



Age of Oppression.

THE PEACE DEMOCRATS.

What are the Peace Democrats? They are not the men who fanaticism for the negro compelled the South to revolt; nor the suspenders of the Ahabus...

Selections.

LETTER TO FERNANDO WOOD.

NATICK, MASS., March 30, 1863.

Hon. Fernando Wood:

Sir, you are everywhere recognized as the brain, the heart, the soul, the philosopher and guide of the Mozart Hall Democratic faction of the city of New York.

THE UNITED STATES, the heads of the various executive departments of the government, and the Governors of the several States.

Second, the only son of a father who is a laborer for support. Third, the only son of aged or infirm parents dependent upon his labor for support.

LAOY OF VIGOR AND DESIGN.

The news from America is black. The Northerners are trying to get beaten in the war like the Generals are being beaten in the war like the...

MILITIA BILL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the 8th ultimo, the Bill concerning the Militia was considered in the orders of the day, on the question of ordering it to be engrossed.

THE FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

HILTON HEAD, March 24, 1863. To the Editor of the Boston Journal: The steamer Boston arrived this morning from Jacksonville, Florida.

MOZART HALL COPPERHEAD DEMOCRACY.

The following Resolutions were lately adopted at a Copperhead meeting at Mozart Hall, in New York:—Resolved, That the masses of the American people throughout this whole land are now offering up their daily and heartfelt prayers for peace, and demanding that this most unnecessary, most ineffectual, most devastating and most cruel war of modern times...

CAUTION NEEDED.

Let us beware lest we push our zeal for the black race into a disregard of the rights of the loyal poor white owner of slaves. The arrest of a fugitive slave by the owner, or by an agent lawfully appointed, is not kidnapping.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW MASON.

The Mendacity Society really ought to do its work better. It is true that it renders service by wagging its tongue against small offenders, but at the same time it suffers culpably on a large scale to escape scot free.

PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND.

Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof. They this down as the law of God. They that will deny authority taken, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST...

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD, OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. An insurrection of slave-owners, motivated solely by the desire to try more firmly the fetters of their bondsmen, is simply the engraving of one crime upon another.

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I think that if a force of six or eight thousand men had been sent to Jacksonville, we might have penetrated the State without much opposition.

ENROLLMENT OF FREEDMEN.

Gen. Hunter issued a supplementary order to-day relative to the enrollment of the able-bodied freedmen. Some of the superintendents on the plantations have not given prompt compliance to Order No. 17, directing their enrollment.

It is not easy now to get up a "sob" - a praise meeting, when from sunset till sunrise they sing in "Roll, Jordan, Roll." Down in the Lonesome Valley.

The officers of the 3d South Carolina have not yet been designated. The 2d regiment is filling its ranks in Florida.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

A METROPOLITAN POLICE.

PHILOSOPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON TRAVELLER, BY J. M. W. TERRISTON.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., spoke at the Melodeon on Sunday forenoon last, before the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, advocating the establishment of a Metropolitan Police.

First, there has been great discussion of this evil - wide, earnest, patient discussion, for thirty-five years. The whole community has been stirred by the discussion of this question.

I have been requested to speak to you, to-day, on the subject of a Metropolitan Police. That plan has been already presented, two or three years ago, to this community.

What is the cost of intemperance. One-half the criminals of the State are found in the City of Boston. We have more than one-half the criminals. We have one-sixth of the population, but we pay about one-half of the criminal expenses of the State of Massachusetts.

My first point is to show you that in important particulars, where great and grave interests are involved, the laws have failed of execution.

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Now, let me show you, in a few words, why it should be so. Let me show it to you by an instance. Take our city. Our city met that statute thus: - It is not our duty to do it.

of this age, and for this reason: Every race has its peculiar temptations; every crime has its specific sin. The tropics and temperate regions are to one form of sensuality; the colder and temperate regions, and our Saxon blood, find their peculiar temptations in the stimulus of drink and food.

First, there has been great discussion of this evil - wide, earnest, patient discussion, for thirty-five years. The whole community has been stirred by the discussion of this question. Finally, after various experiments, the majority of the State decided that the method to stay this evil was to stop the open sale of intoxicating drink.

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of Aldermen told us at the State House, by "Imbecile old men and ancient women" - as the constable of Shakspeare's play arrested all "ragmen." That is the position of the city. The law is intentionally and avowedly set aside.

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pended entirely upon the mood of the mob that month whether they could hold it or not. These very walls could testify, if they had voice, how many dozens times they have seen their occupants, paying an honest price for a day's use of them, disturbed hour after hour, and finally, perhaps, in some instances, the meeting broken up by a crowd of boys that the right hand of one policeman could have quelled; and who individuals, the very leeches of this hall; who took one of these disturbers to the courts, he was set free, and the persons who interfered threatened with a suit.

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jury was trusted alone without them. If the State furnishes good judges, and the city, at the other end, furnishes no criminals, or, when one is by chance caught, furnishes him with a jury that will disagree on his side, how is the law to be executed?

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boy, who wanted to show how much money he had made in Boston in five years. "He left here with a cent," said the young man - "went to Boston - became a distiller - returned with two hundred thousand dollars - that is his residence."

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Poetry.

For the Liberator. THE PROCLAMATION. Faintly gleamed Freedom through the murky cloud Of slavery, which lowering long has hung Over America, the fair, the young; Of hard won Independence justly proud.

From the Hastings (Mich.) Banner. EMANCIPIATION. The fat has gone forth, the word is spoken, The great decree is past; The fetters of the slave are rent and broken, And he is free at last!

THE MARTYR. When, from a life of god-like strife, The indignant martyr sears to God, Though vultures blacken o'er his fame, And tear his clot;

THE FUGITIVES. Long way they fled, the wilderness before, With bleeding feet and limbs the thicket tore; Through swamp and lake, the serpent hissing nigh, The night-bird shrieked, and sped the lightning by;

A WELCOME TO THE YOUNG PRINCESS. BY ALFRED TENNYSON, THE POET LAUREATE. Sea-king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra!

The Liberator.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH. A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER VIII. CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CHAIRS.

"You are very chary of your company, lately, Adela. Pray, may I ask where you keep yourself?" was the gruff remark and surly interrogation of the master, as the white slave-mistress entered his room.

"How is your head, this evening, Edward?" Then forcing a smile, she added, "You must not be hard on our Adela for being so often disabled this way—it comes quite naturally. Shall I bathe your temples, dear, as I have bathed hers?"

"Yes, get it, if only that I may have your hand on my forehead," he answered with a maddening look of repulsive fondness. "But first prepare me a glass of your infallible. Ad, my pet—your infallible, you know. Do it yourself. Ad, don't trust it to Aunt Leah."

Entirely rayless was that midnight, except where large, fluttering snow-flakes, like the ghosts of Antun-leaves, streaked the black velvet gloom with their ghostliness. Like ghosts they disappeared as they fell, melting into the saturated, melancholy soil; while a sobbing wind swept, like surging grief, through the tops of the low pines and cedars, and wailed like despair around the craggy points and through the narrow gorges of the rocks.

Along the banks of the Occoquan two human figures were making their way at a rapid pace and in profound silence. Now they started and clung closer to each other, as the outline of some isolated tree or shrub revealed itself through the darkness, in the likeness of a pursuer; now, losing their pathway, they clambered among briars and rocks, each helping the other with eager hands, whose fervent clasp was their only expression of joy and gratulation when the way again was unobstructed; now the uncertain soil yielded beneath their weary but anresting feet, and they fevored with the delay necessary for extricating themselves from the imprisoning mud; while, from the black front of the beneficently shrouded heavens, the pitiless rain, chilled to the very verge of crystallization, soaked their garments and benumbed their frames.

"Yes, God be praised, my treasure, this is the place. We are on the soil once owned and trodden by the Father of his country; surely, his spirit will protect my helpless child. Yonder are the ruins of the old Powbeck church; another turning, darling, and less than half a mile brings us to Aunt Juno's hut."

"The younger speaker her arms passionately around the neck of the sterner, sobbing, through smothering accents, 'I say, and you still there—O, my mother, my mother! Let us die here together—'"

"Hush, dearest! For me there is no danger; for both, speed is necessary, now. Let us not delay an instant, beloved child!"

Again they pressed forward with incredible celerity, as if their soaked, mud-encumbered garments had been fancy attire, and that tedious path the muddled mazes of a dance. Ah, the song of Freedom was sounding in the heart and vibrating in the pulses of one—but not for herself! Suddenly a tall pine-tree, somewhat isolated from its neighboring kindred, met the straining vision of the mother. "See, see, darling! There is the hut—the light! Thank God, they are prepared for us!"

son-call came. "Harry, Heaven itself has sent you—help, help, my son!" Boy as he was, he lifted the senseless form of his sister as if it had been that of an infant, and, followed by their mother, soon laid her on the soft matting before Aunt Juno's glowing fire. The warm, invigorating repast and the comfortable bed had been made ready by the skill and forethought of the faithful negro; but the first offices were bestowed upon the still inanimate girl.

"Have your horse ready at a word, my dear Harry." The boy left the hut; and, with the kindly aid of Aunt Juno, the sobbing mother removed the torn and dragging garments from Adela, applying their places from the comfortable store forwarded by Harry; then chafed her benumbed limbs until the life-currents once more circulated freely, they administered an opiate in a warm, nourishing draught, and placed her in bed. The mother pressed her cheek to that resting on the pillow, whispering, because she could not trust her broken voice—"Sleep, blessed, while mother sits by the fire with Aunt Juno."

"But you will waken me, mother dear, in a few moments!" "As soon as your strength returns, my darling, kissing brow and lips with prolonged and gently soothing pressure."

"I am very tired—and weak—but—darling mother!" The opiate was taking effect, although a very gentle one. The mother could not risk, in her child's exhausted state, the dangers of her a parting scene. Under Aunt Juno's active hands, the personal needs of that mother were now abundantly supplied; she, herself, feeling too intensely how much depended on what remained for her to do, to neglect any means which would keep alive her energies. The cast-off garments of Adela, even to the mud-imbued shawl, were carefully rolled in a bundle and securely fastened to the pommel of the saddle—they had a mission yet to perform. All things being ready for her return, the senior Adela approached the good genius of the hut, and throwing herself on her knees before her, and clasping both her sable palms in her fair, slender hands, and lifting her agonized face to hers, exclaimed, in a voice steadiad by earnestness, yet sunk almost in a thrilling whisper lest it should awaken the sleeper—"Aunt Juno, you are good, and you have suffered—I know I may trust you—but, forgive a mother's urgency! As you hope to meet in a better world her dear daughter you lost forever, here, as you hope for mercy, in your extremest need, at the hands of Our Father and Judge, do all you have promised for my child! Juno, swear to me again!"

"Missis Adela, as I hope for mercy in dat great day—as I hope to see my los Floras up dere—(lifting her face, with a solemnity that made it sublime, to heaven.) I promise all—fear nothin' from Juno."

Adela rose to her feet, still clasping the hands of the negro, and with a fervency that might have pierced the very gates of blessing, said, "The smile of Our Heavenly Father rest forever on you and your dear, dear, dear Juno!" Then, throwing her arms around her neck, she sealed the benediction with an affectionate kiss. Approaching the bed, she bent a moment over the sleeper, drinking into her inmost soul each treasured lineament, yet fearing to look too long, or bend too low, or touch, with a finger, even, lest the magnetism of her emotion should awaken her child. Softly she knelt by the lowly couch, with reverently covered face, and left there the most sleepless of angel-guardians—a mother's prayer. With downcast eyes, pale cheek and compressed lips, she left the hut. It was over—the two might never meet again in a world whose mission to them, thus far, no thought or faith could explain, if this world were all.

In silence, mother and son mounted the gentle but fleet "Spero," the former holding carefully by the sacred bundle. In silence they swept circuitously over the distance traversed with such toil during those memorable midnight hours. The same good Providence directed the storm that had spread out the darkness—snow was falling fast, and filling up every trace of travel.

In an incredibly brief period, they had reached that part of the Occoquan which washed the Herman Plantation on one side. Dismounting, the mother led the way to a point where the bank sloped irregularly to the stream, between ragged rocks; around and over portions of these rocks the river shot with great velocity, thence rushing with fuller volume and unimpeded course towards the Potomac. Here, unrolling the bundle, with the assistance of Harry, the outer garments of Adela were so disposed, at different points, and the bank so marked and indented, as to produce the appearance of self-destruction on the part of the young girl. When the strange, melancholy task was accomplished, the mother pressed her son to her heart, saying in an earnest whisper, "Hasten, now, Harry, darling! While the snow can conceal your pathway. I must hasten, too. Be vigilant and careful in everything, my brave boy! Carry my blessing to your precious sister—O, it will seem an age until I see you! Go—God bless you!"

The boy mounted, and galloped off—the mother as hurriedly making her way on foot to the mansion. When the Planter awoke from his prolonged slumber, the pale, worn, haggard looking slave-mistress was pacing his room in doleful attire, and with despair in every motion.

Prefacing his question with a terrible oath, he demanded what was the matter—if he was dying. "My child, my Adela has gone—gone forever!" and there was no more acting in the grief and exhaustion under the influence of which the broken-hearted woman sunk to the floor.

ways is unexpected even when waited for; always dreaded, even when his visit is one of mercy—the universal creditor of all mankind! In this instance, how truly was he welcomed by tortured hearts, although he came in terror unimagined. Edward Herman closed his fearful account with time, and the horrors of delirium tremens, before the dawn of Christmas-Day. Ah, to those who witnessed that scene, it was, indeed, a Christmas without a Christ!

PRINCIPLE SUBJECTED TO PRACTICAL TESTS.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCE OF SAWYER'S BIBLICAL THEORIES.

MR. EDITOR—New and improved views on religious and moral questions sets as excellent tests of Christian character, and the principles of many Christians, when brought to these tests, appear sadly to disagree with those of Christ, and with God's eternal laws. There are two laws of Christ, which are at the same time a part of the eternal law and of the nature of man:

- 1. The law of love. 2. The law of right doing, grounded on love. To build up systems of Christianity on arbitrary principles and traditional faiths, without these cardinal principles, is to build up a body and leave out the soul, the only principle of organic and intellectual power, and sole subject of conscious glory and happiness. Such a body is incapable of any of the offices of life, and subject to physical laws which consign it to protracted repose or speedy dissolution.

The improved translation of the Bible, as far as published, and the reconstruction and improvement of Biblical science, carrying into it the established and undeniable principles of all science, are operating as great experimental tests of religious principle, in the public mind, and disclosing surprising and unexpected corruption. The author begs leave to call attention to one of these developments, and to hold it up before the eyes of Christendom for observation. Unfortunately, it is not solitary, but is kept in countenance by much respectable company. Its chief importance is derived from the fact, that it is only one of a great number of like developments; and that the consideration of it involves an examination of false principles which are extensively received and effectively operating in large and powerful Christian bodies.

The case referred to is a critical notice of the author's Reconstruction of Biblical Theories, in the Christian Intelligence, published by Charles Wyck, 108 Fulton street, New York. The article commences with the following statements— "It is really puzzling to know how fitly to notice a work whose contents are composed so entirely of falsehood and twaddle as this is. On looking into it, we first supposed it to have been written by some lunatic; but reflecting that its author was first a renegade Unitarian from Congregationalism, and then a renegade infidel from Unitarianism, we suspected the existence of a method in his madness; and such there doubtless is."

Men judge books as they do other things, according to their capacities, knowledge, pre-established opinions and interests. Every new book is a puzzle to an incompetent critic, and every progressive and aggressive book offends and confounds the conservators of traditional errors. The eagle is a noble bird, and generous and devoted to her young, but having by mistake provided them with a sickly lamb, she battles to the death to secure for them the supposed benefit; not aware that her success will be their destruction. The critic appears to be standing on guard over traditional religious errors, under the misapprehension, that if he fails to provide for their safety, the world will perish, and the plans of the Infinite be frustrated. It is incident to the condition of birds sometimes to battle for poisoned meat, and to the condition of men sometimes to contend for the decayed and pestilential carcasses of old delusions that breed only infection, misery and death. The ignorant cannot for the time help their ignorance, nor the mistaken their mistake; the heights of superior knowledge are gained with difficulty, and many strive for them in vain. But while acquitting the critic of blame, as far as possible, for an incorrect judgment, we are compelled to accept that judgment both as a measure of his knowledge and capacity, and, to some extent, a creature of his heart, and an index of his principles. We must also hold him responsible for the publication of his judgment, and hold the judgment itself amenable to the laws of moral action.

The critic tells us, that the contents of the book are entirely baldness and twaddle. In doing so, he claims to know, and as a Christian critic, he claims to say what is true, and what is conformable to the spirit and laws of God. If he has examined the book with due care, and passed an honest judgment on every part of it, and if this is that honest judgment, it may be right for him to publish it as he has done; but, if his examination has been slight and superficial, and his judgment from that cause, or from interest, or any other sinister cause, has been made erroneous, he has committed a wrong, and stands criminated in the face of heaven as an unjust judge.

If the critic is correct, the author must sadly have missed his aim. He went into the mines of past ages, to see what treasures they had. He explored the most ancient records, and some of the most ancient languages of the human race, to ascertain with certainty what information they could give, and what light they could shed on the great problems of human existence and destiny. His search was directed for truth and knowledge, for the most important truth, and the most valuable knowledge; and having enriched himself, as he supposed, with choice and invaluable stores, gems from the mountain and gold from the stream, stores fit for the cabinet of angels, if he has fallen entirely in this search of years, if he has dug up nothing of value, not even a fragment of old earthen ware, or a stone implement of old industries and arts, his search has been professed indeed. The critic judges the book entirely destitute of every thing of value. In that the fault of the book is in the fault of the critic, and is he an incompetent judge? Judges are expected to give reasons for their judgments; and they have no weight, and command no respect, except in view of those reasons. This judge has sagely withheld his reasons; he gives you his bare judgment, unassisted by a shadow of evidence; he does not even specify the particulars to which he objects; he condemns the whole, en masse. Such a procedure in judicial matters would be quite extraordinary; but, unfortunately, the safeguards which experience and custom and positive law have exacted for the restraint of unjust judges, in the State, do not extend with effect to the benches of religious and literary criticism.

- To give the unformed some slight insight of this case, let some of the contents of the book be stated— 1. Discussions of the Greek and Hebrew languages, their ages, and the age of the earliest sacred books. 2. The history of the name "Jehovah," and its ancient pronunciation. 3. Translations of select portions and documents of the early sacred books. 4. Interpretation of the early sacred books to the times of Samuel, in which many allegorical elements are noted and explained, on the same principles as are applied to the ancient books of other nations, and to all other literary works. Some of the author's opinions may be wrong; he neither admits infallibility to others, nor claims it for himself. Some of them he trusts are correct, and will command the respect of candid and coming inquirers, and the acceptance and faith of coming ages. In the author's judgment, much new light is shed on these interesting theories, and he defines the critic and his class to prove him wrong in any of the essential points and main conclusions of his system. But the most characteristic and instructive part of this criticism is that which is said of the author. On looking into the book, the critic first supposes it to have been written by some lunatic; he then reflects, as he

says, that its author was first a renegade Unitarian from Congregationalism, and then a renegade infidel from Unitarianism, and suspects the existence of a method in his madness. This is truly astute, but unskillfully, it is a lie, and shows that the critic has either invented, or taken up from another inventor, false witness against his brother. This is neither Jude nor Christian. The author of Biblical Theories was a broad Congregationalist, and for many years labored in the Congregational and Presbyterian connections. Latterly, he left the Presbyterian connection for the Congregational, in which, on all occasions, he maintained the right and unity of free thought and untrammelled judgment, and the orthodoxy of truth. In the latter years of his associated ministry, he belonged to an association in the State of New York, with the members of which he lived in perfect fraternal affection. In his Biblical studies he was progressive, and his inquiries sometimes led him to surprising results. In the course of years, he perceived several great historical and critical mistakes, in the commonly accepted history and interpretation of the sacred books, which, after due consideration, he commenced publishing. At length, finding himself embarrassed by his association with brethren who did not and could not at once appreciate his improved views on Biblical subjects, he requested a dismission from his Association, to stand as an independent Congregational minister. This was kindly granted, and he stands henceforth as an independent Catholic Congregational minister. To distinguish himself from others, who may occupy similar positions with different views, he assumes the style of Catholic.

In the course of his studies, the author's views have gradually changed, and been improved, as the legitimate result of examination and attention to evidence; application is the price of progress. On many subjects those changes are radical and fundamental, and they embrace a concurrence with several of the leading views of the Unitarians. But, whatever these changes are, the author has not acted the renegade; he has simply acted the part of the Christian scholar. In respect to his ecclesiastical relations, he has made but a single change; he was an associated Congregationalist, he has become an independent one; he was a restricted Congregationalist, he has become a Catholic one. He does not ostracize any part of the Christian world, and hopes not to be anathematized by any part of it. Scholars are not accounted renegades from the sciences for improving them; Copernicus was not a renegade from the science of astronomy, nor Sir Isaac Newton from that of philosophy; just as little is any man a renegade from any Christian bodies for contributing to the advancement of Biblical and scientific science. Besides, a man that is honorably dismissed from a body is not a renegade from it. The author was honorably dismissed from the Congregationalists, with whom he was connected; with the Unitarians he never was connected, but he had frequent experience of their Christian kindness and courtesy.

The critic concludes thus— "His science improved will do no good here; if, however, the author be in a mood to take advice, we take it upon ourselves to recommend that he go without delay to Natal, to assist the bewildered Bishop of that enlightened colony, or else remove to England, and take orders in the established church."

The critic's advice is as inconsiderate and impertinent as his criticism; and his performance, with others of a like character, shows that there is a demand for some gospel work here. What ignorance and indifference about the sacred text and its corruptions! What stupidity in its interpretation! What stubborn and consolidated resistance to new information and new light! What implicit and blind faith! What boundless arrogance, superciliousness and self-conceit! and what enormous injustice in leading religious papers and reviews! Do these things show that there is no good to be done here! They are themselves Macedonian voices crying for help, and hurrying up the reserves of the Almighty for the emancipation of the race. All this noise and commotion over the author's works is a demonstration of the urgency of the world's need of further light here, as well as elsewhere.

There is work to be done in Natal, no doubt, and it is to be hoped that the good Bishop Colenso will not want helpers to carry out any improvements which he is proposing in religious culture. There is work for pure and fearless hearts and strong hands in the Established Church, and some of its sons are moving with no uncertain step in the path of progress; but there is also much work to be done in this country to perfect our institutions, and to complete the reorganization of society, nobly commenced, but only commenced, by our fathers. And just now, more than ever before, here is the great battle-field of the world, where new science and old delusions are measuring their strength together, and determining which is the child of God and destiny. At such a time, above all others, the true-hearted American and Christian will be slow to take any advice that leads him from his native land, and from the most effective endeavors to serve the truth when it is so severely assailed on its own hearthstone. The author's battle and the nation's are one, and he trusts that a common and glorious victory awaits both.

The charge of infidelity is repelled by all the author's works; and the evidence under the eye of the critic, at the time of his making this charge, contains the most positive proof to the contrary. The sacred laws of truth are not to be trifled with. There have always been infidels who reject Christianity, but those who accept it and admit all its facts, only rejecting the mistakes and errors that are mixed up with it, are not infidels. The author of Biblical Theories accepts Christianity and the Bible for all they are, be it more or less; and investigates both, with unwearying labor, to ascertain what they are. He may be mistaken in his endeavors, but he is not an infidel, and that the critic knows very well, if he has examined his works.

With these few explanations of the facts, the author begs leave to submit this case of book criticism to the attention of truth-loving and God-loving men, and especially to that of fellow-Christians. They, more than others, are interested in understanding it, and judging it correctly. It is of little consequence in itself, but in its relations, it is of vast consequence. It is an index of the character of a prevailing type of Christianity, and evinces great defection from the laws of Christ. Christ disallowed false witness against a brother, the use of idle and evil words and malicious epithets, and all uncharitableness. The spirit of this type of Christianity is the spirit of all evil; it crucified Christ, stoned Stephen, burned John Rogers at the stake, beheaded and burned William Tyndal, drove Jonathan Edwards from Northampton, instigated the great rebellion which is now fiercely struggling to quench the fires of republicanism and of freedom in the United States, and is the irreconcilable foe of all human progress.

Yours, most truly, L. A. SAWYER.

COLORED REFUGEES IN OUR CAMPS.

The following letter is from a very worthy, intelligent woman, who was herself a slave during twenty-five years, and who is now manifesting sympathy with her long-oppressed people by nursing them in the vicinity of our camps. To do this, she not only relinquishes good wages in a family for many years strongly attached to her, but also liberally imparts from her own earnings to the destitute around her.

L. M. CHILD.

have sent thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to different sections of the country, by wherever these poor sufferers came, within our lines. But, notwithstanding all that has been done, very many have died from destitution. It is impossible to reach them all. Government has erected here barracks for the accommodation of five hundred. We have fifteen based on the list.

Many have found employment, and are supporting themselves and their families. It would do you good to talk with some of these people. They are quick, intelligent, and full of the spirit of freedom. Some of them say to me, "The white men of the North have helped us thus far, and we want to help them. We would like to fight for them, if they would only treat us like men."

The colored people could not do enough for the first regiments that came here. They had entire faith in them as the deliverers of their race. The sight of the U. S. uniform took all fear out of their hearts, and inspired them with hope and confidence. Many of them freely fed the soldiers at their own tables, and lodged them as comfortably as possible in their humble dwellings. The change is very sad. In return for their kindness and ever-ready service, they receive insults, and sometimes beatings, and so they have learned to distrust those who wear the uniform of the U. S. You know how warmly I have sympathized with the Northern army; all the more does it grieve me to see so many of them false to the principles of freedom. But I am proud and happy to know that the black man is to strike a blow for liberty. I am rejoiced that Col. Shaw led the Massachusetts regiment, for I know he has a noble heart.

How pitiful it is that members of any religious sect should come here, and return home to report their observations, without one word of sympathy for God's suffering poor! This is suggested to me by reading the New York Evangelist. These poor refugees undoubtedly have faults, as all human beings would, under similar circumstances. I agree with that noble man, Gen. Saxton, who says they appear to him to be "extremely human." As to drunkenness, I have seen but one case. As to stealing, I saw the writer in the New York Evangelist had made himself acquainted with the old slave-pen here, now used for a prison. When I last went there, I found several whites and one colored man. The marriage-law was being disregarded, from old habits formed in slavery, and from want of true friends to encourage them in the observance of it now. I wish the writer of that article could have been where I was last night, in our rough, little, poorly-built church.

It was densely crowded; and although some alarm was excited by the rafters giving way overhead, yet was soon restored, and the people were deeply attentive. Eight couples were married on this occasion. We have a day-school of eighty scholars, and a large number attend our evening school—mostly adults. A large sewing-circle, composed of young and old, meet every Saturday afternoon. Three colored men teach a school in this city for those who can't attend a school for instruction. They have a large number of pupils, mostly children of colored citizens, a few of the "little contrabands" attend their school. We are now collecting together the orphan children, of whom there are a great number, owing to the many deaths that have occurred of late. In justice to the refugee women, I am bound to testify that I have never known them, in any one instance, refuse to shelter an orphan. In many cases, mothers who have five or six children of their own, without enough to feed and cover them, will readily receive these helpless little ones into their own poor homes.

O, when will the white man learn to know the hearts of my abused and suffering people!

HARRIET JACOBS.

SCHOOL IN NEWBURGH, N. Y.

MISS H. M. PARKHURST Will commence the Summer Term of her Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, On Monday, April 20th, 1863.

MISS H. M. PARKHURST, Teacher of Mental and Moral Science, Rhetoric, &c. MISS H. L. BOWEN, Teacher of Mathematics and Natural Science. MISS E. F. SHEPARD, Teacher of Languages. MISS F. E. NEWLAND, Teacher of Drawing, Painting and Penmanship. MISS A. J. STERLING, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

MISS PARKHURST has had seven years of successful experience in the care of a Boarding School in this State, besides several years of teaching in the best schools in Massachusetts. She designs and promises, that all branches of study undertaken in her School shall be thoroughly and efficiently pursued. Special attention will be given to the health of the pupils. Daily religious exercises will be held in the family and in the School. The School Year is divided into three terms: two of fifteen weeks each, and one of twelve weeks. Board and Tuition in English Branches, per term, \$40; per year, \$115.

References.—Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D. D., Clinton, N. Y.; Rev. S. W. Fisher, D. D., President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; De Witt C. Groves, Mayor of Clinton, N. Y.; A. Y. Mayo, Albany, N. Y.; Henry Ripley, M. D., Newton, Mass.; Dr. Lewis, M. D., Boston, Mass.; Prof. H. B. Fiske, President of Model School, Troy, N. Y.; Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., New York; Rev. Austin Coale, D. D., Bloomsburg, Groves, N. Y.

For particulars, please address, MISS H. M. PARKHURST, Newburgh, N. Y.

IMPROVEMENT IN Champoning and Hair Dyeing. "WITHOUT SMUTTING."

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER WOULD inform the public that she has removed from 222 Washington Street, to No. 31 WINTER STREET, where she will attend to all diseases of the Hair. She is sure to cure in nine cases out of ten, and in more than for many years made the hair grow and become more luxuriant in proportion to a new growth of hair made from the roots and herbs of the forest. Her Champoning with a bark wash is beneficial to the hair, and cures itching, dandruff, and will prevent the hair from turning grey. She has another for restoring grey hair to its natural color in nearly all cases. She is not afraid to apply her Restorative in any part of the world, as they are sold in every city in the country. They are enough to last for customers to take to Europe within a few days, and to last for three years, as they often say they can get nothing about the hair.