LETTERS FROM CAMP.*

I. TO ARMS.

First Gathering of the States.

Steamer Ariel, off Annapolis,
Wednesday, 9 A. M., April 23, 1861.

ONE always wishes to know the condition of his correspondent. Let me give you a crayon sketch of this one. On the after deck of a California steamer, sitting on a camp-stool, with his sheet of note-paper on a pocket account-book, and the book resting on his knees, with a military cap on his head, a military beard on his face, and a military weapon peeping out of his breast pocket, putting its possessor in far greater peril than any real or imaginary foe, — thus sitteth the sketcher. His immediate surroundings are admirably adapted to habits of reflection and composition. Crowding around him are soldiers of many uniforms, and many religions and irreligions, having two bonds of unity — fury against the

* The three following sections contain extracts from letters written from the army at Washington, the Relay House, and Baltimore, during the first three months of the war, and published in "Zion's Herald," "Christian Advocate," and "Harper's Magazine."

rebels, and noisy welcomes to neighboring troops. Some eight or ten vessels lie near us, with troops from Rhode Island, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, vociferating their hurrahs and "tigers" across to each other in a most enthusiastic manner. Outside of this trampling and talking, singing and shouting, screaming of steam pipes and rattling of muskets, lie the quiet Chesapeake and its more quiet banks. The sun is preparing to give us a warm reception, whatever the citizens may give. He pours his sheets of flame on the bay, and it glitters in his radiance with charming beauty. It is a beautiful field of silver, about a mile wide here, but opening into an area three or four miles wide a little way below. The banks are low, yet very pleasant. The grass is green, and the trees are clothed in that "mist of greenness," as Tennyson so happily describes the intermediate state between leaflessness and leafage.

A War Night in Faneuil Hall.

I have seen old Faneuil Hall under many excitements since my first memory of it, which, by the way, was beholding General Jackson shake hands with Boston dignitaries. I was chiefly anxious, I recollect, then to see the famous Major Jack Downing, and eagerly inquired of my Mentor which of the attendants on the General was the great Major. Since that childish faith was then and there broken to pieces, I have had my faith broken or confirmed many times by the sights and sounds within its walls. But Faneuil

> "saw another sight,
> When the drums beat at dead of night."

My experience of many delectable Methodist camps had trained me for the enjoyment of the scene. So I lay on a straw mattress under the rostrum, from whence I had heard Webster, Choate, Parker, Sumner, Burlingame, and a

host of others thunder, and saw the sights in which their speeches were culminating — the bodying forth of their airy nothings. Troops marching and countermarching, up stairs and down stairs, bands playing, men whistling or singing, packing and nailing boxes, shouting orders, going through drills, — every conceivable noise, melting into one mighty patriotic symphony. The grand old eagle seemed to enjoy the scene, —

> "The fierce gray bird with a bending beak,
> With an angry eye and a startling shriek,
> Which nurses his brood where the cliff flowers blow."

How he exulted in the daring of his Northern associates! On his breast glowed the stars and stripes, and round his talons waved the *E Pluribus Unum*, not to be changed to *Ex Uno Plura* by the combined fraud and force of any or all the leagued oppressors on our Southern shores. Below the symbols of the United States stood the haughty memorials of Massachusetts sovereignty, — her Indian and his weapons, — and her motto, looking far from "Algerine," in this hour of her quick response to the call of her country.

Opposite these, the patriotic faces of Samuel Adams, Washington, Hancock, and Warren, glowed with animated enthusiasm; while, by a sort of prophetic inspiration, Calhoun had been placed on the walls, but covered with a cloud, evidently nursing his wrath with difficulty, as he saw the formidable array to suppress his treasonable desires and efforts, and to give the final blow to his favorite Power as a ruler in the nation.

Among the tunes were often heard, just as I hear them here and now, the familiar songs of the camp-meeting and prayer-meeting. "I am going home to die no more," "There'll be no more sorrow there," "We're bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me?" mingled with *America* and *Yankee Doodle*, showing how great was the power of these melodies over the masses.

First War Sunday.

That Sabbath day's journey ought to be chronicled. We marched through saintly Boston in the gray twilight to the tune of Yankee Doodle. All along the route, cannons and bells, bands and flags, and waving handkerchiefs, soldiers and crowds upon crowds, gave us a hearty hail and farewell. At Springfield the crowd was immense and enthusiastic. At Hartford we were told the women were all at home driving their sewing machines, and the men busy making cartridges for their troops. Not a few, however, filled the depot and the track to salute us. But Meriden gave us the heartiest welcome. All the town left their churches, and gathered round the depot, where they had had preaching and singing while waiting for us. They had also provided refreshments enough for five thousand persons, and plied us with sweetmeats and benedictions.

New Haven and Bridgeport were equally alive and multitudinous in their enthusiasm. At the last place an incident occurred which strikingly, not to say grotesquely and harshly, showed the fierce fire that glowed in every breast. A man had been killed the day before while firing a salute to a company going to Washington. They had his body wrapped in American flags, in a hearse trimmed with flags, and drawn by four white, dancing horses, also trimmed with flags. The force of the fever could go no farther. It did not seem to me that it ought to have gone so far. Yet the great crowds, the bands, cannons, bells, soldiers, and shouts, showed that the people did not seem to feel this novel expression to be exceptional.

Opening the Way to the Capitol.

Washington, April 23, 1861.

The Massachusetts Eighth Regiment first reached Annapolis, and would have first opened the way, solitary and

alone, to Washington, had not an accident prevented their landing. One of their officers informed me that when they reached Philadelphia they heard of the Baltimore riot, and the murder of their comrades. They left that city expecting to follow their predecessors on the same route. They prepared a corps of sappers and miners, selecting some forty of their most brave and dashing men for this service. These were to head the troops, and, upon attack, spring into the houses, set them on fire, and otherwise open, if possible, a path through the city. "As they marched down the streets of Philadelphia," said he, "the lowest weight of any soldier was one ton," so full of weighty matter and solid courage were they. They found, after a while, that they were going to Perryville, hoping to get possession of the steamer there that is connected with the railroad. They heard that the Baltimore secessionists held it, and had no doubt that they would have to fight to recover it. So, as they drew near the place, their guns were loaded, and their names called, to see if all were present. As the roll was called, one of the soldiers said, "When it is called again we shall not all be here to answer." Tears rolled down many cheeks at this remark, and at the thoughts which it revived of home and friends left perhaps forever, of the first real battle in which they were about to engage, of all the sudden, strange, and terrible experiences of war. But they did not faint nor falter. They were children of their fathers, and they went forward cheerfully to the expected conflict.

Leaving their cars about a quarter of a mile from the depot, they formed a line, with orders to rush upon the enemy, and force their passage into the boat at the point of the bayonet. They found they were as those that beat the air. The terrible enemy was not. They quietly took possession of the steamer, and ran down to Annapolis, which they reached about two o'clock on Sunday morning, and anchored off the Naval Academy.

Here occurred one of those puzzles which diplomacy often meets with. The commandant of the Naval School had heard that a secession steamer was coming from Baltimore to take possession of that spot. He had not heard of the movements of this regiment, and supposed, of course, that this steamer was the one promised and dreaded. On the other hand, General Butler had heard that the secessionists were already in possession of the Naval School, as well as of the city. A lieutenant came to the steamer to find out who they were. But as he did not like to reveal his position to parties of whom he was in doubt, and as General Butler did not choose to reveal his name and purpose, their conversation was brief and cipherish. Soon the lieutenant said he must go, as a signal had been made for his return. They learned afterward that this signal was to be given, after a certain time had elapsed, so that he might escape to the shore, as they should then consider them secessionists, and open the guns of the fort upon them. The commandant, Captain Blake, however, finding that his lieutenant knew nothing, came off himself, and he and the general talked back and forth in the dark for some time, till gradually they began to find out that they could trust each other.

He then asked for help to get the Constitution into the bay, as it was exposed where it lay to guns from the shore. So the church-going, and many of them church-loving, citizens of Lynn, Marblehead, and their vicinage, worked all day to cut out the famous Old Ironsides. Their steamer ran aground in the effort, and stuck there till Tuesday morning. They could get no help, and had no food nor water, and some of them, in the fury of their thirst, drank the salt water of the bay. The midshipmen, on learning of their condition, brought water in boats to their relief. They lay here in great peril, for there were no means of getting ashore. The people of Annapolis knew of their presence, and it was currently stated that a war steamer was coming from Bal-

timore to sink them — a thing that could easily have been done.

An accident happened here that was a strong confession of the value of religion to a man. There was only one boat on the steamer, and the general was afraid that one of the crew, or some traitor who might have smuggled himself on board at Perryville, would take it, and give information to the enemy. So he commanded two men to be put in charge of the boat, with orders, if any one touched it, to warn him off; if he did not leave instantly, to shoot him dead. "And," said he, "if you have any praying men in your company, appoint them, for they will conscientiously obey their orders."

On Monday morning the Boston arrived from Philadelphia with the Seventh Regiment, and worked nearly all day to get their steamer afloat, so that the Eighth Regiment, which had been there more than thirty hours, might have the privilege of landing first. But it was found impossible to start her, with their own vessel so heavily laden, and they were compelled to land their men first. Then they drew the Maryland from her long anchorage, and both of the regiments found rest and refreshment in the pleasant quarters of the Academy.

Annapolis was my first acquaintance with a slaveholding city, and of persons held in slavery. The place looked as if cursed by the crime it hugged to its breast. With admirable opportunities for growth, with a harbor and shores that would be filled with enterprise and taste were it not for this crime, the capital of this freest of the Slave States, is as shabby, mean, and crowded as the dirtiest quarters of the North End. I had quite a long conversation with some of the citizens. They had evidently experienced a new sensation. They had learned well the lesson of submission to slavocrats, and as one, who was with me, a Unionist from Kentucky, boasted of the number

of slaves that he owned, they seemed to revere him as a superior being. But General Butler had given them a new idol to fear and to worship. And they responded as meekly and readily to my Massachusetts talk as they did to that of the Kentucky slaveholder. They listened almost reverently as I spoke of those terrible bugbears, Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison. Do not imagine that there was any especial courage in me. I had on a sub-military rig, and they knew that five to seven thousand men were less than a mile off, eager to avenge so much as the mere nose-pulling of a Northern soldier. They had learned that there was a North, and that she had strength enough to do as she pleased, even under the eaves of the Maryland Capitol.

As the troops marched out to Washington, the different effect of their presence on the inhabitants was noticeable. The whites looked mad or scared, according to their social position, chiefly scared, and the blacks looked glad out of the eyes, though their lips were discreetly sealed. As we left the city, they began to be more free in the expression of their feelings. About two miles out, a colored family on a lonely plantation waved their handkerchiefs and cheered vociferously. The soldiers in response cheered lustily for the Union, and even kissed their hands to them in their enthusiasm. One old colored woman was in the Senate Chamber a day or two ago selling cakes and pies. One of the officers of the famous Sixth Regiment asked her what she thought of these times. "Why," she said, "you seem to us just like our Lord Jesus. He came down of His own accord to suffer and die to save us. And you also come to suffer and to die to deliver us." The piety of the old sister was not very much shocked by the analogy; I doubt if yours will be. Tears stood in the eyes of the officer as he told me her remark. He thought of those who had already died for this cause in Baltimore.

Camp in the Capitol.

What kind of a place do you imagine a camp to be? Something rural and rustic, I doubt not. Shady trees, running streams, green, waving fields, with tents nestling together, and soldiers with their environments, adding the life of humanity to that of nature. You can hardly take into account the march of improvement in making up such an opinion. You forget how we have improved our ecclesiastical camps from three or four stakes, and a sheet stretched over them, to the luxurious tents and dwellings of the Vineyard and Hamilton. Even so have military encampments caught the spirit of the age. And so we tabernacle to-day not as Aaron in the wilderness, but as his successors in the days of Solomon. Our camp is in the most sumptuous edifice on the continent, one of the most magnificent in the world. Our soldiers sleep under the splendid paintings and bas-reliefs of the Rotunda, or between the gray marble pillars of the old Representative Hall. The echoes of the voices of the heroic past, from Washington to John Quincy Adams, fill their souls with high inspirations. The officers lie on beautiful pavements of many colors, none the softer though for their velvety patterns, and lounge on crimson chairs and sofas, reveling before the battle in the rewards which usually follow only daring and danger. The fragrance of blossoming trees, and the music of bands of birds, salute the senses, not always unmingled with what Charles Lamb calls "the only manly scent," that of tobacco, and what boys think the only manly music, that of other two-legged and gay-appareled bands.

The glitter of muskets, the blare of drums, and

> "Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,"

the gay or sober uniforms, the even step of marching thousands, that revivifies the celebrated Virgilian line (changing

"quadrupedante" to "bipedante"), as it shakes the dusty earth with its pulsing foot; these are certainly unwonted experiences for an American city. The "*putrem campum*" of that verse is exceedingly appropriate here. A more disintegratable soil, that professed to be a soil, I never saw. I can understand now how this city is able to almost constantly kick up such a dust as fills the eyes, ears, and mouths of the whole land. The winds here are all simooms, and the political storms are adapted to the climactic ones — of the earth, earthy.

There are probably more soldiers to-day in Washington than were ever gathered before in the same area in this country. And yet it is but a handful to the Parisian armies, and to what may be collected here or elsewhere ere this great rebellion and its greater cause are crushed forever. They are constantly coming. A thousand entered at nine o'clock last evening; another thousand at two o'clock this morning, their spirit-stirring music stirring spirits, and bodies, too, in a manner more stimulating than agreeable.

Notwithstanding the numbers of troops here, probably not less than twenty thousand, including the active militia of the District, the great buildings, where many of them quarter, are not overcrowded. Three thousand troops occupy the Capitol, and yet it looks as empty as a New York church of a Sunday afternoon. Many times that number could easily be packed into its immense halls, passages, and lobbies.

This building, where the nation's hopes and fears so anxiously and so justly center, is held by soldiers from New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. These three States stand together in the Capitol to maintain our liberty to-day, as they stood fourscore years ago to inaugurate it. It is more than a happy coincidence that the magnificent structure, which embodies the sovereignty and glory of our nation, should be intrusted to the watch-care of these ancient and

constant allies. The most dangerous, and hence most honorable, post in it is occupied by the Massachusetts Sixth, who so nobly won the prize in their brave and rapid march to its defense.

I escaped to the elegant Congressional Library, hoping to avoid the din of arms, and throats, and drums that pervades every other part of the Capitol. Vain hope! The tremendous rattle of innumerable drums, as it seems to the drums of my ears, follows me here. From the lovely and usually quiet grounds in front of the Capitol, it arises like the rattling of hammers on the rivets of half a dozen engine boilers. If you want to know how military sounds sound when concentrated into an army, and void of fife and bugle, visit the "Novelty Works," or any other locomotive factory, and listen to the melody aforesaid. The poor birds, who were getting up a fine concert of their own, succumb, and hide their ears behind their wings. If my composition partakes of this intense rattling and ringing, consider it all the more military, and hence the more popular.

Camp at the Relay.

Camp Essex, May 16, 1861.

We have reached it at last.

"My high blown pride
At length breaks under me."

A greater than Jefferson the Little, even the bowed and aching octogenarian of Washington has issued his edict, and here we are. No more lounging on velvet chairs, no more looking through plate-glass, between bronze window frames and marble pillars, across the placid Potomac to Alexandria, and, with the mind's eye, to Richmond. We are on a retreat. We have left for the North.

Our change from our Capitol quarters was most willingly made. Like most persons in such places, we found our-

selves sorely afflicted with the rich man's disease — nothing to do. So, when the order came yesterday to march, the soldiers gladly fled to arms and knapsacks. And well they might; for the real camp, which we have reached, is as much before the vain pomp and glory of the one we have left as dear, divine nature is ahead of hard and heartless art. If all pride has such a fall as this, it should not feel hurt at the operation.

Leaving our marble quarters, marching down the superb staircase, whose panels Leutze, or his successors, will hardly be able to fill with a more glorious picture than that then passing before them, we took the cars, and were dropped on the side of the hill, about half a mile from the Relay House.

The next morning the brow of the hill was appropriated to our use; and here, in the soft May air of Maryland, the white canvas town of Camp Essex "rose like an exhalation." The camp is not arranged precisely according to "regulation," yet nearly enough to give an idea of the ideal law, which in the army, as elsewhere, is fully realized but rarely. Close to the trees is a row of tents — the depots of the commissary and quartermaster, and the hospital quarters. The next row is that of the colonel and his staff; next, the tidy quarters of the major; then those of the surgeon and his assistants. The yellow flag of the surgeon is followed by the white one of the chaplain, with whom tents the paymaster. Arms, gold, and the gospel seldom come into such close conjunction as they do in this tent. At night the chaplain sleeps between a box of rifles and a box of money. The third and last of the official rows is that of the captains. At right angles to these are the streets of the privates, more closely built, and more densely populated, than those of the officers. Yet crowded into these tents are many who in wealth, culture, and position are fully the equals of their military superiors. The son of an ex-senator of the United States, and the son of a "Bell-Everett" elec-

toral candidate — himself a Boston lawyer — do duty with the musket, each enjoying his undivided fifteenth part of the canvas ten-footer with as worthy fishermen and shoemakers, carpenters and sailors, for comrades.

Our flank companies are representatives of the flanks of the State — Pittsfield on the left, and Salem on the right. Next to the brilliant Salem Zouaves come the Marblehead fishermen. Captain Knott's Marbleheaders deserve special mention, as the first in all the land to respond to the call of the President. The very next morning after the summons left Washington, his company marched from home through a storm of driving sleet, and Faneuil Hall welcomed them first of all to the service of patriotism, with which it is identified. As they entered its honored walls, bound on a grander mission than any to which their fathers had responded, the "stone must have cried out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber have answered it," in honor of the perpetual valor of this most patriotic of towns. In no less than three of the historic pictures which cover the walls of the rotunda are representatives of Marblehead. The new pictures which shall reproduce this holier war will not be without her heroic presence. Beverly and Gloucester — wonderfully given to fun, frolic, and letter-writing — occupy the next street. Loquacious Lynn and conservative Newburyport share the last two streets. It would never have done to place all the argumentative shoemakers together: there would be no knowing how, with rifles and revolvers in their hands, they might have concluded to carry on their discussions. So Conservatism and Progress are hitched together; and the staid bearers of the name of Cushing, and the lively followers of the senatorial Crispin, balanced each other. Outside of the last street is Pittsfield, looking north and west, protecting the camp on its most assailable side. So seven hundred men are housed within four and twenty hours after leaving the Capitol.

The view from our camp is charming. At our feet lies a narrow valley, through which creeps the slumberous Patapsco, covering its face with willows. It has been hard at work miles above driving mills and factories, and now enjoys its release from labor: only temporary, however, is this recess, for it is soon caught again, driven into sluice-ways, and broken upon wheels, only finding lasting peace when it melts into the bosom of the placid Chesapeake. Just beneath us nestles the little village of Elk Ridge Landing — once a port of entry and a haven for ships. But the washings from the hills have choked up the channel, and choked off the trade. Now it seems devoted to the imbibition of whisky, of which, judging from the number of shops, enough is sold to reopen navigation, were it judiciously applied to that purpose. From the hill-top the village has a pleasant aspect, with its two churches, one embowered in trees, and the other standing in a field of blossoming clover, the white tombstones casting a moonlight luster on the green mounds beneath. But these are almost the only adornments of the village. The main street is a collection of wood and brick houses, with no sidewalks, and but few gardens and trees.

The walks around the camp are as delightful as its outlook. Deep ravines, heavily shaded, cover the northern and western sides. Through each of these trickles a tiny brook dancing down to the river. Threading the way through these glens, one enters the upland, which opens into varied vistas. Above the viaduct the Patapsco runs through a deep gorge, scattered along which are mills and the dwellings of the workmen. The summits are crowned with the dwellings of the landholders and their tenants. Looking from these eminences the landscape spreads out in those softly undulating lines which rich soils only can exhibit. A hard, thin soil requires mines of imported wealth, and generations of culture, to give it character. But this rich earth enriches everything. It thickens and deepens the

foliage of the trees, softens the hard edges of the hills, and gives to the whole landscape a royal sweep and fullness.

Smoke Before the Fire.

The flames begin to shoot forth along the whole border — at Harper's Ferry, Western Virginia, Cairo, and St. Louis. This great seam in our Ship of State, that has been stuffed and stuffed with tow and pitch by ecclesiastical and political calkers for a couple of generations, is on fire. The flames, long pent within the vessel, have reached the surface, and, naturally enough, break out in its most inflammable part. Soon, perchance, they will lick the stars in their mad fury. "The strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them." There is no blaze here yet — only intense and suffocating smoke, in which all things are hidden. We dwell where Dame Rumor has her seat; but this lady has always proved her close relationship to the father of lies, and never more indisputably than in the present smoke, preliminary, perhaps, to that of battle. One hour she positively declares that twenty-five thousand secessionists are within a day's march of the capital, and intend to storm it before the next nightfall. The next, she declares the troops at Alexandria are verifying Scripture, and fleeing when no man pursueth; that others are also hasting away from Harper's Ferry. So she flies up and down these streets, choking our ears as the dust does our mouths, and with equally unserviceable stuff. The fact is, we shall never know anything certain about the rebellious section until we march an army of observation, as well as of occupation, into its midst. The seceders love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. They keep up all kinds of contrary stories to delude the government, and especially the North. They wisely adapt their compound to the exciting of our fears and the allaying

of our vigilance. So they say four hundred thousand men will, before midsummer, pour on Washington; or within a week the Confederate flag will float on the Capitol, if they condescend to allow it to stand. Then, having played the bugaboo enough, they pretend it is all practical joking. They have hardly any troops anywhere; only thirty thousand or so in all the Confederacy. Richmond is unprotected, and "only a miracle" can save that city from the government troops. I fear the Greeks bringing these telegraphic gifts. They must be watched and guarded from nearer heights than those of Arlington. We must arise and go down into the South country, and see for ourselves, and, if need be, feel in ourselves their hostile preparations.

The letter-writers and telegraph operators are in a dubious state as it respects matters in the Cabinet, as they are in respect to those in the South. Paul very happily describes the whole class in that keen sketch of the bustling know-nothing wise men of his day, of all skeptical days: "Ever striving and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." The Vailed Prophet never kept his face more closely concealed than President Lincoln, General Scott, and Secretary Cameron do the face of military affairs. It is a fine time for our spiritualist friends to bring forth their mediums. Enormous prices would be paid by public journals for reliable facts that are undoubtedly transpiring in Virginia and the southernmost States — for more important facts that are as certainly settled and partially embodied in act in the brains of the antagonist leaders — rebels and patriots. How "stale, flat, and unprofitable" that folly looks beside these opportunities and urgencies for its existence! How fortunate it is that these silly women laden with lusts, and sillier men more heavily laden that lead them captive, have no such insight! It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; and this divine glory is partially shared by those who, in the exigencies of State, share also in his sovereignty.

LETTERS FROM CAMP.

II. SLAVERY DYING.

The Look of the Land.

Camp Essex, May 16.

I AM sitting on the ground, in the door of my tent, like Abraham; like him, too, on a hill country, from which a large and lovely prospect opens. Like him, yet again, as our brethren in this vicinity would undoubtedly suggest if they sat beside me, I am surrounded by the patriarchal institution, to whose preservation they are ready to sacrifice liberty, civilization, Christianity, every good and perfect gift of God. Not very near is this institution, much less is it armed, as in his day, for the rescue of its master or his kindred from these invaders from the north country. The peaceful scenes over which his eye moved in Oriental quietude are before me, though not in the foreground. The peaceful sounds that crept into his ears are far from filling mine. The drums rattle around me. The loud orders of the officers, drilling their companies, break clear and shrill over the drum-beats, while the hurrahs of other troops welcoming their marching comrades, and the sharp sound of the musketry, or the reverberating roar of the cannon, of yet others who are practicing themselves

and their guns, mingle with the more peaceful chattering of the Gibeonites of the camp in their bustling service for the wants of the body, and are all often encompassed in the scream of the locomotive, and the roar of his train — a welcome proof and prophecy that the victories of peace are not only greater, but more lasting, than those of war. These shall perish, but those shall endure. We can add without irreverence, "Yea, these" signs and weeds of war "shall all wax old as doth a garment; as a vesture shalt thou" O Prince of Peace, "change them, and they shall be changed;" but the years and the triumphs of peace shall have no end. I trust they will be made more melodious in expression. Why cannot the movements of machinery be made as silent as those of nature? Why may they not sing as delightfully to our dull ear as the stars did to the keener sense of Messieurs Shakspeare and Addison? This hurly-burly of peace and war has suddenly ceased for a moment, and blessed Nature, the beloved disciple of her Creator, puts her arms of love and beauty around the distracted soul.

As I look out over the glittering white roofs and stacked bayonets of the camp, my eyes roam over as delightful a bit of scenery as ever enticed them from the drudgery of the pen. A valley lies beneath them, covering some two or three square miles, if its grateful irregularity could be Quakerized into such rectangular abominations as a square. Through it lazily strolls the river, gladly indulging its Southern indisposition to work, after the involuntary servitude into which some avaricious Yankees had forced it, just above the viaduct, for the sake of running their dirty and noisy nail factories.

Our Southern brethren do not believe in compelling anything to work except the negro. With great flourishes about the advantages to him of compulsory labor, and the dire effects of emancipation in letting loose upon their community a mass of idle men and women, they join a most hearty

indifference to the idleness of all other creatures, human, animal, and vegetable.

An amusing instance of the unconscious power of this feeling occurred yesterday. A friend residing here, whose pleasant acquaintance I have made, speaking of a piece of meadow which was being devoted to the raising of osier, or basket willow, said the owner was getting twenty-five dollars an acre per annum for the meadow, and "didn't have to work it at all." That last consideration would have never occurred to a Northern man. This is one of the most important railroad centers in the country — trains passing and stopping almost every hour of the day and night; and yet I have not seen half a dozen teams in its streets, except those in the service of the troops, during my three days' residence. Here are three thousand men hungry for delicacies, and willing to pay for them, and not a farmer's cart has entered the camp. A half dozen black and white loafers with little baskets of cakes and pies, a wagon or two larger capitalists, with beer and oranges, are the whole trading force extemporized by our necessities. The exhibition day of a country academy in a Northern State develops tenfold more business activity than these multitudinous trains and troops can bring to life here. Great masses of the fat earth slumber in the sun. Many fine acres of grain and grass gladden my sight, or would gladden it, did I not think that the eye of the Holy Spirit was fixed on these same fields and their owners and tillers. How plainly His solemn tones sounded in my ear as He speaks to these transgressors, "Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, *which is of you kept back by fraud*, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." That Lord of Sabaoth, the Lord of hosts, is marshaling His hosts for battle. May He not be compelled to employ them in the punishment

of these defrauders, but may they speedily give unto their servants that which is just and equal. "Behold, the Judge standeth at the door."

I must acknowledge the fields look very lovely, whatever the mode by which they are cultivated, and are satisfactory because they are expressive of industry, even if unpaid. On some of their knolls, hidden in the already deep foliage, stand the cosy farm-houses, with their slave quarters, like the corn-barns and smoke-houses of Northern farmers, cuddling round the back door, near enough to bring in the corn-cakes without their getting cold by the way, and far enough off to keep up the idea that they are a kind of distinct order of beings — a notion which the white man in this region so sedulously and so foolishly cultivates. The slaves are housed, in location and in the style of their dwelling, about half way between their master and his other cattle. They have about the same position in the fancies with which he feeds his brain — a sort of half-way house between a white man and a fine horse.

Around this lazy yet lovely valley rise hills like the one where I am writing, though usually unoccupied, and either covered with wild woods or scarred with brown barren patches that have evidently been scratched by the slave's plow till they have refused to respond to such forced entreaties, and were then abandoned by their idle owners to an unnatural desolation. But the gay sunlight makes them pleasant to look upon at this distance, and they agreeably diversify the deep green of the rolling meadow and more rolling forest, among which they lie.

If I rise up, and walk or ride through the land, I can but see what Lot saw when he lifted up his eyes, that it is "well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar." Is it not in other respects like the land Lot saw? Does not God see the weary bands that have often moved, hand-

cuffed and chained together, along these roads, marching to the hotter fires of a more Southern hell? Does He not hear the voice of lustful command, of ferocious rage, of the blasphemous auctioneering of sacred woman, and lovely children, and Christian men, made in His image and regenerated with His grace? Does not His ever-listening ear hear these brutal sounds of tyrannic passion as they go up through this soft and palpitating air? A Maryland gentleman, once a slaveholder, told me that he heard the high sheriff of one of her counties, after one of these human auctions, say, "Lloyd Garrison never talked half bad enough about us. I am surprised that the earth does not open and swallow us up." Has not the Creator said of this and more Southern, and probably even more sinful soil, "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come unto me; and if not, I will know." He is making inquisition for blood. Who shall be able to stand?

I rejoice to see tokens of the departure of this cloud of darkness and death from this fair land. The rays of universal liberty are shooting through Maryland. They gladden with their novel radiance the mountains and valleys of Virginia. See the vote for the Union just cast here — the Union with an anti-slavery North, and under an anti-slavery government. See the new governor of Virginia, his associates, and the whole animus of his government. Kansas, too, stands tiptoe on those misty mountain-tops. Missouri has dethroned Satan from his usurped seat there. Here, too, is the light descending. The active complicity, or, at the best, supine indifference of the wealthy, the fear and feebleness of the working classes, the cowardice of the Church, and the cruelty of the State, are rapidly coming to a perpetual end. One can hardly conceive the change which has been already wrought here since the possession of its

territories by the armies of an anti-slavery government. Its citizens begin to breathe freely, and even talk freely. Soon will healthful agitation breezes blow, and the work of regeneration be begun, never to stop till the blessing of perfect love to God and every man shall universally prevail.

"Behold how brightly breaks the morning."

How Slaves Talk.

It is quiet and peaceful here now, and I will avail myself of the brief interregnum to post the book of my experience and observation on the great matter which has kindled this great fire — the merchandise of the bodies and souls of men.

I am like one who should discourse wisely on all the currents, storms, and other grand phenomena of the ocean, when he had only stood on the rocks at Nahant, had seen the waves roll in on a pleasant day, and had thrown his eyes over the modest sheet that lies at his feet. I have only touched the edge of the great gulf of slavery, that sweeps for thousands of miles beyond me, with its terrific storms of lust and ferocity, its immeasurable depths of despair and dread, its awful, unutterable blackness of darkness. I walk along the beach, gather a few of its pebbles, listen to the solemn dash of its cold and cruel waves, and look out with wearied eyes on the gloomy expanse, as it spreads itself, southward and westward, myriads of miles, in a horror of great darkness.

The first person that I ever saw in slavery was at Annapolis. She was a pleasant, modest girl of ten or twelve summers. Her name was Mary. I thought how appropriate that the name of the mother of my Lord should be given to this poor, despised girl, whom somebody pretended to own; whom they could sell in the market-place, and subject to all unutterable horrors that overhang the future of these innocent maidens. Had slavery existed in Judea, the mother

of Christ would have been a *slave*. For He must stand at the bottom of humanity that He might embrace it. In fact, he is asserted to have occupied this place. If the pro-slavery divines are right, in pressing out of measure the word "servant" in the letters of Paul, and if δοῦλος refers in all cases to slaves, then Christ was a slave; for Paul says, "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a slave." I trust the poor slaves find comfort in that text, when they are drenched through and through with the pratings of preachers as to the duties of servants.

I suppose, if I had visited Havana, I should have heard my black brother called Jesus. I wish these man-servants, had this name. He who took their place would be glad to comfort them with His human title. The nearest we can come to it is Mary, and so I am glad they have the sense of kinship with Him which that name confers. But yesterday I dined with a slaveholder, a member of our church, who owned his cook, — and a very fine cook she was, too, judging from the dinner, — who was also blessed with this sacred name.

The name of John Brown, which so many good men of New England have not yet reverenced as they will, and the cause in which he is yet to be copied by this nation, and for which he laid down his life, find respectful hearers in the midst of this people, that have sat so long in darkness. But the other night, after a pleasant prayer meeting in the village church, quite a number of the members stood at the cross roads, and discoursed on this subject and on this hero. They knew him here. They said he traveled through this section quite extensively the summer before his death. One of them, a blacksmith, said that his horse was shod at his shop. He called himself a Baptist preacher, and had trusses for sale. As hernia, I have been told, is a very common disease with the slaves, this business gave him

fine opportunities for making their acquaintance. He spoke freely against slavery, and was very ready with the Scripture in his discussions with the people. These last characteristics were marks of the man, no less than the former, by which he sought to relieve them in their physical weakness, and, at the same time, to fill their ears with the glad tidings that the year of jubilee had come. He died without the sight, yet he saw it by faith, and was glad.

The whites, as a body, ignore the blacks altogether. A good brother from Virginia told me, in Washington, he could not look upon them as the same order of beings with himself. He was perfectly honest, and, I am afraid, spoke frankly what yet abides powerfully in many breasts in New England. They carry this sentiment a little further here than in New England, though they only carry it to its logical issue. They say, if of a different species of humanity, radically, perpetually, then of a lower, as is apparent by their history and condition. If of a lower, then they are the servants of the higher. If divinely appointed for servitude, where's the harm in slavery, *per se?* Now, we cannot cure this brother's idea as to slavery, until we pluck the tap-root of caste and prejudice from ourselves. We must first cast the beam out of our own eye, and then we can see clearly to cast the mote out of our brother's eye.

This is the common feeling here. Hence they talk flippantly about the blacks not being able to take care of themselves — not desiring freedom — not being as well off when free as when enslaved — and much other white trash, which goes for good common sense in this section of the country. I thought I would go to the fountain head, and see if the waters tasted the same there. I would apply a little of Baconianism to the problem. So I asked the slaves and their free kindred themselves what they thought in these matters? How easy it is for a child to confound a philosopher, if the child has common sense and the wise man has

not! I do not suppose all the gentlemen I have talked with on this subject—and they have not been a few—have conversed with as many of their colored neighbors, and in some cases, as I have been told by themselves, blood relations, on these vital questions, in all their lives, as I have talked with in the last forty days. They are regular Aristotelians on this subject of inquiry. They shut themselves up in their own exclusive Caucasian conceit, and theorize as to the state of feeling in their neighbors, with whom they never honestly converse.

Two interesting proofs of this occurred here but this week. I was visiting at one of the elegant seats surrounding our camp. The subject of slavery came up. The lady of the house was in great fear of insurrections in the Cotton States — the gentleman laughed at her fears. "Slaves wouldn't take their liberty if it was offered them," he said. He "tried it once." "Who will take care of the pickaninnies when they are sick?" says Juno. "Who will give me a dollar and a horse to ride to town if I am free," says Jupiter. So the king of gods and men, and his ox-eyed queen, "*soror uxorque Jovis*," have their ears bored through, and well hung with brass pendants, and become bond servants forever to a lank, brown, strutting, tobacco-chewing lot of humans. (The gentleman aforesaid is not of this class. He is a Unionist and a non-slaveholder, having manumitted the "gods of Greece" in spite of their protestations.) How changed from those divinities who shook the world with their nod, and who sat in calm authority over the great Trojans and greater Greeks and Romans, in their long, eventful history! I thought I would hunt up some of these gods and goddesses, and if I did not worship at their feet, I would at least inquire reverently as to their feelings on the matter of freedom and slavery.

The next day I sat in the woods reading, when Jupiter came along disguised as an old black man, with a basket on

his arm and a staff in his hand. Having been taught in Grecian mythology, I detected the deity in spite of the disguise. I addressed him respectfully. He was complacent and conversible. I asked him his name. He had assumed for the present that of John Diggs.

"Are you a slave?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever been?"

"Yes, sir — till I was thirty odd years old."

"How did you get your freedom?"

"My mistress gave it to me at her death."

"How long have you been free?"

"Some fifteen or twenty years."

"Well, I understand you free blacks are not half as well off as the slaves. That is true, isn't it?"

"No, sir; I live better than I ever did when a slave."

"But they say you won't work — you are all lazy."

"They won't give us a chance, sir. They don't like to encourage the free negro, and so they hire slaves or the Irish, and let us starve. We would work as heartily as anybody if they would hire us."

"But weren't you happier when a slave? You had enough to eat and drink then, and wherewithal to be clothed."

"I didn't have any more than I do now; and, then, now when I sit down to my dinner and supper, I don't have somebody come blustering and swearing round the door, swinging his whip and flogging me away to any kind of hard work, though ever so tired. Ah, sir, I'm a great deal happier eating my poor supper nowadays, with my wife and chil'n, than I ever was when a slave."

"Have you any relations in slavery?"

"All my brothers and sisters."

"Where?"

"In Prince George's County, sir."

"They don't wish to be free, do they?"

"Yes, sir, every slave does."

"You must be mistaken. A good many gentlemen have told me that they don't want to be free."

"I would like to have them offer the slaves their liberty."

"But what makes you want to be free?"

"Why, sir, you know, when a boy's about thirteen years old, he feels as he'd like to be his own master, and the feeling don't grow any less as he grows older."

So ended my catechism and his replies. The twinkle of his eyes, as he told of his happiness over the scanty supper table, and the passion of boys for freedom, spoke far more than his lips. I asked him if he went to meeting.

"O, yes, I've been a Methodist for most forty years."

"Why don't you go to the church in the village?"

"O, sir, 'pears as the white folks don't like to have us worship with them, and so we have to have a house of our own."

"Well, religion is a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, sweeter than honey, sweeter than sugar, better than coffee, sir."

I could appreciate that climax after forty days' drinking of camp coffee. I was glad to find that Jupiter had experienced religion, and become a humble and happy Christian. This war shows that Mars has met with a change also. I have talked with not a few blacks, and find but one sentiment. One old man, with but one leg, said he thought the war was for liberty.

"Liberty for whom?" I asked.

"For all of us, white and black."

I asked him if he would fight in the war.

"Yes," he answered, "as much as he could with his one leg."

At Washington I asked a waiter similar questions. He was free, had been born a slave, bought himself for six hun-

dred dollars; his wife and children were yet slaves, and were sold from him to Tennessee.

I asked why he was so foolish as to work hard and raise money to buy himself. Everybody here said the slaves were better off than the free blacks.

"O, sir," said he, "I wanted to lie down massa and get up massa!"

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," as these supercilious whites esteem their colored brethren, "has God ordained strength, that He may still the enemy and the avenger."

The Carrollton Manor.

As we leave Ellicot's Mills we enter the broad, handsome turnpike from Baltimore to Frederick. This is the finest road I have seen in this country; it is the only fine one in this vicinity. None handsomer, no one as handsome, goes out of Boston. It is a hundred feet broad, running directly west from Baltimore for nine miles, with undeviating steadfastness, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Nine miles out it winds round to the river to accommodate Ellicot's Mills, and then, going up to the high rolling lands it had abandoned for a moment, it proceeds on, as wide, hard, and straight as before. We entered upon this part of our journey with some misgivings. We had left pretty much all the Unionism of the section behind us. The turnpike gate seemed to have over it the inscription over Dante's Inferno: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Nevertheless Dante did not abandon his hope, nor did success abandon him. So I entered the infernal region, where scenes even more horrible than those that met his eye, often meet the eye of Him who rules over this, as well as the nether hell, for here is crime, not punishment alone, and crime against the innocent and holy children of God.

I heard some deeds worse than any which he records, but

I dare not put them in print. What they must be, you may imagine, when I say that his medieval frankness, not to say coarseness of speech, and his wonderful imagination have not conceived of scenes of barbarism, which men coolly spoke of as having been attempted by the present occupant of the grandest of these estates — the grandson of the signer of the Declaration. Nothing very marked or different from other places attracts you as you enter this Inferno.

The land lies very pleasant to the eyes — great fields stretch out before you. The trees gather often into clusters, and expand at times in grand forests; the corn, grass, clover, and cattle, and the human crop that raise or tend these, meet your eyes. A slumbering stillness is in the air. Only here and there a house is seen; not half a dozen in half a dozen miles. The houses of the proprietors are generally situated a mile or two from the road, in the center of their farms, and reached by a wagon path across the fields. The quarters of the negroes are alike hidden. The fields look as if of capacity for extraordinary culture, but are poorly tilled. One or two places are evidently well cared for. The one that seems the most like a Northern place is Mr. Hammond's, an ex-member of Congress, and a strong Union man, almost the only one, as far as I could learn, in the region.

The Carroll estate comprises twelve thousand acres. The turnpike runs for miles across it. One piece of woods is three miles wide. This will give some idea of a plantation, though it is but a quarter section beside some of those further South. It also suggests one reason why the Southron has so long ruled this country. There is nothing like land to implant in others and in its owner the sense of power. The possession of the treasures in the vaults of Boston banks would not give its owner or his poor neighbor such a realizing sense of his consequence as the calling of this farm his own. Our riches have been stored in factories and banks, in city houses and country seats, costly but small.

Theirs have been spread out over the earth: they can ride for miles on their own land; they own to the skies and the central fires. These last seem now to be breaking through the crust. What is a Fifth Avenue palace or millions of stocks to such possessions? England's nobility have maintained their preëminence by maintaining the proprietorship of the soil. These gentry would not sell a foot of their land; they buy, but never sell; they will not sell a white man a small farm any sooner than they would a black one himself. Now, add to this the owning of the men who till it, and of their wives and children, and you have an aristocracy as much prouder than England's, as their property is higher. These landed slaveholders rule this State; but sixteen thousand of them in a half million of white inhabitants, probably less than ten thousand of this class, and owning less than eighty thousand slaves; yet they sit supremely and quietly on the necks of their white as well as black neighbors, drain the State of enterprise, and keep its poorer classes in contemptuous degradation.

The manor-house is situated near the eastern edge of the lot, and near the turnpike. Turn from the road, and go south through a pleasant shaded roadway for about a third of a mile, and you come to the mansion. Near the road on the right is a heap of slave huts. The overseer's residence, a good-sized but shabby-looking brick building, stands among them. Barns and sheds are close at hand; on the right, through a long vista of trees, an eighth of a mile from the road, stands the revolutionary house. It is a low, spacious, wooden, yellow mansion, enlarged evidently at different times, one of its latter additions being a Catholic chapel. It has none of the costly elegance of the new houses of New York and New England, but looks much like the largest of the old mansions, made a good deal larger by plain additions. It had the comely, comfortable look of a grandee in his lean and slippered pantaloon.

I turned from the house to the quarters of its colored people, as they euphemistically call slaves here; they shrink from that word. I rode a little way beyond the house, having no invitation to stop; had I stopped, I should probably have found it rather difficult to get away, as the sympathies of this descendant of that patriot are all with the secessionists.

As I rode away, I met a slave woman dragging herself along to her work. As I had not the entrée to the master, I thought I would do the next best thing—cultivate the acquaintance of his most precious property. I asked her how many colored people there were on the estate. She said there was better than a hundred in these quarters, and there were other quarters above.

"Have you a good time?"

"Yes, Sundays. We have to work hard all the week, but we get together Sundays and enjoys ourselves."

"Where are you going?"

"To the field where the rest of the gang is — I have been to nurse my baby."

"How old is it?"

"Four months."

Fearing if I talked longer I should get her into trouble, and myself too, I threw her a quarter and bid her good by. She seemed amazed at the sight of the bit of money. I fancy her millionnaire owner had never given her as much, except at Christmas, in all his life.

The houses where these cattle are stabled are about as comely and cleanly as a pig-sty. I found it hard to believe that so rich and so lordly a man should put his choicest creatures in such huts. I contrasted them with the handsome cottages with which the great land-owners of the Hudson delight to adorn their estates, and in which they require their tenants to live in a neat and sometimes elegant style. But then these are compelled to treat them thus, or

they will have to give them more than they wish to bestow. A neat stone dairy, just behind these huts, showed that the proprietor knew how to set off his estate with pretty buildings, if he only dared to do so.

Should he put his slaves in such houses, they must be taught to respect themselves; they must have beds and tables, and carpets and pictures, and all the little and big adornings of a real home. Could he compel the mother to work behind the plow, and walk back and forth two or three miles to nurse her babe, if she was living in this style? Could he drive the young, pretty girls, some of whom I saw, like field oxen, from such cosy homes, with their flower gardens, and inward comforts and elegances? His cultivated taste would revolt at that, and so he treats them worse than he does his horses; he has scores of these, handsome blooded animals, and their stables, close by the negro huts, far súrpass them in respectability and comfort.

I drove out on the turnpike, and left the great manor of Charles Carroll of Carrollton with profounder detestation than ever before of the demon which possessed it, and which transformed its servants into slaves and its masters into tyrants.

A Slave Pen.

We leave the Marshall House at Alexandria, with its fresh and perpetual memories of Ellsworth's daring and death, follow the street west for half a mile or more, and reach a good-looking brick house, with a high fence on the east side, inclosing a yard, and some lower brick and wooden buildings that join the main building and run back from the street. Over the windows are printed, in large black and white letters, like the institution it advertises, the names of the enterprising proprietors of the establishment, with "Dealers in Slaves" under their "Christian" names.

Here is one of the depots of which so much has been written. We enter the rear quarters. Whitewashed and painted, they have no very offensive look. No Pharisaic tomb ever looked lovelier to a Jewish eye than this to a Virginian's. The difference between them was in favor of the latter. For the "inward parts" of this glittering tomb were sweet and attractive to his corrupted sense. No vampire ever delighted in the contents of a grave as much as he in the living creatures that had tenanted this spot.

The inner court was about one hundred feet square, paved with brick, with walls not less than twenty feet high, and a rude shed projecting from one side, as a shelter from the sun or rain. Here the "cattle" were permitted to run at large, and probably were sorted according to age or condition. Here the purchasers could make their selections; and hence the happy property passed away, like the pilgrims from the land of Beulah, to that perfect paradise, the plantation of the South.

My friend with me said he had often heard them singing as he had passed by. That shows how happy they were, and how cruel it was of the fanatical North to seek to prevent the spreading of this more than scriptural, even Southern, holiness and blessedness over all these lands.

I thought of Paul and Silas in prison — how they prayed and sang praises unto God. Now, as then, not only here, but over the whole region, through the vast prison of slavery, there is a great earthquake, so that its foundations are shaken, and many of its doors are being opened, and the prisoners' bands are loosed. I would that I could add, the jailers are penitent and converted. That will come in due time.

In this court were spread tables for some of the soldiers —a great change in one short month. I went into the dungeon. A trap-door, opening in the floor of the court, let me down into the cell underground, moderately spacious

and immoderately dirty. As I stood there and thought of the free men who had been thrust in there, and of their sufferings and sorrows, my heart bled very fast. I remembered that though light had broken out here, there were such courts and cells at Baltimore still occupied by slaves. They were yet all over one half of our land, and I could but pray that this great conflict might not cease till each of them, like this, was occupied by the armies of the Republic, and their former occupants were standing in the fullness of their long-sought liberty.*

A Rational Beast and His Possibilities.

A grove of handsome trees, tall grass, and a stirring breeze are the accompaniments of this talk. I hope the reader will find some traces of their presence lingering in it, refreshing him with a vivacity not its own.

> "As sunbeams stream through liberal space,
> And nothing jostle or displace,
> So waves the pine tree through my thought,
> And fans the dreams it never brought."

Slaves are working just by me, and will give the letter the flavor of the palmetto rather than the pine. One of these "beasts" (they are as hard to name as the "ζῶα" the Revelator saw, and which our translators did into that wretched English) draws near me in his work. I bring my thoughts back instantly from their wanderings, and concentrate them on this central object to-day of all the civilized world.

"You like slavery, don't you?"

"No, sir; who ever liked to be a slave?"

"I've heard many say that you who were slaves preferred it to freedom."

* See Note IX.

"It isn't so; I should like to be free. Everybody wants to be."

"What do you want to be free for?"

"What a queer question that is! What does anybody want to be free for?"

"But you can't take care of yourself, if free, they tell me."

"Why not, sir? We take care of ourselves now, and make money for our masters. If we didn't, they would wish us dead right quick."

Verily hath a "beast" discourse of reason. I was as much amazed as Jacques, when, like me, he "met a fool in the forest," and found before he got through with him that he was himself the greater fool.

I am afraid I committed great treason by such conversation.

I, however, thus settled a very knotty question in natural history that has long troubled the savans, namely, if the lower orders of creation are endowed with the faculty of reason. Not only was that problem solved, but a very important discovery was made, that they could talk readily, and in as good English as the human, that is, the white, race can, among whom they live. Some of them, no doubt, may be taught to read and write, and acquire the more recondite sciences, and even may learn to cultivate the domestic feelings, filial, fraternal, parental, and conjugal, and possibly, in rare cases, can be taught to pray and preach, and make quite respectable Christian brutes.

I congratulate my Southern brethren on the wonderful discovery they have made, that such an order of beings is found among those creatures over whom God has given man dominion. They have been a little too modest about publishing to the world their treasure. They are getting bravely over this, however. Under the sacred inspirations of such teachers as Dr. Smith, Professor Bledsoe, and as many other prophets as gathered together once on a time at Mount Carmel, they have become convinced that they should not

only tell to the listening and astonished earth the wondrous tale, but should fight with fire and sword every one who will not accept their opinion for truth.

I am constrained to confirm this statement of theirs, that they have a species of rational, feeling, Christian creatures, *which* (I cannot say *whom*—that pronoun belongs only to the human race) they can and do treat precisely as they do their horses and pigs, only the former do not have quite so easy a time or quite so luxurious living as the latter. I am sorry to add that they have not yet perceived the capacity for development which these creatures possess, nor the great variety of important uses to which they may be applied. They ought to take a few lessons in Goodyear, and see how he has worked his patent rubber into innumerable forms, and so work up their patent Negro to something near his capacity.

Even my untutored eye discerns that it is susceptible of immense improvement, and of employment in a myriad of ways that will pay. Excuse that Yankee thought. I find it is not totally unknown or disliked in this superior clime. This "strange beast," that can think, and feel, and talk, just like a human being, should not be confined to works that a steam-plow and reaper, a mere ox or horse, can do as well as he. He could be trained, I am positive, to the very highest of those labors by which we have to earn our daily bread. Only apply the right kind of culture, and give him the right sort of feed, and he will relieve the divine Caucasian of much of the drudgery which he has to undergo, and which is so hard in this hot country, and so degrading to that dignified head of creation.

I have no doubt that a doctor could train this animal so that he could diagnose as well as himself, and might be sent on those long midnight journeys, and could be compelled to go through those painful watchings by perilous couches, which exhaust the good white physician. Sleeping

comfortably in his bed, lounging comfortably on his farm, he could send this creature, after being Rareyfied in colleges literary and medical, on these laborious missions. So the merchant might do his buying and selling, "shave" and be "shaved" through his chattel personal, he meanwhile "loafing" sumptuously every day. So the lawyer could get up and get off his pleas; the judge make up and pronounce his decisions; the sheriff execute his writs; the general drill his troops, and the troops themselves be drilled, —all by this admirable proxy. The editor could write those splendid editorials on State-rights, and the superiority of Southern statesmanship, society, religion, and civilization generally, and never himself write a line or think a thought on the inspiring themes. The legislator could decree and the governor execute by the same medium. Even the ministers, the hardest worked of all male people, could be relieved by using the gifts the gods provide. Wouldn't it be nice to feel no nervousness creeping over you as Saturday comes and finds you with no beaten oil of the sanctuary wherewith to fill the pulpit lamps on the morrow? Wouldn't it be pleasant to have the hot Sunday's sun rise upon you with no premonitory sweat oozing out of your pores at the thought of the work before you? All you have to do is to select one of the purest blood of this breed, send him to Randolph Macon, or Emory and Henry, where they know how to treat and train them, and then at every conference the itinerant rides away to his appointment with or on his factotum (they ride *on* them in Dahomey), sets him to studying, writing, preaching, visiting (the religious sort), all for his board and clothes, —just what it costs to keep his horse, —feed and harness.

If they wish for a specimen of the extraordinary development this creature can reach, who is a full proof of the feasibility of my plan, I can bring to Maryland one of this "kind," that was born and trained on her soil, and under

the blessed influence of this benign institution, which not one of her ministers dares say is sinful, and many say is right. This Maryland animal has been trained partly under less favorable influences of freedom and equality, and hence is not as advanced as he would have been had he staid in the holy ordinance of slavery. Yet, despite this defect, he can as far surpass the greatest of the human orators of this State in art, pathos, reason, dramatic power, and all the other qualities that sweep an audience, as the white man by nature surpasses the black something. They should get this fine specimen of the capacities of their slave creature, and show it off in the Maryland Institute. The name of this excellent proof of the possibilities of slavery and Africa, is Frederic Douglass.

But I am getting enthusiastic. "The swelling theme" makes the style swollen. I can only say with Hosea Biglow on a like occasion, —

> "Forgive me, my friends, if I seem to be het;
> But a subject like this must with vigor be met."

I reluctantly abandon the enticing topic, only requesting that if, like Archimedes, Pliny, Ledyard, and many such, I perish through my too great desire to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge, I shall be held for a brief season in moderately grateful remembrance by my friends in this region for these discoveries and suggestions.

I have talked in the "Hercles vein," not because it is the only vein that bleeds to-day. Below the titillation of the surface flow swift and strong the deep currents of sympathy for those in this bounteous land who are bereft of all bounties. How plainly do I hear in this quiet wood, far from the noise of camp and street, —

> "The still, sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power
> To chasten and subdue."

Arlington when first Captured.

From the gateway of General Lee's grounds the road soon enters a magnificent grove, as wild and massy as a White Mountain forest; though, unlike that, the ground is clear of underbrush, so that one can take in at a glance large spaces of the grand scenery. How cool and delightful is the change from the hot and dusty street to this charming forest!

The soldiers of the New York Eighth — dapper, small, and smart as are New York City soldiers — are scattered here and there along the road, lying on logs or stretched beside their tents. They give a novel and yet already familiar aspect to the scene. Winding up through this landscape and woodscape for a mile or so, we reached the broad summit where the house stands. Trees filled the large and level space close up to the house. In among the trees stands the main body of the tents of the regiment. The house is a spacious brick mansion, old-fashioned, gloomy, and decidedly seedy. Great pillars, large enough for a building thrice its size, support a portico. Before this the lawn rolls down over a score or so of acres to the woods that engirt it. Beyond lies the placid Potomac, and beyond that the more placid Capitol, glittering in the western sun as brightly as though no traitor's eye had ever looked on it from this spot enviously and murderously. Entering the house you find the old-fashioned look of the outside intensified. It seems to have none of the modern conveniences which the humblest cottages of the North enjoy. Fitted out elegantly two or three generations ago, it looks as much out of place as the perfect "one-horse shay" among the fancy turn-outs of Central Park. "'Tis sixty years since," seems written over everything. High-back chairs, high-post bedsteads, antique and very ordinary pic-

tures, stag antlers, and many other venerable institutions, show that it is an heir-loom, and not of the living present. Northern houses of this sort do not disdain the modern comforts and conveniences. Gas and water can flow between old timbers as well as new. Modern chairs mix in with the ancient as children with old folks. But the pride of the real, Simon-pure, no-mistake Tom Thumbs, who style themselves F. F. V.'s, is to have everything old. Even the children here are probably born a hundred years old. Either pride or poverty, perhaps both, keeps the house in such a moldy state. Going to the rear, you notice the inevitable negro quarters, detached wings running from each end of the house, and, as I have noticed in Maryland, half way between the mansion and the stables. These buildings are large enough to accommodate, cattle fashion, quite a number of head. General Lee not being at home, I leave my card with his servants.

An old gray-headed negro, dressed in a neat black suit, sat on one of the door-sills. I looked in, and found a cellar some six feet deep, into which some broken steps descended. I asked him if those were his quarters. He replied in the affirmative.

"Had you no floor?"

"Yes, I had one, but the rats troubled me so I took it up."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Several years."

"Alone?"

"Since my wife died."

"Do you find it comfortable down there?"

"O, yes, pretty comfortable."

I looked down. There was an excuse for a bed in one corner, an old broken bit of a stove, a little table with a dish or two, candle-ends, etc., on it, a broken chair, an ax, a billet or two of wood, and the common earthen floor of

a cellar; high up out of reach was a dirty window. Here was another proof of the old-fashioned notions that rule this region. An old man of nearly if not more than four-score years, modest, neat, courteous, living in a cellar, and in as much worse condition as any pauper I ever saw as a pauper's is worse than a prince's. My ears have been stuffed since I came here with the superior condition of the slaves to the free blacks. I have visited two of the grandest estates of this region, the Carrollton Manor and Arlington Heights. I have entered more than one of the free blacks' humble cottages, and I must say my eyes saw only filth and misery in the one, in the other neatness, self-respect, poverty, but pride also; yes, good reader, pride! Why shouldn't these scions of a mighty race have some of their haughty fathers' feelings? I entered one of the humblest of these huts near the Relay. The floor was as white as a Dutch dame's the morning after washing-day. Near the door stood an old trunk, the gift, probably, of some primeval mistress, — perhaps Noah's wife's to Canaan's, her granddaughter-in-law, and the first female slave. (*Vide* Dr. Smith and other very learned pro-slavery commentators, *passim.*) I never saw a cleaner house than that humble Christian's. The yard was swept as nice as the floor. Yet her husband had been a slave, and was then of that poor, despised company of free blacks whom so many here are ready to lift up their heel against. I have seen no slaves' quarters to compare with these bits of free soil.

I left the old man so tenderly cared for by those whom he has served so long, after commending him to Him who was as despised and rejected of men, and who had not even a damp cellar wherein to lay His head. Crossing to the opposite buildings, I saw a comely quadroon or octoroon washing. The floor was on her room, and half a dozen lively chattels on the floor. The breed is rather interesting in its adolescent state. Young lambs, and pigs, and dogs,

and kittens have long been favorites of the farm. I don't think any of them superior to the younglings of this species of property. I found myself enjoying the gambols of these brown lambkins. It is really a fine-looking creature. Curly locks, quite too long for a lamb's or a negro's; large, laughing eyes; brown but well-cut features, much more closely resembling a Caucasian's than the ape's or gorilla's, to which they are said to be allied; fine-turned legs, and neat little feet, whose hollow did not make a very great hole in the ground, as they went capering about the house and the yard, — these are some of the characteristics of this king of beasts.

I asked the mother (dam perhaps I ought to say; ma-dam somebody will some time say), "Who do you belong to?"

"Mrs. Lee."

"Are you a member of the Church?"

"Yes, the Baptist."

"How many children have you?" (Pardon me for using the word children. She talked and acted so much like a Christian mother I didn't like to say "young ones.")

"Seven."

"Do you expect to be free?"

"Yes, sir; in about a year our time is up."

'Do you want to be free?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"What for?"

"Because I do."

Didn't that reason show the woman as much as the babooness? Not being acquainted with the latter's method of reasoning, I cannot be sure, but it struck me as a very familiar and conclusive answer. I bade her good by, a thing I never did a Northern animal, and threw some parting smiles at the jolly little contrabands who are to be transformed in a year or so from creatures that are appointed as meat for man (Genesis ix. 3) into beings made in the likeness of God.

A VERY TENDER CONSCIENCE.

A gentleman in our neighborhood supplied some of the officers' tables with milk. When Sunday came no milk came. Upon inquiry it was found that he had conscientious scruples about sending them milk that day. As they had no ice, and hence must be left destitute of this agreeable addition to the liquid distillment which the cooks called coffee, he finally relented and sent the milk, but would take no pay for it, — at least on that day. Yet this gentleman was a secessionist, a slaveholder, and had secured a valuable and beautiful estate, I understood, chiefly through the sale of human flesh. On one occasion it was said, that having received some thirty-four "head" (the very word I have heard used in speaking of slaves) of this stock as a marriage dowry, — what a gift to crown those sweet and sacred bonds! — he sold thirty of them. Were the King of Dahomey's funeral sacrifices much more horrible in the sight of God than the agonies which graced this Christian wedding festival?

Having coined their blood to drachmas, he moved hither with his fair bride and her remaining body-guard, and invested the drachmas, the price of innocent blood, in a beautiful farm. Is not this the Potter's Field which these many times thirty pieces of silver purchased?

As an offset to this slave-trading, I ought to set another fact in his history of late occurrence, in which he refused to sell a slave. Some of our brethren hereabout, and yonabout, too, for the matter of that, lay much stress on the fact that our slaveholding brethren never sell their slaves. Let me show how this virtue is illustrated in the life of my hero. A short time since, a free colored man from the South, I think from South Carolina, whose wife and children were the "property" of this gentleman, came here to see

him. Whether invited, or whether a fugitive from Secessia, I know not. He is said to be a man of property, and was anxious to invest this property in his family. The wife being old, and lame, and fleshy, and otherwise of no great pecuniary advantage to her "owner," was graciously and freely given to her liege lord; though I understand no free papers were given her, so as to make the deed of gift of any real value. But her daughter, the only child left, a good-looking girl of sweet sixteen, he would not sell to her own father. The father offered thirteen hundred dollars for his daughter, but was refused.

Will not that do for a modern illustration of the ancient gnat and camel text? A man who would not sell milk on Sundays, and would not sell a father his own daughter, would sell a score or two of his brothers and sisters into hopeless bondage, and with their blood and bones live in elegance and abundance! Did he not strain at a gnat and swallow a whole herd of camels? What if I should cap the climax of this narrative by telling you that this conscientious soul-trader and soul-holder is a minister of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ? It is even so. He is the elected guide and guardian of the morals and piety of a very influential portion of this community; and what is most astonishing is, that not the least objection is even thought of because of this conduct. I heard of some ladies who refused to attend on his worship because he was a secessionist. I heard others complain that he was too convivial in his habits; but I heard nobody find any fault with him for holding, selling, or refusing to sell, these children of a common Father, brothers and sisters of a common Savior.

I looked often at his tasty chapel, but could not make up my mind to desecrate the Sabbath by attending upon his ministrations. But happening to be at a quarterly conference of our own spotless and wrinkleless Church, where two slaveholders were nominated by the preacher in charge for

stewards, and elected unanimously, without so much as an "affectionate admonition" from the excellent presiding elder, I thought I was myself getting into the gnat-straining condition by over-scrupulousness. So I concluded, being with the Romans, to do as they did, and see how near this worthy rector and I came to worshiping the same God.

Do you want to know how he looked and spoke? Descriptions of such persons will be curiosities of literature eagerly perused by future generations. This was a true successor of the apostles. No broken chain of descent was his, joined together by martyrial hands, and, perchance, by those of laymen even, often completely sundered, or united only by that unseen, and hence, for ecclesiastical purposes, useless Spirit of God, that carried the Church into the wilderness and supported her there. No; the bright links, clear and defined, and often of the finest gold, as, for instance, Alexander Borgia, Joan, Leo X., Laud, and a host of others, of whom not this world nor any other was worthy, glittered in the chain that bound this servant to his Master.

You expect a hard-featured, hard-voiced, hard-mannered man, with tones like the snapping of a slave-whip, and the manners of Haley and Legree combined. You don't understand human nature. So many paint Nero, who was really the most elegant gentleman of his age. We must remember that only in the other world does the inner nature body forth itself in the outer form. Here the reverse is apt to be true. The finest natures are hidden in the least expressible forms, and the vilest are not unfrequently, like Burr, and Goethe's Mephistophiles, witty, wise, and polished, handsome, gay, and sober, a perfect man in the worldly sense of perfection.

The preacher aforesaid is a middle-aged, gray, and bald-headed gentleman, of pleasant address, with a quiet, gentle, soft, pathetic tone and manner. I never heard the service read so beautifully. It had a melting cadence that glided

into your secret heart. There was none of the hard and formal style of the mere reader, none of the airs of the rhetorician; but a subdued grace, yet full of life, that was very fascinating. With the constant undertone of my whole moral being conflicting with the sounds that met my ear, I could not but feel, as he read it, a newer and richer quality in that admirable service. Yet how some of the sentences he read startled me! I could but think of the medieval legend of the wonderful preacher, who, arrayed in black vestments, swept his audience with most pathetic and powerful appeals, and after he had left them they found it was the archfiend himself that had been thus lifting them to heaven. These were some of the solemn phrases that thrilled me so strangely, while he plaintively uttered them and I fervently followed him: "We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives; that it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed. O God, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful, mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee, in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us, and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us may be brought to naught; that thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord." The psalms for the day were cxliv., cxlv., cxlvi. In them he read these words: "Save me and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth talketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of iniquity. . . . That there be no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets. . . . The Lord looseth men out of prison. The Lord helpeth them that are fallen. As for the way of the ungodly, he turneth it upside down."

His sermon was a practical discourse on a Christian's trials, and the comforts which, through the Spirit, he could extract from them. But I was preaching a good many sermons during this part of the service. I was asking, "Does he bring his bond-servants around him for daily prayer and religious instruction? Why are they not here at church with him? Does he ever go to the poor little chapel to which the wicked pride of the community exiles them and their kindred, and there comfort them with such readings and such discourses as these?" Especially I was anxious to preach a short sermon to him on the text that was printed around the stained window in the chancel: "Repent ye! for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." I presume I should have shocked the audience more than the rude Baptist did his hearers if I had read that third chapter of Matthew, and given its needed and divine application. I could not keep my eyes off that text. I thought it is not possible for this congregation to worship here and be unmindful of its meaning. Yet I was probably the only person that ever saw it that read it in this true and solemn light. Thank God, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. These troops, as those that gathered round John, are unconsciously, and many of them unwillingly, assisting in ushering it in.

The march of events in the political, the religious, the social world, all show that He is soon to appear who will unloose these heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke. His fan is in his hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor. How glorious He appears in this apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength! As the Liberator of His enslaved children He shines forth upon foes and formalists of this land of promise. His shoe-latchet, not only His most earnest advocates and forerunners, but much more these proud transgressors, are unworthy to stoop down and unloose. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

That tenderness of conscience which I have not spoken of as wrong in itself, but only strange in contrast with the hardness of the same conscience in other and infinitely more important matters, that evident apprehension of the spiritual significance of the word of God and of prayer, I can but think, show that in him yet live the germs of a divine life. May these germs burst the rocky soil of the hideous sin which now encases them, and blossom into beautiful and fruitful life. May he soon say to that congregation, but a very few of whom are partakers of that sin by actual slaveholding, and some of whom I know shrink from it as imperiling their own salvation, — may he say to them, "I have repented; I have brought forth works meet for repentance. I have laid the ax at the root of the tree. I give my slaves their liberty. I give them education, respectability, and, so far as I can by precept and example, I give them the grace which my Savior has given to me." What rejoicing will be in that Church, in that neighborhood, in this State, when he, or one like him, shall thus stand up for Jesus, and shall proclaim by act, as well as word, that the great and acceptable day of the Lord has here come.

LETTERS FROM CAMP.

III. PROFIT AND LOSS AFTER BULL RUN.

BALTIMORE, Wednesday, July 24.

ON a straw pallet, spread on a few rough, wet boards, lying loosely over the grassy ground, under leaky canvas, in the generally damp and sticky atmosphere of a tent in a shower, I am writing my last letter from the seat of war. A bit of candle, dimly burning, stuck in a tin cup, standing on the end of a valise, acts as a gas-burner. One of the private soldiers lies stretched in his blanket near me asleep, dreaming of the home he is hoping so soon to see. Round about are the odds and ends of a camp-tent, such as everybody ought to see, for at least one week in a year. But a sword hanging on the rear pole, and a musket or two on the floor, with haversacks, knapsacks, fatigue-caps, huge gray blankets, and sundry other military knickknacks, give the spot a little more of the Church militant air than it has in those heavenly seats.

Stereoscopic pictures are popular; and a true stereoscope delights in the little homely every-day nothings that make up our every-day life. So this last look of your correspondent may not be out of place, as he sits *à la* Turk, with his

paper on his knee, in the only silent hours of a camp day, those that are close on to midnight, bringing to an end his long discourses, to which some readers may have given, he trusts, an attent ear.

The Monday when the tidings of our reverses came in was dark and rainy, but the news was far darker than the day. The copperheads seemed to think that the sky was wonderfully clear and warm, and were sunning themselves in great crowds at the corners where the secession papers, the Sun, Exchange, and South, are published. The poison of asps was under and upon their lips. Their mouths were full of cursing and bitterness, and their feet would have been swift to shed blood, had it not been for the military power, which measurably awed them.

How changeable are the affairs of this world! Sunday was the happiest day Washington has ever known; Monday the saddest. Light was on every Union countenance here. The forces of the nation were moving swiftly to the desired goal. The enemy fled before them. Many prophets were crying, "Within forty days and secession shall be overthrown." Suddenly the cry comes, "We are retreating; we are defeated; we are annihilated." Beauregard will be in Washington by midnight. So swift treads sorrow on the heels of joy. Everybody gave up everything as lost. The secessionists declared, and the Unionists half believed, that Lincoln would make another secret flight through Baltimore. Extra guards were set around the camps, and a thoroughly stormy and gloomy night set down on the homes and hearts of all this region.

But the morning cometh, if also the night, and the gray light of a new dawn began to glimmer around the great disaster. We began to hear courageous words from soldiers and civilians. One Baltimore man said he could march up to a masked battery; another, that he must certainly shoulder his musket; another was entreating General Banks to supply

the Union men with arms. They boldly withstood the secessionists around their own newspaper batteries, — no longer masked, — and defended the cause of the nation in her hour of peril. The soldiers were equally cheerful. Their homesickness disappeared in a moment. They were ready to march to Virginia. I saw some of the Wisconsin troops on Tuesday morning. "Where are you going?" I asked. "To Richmond or to death," was the reply. This rallying and strengthening of spirits was one of the gleams of light.

A great disaster has befallen the national cause. What is it, and what are its consequences? Has it left us worse or better than we were when this correspondence began? Have we made any positive advance in the past three months? Shall we succeed? If not, what then? Much had been done. When the national troops began to pour through this city and State, three months ago, the capital was in the greatest peril. No fortifications, no troops, no preparations for defense. The enemy were at Harper's Ferry, Alexandria, and in Baltimore. Insolent, and flushed with Sumter victories, they boasted that the Capitol should be desecrated with their flag before the first of May. Maryland was in the hands of the mob. The bridges were burned, and the secession legislature was called together. The West was as weak and undefended as the East.

Now we have strong, well-armed, and occupied forts on the heights of Arlington and Alexandria. We have driven the enemy from Missouri and Western Virginia. We have put down insurrection in Baltimore, and banished all armed opposition from the borders of the State. We have the capital safe. We have expelled the foe from Harper's Ferry. We have raised and equipped an immense army, won many victories, and for a time filled the rebels with fear and despair. We have developed a military spirit of the grandest and deepest fervor, and, not least, have completely swept from the land that silly ostrich of a non-coercionist. Why,

I was up in Harford County yesterday, and heard some goodish country farmers say they were not secessionists and not coercionists. I looked on them as I would on pre-Adamite fossils; they seemed almost as historic and venerable as the bits of bricks which mark the pleasant site of Cokesbury College. When I heard that same ancient doctrine earnestly advocated by a gentleman of that rural district, whose clever discourse has a nipping and an eager air, I could not but think of Scott's Antiquary, and such Dryasdust Old Mortalities, so long has that once powerful humbug been gathered to its fathers. Yet, three months ago, no April ephemeron buzzed more conceitedly and authoritatively.

We have to grow by degrees in any knowledge, pleasant or painful. The threats of disunion it was never supposed would be carried out. Our duty to God and liberty compelled us to put those threats to the test. The secession of South Carolina dissipated our dreams as to the fanciful character of the long-threatened dissolution. It became a political reality. "It will not be general," said we. Virginia proved that an error. "It will not really assume a military and aggressive form." Sumter settled that question. "But a great uprising, a great military armament, a great expression of the determination of the government to maintain itself will scatter the armed and ferocious mob." Missouri and Western Virginia seemed to prove this theory true. But Bull Run has made it thin air. We see that the police service is no longer to be the legitimate business of the government. It will have to fight, to fight desperately, perchance for its very existence. We have risen to the obligations of previous hours. Shall we to those that are now being laid upon us? The people will. The government, civil and military, must. The deadly struggle is coming upon us. It will slay as many reputations as men. If the officers of the State and the army are not equal to the crisis, they must give way to those who are.

Be assured the people will not give over this effort to deliver themselves from an infamous thralldom without a struggle infinitely surpassing that of the last century. And be assured, too, that in this struggle the primal cause and curse will be throttled to death. A feud of nearly two hundred and fifty years' standing is being settled to-day. If the war holds on for a twelvemonth it will have only one phase. Everything else will be swept away, and one feeling fill every heart. Shall the slave power on this continent be supreme, or be utterly blotted out? Two hundred and forty years ago the seed was sown. At Jamestown a load of negro slaves was landed, at Plymouth a band of Christian pilgrims. Within a few years of that date, when the business had become brisk in Virginia, the Dutch slave-traders thought they would test the cupidity of the Puritans, and a cargo entered Boston Harbor. It was refused a landing and driven from the province. Then was the seed sown out of which this bloody harvest is being reaped.

The slave power has always ruled the continent. It ruled the colonies, it ruled the British cabinets as long as we were colonies; it was no small element in causing the Revolution, as Jefferson said in his Declaration. The Revolution was fought in the interests of freedom, and against the real slave power, which was intensely Tory. Hence all the Revolutionary patriots were abolitionists. But, the battle won, slavery again asserted its supremacy, and soon won it. The Constitution recognized it. Washington signed a fugitive slave bill, and Jefferson annexed Louisiana in its interest. It caused the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, and the present war. It is met to-day on its own merits. Our statesmen do not yet avow it, but they feel it. We may have to fight for political existence, for personal liberty even. Any treaty of peace now made would leave us colonies, despised more than their lowest slaves. We may have to hear our Patrick Henrys, Otises, Adamses, and Warrens, sum-

moning us to the last fight for our liberties. If so, no quarter will be shown to slavery. That or we must die. As to the result there can be no doubt. If our fathers, weak and few, and scattered over an immense territory, drove out the proudest and strongest nation in the world, because of mere political disfranchisement, we shall trample under our feet the accursed system that would rob us of honor, liberty, and life itself. We are face to face with savages, with devils. The first-born of Satan is at our throats. Shapes hot from hell rush upon our armies. "We take no prisoners" is their motto. A soldier, I was told, in the late battle dragged some half dozen wounded comrades to a ravine and fountain, where he was tending them. While thus engaged a company of rebels came up and he escaped. But every wounded soldier was bayoneted.

Be not astonished at these things. The system they are defending surpasses in iniquity any on the face of the earth. What can it breed but hell-hounds? And yet but yesterday, on the blessed Sabbath, I could not make a good old Baltimore conference brother confess that slavery was sinful. Nay, he expressly and emphatically denied it.

> "O wisdom, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
> And men have lost their reason."

This event will preëminently teach us our dependence on God. We had begun to have too much confidence in ourselves. We thought the enemy was flying so steadily and universally, that the affair was to close without any especial humiliation before God; but we are brought to our senses. We shall have to call upon Him from whom alone cometh salvation. Unless He goes forth with us, we march in vain. Let the Church cry unto God, cry mightily, cry earnestly. Thus, and thus alone, shall the nation conquer.

Again, this repulse was needed to bring about the only object to which this war must tend, in which it must be

consummated, if it be really successful. Had we marched easily and triumphantly to Richmond, we should have had an armistice and terms of re-union, which would have left Slavery in full power; slightly shorn of his locks, yet soon to have them grow again. Repulses and defeats strengthen a good, ruin a bad, cause. The object of God is to liberate these children of His, who have cried day and night unto Him for these many generations. Every defeat brings out this purpose the more clearly. The action of Congress to-day was bolder than it has ever been. It will grow in courage as disaster grows upon us. The defeat at Bunker's Hill paved the way to the Declaration. The defeat next year at Long Island only invigorated the spirits and nerved the arm of the people.

So will it be now. The ferocity, the inhumanity, the fiendishness of our foes, will only make us say that the cause that changes them to devils shall be extirpated. We shall advance to Senator Trumbull's position, and declare slavery abolished in the revolting States. I heard a Maryland gentleman say but yesterday, that he wished the government would issue that decree immediately. It will be issued if the war is prolonged. Let it go forward. What is your poverty, what, indeed, is the agony now rending a great multitude of Rachels, North and South, compared with the poverty and distress of the hundreds of thousands, of the millions upon millions, of God's dear children, in this fair land, for these centuries of bondage! The cup is being commended to our own lips of which they have drank so constantly and so deeply. They were despised and rejected of men,—men of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs. We hid, as it were, our faces from them. They were despised, and we esteemed them not. In my intercourse here I have heard frequent and bitter denunciations of their brethren and sisters, from the lips of elegant and excellent Christian ladies. I have heard some such inhuman utterances by

Massachusetts and New York ladies, but they had nothing of the ferocious intensity of contempt and hatred which marked these speakers. I could easily see how the secession feeling rages the hottest with the female part of the community, from Baltimore to New Orleans, when I heard the modest lips of godly matrons so full of ungodly speeches concerning their colored neighbors. All the Baltimore ladies are not like those above mentioned. Some of the most tender-hearted that I have ever known are here, showing their religion by their treatment of the degraded class among whom their lot is cast.

Let the fact teach us that He who made us of one blood is leading this nation, stuffed with pride and insolence, into the fires that shall humiliate and purify. These thoughtless, cruel-hearted mothers, and wives, and sisters shall bleed and cry, and come down from their seats of pride, and, like the desolated Egyptian haughtinesses of old, shall sit down in the dust beside their despised bondwomen, and seek for comfort from these long-suffering, and hence deep-experienced, souls.

This is some of the sweet juice the bruised reed of pride and hope yields to your taste. Is it unpalatable? Wait till the sorrow is yet sharper, and you may find your taste purged to apprehend its chaste and spiritual refreshment.