned and smoked though it was, was stretched to almost transparent tenuity, till the interstices between the bones were revealed, and the curious eye almost imagined itself peering through the pleura into the chest to see the terrible condition of the lungs. Gas rattling breath threw out the bones still more prominently, and it seemed as if their filmy covering would fall off like a garment, and leave a skeleton indeed. The abdomen was so shrunken that the valves of the digestive apparatus caused protuberance, and the digestive portions of the food as they passed down the intestines swelled them until their outlines could be marked by any spectator, and the course of the feces easily followed. The limbs partook of the general decay. One inch and three quarters was a common measurement; those who were stout and strong as young warriors.

**TESTIMONY OF THE PRISONERS AS TO THEIR TREATMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE, ETC.**

A friend once remarked that he thought that nature had given to the human skull a peculiar appearance called "grinning," reminding us of our utter worthlessness. The grin was never ending sarcasm. In these faces, clothed as they yet were with the veil that hides the sarcasm, that sepulchral smile was present, the more funereal because of the medium through which it looked. The reply to pleasant words, or the recollection of some kindness that had been done them in their captivity, called up this smile—so sad, so solemn, so miserable, that it was heart-breaking to see it. It was a beautiful tribute to the memory of the dead, from among all the brutalities they have suffered, they would religiously curl some little good deed done them to show that so-and-so was not a "mean man," the usual term they applied to their murderers. "There was Dr. Todd," (and "he was the brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln!") chimed in another, "he was a very nice man." And then they would recount how he gave them an ounce more of this, or half a pint more of that, or a rag, or a button, or some other trifling article, evidently finding pleasure in the recital. Most of the prisoners seemed to have a lingering respect for Colonel Iverson, of Florence. Although his treatment was none of the best, perhaps, yet because it happened to be better than that of superlatively horrible "Anderson," they rated him as a "gentleman" and a "very nice man." So it was with the "Sisters of Charity" who were "very good, and dressed in a queer dress," and the people of Charleston. The kind acts of the rebel regular soldiers were also applauded, and the entire credit of the murders of prisoners, when they did not touch the forbidden dead-line, was placed upon "them conscripts who hated all Yankees," who were, in the words of an emancipated French soldier of a New Hampshire Artillery Regiment, "*comme les chausseurs, heuvenx detrier un coup.*" Poor wretched beings! How beautiful it looked to the eye of the soul to see its sisters tenanted in those frail houses, ready at almost any time to crumble, blessing those who had done them good, and uttering not a single word against those who had injured them. Christianity was in them, pure and undefiled; and we felt ashamed of ourselves even that there should be men in this happy North, who feign to tremble for social order when our brave soldiers come home victorious from the wars. Could such an army, producing such men, ever endanger the liberty or social well-being of a country they had suffered to save? To that question there came with us, as we gazed on the meek, worn faces, the parched lips, and the utter heart-breaking helplessness, an indignant and decisive—No! Some questions, however, whether they would like to punish their brute captors, would answer that their jailors ought to be punished, and that if God should ever spare them to stand on the battlefield again, they would try to redress their wrongs. Against what? would be asked. The rebel soldiers? Oh, no! but against Captain Wirtz and Lieutenant Barrett, and other petty tyrants, and against the conscripts. They asked, in their whole-heartedness, that none but the guilty should suffer. In this spirit they live; in this spirit many will die, and many will die.

**A GLIMPSE OF ANDERSONVILLE.**

The testimony of the rebel surgeons concerning the treatment of our prisoners at Andersonville excels in a picture of savagery surpassing even the imaginations of those who have heretofore sought to describe the horrors of that prison. We present a number of official reports from the medical officers in charge of the prison, complaining of the want of food, clothing, bedding, water, air, room, and everything necessary to support life, either in sickness or health. Men in the last stages of emaciation from chronic diarrhoea received no nourishment whatever, and starved to death on the coarse rations which the stomach of a strong man would reject. Others suffering from gangrene and ulcers were compelled to feast on the excrement of the prisoners, who were cleansed of their loathsome sores. Weet after week the diseased and the dying were kept without shelter, and many of them without clothing, on the bare ground, exposed to a torrid sun by day and to heavy rains at all times, in total disregard of the earnest and almost despairing appeals of kind-hearted physicians for their relief. One surgeon complains that the beef served out for rations to sick men had been blown by flies, and was crawling with maggots. Another says that he never could understand the sick man could not get up to his medical quarters to report their condition. Another states that dead men had been kept four days unburied.

That some allowance must be made for lack of medicines in the South, everybody will admit; but when men die for want of food and straw to lie on, when they are poisoned with noxious air and putrid water, they are simply murdered. They are put to death by slow torture. They are killed by inches. The priests of the South will never consent to be considered as so horrible. A chapter has been added to the book of cruelty which makes barbarians blush. The testimony of the Andersonville surgeons covers a period of nearly a month, and yet it appears that no attention was paid to their appeals. They asked for things which were in easy reach; if there had been any disposition on the part of the rebel authorities to furnish them, they could easily have done so. The evidence is irresistible that they designed and intended the death of their eleven thousand victims, and they adopted the most shocking forms of execution that their ingenuity could conceive.

If the Government of the United States should take eleven thousand prisoners now in its hands, and crowd them together in an unwholesome marsh, and gradually starve and suffocate them to death, the ends of justice would not be exceeded. Such a policy would raise a cry of horror from the whole civilized world. Yet that is exactly the case presented to us. The nations of the earth may well wonder what system of education has brought human beings up to the capacity of such horrid work. They may well inquire what manner of men are those who are waging war on the western continent in the

nineteenth century? Can they be judged before the bar of humanity as anything better than fiends? Can acts like theirs be tolerated anywhere on the face of the earth? Do we not owe it to ourselves, our posterity, and all Christian people who now inhabit our habit or may hereafter dwell on the face of the earth, to eradicate the seeds of such national and social disorder? We heartily agree with the well considered observations of our contemporary of the *Detroit Tribune*, that "no such barbarous rult as now bears sway at the South must be permitted on this continent; nor should the possibility of its future exercise be hazarded by any future to eradicate everything that might give it future existence. And the atrocities of that Andersonville prison-camp should be laid bare in authentic form to the world, that the Christian civilization and honored humanity of the age may blast with their scorn the horrid perpetrators of such acts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

**The Liberator.**  
No Union with Slaveholders!  
BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1864.  
OUR NEXT VOLUME.

It has been erroneously stated in certain quarters, that the *Liberator* and *Anti-Slavery Standard* are to be united on the ensuing 1st of January. Such a union has, indeed, been under friendly consideration; but no such conclusion has been reached. If possible, it is desirable and fitting that both journals should continue until the *JUBILEE BELL* is rung in the land, proclaiming freedom to all the inhabitants thereof. They were both established to effect the utter overthrow of slavery; they have had essentially the same experience, and gone through the same trials and vicissitudes; and now that the great victory is manifestly nearly accomplished, they should have the satisfaction to record the consummation of their labors, before retiring from the field. But, so enormously enhanced is the price of paper, and also of printing, that we have left to us no other alternative than to increase the subscription terms of the *Liberator*, or discontinue it at the close of the present volume. Our subscribers, (faithful and kind in every emergency, though far from being numerous,) we are confident, will readily meet the small advance to be made in the price, rather than to have our flag go down at this time; especially as that advance will not make up the difference between the old state of things and the new. We shall still have to struggle against wind and tide, in order to keep our barque afloat. Those of our friends with whom we have consulted unanimously advise us to put the terms of the paper at \$4.00 per annum; but we are very reluctant to do this; and have concluded, therefore, to make the trial at \$3.50, instead of \$3.00 as hitherto. We shall be sorry to oblige any to withdraw their patronage on this account; but we implore none to continue their subscriptions, and make no claims upon any for their considerate regard. Whatever is done we wish to have done for the cause's sake, and not on personal grounds.

**THE CAUSE OF THE FREEDMEN.**

The abolition of slavery in this country is the release of a population as large as that of all New England from a tyranny which crushed all the rights and claims of human nature at a blow; which left to its victims nothing but the capacity to suffer, and the sole duty to be as submissive to their pretended owners as though they were created to be "yoked with the brute and fettered to the soil." For them there was no home, no parental or filial relationship, no freedom of locomotion, no right to think or speak, no scope for conscience or the fear of God, no development of those faculties and powers which take hold of immortal life, no moral culture, no educational improvement, no protection against even the most atrocious wrongs, no incentive to industry but the lash, no power of accumulation, no thrift, no prompting to invention or enterprise, no art, no science, no philosophy, no literature, no aspiration to be good or great. Their emancipation, therefore, meets them just where slavery leaves them—in need of everything that pertains to their physical, intellectual, and moral condition. Here, then, is opened an immense field for philanthropic and missionary effort; and it is gratifying to perceive a disposition widely felt to cultivate it, both by individuals and associations. No doubt the charities of the benevolent, in this direction, will be sometimes abused, through the selfishness or incompetency of some who enter this field; hence, too much caution cannot be exercised by those who are asked to contribute for so laudable an object. As a friend remarks, "The term *freedmen* is now a word to conjure with," and therefore is a special liability to be imposed upon by self-seeking adventurers or proselyting sectarists. As far as our knowledge extends, we regard the various Freedmen's Associations now in operation as trustworthy mediums, and deserving of general encouragement in proportion to the catholic spirit in which they are organized, without reference to theological differences of opinion. We trust they will be vigilant and discriminating in the employment of teachers and agents, and endeavor to penetrate into the motives of those who apply for such situations; for if the animating spirit be simply to find employment or to get pecuniary gain, the moral and educational experiment will be neither successful nor creditable.

In this connection it is due to the American (Boston) Tract Society to say, that it is largely concentrating its means and efforts for the elevation of the liberated bondmen, and adapting its publications to their understanding and needs with excellent judgment, and on a liberal scale. In addition to its admirable rudimentary sheet for their instruction,—of which an immense edition is issued monthly, and distributed wherever a favorable opening presents,—it has just published "*THE FREEDMEN'S PRIMER, OR FIRST READER*," to be followed soon by one for more advanced scholars;—and also the first volume of "*THE FREEDMEN'S LIBRARY*," entitled "*JOHN FREEMAN AND HIS FAMILY*," by Mrs. H. E. Brown—a very interesting story that will convey pleasure and instruction to many a slave reader, who, having had his yoke broken, is eagerly acquiring knowledge, and rapidly advancing in mental improvement. All these publications are printed in a handsome style, on large or very legible type, and accompanied by well-executed pictorial illustrations, calculated to arrest attention as well as to please and cultivate the taste.

**Hon. GEORGE THOMPSON**, of England, will deliver a Lecture in Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4th, at half-past 7 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. Reserved seats, 50 cents. Can be obtained at the Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Tremont Temple, and at the door on the evening of the lecture.

**SHERMAN AND THE NEGROES.** The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says: "The disposition to blame Gen. Sherman for not organizing an army of blacks on his great march through the heart of slavery is unjust. Before he started on his expedition, he earnestly demanded of the War Department that Col. S. Bowman, who raked the residue of Maryland slavery into the U. S. Army, be sent to him to organize the negroes who should flock to his columns into regiments and brigades. This request, most unfortunately for the nation, was either neglected or refused. Sherman had to march without the man, the most experienced in the United States in this business, and whom only he wanted."

**AN EXTRA NUMBER.** This year, it so happens, our subscribers will receive fifty-three instead of fifty-two numbers which ordinarily complete a volume.

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

**LOOKING TOWARDS SUNSET.** From Sources Old and New, Original and Selected. By L. Maria Child. 12 mo. pp. 455. Boston. Ticknor & Fields.

We have already noticed this admirable book in terms of the warmest commendation, and would again call the attention to it of those who are carefully selecting their gift-books—especially for such as have past the meridian of life—for New Year's Day. The first edition has had a rapid sale, and it has been difficult to procure copies. The following handsome notice of it we copy with great pleasure from the *New York Tribune*:

The charm of this beautiful volume consists principally in the brief stories and sketches by the distinguished editors, who has contributed to it some of the most attractive productions of her versatile and enticing pen. It contains a portion of the fruits of mature experience, mellowed by the kindly touch of time, but with no marks of wintry frost, and fresh and juicy as in the prime of early autumn. The themes treated by Mrs. Child relate mostly to the conduct of life, to the sweetness and fragrance of character in different relations, and to the feelings with which persons in the decline of years should contemplate the briefness of sunset. Without a trace of the austere didactic quality of the professed moralist, she inculcates lessons of serene wisdom, teaches the reader how to meet the inevitable ills of this mortal state with a brave spirit and smiling face, and points out the cheerful aspect of the path that slopes down towards the brink of the dark river. Mrs. Child has always evinced a rare command of graceful and simple narrative, but she has written nothing which surpasses the ease and vivacity of her contributions to this volume. The paper entitled "Unmarried Women" betrays a delicate consistency of feeling, and abounds in happy and suggestive suggestions expressed in language of impressive force. The sketches and vignettes contained in the original letter which graces the character, as well as the reminiscences so transparently presented by Mrs. Child herself, give a peculiar interest to this essay, without rudely infringing on the reserve of private life. "Moral Hints," "Letters from an Old Woman," and "Old Bachelors," are each delightful papers of their kind, and are alone sufficient to stamp the writer as an agreeable and persuasive ethical teacher with few rivals in modern literature. Besides the original contributions of the editors, the volume comprises a variety of essays, sketches, and poems, many of them from rare sources, and scarcely one without an attractive interest of its own. Looking either at the admirable character of its contents, or at the beauty of its mechanical execution, we must give this book a high place among the Christmas novelties.

**"WATCH AND WAIT,"** is the title of another volume of the Woodville Stories, by that most popular of American writers for boys, Oliver Optic, and which has been issued in neat and attractive form by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. It is the story of a fugitive slave, (the scene being laid at the South,) who, after a great variety of stirring adventures, succeeds in reaching a safe harbor in the North. The subject of the story, and the attractive style of the narrative, must make this one of the most popular books of the season.

Lee & Shepard have also published in season for a Christmas or New Year's gift, in a neat volume of 327 pages, "*THE SAILOR BOY*," or Jack Somers in the Navy—A Story of the Great Rebellion, by Oliver Optic, author of a large number of popular books. It contains thirty-one chapters, all alive with incidents and adventures, such as the youthful mind eagerly pursues; and is "the record of a young man whose soul burned with a patriotic desire to serve his country in the hour of her greatest need."

**COUSIN PRUDY**, by Sophia May. Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1865. This is a pleasing, sprightly little story-book for two young girls anywhere, who choose each other for dear and only friends"—giving the results of the Ruby Seal society, organized by seven young misses to keep secrets—and an account of the friendship of Grace Clifford and Katharine Hallock. It will make an acceptable new year's gift to little girls.

**THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1865.** George Coolidge, 3 Milk street, Boston, has published "*The Lady's Almanac for 1865*," in miniature form, which is very neatly executed, typographically and otherwise. Besides the usual calendar pages, it contains a ruled blank page for each month for memoranda—a choice collection of poetical and prose articles, amusing, instructive, and of a pure moral tone—and a number of receipts for the kitchen, prepared according to the necessities of the times; the whole making a tiny volume of 128 pages, yet furnishing much reading in a condensed form. It cannot fail to please.

**MR. COOLIDGE** has also just published, in its usual handsome typographical dress, *THE BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1865*—an annual which has long been a credit to the city, and found a sale far beyond the limits of the Commonwealth. It contains a well-executed map of Boston; a chronicle of the events of the past year; a record of the weather for 1864; calendars and memoranda pages; a copious and valuable national register; ditto State, County and City registers; ditto transportation register; business streets lists; and an extended business directory. Every family and place of business should be supplied with it. Number of pages, 278. Price 50 cents; and sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of that sum.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for January appears in new type, and with a circulation of more than 43,000 copies, which is rapidly increasing. The table of contents presents a brilliant array of names, viz—

Another Scene from the *Dolliver Romance*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; *The Wind Over the Chimney*, by H. W. Longfellow; *Between Europe and Asia*, by Bayard Taylor; *My Autumn Walk*, by Wm. C. Bryant; *Five-Sisters Court*, at Christmas-Tide; *Ice and Esquimaux*, II, by G. A. Wasson; *Kalundborg Church*, by J. G. Whittier; *George Cruikshank in Mexico*; *Leaves from an Officer's Journal*, III, by T. W. Higginson; *The American Metropolis*, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; *Needle and Garden*, I.; *Memoirs of Authors—Moore*, by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall; *On Board the Seventy-Six*, by James Russell Lowell; *The Chimney-Corner*, I., by Harriet Beecher Stowe; *God Save the Flag*, by O. W. Holmes; *Anno Domini*, by Gail Hamilton; *Reviews and Literary Notices.*

**WARD'S "FREEDMAN."** At Sowler's Gallery, 14 Summer Street, is to be seen a fine collection of paintings of the French, Belgian and American schools. Many of these are admirable, and worthy of attentive study. But I propose now to speak only of a bronze statuette which stands in the centre of the room, called "*The Freedman*," by J. Q. A. Ward, dated 1863. This represents an athletic and finely proportioned African-American whose chain has just been broken. He is seated on the stump of a tree, the scantily clothed figure showing a noble, manly form. The body inclines forward, one elbow resting on the knee, and one hand grasping the shackle from which it has just freed itself; and the face, upturned, seems gazing anxiously into the uncertain future. The hands now, for the first time, belong to their natural owner. But the shackle still remaining upon one wrist, the contracted brow, and the countenance clouded with solicitude, give a forcible and affecting expression of the incompleteness of the liberation at the point of time indicated.

This work is noble and beautiful, and fitly represents a point of the highest importance in the history of our country. It is well worthy of repetition in bronze and marble, as an enduring memento of the solemn period through which we have passed; and those who cannot afford such luxuries should find it accessible to them in a plaster cast. Especially should those who by the engraving of Carpenter's fine picture of the Debate in the Cabinet on President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and see there the anxious faces of the President and his advisers, questioning whether they may safely give so much, possess this statuette also, and read in it the natural feeling of the negro who receives only so much as that Proclamation gave him. Every old advocate of freedom, and every new convert to it, should see this beautiful statue, which is open to the public at 14, Summer Street.—C. K. W.

The Boston Commonwealth again nominates Rev. Mr. Grimes—a colored preacher in Boston—for chaplain of the Senate. It is not possible to find a Senate of white men who will elect Mr. Grimes to that office. It is a mingling of colors not to be tolerated. The Springfield *Republican*, in noticing the nomination, says—"Mr. Grimes is a very good man, and useful to his congregation, but nobody would think of making a white clergyman of his calibre a legislative chaplain. He is proposed because he is colored and poor, neither of which facts furnishes a reason for giving him a chaplaincy. If he and his parish are poor, there are rich anti-slavery Christians enough in Boston to bestow upon them all needed charity; and color is no motive in the case, unless we mean to take the advance position that the black man is 'as good as the white, and a great deal better.' There is such a thing as making a sound principle ridiculous, though some people in Boston do not seem to know it."

The Editor of the *Herald* has long evinced a degree of colorphobia as vulgar as it is criminal and preposterous. The wonder is that he is willing to remain in a Commonwealth which recognizes all as equal before the laws, without regard to race or complexion. He rabidly declares that "it is not possible to find a Senate of white men who will elect Mr. Grimes to the office of chaplain;" and in the spirit of slavesholding arrogance asserts—"It is a mingling of colors not to be tolerated." Mingling of colors, forsooth! Why, Mr. Grimes is at least as white as the editor of the *Herald*, and we think decidedly better looking! Besides, what legislative body is not invariably "a mingling of colors," from the fairest to the darkest featured? The soundest objection to the appointment of Mr. Grimes would be that he is not a black man, and therefore offers no radical test. As to the Springfield *Republican*, it is a paper notorious for its contempt of the colored race; and to quote it as authority in such a case is simply one indecorous sheet attempting to bolster itself up by another. The *Republican* is compelled to admit that "Mr. Grimes is a very good man," which ought to be the highest qualification required in a chaplain; and secondly, that he is "useful to his congregation," which certainly implies no unfitness to offer daily prayer in the Senate. But it sneers at his want of "caliber"—a sneer as pitiful as it is groundless. It further says that "color is no motive in the case, unless we mean to take the advance position that the black man is as good as the white man, and a great deal better." How any better? The election of Mr. Grimes would end complexional considerations in the choice of chaplain, and henceforward color would be "no motive in the case," as it has invariably been hitherto. To proscribe or favor white or black is equally irrational, and at war with the genius of free institutions. Mr. Grimes is a citizen of Massachusetts, a voter under its constitution, and eligible to any office in the gift of the people, or of their representatives. He is a courteous and refined gentleman, and a much respected clergyman, and in all respects qualified to be the Senate chaplain; and we trust that body will be disposed to make itself worthy of historical remembrance by unanimously electing him—if it elect any one—to fill that office. Let Massachusetts still lead the van in the conflict with the spirit of despotism, and for the overthrow of a prejudice which is equally unchristian and unnatural.

**ROBERT F. SMALL.** Our plea in behalf of this unfortunate young man, whose affecting case we have briefly narrated in the *Liberator*—namely, that fleeing from slavery after the rebellion broke out, he acted as a servant in the army of the Potomac for more than a year, and was at the battles of Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, Fair Oaks, and other places; that, through illness and exposure to the wintry weather, he froze both of his feet, so that amputation became necessary; that, not having been regularly enlisted at that time, he cannot look to the Government for any pay or pension, and is therefore left in a very deplorable situation; and that we were anxious to procure for him a pair of artificial legs, by which he would be able again to walk, and to be usefully employed—has been very kindly responded to by those whose charities we have already recorded, amounting in the aggregate to \$67.75—a sum, however, quite inadequate to accomplish the object sought. It now gives us unspeakable pleasure to announce, that, on the case being laid before the Sanitary Commission in this city, they promptly expressed a willingness to assume the entire expense of the artificial legs for any money—so it will not be necessary to send us any more money for this purpose. We now leave it for those who have already contributed to instruct us what to do in the premises. As Small is, and must be for some time to come, helpless, without a home or employment, and as he is almost entirely destitute of clothing, we shall take it for granted—unless we hear to the contrary—that they will be glad to have the sum sent by them judiciously expended to cover his nakedness, and pay for his board. In due time we hope to find a situation for him, whereby he can earn his own livelihood, as he strongly desires to do. It is remarkable what patience and resignation he exhibits in view of his sad mutilation—never regretting that he left the house of bondage to obtain his God-given right to freedom, or that he lost his limbs in the service of a Government which has virtually secured the total abolition of slavery wherever it holds jurisdiction.

**OUR FREE LIST.** For several years, through the co-operation of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar, and for the last two years by the aid of the Hovey Committee, we have been enabled to furnish, weekly, a hundred copies of the *Liberator* to various societies, institutions, and worthy individuals not well able to subscribe for the paper, yet gratefully appreciating the gift of it, and reading it with pleasure and profit. We are now obliged to state that, as a majority of the Hovey Committee decline any longer to make an appropriation for this object—on the alleged ground, we understand, that the *Liberator*, for the countenance it has given to President Lincoln and his administration, "has no more claim to be circulated by the Committee than any other Republican paper" (!)—we should be obliged to the necessity of wholly discontinuing our FREE LIST for the next volume, were it not that our esteemed friend and steadfast conditor, (E. D. DRAPER, of Hopedale,) hearing of this fact, generously offers to bear a large portion of the pecuniary expense of this list. Nevertheless, as it stands, unless others are disposed to help sustain it complete as hitherto,—we must curtail it to a considerable extent. Those, therefore, who have had the privilege of the Free List, but now find themselves cut off from receiving the paper as usual, will understand the reason why. We should be glad to supply them if we could bear the burden, but our limited circulation forbids.

**THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.** Carpenter's great painting, which so faithfully illustrates the grandest moral event in our national history, attracts crowds of visitors to the exhibition room at Williams & Everett's. Eight full length life-size portraits are delineated upon the canvass, which measures 14.2 feet by 9 feet; and the old Cabinet Council Chamber of the White House is given with almost photographic accuracy. The picture is purely historical, and as such must hold a place in public estimation not exceeded by Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," which has been declared by competent critics to be the only veritable historical painting in the rotunda of the national Capitol.

A fine engraving from this noble work is now being executed by Ritchie, of New York, and will be published in about a year by Derby and Miller of that city. Subscribers are received at the exhibition room, where a large list of subscribers has already been obtained, which includes the names of many of our most noted citizens.

**DEATH OF WILLIAM CURTIS NOTES.** This distinguished lawyer died at his residence in New York on Sunday morning last, of apoplexy. He met with the New England Society last Thursday evening, and as President through the ensuing year delivered an address. The next day he suffered an attack of paralysis, which induced his death.

**LETTER FROM J. MILLER McKIM.**  
421 WALNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1864.  
MY DEAR GARRISON—Enclosed, find four dollars, to pay next year's subscription to the *Liberator*. I am sorry that while you were about it, you did not make this the regular price. To your subscribers, however poor—myself, for instance—there is no practical difference, in a case like this, between \$3.50 and \$4.00; while to you the aggregate difference would be all-important. Any one who can afford to pay \$3.50 can afford to pay \$4.—and no one who would take the paper at the former price would grudge the latter. Then, \$4.00 is even change, easily reduced to fractions, and convenient for remittance; which is something in these days of hurry-scurry, when everything is a gain that saves time and trouble. Yet I fully appreciate your reluctance to increase the pecuniary burdens of your subscribers. It is like you to be willing to bear other people's burdens, even though it increases your own.

But these times of inflated prices cannot last much longer. They must collapse with the rebellion. Then you can come down to your old terms; or, which would be "far better," you can go up in a glorious euthanasia.

The time is near when there shall be no need of a *Liberator*; we shall want in its place an *Elevator*. You shall retire on a pension! And your place on the tripod shall be occupied by another. Your children in the faith will take up the work where you shall have left it off, and push it on to completion.

Our work, you know, is two-fold; first to break down slavery, and next to lift up the black man. We have done in effect the one; we must now set to work with renewed vigor upon the other. Slavery is more than moribund; it is in the very "articulo," and should be treated as it treats its victims—"pro mortuo." The head of the serpent is smashed; it is puerile to linger over the monster with fear because it still moves its tail. Practical men take some things for granted; they don't always demand ocular demonstration.

Abolitionists are practical men. Assuming the death of slavery as a foregone conclusion, they advance to the next duty—reconstruction; reconstruction, not on Capitol Hill, but in Capitol Hall;—not about Willard's and the White House, but out Tenth Street, and over on "the Island"; in the cabins and shanties that dot the commons, and form a fringe around the city.

The school-house; the school-house; THE SCHOOL-HOUSE! this is the lever on which Abolitionists must now throw their main weight. As the shackles fall from the black man's limbs, our next duty is to liberate his mind. This is the way to reconstruct; thus we lay the corner-stone of the new edifice. This simple instrumentally is the Philosopher's stone for all our troubles. It furnishes a solution of the whole problem—social and political. *It has been tried and proved.* It promotes order and directs industry; it enlightens and elevates. It is the "day of small things," which is not to be despised. It is the "little heaven" that levens the whole lump. It is the simple but vital force that is to inform and re-create the nation.

Our prime and supreme duty at this moment is to educate the black man. We owe it to him; and we owe it not less to ourselves. For these educated slaves are to be enfranchised citizens. The one is a logical and inevitable consequence of the other. The forces—of which the anti-slavery movement was one—that produced the former, are at work to bring about the latter. This work of emancipation will go on till it shall be complete. It will not be complete till the black man and the white man stand equal before the law. In political as well as in natural rights, there must be no respect of color.

To your school-houses, then, O Abolitionists! Not forsaking the rostrum; not abating the tone of your editorial demands; not omitting any opportunity of making and shaping public opinion; but demonstrating as well as asserting the black man's right to all the franchises of humanity. B. Gratz Brown—to whom all honor!—will doubtless refer in the Senate his plea of *The Cosmos* in favor of "opening up the franchise to all save the criminal"; but, however eloquent, it will not equal in cogency the argument that comes from the twenty Freedmen's schools around the base of the Capitol.

Let Abolitionists everywhere take hold of and promote this school enterprise. They can thus assert and demonstrate at the same time. They can be both practical and theoretical. They can lift up the black man with one hand, and fend off the white man with the other. They can be both Abolitionists and Elevators. They can be in the State, and yet—in their choice—not of it. They can shape politics, and be above their atmosphere. The Freedman's cause is the Slave-man's cause. It is the *Freedman*, just now, that is knocking at our door. "Do the duty," saith Wisdom, "that lieth nearest to you."

Yours, ever truly,  
J. M. McKim.

**"MARYLAND, MARYLAND, BEAUTIFUL MARYLAND."** In another column will be found a document which will be read with the liveliest pleasure. It is an address from an association lately formed in Baltimore for the moral and educational improvement of the colored people; an association which, as appears, includes some of the best, most influential men in that city.

The address is admirable in itself, and admirably well-timed. It shows a thorough

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