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The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the paper, viz:—WESLEY PHILLIPS, EDWARD QUINCY, EDWARD JACKSON, and WILLIAM L. GARRISON, Jr.

W. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

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BOSTON, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1863.

WHOLE NO. 1676.

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

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, Printers.

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Selections.

FROM GENERAL BANKS'S DEPARTMENT.

Condition of the Department.—The Planter's Convention.—A Traitor's Declaration.—General Banks's Speech.—General Banks's Opposition to Negro Elements.—The Oppression of the Negroes.—A Rebel Mob.—Discontent of the Soldiers.—Probabilities of a Rebel Attack.

BATON ROUGE, (La.) Feb. 26, 1863. I have just read the Tribune of February 14th. In it I find this paragraph from Washington:—

"So far from there being any disaffection in the command of General Banks, as reported by the rebel authorities, information received here shows a directly contrary state of affairs."

I am not able to affirm or deny this precise statement for these regions, inaccessibly by any intelligence except such as comes by steam over the waves, the rebel reports of dissatisfaction are unknown to us. But a state of feeling and affairs exists in this department which ought to be known to a government and a people who solace themselves with the belief that everything is satisfactory to officers and soldiers, and the loyal population.

I came into these regions, inculcating that belief. I walked the streets of New Orleans for some hours with it. But further investigation and inquiry made me doubt. I came up to this city, passing among the soldiers and citizens that live upon the river, and giving an understanding but no tongue to what I heard and saw. I have been favored with abundant opportunities of finding what the officer in his quarters, the soldier in his camp, and the citizen in the street of the present state of affairs in this department. If you will spare me a column, I will briefly set down the impressions I have thus received.

In the first place, a planter's convention I beheld at the St. Charles, met to criticize and reform the orders of the commanding general. Under whatever harmless pretext that convention came together, it was charitable to believe that it met for no worse purpose than that, yet, if it were stigmatized by a meeting of cowardly secessionists, who, to a large extent, and perhaps quite generally, have perjured themselves by an oath of allegiance, it is apprehended the exact truth would be stated. I infer as much from what actually passed at the meeting.

The most malignant fire-eater spoke under the name of a planter, and he was not going to war merely for the sake of whipping them into subjection. Neither he nor the gentlemen of this city who had proposed the plan to stop the war, had the power to force conciliation and compromise now. They were much like the person who says, "I will give up an exceedingly high mountain. (Laughter.)" and has a copper head on it. (Great laughter.) But it was the head of liberty. (Thunderous applause.) Referring to the insurrection in Poland, he said it was against a conscription act not one-tenth as odious as ours. He denied that we owe any obedience to our conscription act, saying that the President has no right to act beyond the limits of law constitutionally enacted. We have a right to law on this question first before the people, as well as any other question. The Democratic party had fought the war of 1812, and the Mexican war, without suppressing opposition sentiments, and without imprisoning peaceful citizens in bastilles. (Applause.) In conclusion, the speaker counseled by some men not to interfere with the constitutional rights of the citizens or States of the North.—New York Tribune, 20th inst.

SEVERAL VENUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

A letter received in this city relates a striking instance of the malignancy of the poison of secessionism still lingering in New Orleans, especially among the women. It is the testimony of an eye and ear witness. The letter is dated at New Orleans, Feb. 21, and the following is an extract:—

"Notice was given that all paroled prisoners should report to the Provost Marshal, in order that they might take passage yesterday, on the 'Empire' Parish in the morning, the sympathizers began to collect on the levees in the vicinity of the boat; later in the forenoon the prisoners began to arrive, singly, in pairs, and in squads, each dressed in a new suit entirely, loaded with bundles, and often followed by a servant equally well burdened. Some had as many as three coats on their backs, and from the difficulty of locomotion, one might judge them to be encumbered with an immense number of packages. Every one was followed by a crowd of scowling relatives and friends. At one o'clock a dense mass of human beings were packed on the levee, there being probably not less than 20,000 persons present. Great numbers, more especially females, exhibited openly, seething faces, either on their persons, or wearing them in defiance. Soon cheers for 'Jeff.' Stenciling all Jackson, etc., were heard. Then the females began to advise their friends to fight to the death, and exterminate all Yankees wherever opportunity offered. If a Union soldier appeared, he was received with groans and hisses. At length orders were given to clear the levee, and the company of soldiers were detailed to perform the duty. The attempt was vain, and with the force employed, and a large reinforcement was furnished, including a battery of light artillery. They were assailed with every opprobrious epithet, and still the crowd, composed largely of women, refused to yield. Finally a line was formed, and with bayonets fixed to their rifles, they advanced to the vicinity of the levee. The galleries of all the stores in the vicinity had the women in front of them. They were all dressed in the most gorgeous and costly attire. Had the women in their system been concentrated in their native, our boys would have been greater sufferers by the doings of these vile wretches. One woman remarked, when informed that the weight of the danger of the gallery falling by the weight of the crowd upon it, 'I'll be damned, I'll kill more Yankees than I can count.' I would jump down and kill myself, if I knew it would exterminate a few of these dirty Yankees." Another boasted that she had spit on that nasty Yankee, pointing to an officer. Another thought it very refreshing to see so many Confederate uniforms in New Orleans again. Numbers had Confederate flags embroidered very conspicuously on their handkerchiefs; finally the crowd on the galleries grew so insulting that it became necessary to clear them also, and the people driven from view of the prisoners, finally retired to their homes. About the time of the bayonet charge, the steamer 'Laurel Hill,' lying near the 'Empire Parish,' literally blacked with human beings, got up steam and dropped down to the lower coal yard, some three or four miles distant, thus taking away from the scene some eight or nine hundred. It was rich to see the look of disappointment upon their faces.

Now, for one, I am convinced that had the 'iron rule' of General Butler been continued, these things would not have occurred. For six months, not an officer or soldier was insulted by any female calling herself a lady. And those performing these acts yesterday were not the dirty, slipshod or barefooted viragos that abound in all large cities; far from it; they were few and far between in that crowd; but well dressed, airy, richly dressed, intelligent and peering females, whom one would judge, by their exterior, fitted to adorn any society. I give you these facts, not from hearsay testimony, for everything above spoken of passed under my own observation.

It is useless to attempt to bring back the 'erring sisters' by mild measures. The poison is too deeply seated to yield, except to the most vigorous treatment.—Corr. of Salem Register.

MEETING OF PLANTERS.

A meeting of sixty planters, representing all the parishes within the Union lines, except that of St. John, was held at the St. Charles Hotel, Feb. 18th. E. E. Malhot of the Parish of Terrebonne presided, and Messrs. J. M. Polton of Terrebonne and H. B. Foley of Assumption acted as Secretaries.

Mr. Puy offered the following resolution, which was adopted:—

Resolved, That a Committee of one from each parish represented at this meeting, be appointed to inquire if police juries have been appointed in the parishes; that the report be made to the meeting, and if necessary, to make a weekly report of all the strange laborers in their parishes, the places where from and name of owner, until the return of a certificate of the police jury of the parish in which the slave belongs.

A series of resolutions were offered by Mr. Pugh of Assumption, as follows:—

Be it Resolved, That a Committee, to consist of one member from each parish represented in this meeting, be required to call on Maj. Gen. Banks, and ascertain definitely from him, if the signing of the Contract in accordance with order No. 1, by the planter, is a return of stolen goods, or if said contract to the plantations to which they are bound as laborers, and by whose agency their return is to be effected.

A discussion followed, and the speakers expressed the opinion that it would be necessary for the military authorities to guarantee that the negroes should be kept at work on the plantations, in order to justify the large outlay which would become necessary in proceeding with the cultivation of the soil.

The resolution was adopted, and the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to wait on Gen. Banks:—

E. E. Malhot, Assumption; M. Olivier, St. Bernard; Chas. Le Breton, Jefferson; Andrew Robertson, Plaquemine; Henry McCall, Assumption; Dr. F. C. Ewing, Lafourche; A. McCullum, Terrebonne; A. Lanier, St. Charles; Emile Legendre, St. James.

About 8 o'clock Gen. Banks entered the parlor, escorted by the Committee. The officers and audience arose, and received him with loud applause. The President welcomed him as follows:—

GENERAL.—As President of this meeting, I welcome you; and it gives me pleasure to assure you, and that we entertain the highest respect for you, and are thankful for the many favors you have granted since your arrival here to take command of the Department of the Gulf.

Gen. Banks replied as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN.—I certainly am very happy to meet so many of the citizens of Louisiana as I see around me tonight. I do not present myself here to participate in the proceedings of the meeting, or to take any part in the discussion of the subjects which have brought you together. Charged with important duties by my Government, and so far as I am personally concerned, reluctantly here, I have published that which I thought it to be my duty to do as an officer of the Government, commensurate with general instructions in this Department.

I am, sir, unable to express my feelings in meeting so many citizens of this distant part of our confederacy, so many of my fellow-citizens in a portion of the country so far from my own home. But I am happy to believe that in past times we have lived peacefully and prosperously together, and that those who are to come to us will enjoy the same peace and prosperity and intercourse. The names of Jackson and Taylor are inseparably identified with the history of the nation, and there are no names dearer than those to the hearts of New England; and I trust that there are in your part of the country, as in mine, men who will so direct the affairs of the people, that the East and the West, the North-East and the South-West, may feel that they still have a bond in common.

I am sure that the Government which I represent has no feeling of hostility to the people here, and that it would be the happiest day in our history if the great interests of the country could be united together as heretofore. (Cries of "good" and loud applause.)

I wish to contribute to the extent of my power to the welfare of this Department, and to give you the benefit of my deep and earnest desire to do all that I can, consistent with my duty, for the peace, prosperity and happiness of the people of Louisiana.

Gen. Banks retired amid enthusiastic applause, and the meeting adjourned sine die.

GENERAL BANKS'S ORDER RELATIVE TO NEGRO LABOR.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, Circular. NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 18, 1863.

The accompanying order and circular, relating to the immediate employment of negroes, will explain a system of labor that has been suggested and adopted for the present year. The Provost Marshal has authorized and directed to receive and report the assent of planters or other persons thereto, and when such written consent is given, officers and soldiers, and especially the Chaplains of the army, and all other persons acting under the authority of the United States, are requested to assure, as far as possible, that the negroes are not to be employed in any manner that would be inconsistent with the policy of the Government, the counting of the negroes, and the inhumanity of the Louisiana slaveholders can have induced them to make.—New York Tribune.

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I am a rebel. I was locked up forty days in a jail. I never saw the inside of a prison, because I am in favor of a free government for white people, and not for negroes. SLAVERY IS RIGHT. It cannot be proved that Slavery is a sin. Any physician can disprove that position. The forearms of negroes are four inches longer than those of a white man. They never sprang from Adam. God never made an animal, except a skunk, that smells half so bad. I AM DEATH ON SLAVES. They have been preaching the negro twenty-five years, but I have not heard them for ten years, because I have not been inside of a church for that period. They are always preaching the negro, and in my town they have not converted any souls for a good many years. Negroes are their breakfast, dinner, supper, and lodging. Go home, and vote the Democratic ticket. (DR. NAT. BAYFIELD, a leading Copperhead, and member of the Rockingham County Democratic Committee, a speech at the N. H. Democratic State Convention.)

I do not believe aggression by arms is a suitable or possible remedy for existing evils. (FRANKLIN PIERCE, in a speech from balcony of Eagle Hotel, Concord, April 19, 1861.)

What are to be the ultimate fruits of having first wronged, and then conquered and humiliated a spirited and gallant people, whose fathers were the loved friends and co-laborers with our fathers in the Revolution, and who have nobly stood with us, as companions and fellow-soldiers, in every war with foreign foes since that period, remain to be seen. (FRANKLIN, Published in the N. H. Patriot, after the capture of Fort Donelson.)

Gentlemen, radical abolition must be put down. This great and glorious country will be shattered into fragments if it is not, or else we shall find ourselves at last brought under the iron rule of military despotism. (H. A. EASTMAN, late Copperhead candidate for Governor, in speech of acceptance.)

to keep up the war. These were the men who had got up the pretended meetings of regiments, and sent word that they were going to come back and put down the Democratic traitors and secessionists of the North.

These men will not have these resolutions, as we outnumber them three to one—even if the soldiers are with them. (Applause.) They had better fight the enemy before they fight us who feed them. When they do come back, there is not a cot of a free Democrat that will not have these resolutions pasted to the walls and staring them in the face.

These officers had their duty to fight the rebels, and the duty of his hearers was to fight abolition rebels at the North. Let them look to their business; they are amenable to military law. We are, and mean to be amenable only to the civil law. (Applause.)

The object of the war has changed, the purpose of abolishing slavery in the South. (Applause.) The men who spoke last night were pledged to oppose the war in that event. (Yes, yes.) How are you, John Van Buren? "Way-down sisters." What was the object of a vigorous prosecution of the war? Disunion, separation, destruction, despotism. Such must be the result, as they could not change the policy of the administration. He could not support such a policy. Our duty now was a vigorous prosecution of peace, for the Union. (Loud cheers.)

He was not content to let it go for nothing else than despotism or disunion. (Applause.) He was for a reorganization through a National Convention. Through no other means could the Union be restored. (Cheers.) (A voice—) Suppose the South won't come back? (A voice—) How do you know the power of disunion? (A voice—) The Tribune says so. (Laughter and applause.) Had the experiment failed to get them back? He would argue with Jeff. Davis and Benjamin with the work of reconstruction. Their refusal to return did not annoy him, and he was not going to war merely for the sake of whipping them into subjection. Neither he nor the gentlemen of this city who had proposed the plan to stop the war, had the power to force conciliation and compromise now. They were much like the person who says, "I will give up an exceedingly high mountain. (Laughter.)" and has a copper head on it. (Great laughter.) But it was the head of liberty. (Thunderous applause.) Referring to the insurrection in Poland, he said it was against a conscription act not one-tenth as odious as ours. He denied that we owe any obedience to our conscription act, saying that the President has no right to act beyond the limits of law constitutionally enacted. We have a right to law on this question first before the people, as well as any other question. The Democratic party had fought the war of 1812, and the Mexican war, without suppressing opposition sentiments, and without imprisoning peaceful citizens in bastilles. (Applause.) In conclusion, the speaker counseled by some men not to interfere with the constitutional rights of the citizens or States of the North.—New York Tribune, 20th inst.

OPPERHEADS IN THE GRANITE STATE.

Poetry.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

I asked a holy man one day,
"Where is the one true church, I pray?"
"Go round the world," said he, "and search;
No man hath found the one true church."

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER V.

"NOTHING IS STRONGER THAN HIS WEAKEST PART."
"WHAT HAVE I DONE THAT THIS IS MY DESTINY?
Answer me, O, my God, although in the silent of thy
thunder—answer me from that far-off, terror-laden
heaven of thine! Which of thy laws, broken by me, brings
this retribution? What social sin of mine has shut
me out from all that makes life of value to an immor-
tal, aspiring soul? O, my mother! thou, in the im-
mediate presence of Him whom, in sweet patience
and holy trust, thou didst worship and serve so faith-
fully to the end, through all the grief and wrong of
thy dark lot—O, my mother! thou, who readest now his
counsel—thou seest, now, the end from the begin-
ning. What woe, what earth-doom and mine? Speak
to thy despairing child—tell her the secret—unfold
the mystery, if there be hope in it, that her agonized
soul rebel not against his infinite will. Art thou, in-
deed, happy in that land of clearer light, seeing the
misery of thy children? What, in the irreverent
plan, is the mission of all this suffering? To die—
that were a little thing; to pass from this dreary
delle in heroic effort for the salvation of others—O,
how blessed! in heroic self-defence—O, how noble!
But to exist thus! lurking through the byways of
being—hiding, like a felon, in a stranger-footstep or
shadow falls on the pathway—no more—of this, no
more! I will go forth, and confront him before the
world in the broad glare of noon." [Her hand
grasped, vehemently, the door-knob, then is withdrawn
by a sudden impulse. "No, no! This must not be—
shall I peril these precious friends who have sheltered
and shielded and sustained me so nobly and so long?
Him, too, who—alas! why was I created?"] [She
sinks on a low seat, and buries her face in her hands.
Then, rising again, paces the chamber with flushed
cheek and flashing eyes.] "Love for me! Love, un-
derstanding! O, my God, do I not know what this is?
Crushed! I backed upon your bleeding heart, brave, peer-
less young man—as I crush back, in suffocating agony,
the sentiment, to cherish which rightfully would make
me blessed even in this my heaven-forsaken lot. No,
no—the object of loathsome passion, the victim of it,
I may be, and heaven and nature smile on the hideous
sacrifice—and the Law of a Christian land sanc-
tions the worse than Pagan abomination! Thou seest
this, O, my God, and withholdest thy thunderbolts?
Thou seest this, O, my mother, and demandest not thy
child back to thyself? Ah, if this must be, why was
I created with these instincts, these aspirations? Why
was not my soul made dark and degraded as my lot?
Hark! Did I hear a voice, or was it my tortured
fancy? A mission, it said. Was it my mother's
voice? Speak on, O, thou who hast suffered, but who
seest now—speak on, I hear—I hear!" [She throes
herself, prostrate, by the bedside, and buries her face
in the covert for some time; then, rising, slowly,
with a pale, sad, disappointed expression of face, re-
sumes her walking and her words.] "She speaks not
to me—I am alone—no voice—no answer. A mission?
Ah, yes, I feel it! I will go forth—I will stand before
the proud and haughty fathers of this favored New
England—I will say to them, look on your loved and
lovely daughters, and look on me. Am I not as fair
as they? Read reverently their spotless souls, their
sacred feminine instincts, their holy affections, their
upreaching intellectual powers—all these are mine, as
well; yet a destiny, from the very thought of which
you would shield them with your lives, you have, in
the free exercise of your civil powers as free-
men, entailed inextricably on me! I will appeal to
them, on behalf of that divine office of maternity so
debased, so profaned, throughout a so-called Chris-
tian land. I will appeal to brothers, by all the chivalry
which enters into that beautiful relation of valor
and purity—yes, this shall be my holy mission. An
inspiration from the Divine shall speak through me,
giving power which cannot be withstood by my weak
words. Like him, I will hold and sway the hearts
of men; with him, I will be a co-worker in the
redemption of a race and the salvation of my coun-
try; the soul that, in the lowliness of the present,
has not dared own to its most hidden self the blessed
oneness it has felt, shall find the precious compan-
ionship in one aim, one motive, one work for the world;
and the all-harmonizing Eternities shall accept and
perfect the union. Ah, my mother, thy seeing need
not make thee sad—look on from thy rest and rejoice
in the labors of thy child! My Father, I thank thee!
thou hast answered, not in thy thunders, but in counsel
and guidance to the soul."

from their social prejudices would only smelter
their whole after lives. You are very young—your
first obligation is to them. Consider these things,
my dear young friend, and compel reason to control
sentiment, however natural and honorable this last
may be. Certainly, I do not wonder at your state of
feeling. I have seen the danger of your position
from the commencement; but from what I know of
Clara's character and circumstances, I am certain she
would regard it as a solemn duty firmly to discourage
your hope. And, I confess to you, the state of your
feelings, my dear friend, seems to me an added reason
for her removal. Forgive my candor—you deserve
nothing less noble from her or me."
Edgar paced the room in silence. "O, God!" he
exclaimed, at last, with clenched hands, "how long
shall this devilish system press its iron heel on the
palpitating heart of humanity! Who are its victims
in every private and personal, as well as public, relation?
Ah, damned adulterers, whose vile hand I
this morning grasped, add this crushing argument, with
all its burden of woe, to what I gave you so calmly,
then! Ah, had I known you then!" His teeth
gnashed, and his dark eyes shot flame. "Fardon me,
dear madam," he said, at length, more calmly, ap-
proaching his forgotten companion, "if I forget my-
self in your presence—and, say, shall I not see our
friend this evening?"
"I should be glad if you might see her, and add
your urgency to mine for her departure. May I trust
you to do this?" asked the motherly lady in a voice
of tender inquiry. "Pardon my momentary doubt;
I know I may; for the safety of both depends upon it."
It was at this point that the increasing violence of
the thunder-shower brought the girls below, at the
call of Aunt Mary. In a few moments, the sounds of
wheels and hoofs rapidly approaching announced the
return of Aunt Hattie. The rest was known.
The elevation of Clara's state of mind gave way to
heartache when she met the devoted young friend whose
safety she had read, and to whom she owed a weight
of obligation she felt nothing could ever repay.
"I have been listening this evening to the plans of
your excellent friend for removing you from the
danger which seems to threaten you here," said Ed-
gar, with an effort at composure, "and I have prom-
ised her that I will second her arguments with my
own, if need be. We feel, alas! that not even the
watchful care of your friends is any longer a sufficient
protection here." He paused, unable to go on.
"Mr. Horton, words are vain to express my grati-
tude to my friends; death will never quench it. Does
he suspect my being in this place?"
"I think not, now. He knows you are alive—be-
lieves you are in Massachusetts, and that the Rev.
Mr. Berkeley is seeking you, also, in Boston and the
large manufacturing towns. I put him on this track
this morning, by a kind of instinct, before I had
learned what I now know. It was chance, merely—a
pleasure tour through the Connecticut valley—that
brought him to this place. But the fiendish hunt is
up, my dear friend, and Massachusetts must no longer
be a safe refuge for you."
Clara's emotion, at the mention of Mr. Berkeley in
pursuit of her, was not unnoticed by her companion;
but whatever feeling or speculation it gave rise to was
soon merged in another, as she replied, firmly—
"Mr. Horton, my plans are matured—I shall no
longer leave Massachusetts."
"What mean you, dear Clara? Do you not yet re-
alize your danger?"
"I realize everything, Mr. Horton; and here, in this
State, my mission begins."
"Explain yourself, I pray you," exclaimed her
companion, grasping her hand with irrefragable
ardor.
"Yes, I will explain," she answered, with a voice
and manner so calmly calm. "You deserve all the
confidence it is in my power to give, most valued
friend, and your counsel will help open the way for
the commencement of my labors. You are the first to
be informed of my plans, and shall reconcile the de-
sires of this household to them, as you have striven
to commend theirs to me." She paused, and looked
up in his face with an expression that awed him.
"Will you?"
"Speak, I beseech you, before the angel ascends
from the form I look on! What is the mission that
awaits you?"
"The conversion of New England from its terrible
error, and the redemption of a race from its terrible
doom."
"How! I know you are equal to anything the
angels of God can do, but remember, you are still in
the trammels of the human. Are you not about to
rush into dangers that may prove fatal to you? Let
me, indeed, counsel you, for the sake of the hearts to
which you are so dear." Ah, how thrillingly that
heart spoke in every tone, as he looked, reverently,
into the face of his listener, in his marvellous exalta-
tion. Clara felt it, and sighed profoundly, but it was
a sigh of submission. Voice and manner were nothing
less than sublime as she answered—
"Mr. Horton, I am a poor, weak girl, who preferred
death to a life of infamy prepared for me by the laws
of a State claiming to be a part of the Christian civil-
ization of the nineteenth century. I fled from that
infamy to a spot of earth fitted throughout the world
as the freest and most enlightened upon which sun
or stars shine, or the blessed showers descend. The
powers of evil hunt me hither, and this broad and
beautiful State, crowded with brave men and saintly
women, teeming with every material, intellectual and
moral resource, has not power to shield this one in-
nocent, helpless girl from the grasp of the foul destroyer.
No, nor is there in this almost limitless land one spot
where she is legally secure; nor can she claim protec-
tion under that beneficent National Government which
is at once the envy and admiration of the world, and
the vanguard of that world's progress. Sublimely
great in all else, it is powerless to protect or defend
the purity and the peace of one assaulted and insulted
girl, born on its soil, and nursed almost within hearing
of the echoes of its Capitol! What remains for me,
then? To glide passively in the current of this civil
sanction, and accept the revolting destiny it has pre-
pared for its helpless victim? Better the thousand
deaths! Or shall I wander from place to place, haunted
by the omnipresent evil as galleys are haunted by its
unholy deed, and never know the anxiety and rest of
home? No, no! I am stronger than the meshes of
this destiny, stronger than the forces of this Govern-
ment, so far as it has power to legislate for me, for a
God of purity, truth and right is on the side of my in-
stincts, my purposes, my actions. I will fly to the
land of my fathers, and there, where I have chosen, but
not yet redeemed, I will make a pathway of light
and peace up from the degradation and defilement of
a race to the blessings of enlightened freedom, even
though it be over my worn-out and exhausted
frame."
"Say, rather, that mine shall be the priceless priv-
ilege to do this for you, noblest of your sex!" ex-
claimed Edgar, in intense enthusiasm and tenderness,
throwing himself at her feet. "Be mine—mine, before
this evil and its abettors! Be mine, most loved
of women, and together we will lead the way from
the darkness of this present to the effulgence of a glorious
future! Be mine for time, for eternity! God,
who knows my inmost soul, knows there is no desire
so intense, so absorbing."
"Impossible, O, my cherished, noble friend!" ex-
claimed the inspired maiden, turning a pale, sorrow-
stricken face towards her impassioned lover. "Im-
possible! The heart you so generously bestow can
receive in return only deep, eternal gratitude. Ac-
cept that, I beseech you. Thus show me how to
begin my lofty, lonely destiny, and I will bless you
forever."
Edgar took both the fair hands in his, as he knelt
at her feet, and, gazing with all his spirit soul into
the clear, deep eyes, as if he would be answered from their
very depths, said in a voice whose whisper falling
made resonant, "Answer me one question, Clara, my
only beloved! Your secret shall be held as you
precious self to me forever. Is it the devotion of
your heart to this cause, alone, that shuts me out
from hope, or is there some blessed human soul that
has found the heaven I sought? Speak, in secret,
I will speak, and speak obscurely. I love, passionately,
as you love me. Let this be a new bond of sacred sym-
pathy between us. Let us in silence reverence each
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curls from the fair, ample brow, gazed, with the tender
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LETTER FROM CHARLES STEARNS.
CENTRAL CITY, (C. T.), JAN. 21, 1863.
DEAR FRIEND—On looking over a late number
of the Liberator, (which my numerous avocations pre-
vent me from reading as thoroughly as I would like,)
I perceive from various letters that the paper is in
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the Abolitionists ceases when slavery is abolished. This
I regard as a mistake. (1) On the contrary, their work
is but just begun. Three millions of slaves, suddenly
liberated, are not in a position to render themselves
perfect men without aid from those further advanced.
I hope no Abolitionist will attempt to throw off his
harassment at this most important period of the Anti-
Slavery enterprise. Rather, let him gird himself anew
for the conflict with evil. Let us all remember that
slavery is not abolished because it is wrong, or from
any love to the slave, but only for our own preserva-
tion—from sheer selfishness. Of course, the slave-
holding spirit still flourishes in the hearts of the Ameri-
can people. The terrific power of this hateful ele-
ment has never been more manifest than since the
war began. I was so verdant as to imagine, at the
commencement of the war, (as you recollect I wrote
you,) that the American people, having perceived so
clearly the animus of slavery, would immediately de-
mand its utter extinction. But, alas! how mistaken
we have been! It is only by the most superhuman
efforts, coupled with the saddest reverses in war and
politics, that they have been persuaded to "let my
people go." A quarter of a million of precious lives
have been lost, and a thousand millions of treasure
have been expended, and yet the nation very reluct-
antly consents to let the slaves go free. It is plain
that it does it, as Daniel Webster told us we must
obey the Eminent Slave Law, as a disagreeable neces-
sity. Then it follows that no great effort will be made
to protect the freed slaves from the rapacity of those
into whose hands they may fall. How mean and self-
ish is our course! We free the slaves to save our-
selves, and then leave the poor creatures to perish,
when we owe our very existence as a nation to them,
as we acknowledge by setting them free as a "military
necessity" merely.
Our government is the first party that is bound to
protect the poor creature; and if it refuses or neg-
lects to do so, after acknowledging that it could not
crush the rebellion without them, it will deserve the
execration of all the just. This idea should be hon-
ored upon the consideration of the government. "Hon-
est Old Abe" must remember, that when a man enters
the "strait gate," his work of justice has but
commenced. The gate is not only strait, but "nar-
row is the way" that leadeth unto life. No man can
satisfy a correct conscience, or please Almighty God,
by one act of rectitude merely. As in the case of the
sinner, the first step is followed by others, on the
downward grade; so with the righteous, one true step
always involves the necessity of another. Abraham,
after a mighty struggle, has succeeded in exorcising the
foul demon that dwelt in his heart. For this
manly effort let us praise him, and sympathize with
him, in all the suffering he experienced in this act.
But another dose of mental leprosy is still necessary.
The body of the old pro-slavery demon has, we hope,
been mostly ejected from his mortal stomach; but his
hoofs and a portion of his tail still remain; and
Abraham must throw off these, before his system is
cleansed entirely. I greatly fear that this last moral
effort will elude his system more than the first; but
it must be made, or the first will be almost wholly in-
efficacious in purifying his system.
In other words, Old Abe has got to arm the Marks;
not only to crush the rebellion, but to the only prac-
ticable method of taking care of the slaves. The pro-
position of your Springfield friend is a good one as
far as it goes; but it is premature as far as providing
for the great mass of the slaves is concerned. After
the war is over, it will go just the thing; and, if I live,
I intend, for one, to go into it; but, at present, it can
save but a very few, for the masses cannot be reached
by it. The slaves must be immediately organized
into military companies, and paid wages, and with
those wages their families can be supported, and the
families of the white volunteers are. Thus, by doing
right, can be solved this great question. "What shall
we do with the blacks?" and in no other way can it
be solved. Old Abe will belittle about taking this
step, and will say to his Anti-Slavery tormentors,
"You are never satisfied." But they must give him
no rest until he performs this crowning act of justice.
But I think we ought to praise him a good deal for
what he has done, as the praise of men, and his con-
science, seem to influence him much more than the love
of truth and justice. I am glad to see that you praise
him for his proclamation. We ought to be very
thankful for this three-fourths of the lost, not doubting
that we shall get the remainder if we persevere;
and, thus,
"O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!"
will not be. The nation will begin to live, and loud
huzzas will ascend from all hearts, and fall on
Abraham Lincoln's ears, as the greatest benefactor
of his race, since the days of Jesus Christ. Thus
will this nation commence its onward march to that
glorious goal of perfection that God ordains it shall
reach. Slavery being abolished, a great number of
other evils must be attacked, as our enemies say
that the spirit of Abolition is that of progress and un-
iversal reform. The axe has been laid at the root of
the tree of slavery, but the trunk and branches are
yet to be chopped to pieces, and the soil thoroughly
cleansed of all pro-slavery roots. I hope the Liberator
will not forget that slavery is only one of the evils
it commenced to overthrow. Others still exist; one
of which is akin to slavery, viz., the oppression
of the laboring classes every where.
It is my earnest effort, now, to obtain means suf-
ficient to go to the South at the close of the war, and
purchase a comfortable estate, and employ the negroes
at such rates as will in due time enable them to be-
come legal owners; also to educate and instruct them
in various ways. I hope to be joined in this by great
numbers of Anti-Slavery people, who will sell their
property and go South after the war is over.
Yours, truly,
C. STEARNS.
(1) We need the term "Abolitionists" in its pro-
per and distinctive meaning. The extinction of slav-
ery will terminate their labors as Abolitionists, but
not as philanthropists. They will then be engaged
with science at large, to devise ways and means for
the educational enlightenment, moral improvement,
and general welfare of the emancipated. We trust
never to abandon the field of reform, while we have
strength to labor in it.—Ed. Lib.

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him, in all the suffering he experienced in this act.
But another dose of mental leprosy is still necessary.
The body of the old pro-slavery demon has, we hope,
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In other words, Old Abe has got to arm the Marks;
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glorious goal of perfection that God ordains it shall
reach. Slavery being abolished, a great number of
other evils must be attacked, as our enemies say
that the spirit of Abolition is that of progress and un-
iversal reform. The axe has been laid at the root of
the tree of slavery, but the trunk and branches are
yet to be chopped to pieces, and the soil thoroughly
cleansed of all pro-slavery roots. I hope the Liberator
will not forget that slavery is only one of the evils
it commenced to overthrow. Others still exist; one
of which is akin to slavery, viz., the oppression
of the laboring classes every where.
It is my earnest effort, now, to obtain means suf-
ficient to go to the South at the close of the war, and
purchase a comfortable estate, and employ the negroes
at such rates as will in due time enable them to be-
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Yours, truly,
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THE RIGOR OF CHARLES STEARNS.
CENTRAL CITY, (C. T.), JAN. 21, 1863.
DEAR FRIEND—On looking over a late number
of the Liberator, (which my numerous avocations pre-
vent me from reading as thoroughly as I would like,)
I perceive from various letters that the paper is in
danger of stopping from the pressure of the times.
In order to aid a little in preventing so sad a catastro-
phe, I enclose \$10, which you can use for the support
of the paper, after deducting the amount due on my
subscription.
I see it hinted in the Liberator that the work of
the Abolitionists ceases when slavery is abolished. This
I regard as a mistake. (1) On the contrary, their work
is but just begun. Three millions of slaves, suddenly
liberated, are not in a position to render themselves
perfect men without aid from those further advanced.
I hope no Abolitionist will attempt to throw off his
harassment at this most important period of the Anti-
Slavery enterprise. Rather, let him gird himself anew
for the conflict with evil. Let us all remember that
slavery is not abolished because it is wrong, or from
any love to the slave, but only for our own preserva-
tion—from sheer selfishness. Of course, the slave-
holding spirit still flourishes in the hearts of the Ameri-
can people. The terrific power of this hateful ele-
ment has never been more manifest than since the
war began. I was so verdant as to imagine, at the
commencement of the war, (as you recollect I wrote
you,) that the American people, having perceived so
clearly the animus of slavery, would immediately de-
mand its utter extinction. But, alas! how mistaken
we have been! It is only by the most superhuman
efforts, coupled with the saddest reverses in war and
politics, that they have been persuaded to "let my
people go." A quarter of a million of precious lives
have been lost, and a thousand millions of treasure
have been expended, and yet the nation very reluct-
antly consents to let the slaves go free. It is plain
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WHY DON'T WE CONQUER?
"THE RACE IS NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT, nor the battle
to the strong," but rather in him who stands unwaver-
ingly by the right. The man who feels a great truth
burning in his soul, and is fired by a principle which
he knows to vital to the well-being and perpetuity of
mankind, goes forth conquering and to conquer. God
is with him, the angels are with him, and he rejoices
with exceeding joy. Such an one can chase a thou-
sand, and two put ten thousand to flight.
"Needless is better than weapons of war." What
is needless for the salvation of this nation is not so
much the external means of defence—nor so such the
reliance upon large numbers of soldiers—upon swords,
bayonets and bomb-balls; but more than all is needed,
a policy based in righteousness, with a wisdom from
on high to direct. The Government lacks. It
has little faith in righteousness, little confidence that
God will prosper the right, and send confusion into
the ranks of Humanity's foes.
A friend asks me, the other day, why we did not
succeed better in this war. "The reason," I replied,
"because the Lord and his hosts are against us—be-
cause neither the North nor the South are fighting to
establish justice and righteousness. They are both
fighting for dominion and power—for the continuance
of the old order of things, wherein dwelleth wrong-
ness and the despoiling of the poor. They are
fighting for that state of things which permitted to
flourish the most gigantic systems of wrong and op-
pression that ever cursed any land beneath the sun—
where the spirit of selfishness reigned triumphant, and
has heaped the most bitter, burning wrongs upon the
red man and the black man, as well as upon the poor
white man, and all their sorrowing widows and or-
phans. The almost entire extermination of the poor
Indian, the cruel enslavement of the inoffensive Afri-
can, and the heaping of heavy burdens upon the toll-
ing millions—all to gain wealth and power—these are
some of the stupendous national crimes which have,
for generations, been crying for retribution to Heaven.
The Lord has heard the cry. His time has come.
He can withhold the rod of his chastisement no longer.
War's bloody imagery rolls heavily over the
highway of time; its scourge is felt; the nation's
will is heard. Still, neither side is willing to do jus-
tice. Both continue to fight against Omnipotence.
Neither can conquer. Both are made tormentors to
each other—causing that suffering which worketh out
purification and repentance. When this is done, our
troubles will cease; the Truth shall have conquered
gloriously; Peace and Harmony then shall reign,
and the nations shall become a brotherhood; wars
and the causes of wars will then be done away. It
will be many years before we reach this; but come at
last it must. What war falls to do as a scourge, pen-
itence and famine may accomplish; and the world
will be purified and redeemed, and a high and noble
destiny for the race—even the kingdom of heaven—
be established upon the earth.
New Brighton, Pa. M. A. T.

INDOMITABLE LOVE OF LIBERTY.

From Lake Providence—Negroes Flocking to its
Army—Their Horrible Sufferings in the Swamp—
A Black Hero.

A correspondent of the New York Times relates
the following facts:—
Every few minutes we met little groups of negroes
who had escaped from their masters on the
side of "Bayou Macon." We stopped to talk
to many of these groups. They usually comprised one
or two families—men, women and children—who
had escaped together. Many of them told us of
frightful hardships that they had endured in their
endeavors to escape. Two families told us that
they had waded across the swamp, six miles in width,
which lies on this side of "Bayou Macon," and
during the two days and one night which they had
passed in the swamp, they had the greater portion of
the time been up to their waists in mud and water,
and during that time had had nothing to eat. They
were carrying their children mounted on their backs,
and during this time had carried them through the
whole of those fearful two days and night. The
black faces of the little creatures looked slyly at
haggard from long fasting and sleeplessness, and
more than one of them looked as though death lay
set his seal upon his pinched little features. Yet,
under all this suffering, the adults were cheerful.
They were clad in rags, were half starved, had
half drowned in mud and water, and were suffering
from the fatigue of carrying their children on their
shoulders, and yet their faces were radiant with joy.
They had voluntarily braved the danger of being
detected and shot, willingly encountered the horror
of the swamp for the one great boon of freedom.
They had gained it, and were happy. It seemed
me that no man who had the least spark of human
kindness could be so cruel to the negro. To such a
degree had the most of them answered in that quiet but
determined manner which, though but few words were
spoken, seems but the cover to a stern and deadly
resolution. One answered: "Does you tink, mas,
dat we would be afraid to fight after darin to go into
dat swamp?" We thought not. We were told of
one negro who the soldiers call "Union Jim," who
on a recent scouting expedition, came across the
Rebels in the swamp. He called to them to sur-
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