

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 fault of the war finds the rebel *romanticists* busy as bees. They hammer away at their idol as if it afforded some relief in the general misery to assail the author. Davis stands to-day like the "Prophet of Khorsan," with his wild remoteness 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 whole world, he has betrayed his country. 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 DRY 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 population of the country into which 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 recruiting our armies, of assuming the offensive, and of conquering speedy 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 sequestered basis of slavery. Such we believe to be the sentiment of the people of Virginia. But we know that great many doubts beset this question of arming the negroes; and yet the experiment ought to be tested, and the fact ascertained, whether the negroes will make soldiers. W."

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-rated 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, and swollen to such an enormous tension 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 people 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 Andersonville. 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 brats, 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 bravely 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 Union hospitals 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. One hundred 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 grieve yet a little while, the other glimmer; but both are ebbing, both shall disappear. It was a pleasant sight to see the Commission, crowded 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 sorrowing faces, listened to the tale as it was gasped out from the parched throat 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 constitutions might, like skeletons, crumble under but little strain, but it would require constant dropping to wear the rock. There lay the strong man, punier in frame than the puniest strapping now. His tough thighs and sinews had all melted away with the flesh. The cheeks were gaunt in the strictest, hollow in the strongest sense. The eye was deep sunken in the head; the lids had lost their fullness, and refused to perform their office, leaving the eye to glare and stare at you, dimmed all over with mites, dull, lifeless, despairing. Its orbits and temporal 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 constitution of the lungs. The struggling breath threw out the bones still more prominently, until 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. Each and three quarters was a common measure of 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 face a peculiar appearance, called "grinning," to remind 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 when it was touched, it was a beautiful tribute to the warriors of prisoners, when among all the brutalities they have suffered, they would religiously curl some little good deed done to 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, which they would hold up as a relic. 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 "onus" 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 emaciated French soldier of a New Hampshire Artillery Regiment, "*comme les chausseurs, heureux de leur un coup*." Poor wretched beings! How beautiful it looked to the eye of the soldier to see his 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 these meek, worn faces, the parched lips, and the utter want of heart-breaking helplessness, an indignant and decisive—No! Some questioner, however, 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 whom? 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 they have died, and many will die.

A GLIMPSE OF ANDERSONVILLE.

The testimony of the rebel surgeons concerning the treatment of our prisoners at Andersonville exhibits a picture of savagery surpassing even the imaginations of those who have heretofore sought to describe the horrors of that infamous place. We had 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 refuse of the hospital, without even being cleansed their loathsome sores. Week 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 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 the prison was so crowded that the sick men could not get up to the 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, who have never been concerned in such horrors, 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 ask, in 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 globe, 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 recurrence be hazarded by any omission 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 aroused 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 importune 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 *freedman* 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 FREEDMAN'S PRIMER, OR FIRST READER," to be followed soon by one for more advanced scholars;—and also the first volume of "THE FREEDMAN'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 attract 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 constitute 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 writers, who have contributed to it, and 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 exuberant 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 which persons in the decline of years should contemplate the sunset of their life. Without a trace of the austere didactic spirit of a Puritan 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 fascinating 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 consideration of feeling, and abounds in thoughtful, humane suggestions expressed in language of impressive force. The personal details contained in the original letter which graces the article, 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 privacy life. "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 but 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 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 387 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 peruses; 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 old 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 the 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 D. 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 Sowle'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 buy 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.

LETTER FROM J. MILLER McKIM.

424 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 \$50 and \$400; while to you the aggregate difference would be all-important. Any one who can afford to pay \$50 can afford to pay \$4—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 "arteries," 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 House;—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 leavens 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 repeat 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—if they choose—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 appreciation of what is due—as a matter of justice—to the colored people, and as a matter of expediency to the best interests of the State. It shows that the men who have given to the slaves of Maryland their freedom know that that act will be incomplete, if not followed up by proper effort to enlighten and elevate them.

The address, we infer from its style and substance, is from the pen of the Hon. H. L. Bond, Judge of the Criminal Court of the city of Baltimore, and one of the truest friends of freedom in the country. To Judge Bond and Henry Winter Davis—aided, as they were, by Archibald Sterling, Joseph M. Cushing, and a few others—are the country and the cause indebted for the first example in history of immediate, unconditional, uncompensated emancipation. All honor to these brave men for their noble efforts! We rejoice with them in the signal success that has thus far attended them.

Mr. Emerson's lecture on "Books," last Sunday evening, was brilliant and delightful, as his lectures always are. But in one passage, while treating of the literature of freedom, he seemed to awake from his usual philosophic quietude, and spoke with an impressive energy which deeply moved his audience. It recalled to some the remembrance of his tone and manner in the delivery of his admirable poem, called forth by Mr. Lincoln's promise of a Proclamation of Emancipation, and recited in the Music Hall in the afternoon of January 1st, 1863, at the very time when the news of the publication of that document was passing the telegraphic wires. The feeling naturally aroused by that occasion, and stimulated by Mr. Emerson's poem, found appropriate expression in nine cheers given by the immense audience for Abraham Lincoln, followed by three cheers for William Lloyd Garrison. These two are but fair specimens of a devotion to the cause of freedom which Mr. Emerson has expressed from time to time for more than twenty years.—C. K. W.

Our friend, M. B. Linton, under date of "Trenton, N. J., 20th inst." says—

"George Thompson, the veteran and able advocate, gave a very instructive and practical lecture last evening in this place, upon the 'American Crisis.' This is the first of a series to be given during the present week, most of which come off in Bucks and Montgomery counties, Pa. Quite an interest is evinced to see and hear one whom, years ago, the people at the North in many places so dishonorably maltreated."

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