The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

WHAT think you of the President's capticus interview with the delegation of colored citizens, as compared with his very courteous reception of the delegation of Virginia rebels? I have betrayed the impression it made on me by my manner of putting the question. The spirit manifested in the two interviews seems too plain to be misunderstood by the most ordinary capacity. The course pursued by the President suggests a puzzling query to a straightforward mind; viz.: How can an honest man contrive to keep two opposite parties in tow, so that one is ready to aver that he assures them he is true blue, and the other is ready to swear that they know him to be true gray? The inference would seem to be that the color of his uniform is changeable.

The conversation with the delegation of colored citizens is a curiosity. The rambling iteration of its style reminds one of the address to the colored soldiers. It recalled to my memory an old farmer, who, being asked what he thought of a speech, in which a medley of incoherent assertions were poured out instead of argument, replied, "Well, I reckon 'twas sort o' scattering."

It is difficult to discover what bearing some of the statements have on the object the colored delegation had in view, to say nothing of the obvious injustice and one-sidedness of some of the President's remarks. The slaves are accused of entering into a *combination* with the rich planters to oppress the poor whites. As if the helpless creatures *could* enter into a combination for *anything*!—even to save their own wives from prostitution, or their own children from being beaten to death! The fact is exactly the other way. The poor whites were the ready tools of the rich planters, to keep the negroes in the most abject degradation. They are gravely told that they must not vote, because they hate the poor whites, and the poor whites hate them. That is an excellent reason for having the poor whites vote *for* them! By the tone assumed in the conversation, one would suppose the negroes were guilty of a great crime in not being able to love a class of men who were ever zealous to flog them and hunt them with blood-hounds. This mutual dislike is urged as a reason why the colored people ought to leave the country; but why is not such reasoning equally applicable to the "poor whites?" Why should not *they* be advised to leave their country for their country's good, if they cannot consent to live peaceably in it, under equal laws of protection and restraint? Everybody knows that the colored people are not the aggressors in the numerous outrages that occur at the South. The fact is, there is no need of *any* class being driven from the country. Slavery has done harm to all their characters, in different ways and degrees; but time, and the operation of just laws, will cure that.

One statement of the President is encouraging. He says: "I repeat what I have formerly said, that, if the colored man could find no more efficient Moses than myself, I would be his Moses, to lead him from bondage to freedom; that I would pass with him from a land where he had lived in slavery to a land of freedom, if it were within our reach."

He then proceeds to suggest to the delegation that the best means to avoid "a conflict of races" is to urge the colored people to emigrate. Having declared his readiness to lead them from a land of slavery to a land of freedom, wherever it could be found; of course, if they follow his advice and colonize themselves to Africa, or elsewhere, he is bound to go with them, as a true Moses should do. The colored population have shown themselves so patriotic that, perhaps, upon mature consideration, they may even overcome their repugnance to colonization for the sake of performing such an important service to the country.

The crisis is a solemn one; and it behooves all true lovers of republican principles to be vigilant and active. Next to God, our reliance is upon the will of the people, as represented by their delegates in Congress. Thus far, Congress has shown itself strong; but I watch it from day to day with painful anxiety, so much do I dread that insidious spirit of compromise, which has been so productive of mischief in the past. Expediency is a wise and good thing, when it is simply applied to finding out and employing the best *means* for the advancement of principles; but the moment it is substituted in the *place* of principle, it becomes dangerous, and ultimately ruinous. Such a mistake in the formation of our government was the root of that overshadowing Upas Tree, which poisoned the whole moral atmosphere of the country, and well nigh caused its destruction.

Mr. Cobden said, years ago, that pluck was all the Republican party needed to become strong and triumphant; and surely they have more need of that quality now than ever. The character produced by the influences of slavery is a cross between wolf and fox; and the graduates of that school are now trying to play their old game of domination by a mixture of audacity and cunning. In Kentucky, returned rebel soldiers are murdering negroes, and ordering U. S. officers to depart. Similar accounts, varying in degrees of atrocity, come from all parts of the South; but the President assured the South Carolina delegation that he didn't believe any such stories. I suppose his lifelong knowledge of the justice and humanity produced by slavery inspires him with confidence in its chivalry. Dr. McTier, an influential secesh clergyman, announces that "it may as well be known once for all that the South will never allow negroes to sit as jurymen, and never submit to their having the right of suffrage." Yet they are constantly repeating that they "accept the situation!" Assuredly, a stranger, ignorant of the events of the last four years, looking on the present state of affairs, would suppose the South to be the victorious party, dictating terms to the conquered. And it is wonderful to see how many at the North are ready to fall back into their old habit of yielding to the arrogant demands of those haughty oligarchs. It is recorded of Scythian slaves that they fought their masters valiantly so long as the contest was carried on by the sword; but when their masters were shrewd enough to lay aside their swords and brandish whips, their former bondmen, yielding to the force of habit, cowered before them, and were re-enslaved. The North has shown that it cannot be made to quail before the sword; it remains for time to show what effect the old brandishing of the whip will have upon their minds.

How is it that the South has been enabled thus to resume her menacing attitude? It is a question for the people to ponder well. The future of our country, for good or ill, depends upon their standing firmly by the cause of universal freedom and impartial justice now. The test is being applied to them, to prove whether they really and truly believe in the principles they boast of before the civilized world. What a shameful farce, to talk of a republican form of government where millions of citizens are not allowed to vote for the government that taxes them and drafts them into its armies! and where they are forbidden to be jurors in courts that have over them the power of life and death!

The host that Europe pours upon our shores from its alms-houses and penitentiaries are entrusted with suffrage, and the young Republic proves strong enough to carry the weight without slackening its pace. But when it is proposed no longer to withhold that inalienable right from native-born laborers, who have fed us and fought for us, a hue and cry is raised that the Republic will be endangered.

The Hon. G. W. Julian has recently delivered a speech on amending the constitution, which is remarkably logical and concise, powerful and persuasive. At the close of it he says: "What we want, what the nation needs for its own salvation, is a constitutional amendment, or a law of Congress, which shall *guarantee* the ballot to the freedmen of the South. This is not simply his equal political right as a citizen, but his natural right as a man. A voice in the government which deals with property, liberty, and life is not a privilege, but a *right*, as natural and indefeasible as life itself."

I have lately received a letter from Gen. Saxton, enclosing an account of the meeting of freedmen in Charleston to bid him farewell. It was planned and managed entirely by themselves, and does them great credit. Their utterance was evidently warm from their hearts, and the generous contributions from their scanty earnings to buy handsome testimonials of gratitude for their protector and benefactor indicate a hopeful degree of moral refinement. Why are men, on whose justice and kindness they have learned to rely—men like Gen. Saxton, Gen. Palmer, and Gen. Devens—removed from them at this perilous crisis? I know nothing of the officers who are to succeed them; but, whatever else they may be, they must be comparatively strangers to the colored people; and there is a good deal of truth embodied in good Father Abraham's homely saying, "It's bad to swop horses when crossing a stream."

As Gen. Devens has been unjustly accused of not efficiently protecting the colored soldiers in his Department of South Carolina, I am glad to find that Gen. Saxton considers his administration wise and impartial, and that he says he has received uniform support and aid from him. From others, who have the means of knowing, I also learn that he has been very just in maintaining the rights of the freedmen, very patient in listening to their troubles, and very kind in relieving their necessities. How could it be otherwise with a man who was willing to tax himself so heavily in atonement for wrong done to Thomas Sims?

This terrible war has developed many noble characters. Let us hope that there is salt enough in the Republic to save it.

L. MARIA CHILD.

SHALL JUSTICE BE ADMINISTERED?

BY REV. LEONARD BACON, D. D.

UNSUCCESSFUL REBELLION IS TREASON.

JOHN BROWN, of Osawatomie, attempted, on a small scale, in the interest of liberty, what Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and his associates, have attempted on a large scale, in the interest of oppression. He made war against the United States with a handful of men, and with an exceeding scanty preparation of arms and military stores. They have done the same thing, with great armies at their command, and with great preparations of arms and munitions of war, stolen in the first instance from the nation. He organized the form of a government under a written constitution, expecting to be recognized as a belligerent power; and no doubt he would have been so recognized but for the too speedy termination of his enterprise. They did precisely the same thing; and, having made their preparations on a larger scale, they obtained that recognition which the British Government would have given with the same promptitude to him had the aristocracy, the Established Church, and the shop-keeping interest of Great Britain, seen a probability of their being able in that way to dismember our Union. His "raid" caused the death of perhaps a dozen men before the little anti-slavery rebellion was suppressed. The great pro-slavery rebellion, of which Mr. Jefferson Davis was the responsible head, if not the master-spirit, has cost half a million of lives.

John Brown's enterprise was treason, as defined in the Constitution. He levied war against the United States, and in that war he committed robbery and murder. Had he been arraigned and put on trial for treason against the United States, no defense but on the ground of insanity could have been made in his behalf with any degree of plausibility; and that defense, with an honest court and jury, would have been sufficient. His case, however, was not allowed to come before a court of the United States. The authorities of Virginia were permitted to deal with him in their own way. So he was indicted for the crime (I believe) of treason against the State of Virginia—a state of which he had never been a citizen, and to which he owed no allegiance. He frankly admitted all the facts necessary to his condemnation. He indignantly rejected the idea of a defense on the ground of insanity, when that defense was timidly suggested rather than offered by his counsel. He defended himself simply on the ground that the killing of men, the destruction or capture of property, and the servile insurrection, were not the ends and motives, but only the incidents of his undertaking, and that what he had undertaken was simply the just and benevolent work of freeing the enslaved. He was found guilty and hanged, though notoriously and obviously insane. I speak advisedly when I say that Henry A. Wise, then governor of Virginia, *knew* the fact of John Brown's insanity when he caused that brave old man to be put to death. That old man's death on the gallows, in the name of justice, was an atrocious murder on the part of Wise, who knew him to be insane, and who might have saved him if he had dared to be honest But had John Brown been a really sane man when he levied war against the United States, he would have been guilty of a capital crime—a crime which is greater than a single murder, inasmuch as it involves the loss of many lives by lawless violence, and is in itself the letting loose of anarchy.

If now we admit that John Brown was a sane man, and therefore responsible to public justice, there was a necessity laid upon the government either, on the one hand, to acknowledge itself entirely unworthy of obedience and respect, and, therefore, to abdicate its functions and give room to general anarchy; or, on the other hand, to vindicate itself by punishing as a capital crime the unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Civil society cannot exist where individuals, with no authority or commission from the existing government, are permitted to use violence, and to shed blood, at their own discretion, for the righting of their own or other men's wrongs. I am free to say that, if a man professes to believe that John Brown, in levying war against the United States, and in undertaking to kill men at his own discretion, was neither insane nor guilty of any crime, I can have no respect for that man. The Don Quixote who rides forth in arms, whether alone or with a troop of followers, to fight oppressors, and to redress with his own good sword the wrongs of the oppressed, is either a mad man or a criminal, and in either case it is the duty of the government to deal with him promptly and effectually.

John Brown, sane or insane, had sense enough to know that, in making war against the United States, he put himself into the position of a criminal, and that nothing but success in his enterprise, or a safe escape into a foreign country, could save him from being hanged. Having failed, and having fallen into the hands of the government, he accepted his fate bravely, and died like a martyr, believing that the cause for which he fought, and for which he died, was good—as in one view it was. Notwithstanding the madness or the criminality of his enterprise, such was the dignity of the cause to which he gave his life, and so heroic was his spirit in captivity and death, that for him there was no ignominy in the gallows. The ignominy was for those more prudent dabblers in treason and murder who, professing to believe that it is right to make war on an existing government for the sake of intervening with the sword between the oppressor and the slave, encouraged him and set him on, while keeping themselves at a safe distance from the perilous enterprise. Nay, the chief ignominy was for those wicked politicians whose efforts to propagate beyond all limits, and to perpetuate through all time, the hideous barbarism and injustice of slavery, drove the old man through agonies of sorrow to frenzy and to death.

But such is not the case of Jefferson Davis and his chief accomplices. Theirs is what the case of John Brown would have been if he had never been suspected of insanity; if he had taken up arms, not for the sake of making poor men free, but for the sake of making their bondage and that of their posterity forever hopeless; if, instead of beginning with resources ludicrously inadequate, he had contrived to begin with the seizure of forts and arsenals, and the stealing of arms and treasure sufficient for military operations on the largest scale; and if, instead of leading to the war some twenty or thirty men, he had been able to command great armies and march upon the national capital. They knew as well as Brown knew—nay, better—that, in levying war against the United States, they were committing treason; and that, failing of success in their appeal to arms for the pretended state-right of secession, they would be liable in law to all the penalties of treason. When they made war upon the nation, they deliberately staked their lives on the success of their undertaking. If they should succeed, they would be the leaders and heroes of a revolution, the founders of a new government, the illustrious fathers of a new nationality; but if they should fail, they would be simply traitors. Knowing that they have failed, they know that they *are* traitors. Why then, if they are men, and not cowards, do they not manfully accept the result of the game which they began, and in which they hazarded and have forfeited their lives? It would be a contempt put upon Jefferson Davis and his chief associates to suppose that they, knowing themselves to be in fact not the fathers of a nation, nor the founders of a new government, nor the leaders and heroes of a revolution, but only traitors—proved such by the event—are unwilling to accept the consequences.

Some think that, for the sake of European liberals; for the sake of the great cause of revolution in the Old World; for the sake of the right of insurrection against tyranny—these chiefs of a bloody insurrection against liberty ought to go unharmed of justice. Such is the expressed thought of some friends in Europe, who may, perhaps, have personal reasons for desiring to see a good precedent for impunity to the authors and leaders of an unsuccessful insurrection. But, in truth, no government can recognize a right of unsuccessful insurrection against itself without virtually abdicating its own right to be a government. In the interest of liberalism, of progress, of popular liberty, it should be understood and maintained that armed insurrection against an existing government can be justified only by success. Far better will it be, not only for the peace of the world, but for the ultimate overthrow of tyranny everywhere, if it shall continue to be understood hereafter, as it ever has been heretofore, that the authors and leaders of unsuccessful insurrection against an existing government—though they may have belligerent rights, under the laws of war, while the war which they have raised continues—are simply criminals before the law of the land and the law of nations, when that war has ended by their defeat and capture. Every man who organizes rebellion and civil war against an existing government—whether he be English, Chartist, or Irish Fenian—whether he be Frenchman or Pole, Hungarian or Italian—ought to know, and should be compelled to remember, that his life depends on his success, and that he is no better than a cowardly incendiary unless he is willing to die as a martyr in the event of his failure. Every ill-considered and abortive effort against tyranny is a crime against liberty—a crime to be expiated by a willing and heroic martyrdom like that of old John Brown.

Doubtless, Jefferson Davis and the rest of them think that they have made war, bravely, though unsuccessfully, in a just cause. If their now defeated cause is just—if it is the cause of humanity, of rational liberty, of Christian civilization, of the world's progress toward a new and brighter end—the best thing they can now do for that cause is to die as martyrs for it. If, on the other hand, the cause in which they have made war upon their country is, as we hold, essentially wrong, and is sure to be condemned at the bar of history, there is no danger that it will be hallowed and glorified by their punishment. Less than six years ago, the African slave-trade was so respectable in New York that a great religious society, standing on a "catholic basis," dared not say anything against it. About five years ago, a certain Captain Gordon (if I remember the name) was hung for his slave-trading, and the African slave-trade has been much less respectable ever since, and always will be.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

NEXT to Mr. Spurgeon, the most effective gospel-preacher to the masses in England is the Rev. NEWMAN HALL. His church—the famous "Surrey Chapel" of Rowland Hill—stands not far from Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and is one of the shining lights of the metropolis. To Newman Hall the world owes that brief, powerful treatise "*Come to Jesus*," which has been circulated by the million; to him the temperance cause owes the influence of noble advocacy; to him the American people owe a great debt of gratitude for his eloquent defense of *Union* and *Emancipation* before the British public, all through the late war. But Newman Hall himself owes quite as much to the faithful training of his father, the late JOHN VINE HALL, of London.

On a summer evening in 1857 we addressed one of Newman Hall's great monthly temperance meetings in Surrey Chapel, about fifteen hundred people being present. In the chair sat a handsome old gentleman, with snowy hair and a sunny face, who was introduced to us as "the author of the *Sinner's Friend*." We had heard of the famous tract, and were glad to grasp the hand that wrote it. The biography of this good old man (published by the Am. Tract Society) lies before us as we now write, and we see the same pleasant face beaming from the title-page of the volume.

John Vine Hall was a brand plucked from the burning. He was born in Norfolkshire, England, in 1774, and spent much of his boyhood as an errand-boy in a wine-shop in Maidstone. "Little Jack" was a mischievous fellow—came near losing his life by drowning, by being crushed under a hogshead of liquor, and by tumbling into a cellar among a heap of wine-bottles. A worse danger than all these befell him; for he soon became a drinker of the drams he sold to others, and his early manhood found him a scoffer and a tippler. His diary for July 24, 1810, contains the terribly brief entry of these words alone, "Drunkenness—horrible depravity." On the first of March he writes, "Six days drunk; awful ruin." On another page he writes, "My business was gone, health destroyed, character ruined, a dear wife miserable." This "dear wife" he married before he became so desperate a drinker, and his early courtship was an odd one. He saw her first, a pretty girl of seventeen, walking to Angel-st. Chapel, in Worcester, with an elderly lady leaning on her arm. As young Hall was himself convoying his good old mother to church, the coincidence struck his fancy; he stared hard at her during the service, and on the next Sabbath he waited for her on her way to church, and could not resist the temptation to speak to her. A gentleman, seeing him beside her, told him the next day that she was "Miss Teverill, the cleverest girl in all Worcester." He fell violently in love with her, visited her clandestinely at a retired rural house, to which her parents sent her to be out of his way, and on the 26th August, 1806, Miss Mary Teverill became the wife of "Little Jack Hall." When fifty-one years of their married life had worn off his wife's wedding-ring, the happy old lover tells us in courtly style how he "presented her with a *new one*, and placed it on her finger with a heartfelt kiss of love and gratitude to Almighty God."

This sweet woman was his good angel during the dark years of his drunken degradation. During the half-dozen years of his tremendous struggle to break the cruel slavery of the bottle, this patient woman held fast to him with a true wife's constancy. Some of his confessions are as thrilling as Gough's. He writes: "Often have I taken the dreadful glass into my hand, and looked at the wine with a sort of sensible horror, yet had no power to resist the strong impulse to let it pass my throat." As his drunkenness had become a confirmed disease, his wife persuaded him to place himself under the medical treatment of a worthy Dr. Day, who prescribed for him draughts of steel and peppermint-water, with *two or three glasses of port wine* after dinner! In those days there were no total abstinence societies, and no pledge. The result was that, as Dr. Day did not recommend *entire abstinence* from all intoxicating drinks, his poor patient was continually falling back into drunkenness through the influence of the "two or three glasses of port" and the "moderate use of a little porter." All this time he was going to church, and praying earnestly for deliverance. But as long as he tampered with even a wine-glass of the treacherous drink, he gained no victory over his fatal appetite. A single glass was a spark to the gunpowder. At length he took the decisive resolution *not to touch a drop* of the poison, in any shape, and is soon able to record in his diary, "Feb. 18, 1819—Blessed be God that thirteen weeks have now passed in which I have enjoyed the uninterrupted gratification of never tasting any other liquids than coffee, tea, or milk-and-water. Henceforth his path was brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. With exultant joy—the joy of a liberated slave—he exclaims, "Oh, what a change do I witness! Business flourishing, health most perfect, my dear wife and children happy, and myself, through especial grace, a deacon of the Independent chapel. My house is a house of prayer, my heart a heart of prayer; and twenty years have passed away, during which not a drop of spirituous liquors has ever passed the surface of my tongue. Oh! what wonder has the Lord wrought." Yet the Lord never works such "wonders" for any man who still persists in keeping his finger in the adder's mouth. Abstinence is God's only method of saving a sot.

After Mr. Hall's reformation and conversion, he determined to prepare a small, cheap religious work, for circulation among the poor. He accordingly selected a few pages from the "Golden Treasury," added a few pages of his own, and printed five hundred copies of the little tract. These he gave away to people in the street, and threw them into the open doors of shops and laborers' houses. The little missive made a stir. Another edition was demanded. He threw out the "Treasury" matter, and wrote in its stead pithy thoughts from his own pen, and printed a larger edition. He sent them in every direction, and used to fasten them up at the roadside; "yes," said he, "I always *stuck them up with a prayer*." The demand for the little work increased until hundreds of thousands of copies were printed, and "THE SINNER'S FRIEND" had gone out in company with the "Dairyman's Daughter" around the globe. When old Mr. Hall was presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury as the "author of that little work, the Sinner's Friend," the primate said, "No; not a *little* book. I call it a great book, for it has done great good in the world." People used to tell him that those who had been saved by the "Sinner's Friend" would give him a triumphal entry into heaven. "Oh!" replied the meek old saint, "if I can but crawl in on my hands and knees, I shall be very well satisfied."

This delightful biography of John Vine Hall ought to be spread through the land. It illustrates the power of a zealous *layman* in preaching Christ. Above all else, it illustrates that the slave of intoxicating drinks may be saved; but *only saved* by entire abstinence from the ensnaring glass. God's grace does not save the man who does nothing to save himself. When the Lord Jesus offers his restoring and converting gospel, He accompanies it with the indispensable precept, "See that ye enter not into temptation." And it is to the unhappy inebriate, and the moderate drinker too, as well as to others, that he makes the essential demand, "Unless a man take up his cross, and *deny himself*, he cannot be my disciple." Far down in the dark abyss of drunkenness may there not be other John B. Goughs and John Vine Halls, crying out for the hand of Christian love to rescue them?

GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24, 1866.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has thrown away the grandest opportunity ever offered to any human being. When, in the providence of God, he became President, it was in his power to have assured by organic law, in the several rebellious states, the absolute freedom and manhood of the emancipated blacks; to have builded upon a sure foundation the future of those communities; to have given peace to our whole country; to have punished traitors and made treason odious; and to have linked his name with all this good in the undying memory of mankind. It was then only necessary for him to say that he wanted the black man to have the ballot, and to have declared that he would never pardon the leaders of the rebellion, to have done all this. The hour was ripe for it. The South would have acceded to the demand, and the North would unitedly have enforced it, had they declined.

That he would punish traitors was the burden of his numerous speeches to delegations; that he favored equal suffrage, was the opinion of many who conversed with him privately; and there is very good reason to believe that the journey, for which Mr. Chase has been so abused, through the Southern States was undertaken by the Chief-Justice with the consent and advice of the President, to prepare the Southern negroes for the boon of suffrage which Andrew Johnson was to confer upon all the loyal.

From the high ground of promise he then occupied to the low level of his performance his stride has been rapid. Ten months have sufficed him to have broken from the party that elected him; to have pardoned nearly all the leading traitors; to have falsified not only the expectations had of him by the blacks, but his solemn promises to them; to have proscribed the white Unionists of the South; to have ranged himself with those that opposed the war; to have shown himself a poor white truckling to the Southern aristocracy that ruled his class, and winning their favor and commendation, as the poor whites always did, by abuse of the blacks.

The reasons of this fall no one here can fathom. Whether it is a desire to be President by election; a longing for the reputation of "The Great Pacificator;" a fear of assassination, teaching him to disarm his enemies by submission; a sense of wrong done him by the "Radical" Senators, who were in favor of censuring him after his Fourth of March speech; a false view of public opinion, given by the crowds of Southern rebels who called on him last summer; a judgment warped by appetites indulged—whether it be any of these singly, or all of them combined, the historian may consider and determine, if he can.

Our grief, who had trusted in him, is too poignant to allow us to discuss the causes of his defection. Enough for us that the fact exists; enough for us that we must henceforth oppose him we have hitherto followed and supported.

From this fall let us learn a lesson of the value of boldness. If the Union party conventions last summer had declared in favor of universal suffrage, Andrew Johnson would never have gone over to the Democracy. But their lack of courage in that matter led him to think the party was dead and that he could form a new party. Our dodging that issue was mean and cowardly, morally—and, as a matter of policy (we now see), ineffably stupid.

Perhaps we needed this sharp blow to awake us to our duty! Serious as the consequences may be, no man will suffer by them like Mr. Johnson. For God's purposes move on to their accomplishment, no matter who aids nor who opposes. Those who aid share in the honor that comes with the final triumph; they that oppose are ground to powder.

ARDELL MURRAY.

THE SLAVE ARTIST.

BY KRUMA.

I.

BEFORE his canvass oft Murillo stood,
Wondering whose genius to such features rare
Had given mysterious birth. One morning there
He found, in lines almost with life imbued,
A head half-finished of the Virgin good.
His pupils gathered, he inquired with care
Whose skill among them wrought a work so fair,
Waiting their answer in impatient mood.
The honor coveted not one could claim.
"He who this sketch in secret, so well traced,"
Murillo said, "of all Sebastian yet
The master shall be known—I'll have his name,
His brow with fadeless laurel shall be graced,
Genius with due reward must still be met."

II.

Trembling before Murillo stood a slave,
Under whose care the studio had been placed.
"Watch, slave, to-night, who comes, or be disgraced.
Failing to show me, you in vain shall crave
Respite from the uplifted lash you brave."
The slave retired; but lo! at midnight traced
With rapid strokes the unfinished head that graced
The speaking canvass, till with joy he gave
The crowning touch—when, to his deep dismay,
Murillo and his pupils stood around,
Before unnoticed, watching with delight.
"Who is your master, slave?" "You, Senor."
"Nay,
Your master in this art? I have but found
Joy in your lessons—heard—and tried by night."

III.

The astonished artist for a moment eyed
The trembling slave, then to his pupils turned:
"Reward or punishment, which has he earned?"
"Reward, reward," burst forth on every side.
"Ask him for gold," said one, "his wealth is wide."
Said one, "Ask freedom; 'twill not be denied."
A deeper wish within the poor slave burned—
A light flashed o'er his face not lit by pride—
Upon his knee he fell—with eager eye,
And voice that trembled with a heart-wrung plea,
"*My father's freedom!*" Quickly to his breast
Murillo caught him. "*Be my son*, for I
Such talent, with such heart, no more may see.
Thy father's freedom let *thine own* attest!"

JANUARY, 1866.

INSECT CARES.

BY REV. WILLIAM E. BOISE.

THE poet, James Montgomery, characterized as "insect cares" those trivial concerns that worry and torment poor careworn humanity like flies and mosquitoes. And, worse than these, they haunt us at all seasons. Just now we are breathing free from our insect plagues. A solitary fly appears at intervals, as though walking in his sleep, and sticks to the wall like some entomological specimen impaled there. And occasionally some lone mosquito hovers about his old haunts, as an unpleasant reminder that the race is not extinct. So, too, you may now and then discover a wasp braving the rigors of winter in futile efforts to climb the window-pane. But in general we are the more reconciled to the sway of the frost-king for its uncompromising hostility to those petty pests and tormenters that were among the plagues of Egypt.

Not so, however, with our insect cares. They swarm about us in midwinter more vigorously than in fly-time. And yet, when one attempts to impale a specimen, it proves very much like the Irishman's flea, or the Dutchman's fly. We are worried by them, and yet can hardly tell how or why. And still they ply us daily with their tiny stings. We resolve not to mind such trifles, and fall back upon our dignity, only to have it undermined by these little iconoclasts. Or we break away from the beggarly elements of common life, and soar up into our fancied region of perpetual calm, only to find the air thick with our old tormenters. So our only alternative is to take them as they come.

But these little cares of life are not necessarily all under the ban. Some are like coral insects, working quietly but surely to shape our character and destiny. Some are being woven by the finger of Providence like threads in the warp and woof of our lives. And some may help illustrate the beauties of holiness, as the little drops of rain reflect the colors of the rainbow.

It is curious how our grace and patience, on the other hand, are frittered away by trifles that we would fain ignore in our aspirations after great things. We talk about letting patience have her perfect work, and let some petty annoyance slip in and spoil it all. We marshal all our graces and virtues to meet the "great adversary," who, having thus drawn off our forces, slyly conquers us with his little imps of darkness. Ah, these petty foes of the heart and life, it is their very littleness that gives them the mastery.

And are we not too hasty in our judgment of trifles? We look back and discern some seeming nonentity transmuted by experience into a momentous concern. We realize how

"The pebble in the streamlet scant
May turn the course of many a river;
The dew-drop on the infant plant
May warp the giant oak forever!"

What wealth of love may reveal itself in some little thing, and what a flood of hate some trifle, too, may let in upon the heart. Surely, it is not wise or safe to despise the day of small things.

Some men, indeed, are cursed with such little souls that they naturally "stand on trifles." Their cares and views of life are of no wider sweep and range than the insects' And littleness when applied to them is but a synonym for meanness.

But it does not necessarily indicate littleness of mind or soul to be classed with the "little ones"—as Christ denominated his disciples. And not a few such have shown to the world how weak things may confound the mighty, and things which are not bring to naught things that are. Neither need it belittle the heart to take cognizance of those comparative trifles which go to make up the sum of human happiness and misery. They force themselves upon our notice, and, wherever we entrench ourselves, there will be some crevice or loop-hole for their ingress and egress.

We speak of grand events developing character, but it is more surely betrayed in trifles; and how often little things unman great men.

For those more particularly whose lot in life is beset with little cares let me add these closing words of comfort. Let not this condition of things engender repining and discontent; for even here there is room for lofty purpose and heroic achievement. And those yearnings of the heart in obscurity, those generous utterances that seem unappreciated as pearls cast before swine, may at last gleam like diamonds in the "crown of rejoicing." It seems a petty achievement, but it is really a rare and noble victory, that enables the heart to maintain its uprightness and equanimity under insect cares. And if it battles bravely with the little foes that others will not stoop to conquer till themselves are brought low by them, it may finally achieve the distinction of being ruler over many.

"The trivial round, the common task
Afford us all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To lead us daily nearer God."

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE President has at last hoisted his flag, and all over the country the Copperheads are rushing to his support. He has signified to the Republican Congress that it need not trouble itself with sending him any more bills. If they embody the convictions of that body on any of the great questions of the time, he will send them back. On impartial suffrage, civil rights, and any test in the shape of a constitutional amendment, he is unalterably in opposition to Congress and the Republicans of the country.

There has not been a day of such intense excitement in Congress as Tuesday was since the time of the exodus of the Southern members and the first months of the war. There was no outburst of passion, no noisy demonstration; but the grief and indignation of the Republican members of the two Houses was too deep for words.

The cause was not the simple rejection of the Freedman's bill, it was the *animus* of the veto. The President demands the *immediate* admission of the rebellious states to representation in Congress. The Congress believe it unsafe yet to grant the privilege to some of the states. *This* is the great issue.

The President goes out of his way to tell Congress that it is not competent to participate in the settlement of the question of restoration. The House, by an immense majority, declares that it *has* the right and the power to say when a state which has been in rebellion is fit to be represented in Congress, and that it will exercise them.

I cannot better give you an idea of the feeling among the Republicans on this subject than by quoting from a private letter sent by a member to one of his constituents two or three days after the veto-message came in. The author of the letter may be called a conservative-radical. He has never been what is called "a Stevens man," and is one of the ablest and most distinguished members of the Thirty-ninth Congress. This is what he said:

"The event which has just transpired—the veto, by the President, of the Freedman's Bureau bill—overshadows every other, and is second, in terrible importance, only to the bombardment of Sumter in 1861.

"That was the beginning of a war of swords and bayonets; this is the beginning of a political war, with the President, the traitors of the South, the rebel sympathizers of the North, and all the lukewarm, cowardly Republicans, on the one side; and all the loyal, liberty-loving Union men of the republic on the other. On the one side will be arrayed all the patronage, power, malevolence, and hate of the allied forces; on the other, the truth, justice, and virtue of the nation.

"On the one side, the inveterate, prejudice against color and an oppressed race; on the other, the doctrine of the equality before the law which alone can give us safety and peace.

"As our true men, in 1861, enlisted for the war, so must they now enlist for the defense of justice and liberty against this unholy alliance. God only knows how the struggle will end. The result will turn on the next congressional election. If they get a majority in the 40th Congress, the South will again be in power, and the fruits of the war will be lost for half a century. We have no choice but to fight it to the bitter end."

The Senate, doubtless, will pass the concurrent resolution; but what shall it do, or attempt to do, for the freedmen? Will Messrs. Doolittle, Dixon, Morgan, and the other veto-senators follow the President wherever he may go? Is there *any* bill they will support *after* a veto? Everything depends upon this. The Peace-Democrats will vote against the most moderate measures; but it is proposed to pass two or three bills on important subjects, and so framed as to give no excuse to the President or to the senators named. Of course, if the President is determined to sign *nothing* which a Republican Congress will pass—if the senators named have gone over squarely to the Copperhead Democracy—the only thing to be done is to appeal to the people, and to wait in patience for the verdict.

On the 22d, the people of Washington—the Copperheads, the pro-slavery and the conservative—got together in Grover's Theater to rejoice over the veto-message. The speakers were mostly Copperhead, and the resolutions adopted were simply infamous. It was *this* crowd that the President spoke to for two hours! Of this speech I need say nothing. One of the results of the speech is that it is now common talk among the President's "friends" here that he ought to disperse Congress by the sword!

D. W. B.