

DEATH OF JOSHUA COFFIN, ESQ.

The Newburyport Herald, of Saturday last, announces the death of our much esteemed friend and early...

PRESENTATION TO GOVERNOR ANDREW.

A large audience having assembled at the Twelfth Baptist Church on Monday evening, June 29th, 1864, the Chairman, Wm. Wells Brown, announced that an event was about to transpire...

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JULY.

The Atlantic Monthly for July. The July number is received. This is the first number of the fourth volume. The list of contributors is as follows:—Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Harriet E. Prescott, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, George S. Lang, C. C. Coffin, "Carleton," H. W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Louis Agassiz, Donald G. Mitchell, Gail Hamilton, David A. Wason, Francis Williams, G. Reynolds, and the author of "Life in the Iron Mills."...

JOHN MORGAN AT CYNTHIANA, KY.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette furnishes some interesting additional facts concerning the rebel John Morgan's raid on Cynthiana. The losses of the business men amount to \$250,000, of which \$200,000 is believed to be in specie...

LOSSES OF OUR ARMY.

The losses of our army during the campaign of General Grant have been greatly exaggerated. We hear upon the best official authority that the number killed, from the time the army crossed the Rapidan until it reached the James river, did not exceed four thousand men. The wounded numbered something over forty thousand, and included casualties of every description less than fifty thousand...

GROVE MEETING IN MICHIGAN.

The friends of Reform and Progress will hold a meeting in King's Grove, near Burton Square, Georgia Co., O., commencing the last Saturday in June, and continuing through the following Sabbath. We should be glad to see some of our radical reformers from the East on that occasion. R. H. OBER.

NEWBURY, June 28, 1864.

Dear Mr. Garrison—The enclosed is the last letter I ever wrote. I think you will like it. Will you send it back to me as I want to keep it for my life. I sealed it for him a week ago this afternoon, but his sickness prevented him from reading it, or from thinking of it.

NEWBURY, June 20, 1864.

Dear Garrison—The first Anti-Slavery tract published in Massachusetts, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was written by Judge Samuel Sewall, a New York tract, and afterwards in Boston. The tract was entitled, "The Selling of Joseph," and was published not far from 1710, and till lately, no copy was supposed to be in existence. Within a short time, a copy has been found among the Winthrop papers, and will be published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Judge Sewall's view of the rights of man, irrespective of color or race, is well expressed by him in the following lines, published in 1807:—

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1864.

Dear Mr. Sumner, a colored citizen of Washington, who represents that prior to April, 1862, he was a slave of John Parker, and that he had purchased in the name of his brother-in-law, a freeman, his daughter, then a slave by said Parker, and had paid about two hundred dollars to the Eastern States, before whom he appeared, claiming full compensation as the virtual owner of Martha Ann Sprigg; they refused to allow the claim, on the ground that a slave could not acquire slave property according to the then existing laws. He asks Congress for compensation.

DEATH OF MR. CARLETON A. SHURTLEFF.

Sunday morning, June 25, died at Brookline, of diphtheria, Mr. Carleton Atwood Shurtleff, the youngest son of Dr. Samuel A. and Eliza (Carleton) Shurtleff, aged 24 years. It is seldom that we are called upon to chronicle the decease of a young man who, in so short a period of life, has won for himself so much respect for integrity of character and general knowledge, than is now our duty in the case of Mr. Shurtleff. Early in life he chose for his particular study the pursuits which are especially dear to the heart of the philosopher, and the security of much more advanced intellects; for before he had emerged from the years of childhood, he had by his studies and investigations in natural science given evidence of considerable promise as a naturalist, and he was not long in making good the promise, the realization of which he met in Harvard College on the 18th of June, 1840, and graduated at Brookline in 1861. After leaving college, he commenced the study of medicine at the Harvard Medical School, in Boston, and with his father, and Mr. T. Estlin Francis in Brookline, and passed a part of the last year at Cambridgeport. Giving up this position in consequence of ill health, he recently returned home to resume his studies in the medical school.

MISSOURI. A letter from St. Louis to the New York Tribune, dated June 19, says:—

"The rebels are still troublesome in the interior, though their operations are extended over such a wide territory, and in some places they have been able to hunt down in squads. Their movements are marked by some of the most horrible atrocities of the war. In the western portion of the State, where Quantrell's men are doing about in the bush, not less than thirty-five unarmed men have been recently killed. These make fourteen men who have been shot and killed in Chariton county, within the last two weeks. People are still fleeing the county in all directions."—St. Louis Union.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, with full particulars, free to any address.

WAREHOUSES, 374 Washington Street, Boston, and 7 Mercer Street, New York. MASON & HAMLIN.

THE HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, its Authors and Causes, an octavo volume of 598 pages, upon which Joshua R. Giddings bestowed three years of labor, has been published by Follett, Foster & Co., Philadelphia, and appears after the death of its lamented and patriotic author. It is fearlessly to quote the Philadelphia Press freely and fearlessly of the authors of the rebellion, most of whom Mr. Giddings knew, having long been a distinguished member of Congress, backing John Quincy Adams when put on his trial, in the House, for his anti-slavery action there, and being himself persecuted, in the same place, about the same time, for similar manifestations. Indeed, the greater part of this volume is the parliamentary history of the thirty years before the election of Mr. Lincoln, related with graphic power, and veritable, because written by one who tells what he witnessed and shared in. There is a minute account of the election of Mr. Banks, as Speaker, in 1860, when the oath taken by that functionary was administered by Mr. Giddings, the oldest member of the House. The history is carried down to a period subsequent to the inauguration of President Lincoln, and is evidently the production of an able, earnest, patriotic, and experienced statesman. It is enriched with an excellent analytical index. The memory of Joshua R. Giddings should ensure a quick sale and a wide circulation to a work so historically valuable as this. By it he "being done, yet speaketh."

Poetry.

For the Liberator. MASSACHUSETTS AND HER CONVICT.

I sit in the lap of New Hampshire, And clasped in her rugged embrace, I turn to a State's larger glory, To a State, that all others surpassing, Has climbed to the uppermost place. Massachusetts! God made her a diamond, The largest in Liberty's crown; And her beam, like a lance of lightning, Strikes Error and Tyranny down, And stands at the life of Justice, Though folded in Royalty's gown. Massachusetts! the farthest in working The Heaven-given problem of Man; In her light how the nations creep after, And follow the trail of her plan! All the people to God pressing slowly— Massachusetts the first in the van. She waves, in the world's mighty banner, A portion of crystalline white; Her garments, blanched out to the lily, Are bleached on a glorious height; And poets may walk out to meet her, Nor stoop from the ether and light. She stands, Heaven's scotchist, lighting, Where else men would painfully grope; And urges her feet in the pathway That falls not of God in its scope; And we call her Humanity's promise, Its guide and millennial hope. But now, from my nest in the granite, I send up the prayer of entreat To Heaven for our grand Massachusetts, And the convict that's down at her feet: God! give her the strength and the spirit Her glory and duty to complete! The arm, that in duty and labor Brings nothing to tyrants but loss, That dares in the face of usurper, Defiant the challenge to toss, God serve it high over all others To lift up the sign of the Cross! State, foremost in justice and progress— Utopia, growing in bud! O feet that have ever pressed forward, In spite of the mountain and flood! Shall we find thee still worthy of worship, Slipped back in a criminal's blood? Oh, pause not! but grasp the occasion, And dash us down the setting of God No rope for the neck of a sinner, Where Justice and Mercy have trod; No strength that can build up a scaffold, With the Cross firmly fixed in the sod. O breast of the Parian whiteness, Where all things heroic and free Nurse and cluster! be grand in thy pity, As the heart of God's chosen should be! Touch Christ! grow sublime in remission To him who now waits at thy knee! O State, that is strongest in grasping From hands of Oppression the rod! Use thy magic in this as in fetters!— Sweep scoundrels away from the sod! Time the hearts of the world in its throbbing, To the merciful pulses of God!

Postmaster E. Green. Croymon, N. H.

THE SLAVE BENEATH THE FLAG.

To the Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, to whose distinguished ability, integrity, and firmness for the right, in this and many other instances, humanity and the future are so much indebted, these lines are, by his especial permission, most respectfully dedicated.

No slave beneath that starry flag, The emblem of the free! No fettered hand shall wield the brand That smites for Liberty! No tramp of servile armies Shall shame Columbia's shore; For he who fights for Freedom's rights Is free forevermore. No slave beneath those glorious folds That o'er our fathers flew, When every breath was dark with death, But every heart was true! No serfs of earth's old empire Knelt death its shadow then; And they who now beneath it bow Forevermore are men! Go tell the ashes of the brave Who at Port Hudson fell; Go tell the dust whose holy trust Stern Wagner guards so well; Go breathe it softly—slowly— Where right the patriot slave Foreright has fled, and tell the dead He fills a freeman's grave. The third-named sin in this new and as yet untabulated series of commandments is theatre-going—the immorality of which practice is of a very vague and indescribable character. Many well-meant but witless diatribes against it have been written and printed with as little perceptible effect as "Snow-flakes falling in a river, One moment white, then gone forever"— and he must be a veritable Don Quixotte who, at this late day, would attempt that crusade. A pamphlet of this sort appeared some years since from the pen of, no doubt, a benevolently disposed lady, who copied its title from the door-post or passage-way of a theatre—"The way to the pit"—which, by inference, analogy and Scripture, she construed to mean the bottomless pit. Had she inquired of the lads as to the terminus of the adjacent passage, she would have found that it led to the (negro) heaven; and thereupon, with an equal logic, might have drawn a more hopeful augury. Precision is always avoided in these accusations upon the theatre, and with reason. Are doubtful phrases and subtle insinuations liable to appear in the language of the stage, promising to indicate thoughts and imaginings? What, then, of general literature, and ancient and classic, profane or other tongues? Do the exigencies of the drama sometimes compel the actors to an immodest dabbled or unladylike posture? What, then, of painting, statuary and photography, which are not yet in the index expurgatorius of sinful entertainment? Does the theatre invite to unwholesome hours, or to the neglect of freetime privileges? What, then, do choral societies and protracted meetings? Does the theatre attract the low and the vile? What class is also the invariable accompaniment of camp meetings? Viewed from another point, who shall pronounce where the activity of the dramatic element in man's nature lapses from innocency into sin? Where is the point of prohibition between the lad's attempt in sword and costume to personify his grandfather for family amusement, or the mis's participation in school tableaux, and the presumptuousness of Prospero, who, having assumed the role of creation, returns it to chaos again in language of solemn import not beneath the dignity of holy writ? "Our revels now are ended; these our actors, As I foretold you, are but three hours old, And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yes, all which it inherits, shall dissolve; And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff As dreams are made on, and our little life Is rounded with a sleep." The theatre is readily charged with all its shortcomings and transgressions, but never accredited with any excellencies. The world has just done celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare; and no doubt the sixteenth hundredth will be observed with equal or greater eclat. Meanwhile, all nations and classes will continue to draw moral and intellectual nourishment from his pages; the thorns of dramatic literature will not fail to produce the grapes of wisdom and the wine of inspiration; and the thistles of theatrical display will bear their sweet but medicinal fruit. It is surprising that the "divine opera" did not come in for a share in these eulogiums. Did the increasing indebtedness of our church quartettes to the methods and style of that institution occasion a conscientious twinge, or did a vivid remembrance of the rapturous warblings of Kellogg, of Phillippi or Patti, pass through the mind of the juvenescent compiler, and bid him refrain? The last named malum in se is intemperance. If the young men really meant what their language signifies, this is indeed taking a dangerous bull by the horns, and worthy of all praise. But a skepticism arises in the mind, whether it is not, after all, the now stale performance of the ass of total abstinence, braying about in the skin of the lion virtuous temperance. Yoked to the heavy burden of national taxation, the aforesaid bovine has become a less fearful creature than formerly, yet will bear watching. It may be among the grim possibilities of war, that the country, as is now the case with the Virginian portion of it, shall become a desolation, and here as there the fathers and sons, absent, living, or dead among the battle-fields—the mothers of the land shall stand by the hearthstone, emblematically at least, baking bannocks upon the blade of a hoe, to be partaken with continental draughts of the aqua pura from a primitive drinking horn. Then will Graham and Priesnitz be entitled to the apothecary. Meantime, America expects a more generous diet; and if the ingenuity of these young men can devise some method of bringing the ale of England and the wine of France—the cheap and wholesome beverages upon which these people thrive so well—within the range of everybody's purse, it will be a work of philanthropic economy worthy of Poor Richard. Of old, the sons of men came eating and drinking, and the cynical and censorious exclaimed, "Behold the glutinous and the wine-bibbers!" But now, as then, the sterling virtues, like sterling gold, pass at their universal value; and in that fellowship temperance stands among the first. Leaving specific topics, the young men next branch out into generalities, and offer these two glittering specimens—"Ye unto those who are at ease in Zion," and "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Under this first Jeremiah, two questions seem pertinent—"What is ease? and Where is Zion?" 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In these modern days of commercial mania—of respectability, as Carlyle has it, based upon the "ownership of a gig," and of aristocratic worship—respecting the ancient feud existing between God and Mammon, it were best to deal gingerly; and the quoted passage, like that about the camel and the needle, should be read with bated breath and careful exegesis. Webster gives Mammon as "riches, or the god of riches"; and how Mammon is peculiarly served in dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, and intoxication, is of doubtful interpretation. A more effectual service is evidently rendered that evil genius by fulfilling government contracts with shoddy manufacturers—by inveigling drunken sailors and soldiers into the service, and pocketing their bounty money—by rejuvenating the once steeped coffee grounds of our armies, and repacking them for a second requisition—by forming rings and cabals to underbid at price auctions, and thus at the same time plunder the pocket of the brave sailors, and the treasury of the people, by a new method of "light-fingeredness"—by selling to a nation struggling for existence any indispensable articles at ungodly prices—by evasive oaths in regard to the income tax—by forestalling and speculation in the prime necessities of life—by herding the descendants of Herod's liege subjects, in bids at the gold exchange, or by selling munitions of war to the rebels—a portion of the profits of which transactions oftentimes creep very piously into contribution boxes, and the coffers of Young Men's Christian Associations. These manifold Christian Associations have evidently a great work before them, that will require all their youthful energies; for the day seems to be yet far distant, when the chief besetting sin of professing Christians shall not be to "Compound for sins they are inclined to; By damning those they have no mind to;" and when what is claimed as Christianity par excellence, shall consist less in arrogant or hypocritical pretension to unworldliness, than "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly."

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.

God reigns, and favors Truth and Right; Mercy and Justice His delight. Whoever turns away from sin, His mercy and his grace shall win. Earth's mightiest things abide His ken, He deals with nations as with men; But long He waits the sinner's cry, And lo! their faith and patience tries; And thus, and with precisely hand Grants freely all their needs demand; And broken jewelry and blood Brings back the vengeance of His rod. But long before His bolts are sent, He sends the warning to repent; He sends long, the moment comes Sudden the fatal shaft strikes home.

The Liberator.

THE Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Editor—The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association has made a considerable stir among us recently, as the readers of the daily papers are aware, and has been patriotically waited upon by the amiable and correct Bostonians.

Holding a session of about a week's duration, composed of delegates representing all parts of the loyal country, it has had at its service our best halls, our resonant organs, our children's melodious voices, the smiles of our fair, the sight of our Russians and their ships, the benedictions of our clergy, the freedom of our pews, and to some extent our tables—crowded with a triumphal excursion around our aquarial public garden—Boston Harbor—in our most beautiful steamer, and a banquet at city expense. What commensurate results are to follow upon this costly bringing together and entertainment, in these times of famine prices and universal taxation, of so many persons residing hundreds and in some instances thousands of miles away, is best known to those who are inside of the convocation; and the question, why was not this saved, and the money given to the poor, might be deemed as impertinent as upon a former occasion.

But as far as yet appears in regard to this oracular assemblage, the quintessence of its public admittance and fine result of its mountainous labor are comprised in the following preamble and resolution passed unanimously, and unconnected with any other, on the last day of the session— "Whereas, dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, and intemperance in various forms are to a fearful extent becoming the besetting sins of professing Christians in this country; and whereas, all who do these things are thus vainly striving to do what our Savior has explicitly declared to be impossible, when he said, 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon'; and whereas, to all such that Scripture which saith, 'Who unto those who are at ease in Zion,' is applicable; therefore, Resolved, That it is the duty of all Young Men's Christian Associations in the land, and of every member of each said Association, to oppose these sins by all the means in their power; and especially to oppose them by their example in abstaining from them."

Whether or not these besetting sins are named by the Convention in the order of their heinousness does not appear; but a similar arrangement will be proper in their consideration; and it will be observed, that this is not merely a resolution of self-reformation in these particulars, restricted in its terms to the members of the body, but a resolve to reform others also, and amounts to a general indictment of the whole community.

1. How to reconcile this interdiction of the "poetry of motion"—authority for which is sought among the leaves of the New Testament with that other declaration among the earlier pages of the inspired volume, that there is a time wherein it is proper to dance, and that God has made everything beautiful in its time—would doubtless have been at the closing hours of the Convention a question too perplexing for the somewhat jaded faculties of its members. To be discreet is sometimes to be valorous—to ignore was then to be wise.

That "young ones think old ones are fools, but old ones know that young ones are," is an accepted proverb. Whether the middle-aged gentlemen and sedate matrons of the land, who have sons and daughters to bring up, will see fit to cooperate with the Young Men's Association in the application of their ukase upon an art which, properly followed, engraves upon the boorish youth the manners of a gentleman, and dispels before the young maiden's eye that delusive haze of bashfulness which is so liable to delude her prospects and her usefulness—an art that gives to its practitioners that grace, confidence and abandon which, as on other similar occasions, are the chiefest charm of those sewing parties and pastoral soirees to which the members of Young Men's Christian Associations are so partial—whether the eager counsels of the church militant will decide to give up an accomplishment so pregnant with good results, remains to be seen.

If the young men mean only to affirm that many of the incidents of the dance are pernicious—that tight lacing, gossamer robes for wintry evenings, lascivious necked dresses, midnight orgies, unventilated halls and prodigal expenditure are worthy of condemnation, the common sense of the rational public is with them. But their ingenuity is not equal to the task of maintaining that to step in accord with strains of music on the pavement or the mall is innocent, but to do the same thing in a right line or at an angle is of divine appointment, but motion in curves and circles is of opposite origin.

2. With the merits of the question respecting cards, it is more difficult to deal with requisite brevity, and no shuffling argument is admissible; therefore, suffice it to say, that the delinquency of that paterfamilias who persists in the indulgence of freiside loo with his boys, while wife and daughters are busy at the church raffle, or selling lottery tickets at the sanitary fair, is worthy of indictment at the dread tribunal of a Caudle lecture.

3. The third-named sin in this new and as yet untabulated series of commandments is theatre-going—the immorality of which practice is of a very vague and indescribable character. Many well-meant but witless diatribes against it have been written and printed with as little perceptible effect as "Snow-flakes falling in a river, One moment white, then gone forever"— and he must be a veritable Don Quixotte who, at this late day, would attempt that crusade. A pamphlet of this sort appeared some years since from the pen of, no doubt, a benevolently disposed lady, who copied its title from the door-post or passage-way of a theatre—"The way to the pit"—which, by inference, analogy and Scripture, she construed to mean the bottomless pit. Had she inquired of the lads as to the terminus of the adjacent passage, she would have found that it led to the (negro) heaven; and thereupon, with an equal logic, might have drawn a more hopeful augury.

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THE PRESIDENT'S AMNESTY.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., May 14, 1864. Mr. Editor:—In a former communication, I instituted certain inquiries, with a request that you or some of your correspondents should reply, with a promise which I now more than half regret that, if none appeared, I would attempt a reply myself. As the word and promise have gone forth, I must, though reluctantly, attempt a reply, with little expectation of even satisfying my own mind, and much less that of others. The first inquiry was, in substance—If the President's Proclamation of Amnesty is carried out, one, two, or all of the rebel States should avail themselves of it, what is to become of "three fifths of all other persons"? As the Proclamation is silent upon the subject, except that they shall not be sold as slaves, and as all their rights are guaranteed to the rebels, I see not why they may not strip every negro as naked as he was born, deprive him of every right common to a citizen, and virtually make his condition, as to present wants, worse than while in slavery; with no vote or voice in any thing that concerns his own or his family's welfare, of which the government has already set the infamous example, and under "State rights" deprive him of an education, the use of arms—in fine, reduce him to the lowest condition of a serf. Are these oath-perjured rebels to still send twenty-five or thirty representatives to Congress, extra, on account of "all other persons"? Certainly. The Proclamation makes no reserve. The President has power to create a State, and turn it over to the control of men, compared with whom the tenants of the world's prisons would be angels, but as a power, as a Samson shorn of his seven locks, to give the rights of suffrage to the only honest men the State ever held, or protect them in the enjoyment of any right whatever. Marvellous power! and so marvellous imbecility! God grant that the nation may yet be saved in spite of both!

With the rebels restored to their old status, and with the aid of the Copperheads to the control of the government, if they should prefer the old dispensation to the new, and, as far as possible, undo all that has been done in the cause of emancipation, what then? Why, the North must succumb, as it always has done, after a little bluster and a few strong resolutions with no resolution in them, or inaugurate another civil war. The government has now the golden opportunity, the power and the right, to confiscate and forever break up that anti-republican system of great plantations, and divide them up between the rightful owners. Until this or something of the kind takes place, a few lords of the soil will control everything, and ninety-nine hundredths of the people will be mere scots, though nominally free. Even now, the system adopted by Gen. Banks is but one step better than slavery. If reports be true, the colored men near New Orleans have only changed masters. Injustice, as though heaven and earth conspired against them, is still their lot. All the wars that ever desolated the earth have had their origin in injustice; and almost all the feuds, litiations and private quarrels originate from the same cause—injustice. The doctors pronounced abolition dead a quarter of a century ago. The same doctors now decide that slavery is dead. It seems to me the doctors are either all demented or all fools. And God grant that the former may live to attend the funeral obsequies of the latter, and write its epitaph, "Died by the hand of violence between two hostile parties pledged, one to keep it alive, the other to let it alone."

In his very singular letter to Mr. Hodges, the President tells us "he was driven to the alternative of surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or laying a strong hand upon the colored element." Not the shadow of a shade of justice, mercy or sympathy for the colored man in his bondage is discernible in this; and how the Constitution was to be lost, in case the rebels established their independence, is past my comprehension; or even if it was lost, it would be strange indeed if, in a population of twenty millions, twenty men could not be found wise enough to patch up another, and honest enough to leave out the clause, "three-fifths of all other persons," and not plant the seeds of an insipient rebellion. When I witness the Amnesty folly and Colonization effete of the President, and all the acts of Congress, in effect ignoring the rights of the colored man, even while they claim his aid, my heart sinks within me, and I almost despair of seeing, in my day, anything like equal and exact justice meted out to all. Injustice! Injustice! This is the "Rock" on which every nation splits that ever rose, or reigned, or fell; and to-day there is more to fear from the Bramettes, the shoddy Republicans, and the damnable black laws and still blacker hearts of some of the free States, than from any Pathfinder. May God save the nation by sending us a John A. Andrew, who, like Joshua, will hang the Achans, and lead the people, white and black, through the wilderness while their enemies perish in the rear, is the earnest prayer of your humble servant.

JESSE STEDMAN.

SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN CONVENTION.

MIDDLE GRANVILLE, (N. Y.) June 12, 1864. DEAR GARRISON—I am in a Convention of the Friends of Progress, a large gathering of earnest, enlightened and enlarged souls. The following resolutions are before the Convention, and are being earnestly and thoroughly discussed in all their practical bearings. Whereas, man has no power to create or annul moral obligations; therefore, Resolved, That whatever it is right to do with a license or commission from human governments, it is right to do without it; and, therefore, man should never take an office in Church or State which requires him to do that as an *office* which it would be wrong for him to do as a man.

Resolved, That whatever is unjust, mean and degrading in an individual, acting by and for himself, and on his personal responsibility, is unjust, mean and degrading, when done by a man acting for others as his agent. Resolved, That what is theft, robbery and murder, in one man, acting alone, is the same when done by millions when acting together as a church, a State, or a nation. Resolved, That human governments, in their principles and practices, are to be judged by the same standard by which we estimate the actions and character of individual men and women.

Resolved, That man's natural demands are God's only commands; and all we need to know and to do to be saved is to know the demands of our nature, and healthfully to supply them. Resolved, That whether in or out of the body, we shall find what we carry, and what we desire; therefore, if we would be in heaven, we must carry with us a consciousness of deserving it, and cease to trust to that wide-spread but fatal delusion, that heaven can be our portion because of what some other being has done.

Resolved, That he who gives, in any relation, what he is unwilling to take, is a self-convicted evil-doer, and should be so regarded and treated by all around him. Resolved, That we should receive nothing as true in principle, or right in practice, or power, outside of our own convictions, but ever remain true to our own convictions, regardless of consequences to ourselves or to others. Resolved, That it is woman's most sacred right to decide for herself when she shall assume the responsibilities and be subjected to the sufferings of maternity; and man's home will be his heaven, and his children the crown of his glory, in proportion as he secretly respects this right.

Resolved, That war is constantly causing sufferings of the most terrible character, destroying millions of human beings, laying waste billions of property; and is in direct opposition to the purest and noblest teachings of human nature, and to the precepts and example of Jesus, whom all Christians profess to follow; therefore we cannot act in accordance with love and forgiveness, and good for evil, and take part in settling inter-individual or inter-national strife by an appeal to arms and blood. Resolved, That we regard slavery as "the sum of all villainy," and it is our sacred duty to seek its abolition and prohibition by such means as each shall deem right and most efficient.

Resolved, That we regard the Rebellion as an effort to destroy freedom and free labor, and to establish, in all the nation and the continent, slavery and slave labor; and it is the sacred duty of all to put down by such means as each shall deem it right and expedient to use. Resolved, That, including body and soul, health is heaven, and disease is hell; and the only way to shun hell and win heaven is to throw off our diseases, of body and spirit, and secure to ourselves healthy souls in healthy bodies. The subjects presented by those resolutions—so far as time would allow—have been earnestly and intelligently considered. That States and nations may innocently do what would be the greatest of crimes in one acting alone; that men acting under civil or military license or commissions may rightfully do what is regarded as theft, robbery, murder and prey in a man acting without such license or commission; that men acting as churches and governments are empowered by God to create, destroy, alter and reverse moral distinctions, moral obligations, and moral duties at their discretion; these, and kindred topics, are being settled in this Convention; and as fast as men cut loose from the tyranny of outward authority, and fall back on the convictions of their own souls, these most fatal delusions will be discarded by the moral nature and enlightened reason and instincts of every human being.

What shall we do to be saved? We have an "inquiry meeting"—are all on the "anxious seat," asking this question. The answer that comes direct from

God is—(1.) Understand the demands of your nature, (2.) Healthfully and naturally supply those demands, and then you will be all you are capable of being, and all God intends or wishes you to be. He is most faithful to God who is most faithful to himself. He walks most truly with God who walks most truly with himself and his fellow-beings. The true Bible, the real, infallible Word of God, is organized into the body and soul of each human being. HENRY C. WRIGHT.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

BALTIMORE, June 8. The National Union Convention has just adjourned, and before this letter is written, much before it reaches the eye of its readers, the telegraph has recorded its proceedings and borne them into every part of the country. It would task the power of electricity to convey any idea of the marvellous enthusiasm, of the white heat of patriotism, which has pervaded the Convention, and controlled its action. Where so great a unanimity prevailed, on all essential points, it might have been expected that the current would have been calm, because unbroken; but the harmony in principle and on the leading candidate, complete as it was, found expression on every fitting occasion in the strongest manner, in word and gesture and concerted action. The name of Mr. Lincoln was greeted with a fervor partaking of personal affection as well as of admiration for public services. As the number of more than five hundred men, not one failed to recognize the fidelity, the pure patriotism and unwavering devotion to freedom of the President, and to regard him as provisionally raised up for the arduous duties he has been called upon to perform. These men came from all parts of the country, from the extreme of Maine to the extreme of Oregon. Many of them, like Rev. Dr. Breckinridge of Kentucky, and scores of others, have no political aspirations. They represent every class in the community, and every shade of old political sentiment. All of them favored the re-nomination and re-election of Mr. Lincoln as a great national duty. They discriminated in their approval of his action. They were thinking men, and in the earnestness of their commendation they did not hesitate to say that the history of the past three years contained passages that might now in the light of events transpired, be modified with advantage. But as a whole, and regarded in connection with the dangers from which we have been saved, the administration of Mr. Lincoln commands hearty approval. The President has certainly won a vantage ground of experience, and secured a degree of popular confidence from his fidelity and patriotism, which render him preeminently fitted to lead in the further prosecution of the war and in the restoration of the Union. Partly for what he has done, for his calm and steady championship of freedom, and even more for the proofs he has given of his eminent fitness for the work yet to be done, for his aptness in embodying the popular will in executive action, for his sagacity in understanding, his ready wit in meeting, and his wisdom in overcoming the greatest difficulties that ever confronted human ruler, Mr. Lincoln has received a remuneration under circumstances more flattering than ever before surrounded a President at the close of his term. The vote in Convention was not by acclamation, for that might seem to have denied opportunity for a negative expression. The States were called in order, and every delegate, saving only those from Missouri, on the first call pronounced for Mr. Lincoln; and at once Missouri joined in the vote, and every one of five hundred and twenty-nine delegates was recorded for the true and tried patriot.

The scene that followed beggars description. The Convention arose in a body, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cheers rung loud and long. The galleries vied with the body of the hall in enthusiasm. Ladies waved handkerchiefs and men clapped their hands. As the cheers below ceased, those above were renewed; as those above ceased, those below swelled out again; then both joined in a grand chorus. Thus they repeated, time and again, their antiphonal harmonies. The band in the galleries played the national airs, and the hands and hats, and handkerchiefs swayed in time with Yankee Doodle, as if the large edifice and all it contained were instinct and alive with the ardently patriotic. I have seen many demonstrations of popular enthusiasm, but they seem tame in comparison with this magnificent outburst of feeling and nationality.

This followed, in the order of time, the adoption of the resolutions. Every word of that platform rings like a clarion. There is no hesitation in it, no double-dealing. The Convention was in favor of one, free Republic, and said so. It was determined to crush out rebellion, at whatever cost, and it said so. It lifted high and clear the standard of free, united, American Nationality. The reading of the resolutions was punctuated with applause. Approval of the platform commenced at the close of the demonstration with which Mr. Lincoln's re-nomination was greeted. On the rock of freedom was placed its chosen champion. The majesty of the nation renewed and restored to fresh might and power was represented in the man and his position. And this it was that gave such fire, such nobility, to the grand outburst of zeal and determination.—*Corr. Utica Morning Herald.*

MONUMENT TO LOVEJOY.

The friends of the late Hon. Owen Lovejoy propose to erect a monument to his memory in Princeton, Ill., where he had so long resided, and where he came at last to enjoy so much respect and love. At a meeting of what is called the Owen Lovejoy Monument Association, held at Princeton on the 1st inst., measures were taken to raise funds necessary to erect a monument that shall at once express the worth of the man and the appreciation in which his memory is held by his neighbors and by all lovers of liberty and justice throughout the country. Not less than \$50,000, it is thought, will be necessary; and two-thirds of this sum, it is said, can be raised in Mr. Lovejoy's Congressional District. The following address was delivered at this meeting by Mr. Bryant, of New York.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: After what has been said in your hearing, and so admirably said, with so much feeling and with so much eloquence, I can hardly expect that this audience will listen with patience to anything I am about to say. I shall therefore say very little. I know not, my friends, what form this project to erect a monument to the memory of Owen Lovejoy may take, in what material it may be wrought, or how its design may be fashioned. But let me express the hope that the contributions will be large enough, and that there will be enough to allow you to erect in this beautiful neighborhood—where Owen Lovejoy settled long ago, and where he labored so long and so effectually to form and purify public opinion—a suitable monument, in over-durable bronze, a material so indestructible that an image formed by Tubal Cain himself, the world's earliest artificer in brass and iron, might have lasted undecayed to the present time. (Cheers.) In this durable material, I would hope that sculpture might exert the utmost efforts in representing his features, and impressing upon them their grand expression of high resolution, undaunted courage and unflinching perseverance. (Loud cheers.) And then, my friends, an inhabitant of Princeton, standing near it and pointing it out to a stranger, might say to him, 'That monument was erected to the memory of one who was a champion of the cause of universal liberty in that time past when the cause of universal liberty was feeble and despised. Behold how the hand that framed him stamped upon his manly brow the seal of a vigorous mind, an undaunted heart and unshaken constancy! He saw his brother, a previous champion in this noble cause, struck down and murdered before his eyes; and at that very moment, on that very spot, he devoted himself to the cause of universal freedom; to that cause he gave the labors of his life; to that labor his life was devoted, and to it his life was at last sacrificed. He knew that he should encounter scorn, obloquy, opposition. He feared them not. He met them; he defied them; he overcame them. He outlived the scorn; he lived down the obloquy; he fought down the opposition. He saw a great cause in which he was engaged, and he saw a glorious triumph before him. Before he died he saw it as Moses saw the promised land, at a distance. He saw it at his very feet. He saw it as Joshua saw the land of Palestine when he crossed the river Jordan, from the thirsty regions of Moab, and planted his steps on a soil fresh with the dew and showers of heaven."

Then if the person whom I imagine to speak were

in the habit of drawing broad conclusions from particular instances, and deducing solemn and sublime moralities from the practical aspect of things, he might go on to say: "Let no man who looks at this monument be discouraged in a good cause. Let him remember his conscience as to the merits of a cause, its truth, its righteousness, its humanity. Let him satisfy himself that he is in the line of his duty, and then let him enter upon it fearlessly, with the assurance that he is approved of his God, that his labor will be crowned with success, that his cause will be triumphant. For it is temporary; evil is mortal, and is doomed by a necessity of its nature to be extinguished. But good is permanent, and is destined to prevail over all oppression, and over all a glorious triumph; for God is with it." There is a portion of the history of the Episcopal church which has always seemed to me an exceedingly beautiful and affecting. It is that in which the shipper gives thanks to Almighty God for the success of those who have labored or suffered for the cause, and have passed away, leaving worthy and diligent successors in their place. A monument like the one which I have spoken of, would be a standing, visible, perpetual acknowledgment of what is a standing, visible, Author of all good, that such a man as Owen Lovejoy lived, that such a citizen was given to this country. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO OWEN LOVEJOY.

The Princeton Republican, (Ill.), for the current week, is nearly filled with the report of the proceedings and speeches of a recent meeting held to inaugurate an Owen Lovejoy Monument Association. Among the numerous letters read on the occasion was the following from the President— EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, May 30, 1864. Hon. John H. Bryant: My DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 14th inst., enclosing a card of invitation to a preliminary meeting contemplating the erection of a monument to the memory of Hon. Owen Lovejoy, was duly received. As you anticipate, it will be of my power to attend. Many of you have known Mr. Lovejoy long, and I have, and are better able than I to do his memory justice. My personal acquaintance with him commenced only about ten years ago, when it has been quite intimate; and every day it has been on an increasing respect and esteem, ending with his life. I have seen him in person, and can truly say that he is a man who is personally ambitious, he bravely endured the obscurity which the unpopularity of his principles imposed, and never accepted official honors until he was ready to admit his principles with him. Throughout my heavy and perplexing responsibilities here, to the day of his death, it would scarcely bring any other to say, he was my most generous friend. Let him have the marble monument, along with the well-earned and more enduring one in the hearts of those who love liberty unfeignedly for all men. Yours, truly, A. LINCOLN.

SPEECH OF GOV. JOHNSON AT NASHVILLE.

A Union mass meeting was recently held at Nashville, at which Governor Johnson was the principal speaker. We find the following report in the Nashville Times: The appearance of Governor Johnson on the steps of the St. Cloud Hotel was greeted by the vast crowd with a shout of "Welcome to the States." and see the next Vice President of the States. After thanking the assembly for the complimentary remarks, Governor Johnson proceeded to say that we are engaged in a great struggle for the government, in the proper acceptance of the terms. I know there are those here who profess to feel a superiority to me, and I, on the other hand, feel my inferiority to them. I have always understood that there is a sort of exclusive aristocracy about Nashville, which