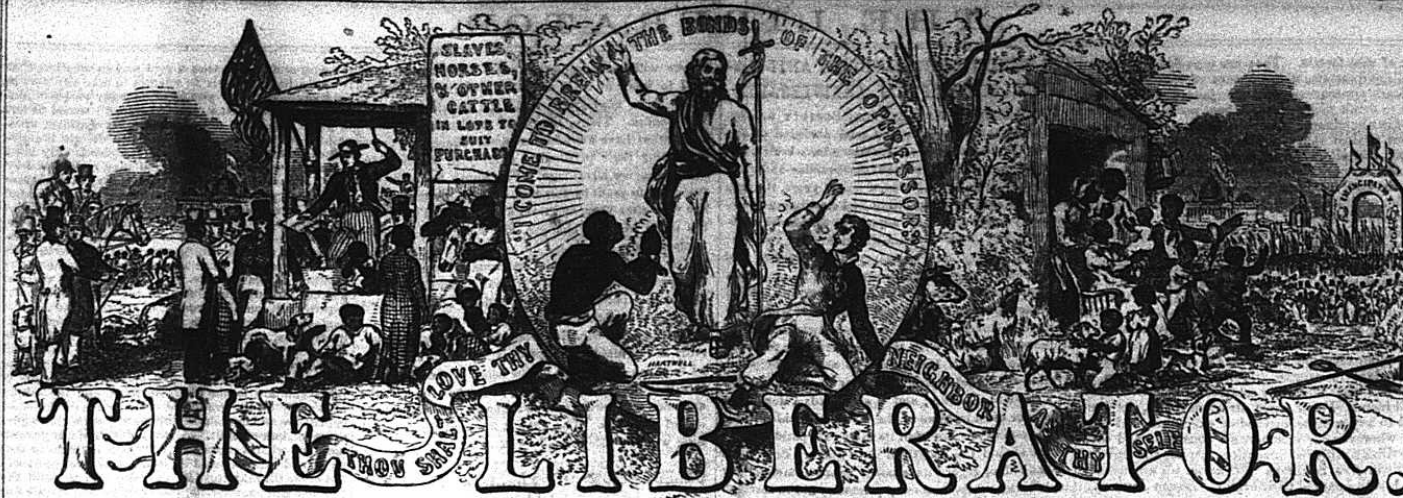


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The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Editor.



Selections.

OUR LAST DAY IN DIXIE.

"Edmund Kirke" contributes to the December Liberator a concluding chapter of his Richmond journey. At the other door stood Jack and the ambulance!

of tin wash-basins, and a wrooken trough which served as a bathing-tub, were on one end of it, and heavy cast-iron and hard-bottomed chairs were littered about the floor, but had no other furniture.

come in through the dingy windows; but the few prisoners in the upper rooms were the same sad, disconsolate look as those in the lower story.

O! on how many anxious hearts did the morning of that day dawn! And what a burden of anxiety was laid upon them, when the result of the election was made known!

a part of which is the bounty money of the soldiers, the other part savings of the industrious and prudent. This speaks well for a people who have enjoyed the rights of freedom for three years only.

dragged him off his chair, stunned and bleeding as he was, both kicking and knocking him, he being partially dragged on his knees, his arms hanging by his sides, and unable to make the least resistance or defence.

Involuntary brushing of the garments if with them there is accidental contact. Imagine 25,000 of such wretched creatures penned together in a space scarcely large enough to hold them, and compare their condition with the most miserable condition that can be imagined.

REBEL SAVAGERY.

When the world hears of the late attempt to burn the City of New York, it will not fail to mark the peculiarly fiendish elements of the conspiracy. Under ordinary circumstances, an inn, the refuge of the weary and unsuspecting traveller, has a character which should protect it from the torch of the incendiary, as if it were a hospital.

midst of vast forests. They are crowded into close and filthy quarters, whose extent of space is not of the least consequence to the jailers. They are made to drink filthy water when pure can be obtained in abundance. The rebel surgeons themselves cry out against the pitiable condition of their patients.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders! BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1864.

THE CONWAY CONTROVERSY.

Editor of the Liberator.—With no desire to engage in the "Conway Controversy," I hope I may be allowed to offer a few remarks on the reference to "Anti-Slavery Englishmen," which appears in the letter from Mr. Conway to the Anti-Slavery Standard, reprinted in your last.

Now, with these facts before me—and how easy it would be to add to their number—I hope our foreign critics again take occasion to expatiate upon the unnatural cruelty of this war, that they will be good enough to state upon which side, in their opinion, the want of nature and of humanity exists. It is time for the truth to shame these slanders into something like decency. It is time that the distortion of facts, and the deduction from them of malicious and obstinate inlets, met with something like a check from the moral sense of mankind.

"SOCIAL AIMS."

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON. The second lecture of Mr. Emerson's Sunday evening course was on the subject above named, and was heard by a highly refined and intelligent audience, completely filling the Melodeon.

REBEL BRUTALITY.

The treatment of our prisoners in Georgia is a disgrace to the American name and to humanity itself. The heart sickens at the details of the terrible condition of those prisoners who have recently been exchanged, and yet we are told that these are the best cases—as for the others, exchange is impossible!

THE THIRTY-FIRST NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was organized for the immediate and total abolition of slavery in the United States. Its labors have been unintermittedly prosecuted, "without compromise and without concealment," for a period of thirty years, through lecturing agencies, the printing and circulating of anti-slavery publications, the support of an official weekly organ, and other instrumentalities; and to these labors is largely due, primarily, that cheering and marvellous change in public sentiment, in opposition to slavery and in support of free institutions, which has taken place in all the loyal States, and which enables the Government to maintain successfully its tremendous conflict with the Southern Slaveholders' Rebellion.

CELEBRATION OF FREEDOM IN MARYLAND.

THE doors of the Hall were thrown open at an early hour, and by half-past 7 o'clock, p.m.—a half hour before the time for commencing the exercises—the great Hall was very respectably filled.

"SOCIAL AIMS."

- Elizabeth Gay, Mary Willey, Ann Rebecca Bramhall, Sarah J. Novell, Elizabeth von Arnim, Abby H. Stephenson, Eliza Apthorp, Sarah Cowing, Sarah H. Southwick, Mary Elizabeth Sargent, Sarah C. Atkinson, Abby Francis, Georgina Otis, Katharine Earle Furnum, Rebecca Bradford, Ellen Wright Garrison, Caroline M. Severance.

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former will soon regulate itself. What the people need to know of their candidate is—Has the man a will? Is he anybody? If not, he should not go to Washington. There, the people habituated to office and station have a confidence, a self-reliance, a power of putting their personality over you, which give them immense advantage.

CELEBRATION OF FREEDOM IN MARYLAND.

Held in the Hall of the Union, Cooper Institute, New York City, Nov. 28th, 1864.

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laboring under so severe a cold and exhaustion, that it would be hazardous to attempt to take any part in your exercises; and you have so many eloquent and fervid speakers, that a "colored orator" would be out of place and quite unnecessary.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the Liberator:—If there is any place after Richmond for whose safety the Confederates would naturally have been most anxious, it is the city from which I write, and which is the seat of our extraordinary means of destruction.

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Poetry.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

One cloudy day that ended in October,
When winds were calm, and leafy woods were still,

The man who now has nations for beholders,
Who dived to my his Government was made

To lift the weight from off of all men's shoulders,
Through for a time its purpose was delayed;

While treason's banner millions were arrayed,
He had become the chosen Chief of State,

Displayed the art that made those hosts afraid:
While others wavered, traitors were elate,

He calmly used his might to rule our nation's fate.
Born in a region famed in song and story,

Where rugged hills have lovely valleys between,
Where pure, cold streams, like gleams of transient glory,

At once will burst from bluffs that gaze and lean,
And sink again to hide their crystal sheen,

Where cedars cluster in the forest shades,
Their green boughs screen the deep, unseen ravine,

Where breaks will wind and sparkle through the glades,
Or fall like molten silver brightly in cascades.

A poor man's son, his lot was one of rigor;
But toil and training in his early youth

Gave mind and body their unswayed vigor,
Imbued his soul with honesty and truth;

He was the man he seemed to be in sooth,
A patriot such as could never feel

That rust for treason with his serpent tooth
Which shameless scoundrels often will conceal,

And hater of our land can never well conceal.
His dwelling place, like his callings, vary,

But pleased to mould him as he was designed;
On wooded hills, or in the grassy prairie,

He gained that nature, durable in his mind,
The statesman's with the woodman's tact combined;

Led by a judgment passion cannot cloud,
A mind whose like we rarely ever find,

With that uncommon common sense endowed,
That lastly overmatch genius bright and proud.

He timely came, when treason was defiant,
From prairie lands beneath the sunset glow,

Our champion, and our rugged Western giant,
To deal the traitor Southern such a blow

That yet shall cause his utter overthrow;
A living type of Freedom's cause and creed,

Whose foe shall yet be baffled and laid low,
The man most fit to do that glorious deed,

And guide the "Ship of State" in peril's hour and need.
Few would have thought who heard him telling stories,

And jokes that rustic hearers might applaud,
That he would be one of our country's glories,

And live to send those edicts far abroad,
That made ensurers tremble and be awed,

And meet the punishment they well deserved;
For fraud and crime they long had loved to laud;

For power which other rulers tamely served,
He ventured to defy, and have its arm unnerred.

Firm as that hill upon its wall of boulders,
His faith was that our fathers had this aim:

To lift the weight from off of all men's shoulders,
And that their sons, if worthy of the name,

Would live and strive and battle for the same;
One glorious boon their valor should retain;

He came to just conclusion to proclaim
Words that shall loom the bondman from his chain,

And leave our country free from one huge guilt and stain.
Though called to govern in our darkest season,

Not vaunted nothing by a mere display;
Not only had he to contend with treason,

But with the loyal faint with one dismay;
Which was accomplished by a wise display,

Which they were long accustomed to obey;
Despite their prejudice too deeply strong,

To even fight for Right he aptly won this throng.
Before that rest, wherein the body moulder,

May he and we behold the brighter day
That lifts the weight from off of all men's shoulders,

Faith in that promise makes my eyes to see
Peace rising through the smoke of victory;

The Liberator.

RATIONALISM IN THE CHURCH.

A RATIONALIST ASSOCIATION AND ANNUAL CONVENTIONS PROPOSED.

MR. EDITOR: DEAR SIR—Rationalism is the subject
of much mistake and misconception, and friends
of truth will be glad to have it assume definite

Christian Rationalism is distinguished from all traditional
and arbitrary systems of Christianity, on the one hand;

Christian Rationalism is a school; they are not yet organized
as a sect; whether they ever will remain to be seen,

The sole first principle of Rationalism is respect for evidence
as a ground of faith. Rationalism loves faith,

The superlatives of the Bible it finds to be fictitious,
equally with those of the Greek and Roman poets

Every man who embraces the first principle of
Christian Rationalism, to judge of the Bible and interpret

THE BRYANT FESTIVAL.

WE are permitted to publish (says the Chicago Tribune)
the following letter, received by a gentleman of this city

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I believe that I promised in
the summer to write you from Long Branch, but I found

As might easily be imagined, this was an event of
great interest. Not only was the best representation

This programme was carried out to the letter, and seemed
to give great satisfaction. We were fortunate enough

In fact, despite Mr. Bryant's silver hair, it is difficult
to think of him as an old man, which, by the way,

During this period, I became convinced of a fact which
I have long held in privacy, but will now confide to you.

Mr. Julia Ward Howe was next, if I may use such a common-place
expression, "called upon to stand." She looks the very embodiment

edibles were spread in appetizing array—some extremely
of the hall being occupied by a table containing

ORDER OF THE BRYANT FESTIVAL.

ROOMS OF "THE CENTURY," NOV. 5, 1864.

1. Address to Mr. Bryant by the President of the Century.

2. Response of Mr. Bryant. 3. Oration on the 70th birthday.

4. Presentation to Mr. Bryant of a portfolio, to contain
sketches by more than forty artists, members of the Century.

5. Presentation to the artist's studio, where it showed to
still better advantage by the sunlight which came through

6. Men do not fish for compliments, as women do—or
if they fish, are not, like us, content with catching minnows.

7. All classes of guests agreed that they had passed,
under the hospitality of the Century Club, one of the most agreeable

At the opposite end of the hall, a table ran
entirely across, loaded with the delicacies for which the
century cuisine is so famous—oysters, raw, scolloped,

GREAT RAILROAD DISASTER.

WE have to record the most extensive and fatal
casualty ever known in the history of the country.

On Friday morning, 10th inst., latitude 22 degrees
North longitude, 62 degrees West, the locomotive

On Friday morning, 10th inst., latitude 22 degrees North
longitude, 62 degrees West, the locomotive

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A RAFT IN MID-OCEAN.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

This vessel cast anchor on the Cape of Good Hope
on Friday morning, 10th inst., latitude 22 degrees North

On Friday morning, 10th inst., latitude 22 degrees North
longitude, 62 degrees West, the locomotive

On Friday morning, 10th inst., latitude 22 degrees North
longitude, 62 degrees West, the locomotive

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