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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE author is a clergyman of one of the Evangelical Northern Churches. Being somewhat disabled by twenty years' pulpit labor, he sought the southern climate in which to recuperate his wasted energies. To accomplish which he engaged in several light agencies leading him through portions of eleven slave states, keeping him south nearly three years.

Unlike his brother tourist, author of SOUTH SIDE "VIEW OF SLAVERY," he was a colonizationist, and occupied strong pro-slavery grounds previous to his southern tour. Indeed, to that degree did he carry his pro-slavery sentiments, that many worthy members of his church were deeply grieved in consequence thereof, while others for the same reason declared him unworthy to preach the gospel.

Entertaining these opinions, he started south, and publicly proclaimed them immediately on arriving at Charleston, S. C. He had not been long there, however, before his convictions on the subject became greatly modified, by matter of fact occurrences which LIFE IN THE SOUTH forced upon his observations.

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Having been solicited by a northern editor to become a weekly contributor to his paper, he complied, and wrote some sixty numbers, which appeared in his columns under the caption of "SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE" and over the signature of "ARGUS."

On arriving north from New Orleans, through the advice of several clerical friends, the author was induced to throw the whole into book form and give it to the public. In accomplishing this design, the numbers constituting said correspondence have been reduced to chapters with an addition of eight new ones, all carefully revised, thus embracing nearly twice the amount of reading matter contained in the original numbers. A few selections have been made from the NORTH SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY, INSIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY, from the SLAVE CODE, &c., so that out of the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

The author would beg to assure all those who may honor his book with a perusal, that they shall not have been indulging in fictions; but in facts, in realities, in history, written out in *blood* and stereotyped with *tears* and *groans*.

Those of his southern friends into whose hands it may chance to fall, he would assure that he takes pleasure in acknowledging their kind attentions to him

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while in their midst, and furthermore, that no personal animosity or ill treatment from any person or persons in the slave-holding states has influenced his pen in the least.

Were the plan of this work to allow it, many things might be said in favor of southerners and the south, which in these pages would appear ill-timed and out of place. This ground being occupied by SOUTH SIDE VIEWERS and Northern *Apologists*, it is not deemed meet that any intrusion should be made upon it.

And finally, in as much as the author lays no special claim to literary merit, he would request his readers to be indulgent in their criticisms, and also to make allowance for the circumstances of time, place, and ill health of the author while bringing out the work; all of which presented obstacles to be overcome the reader knows not of.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE ability of nations for self-government, we need scarcely state, is one of the great questions of the nineteenth century. The frequent and stormy discussions of this subject are prompted by events which follow each other in such rapid and awful succession as to resemble the tragic scenes of some complicated drama. In looking at the old world, we find governments which had subsisted undisturbed through long, long centuries of despotism, now fallen into a state of decrepitude; and in some instances, their foundations have been destroyed by convulsions, requiring but a single hour comparatively to effect their overthrow.

Circumstances of such a character are fearfully ominous to statemen of the school of Montesquieu, Guizot, and Metternich who have elaborated upon the philosophy of Monarchy, Republics, and Revolutions, who sagely maintain that republican institutions are only adapted to poor and thinly inhabited countries, and that, as the United States of America become rich and populous, democracy will die out and be superceded by aristocracy and monarchy. To this, it is only necessary to remark, that the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, portions of the Union the wealthiest and most thickly populated,—portions compared with which few districts of Europe stand

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very greatly ahead, are, at the same time, the most thoroughly democratic; having grown so just in proportion as wealth has increased, and population multiplied—a phenomenon by no means peculiar to them, but one of which the operation may be traced in all the free States of the American Union.

To this fair prospect, however, every freeman is forced to admit a painful drawback, viz: the unfortunate introduction of AFRICAN SLAVERY. At first a mere excrescence upon the original plan, it has grown in several of the Southern States, both new and old, until it has become the most marked feature and predominating influence in their social system; introducing into that portion of the American Union, and indeed into the administration of the national government, a strange and most incongruous mixture of the republican system of equal rights, backed by the metaphysical theory of the natural equality of man, with the miserable spirit of caste and hereditary aristocracy of birth and race—a state of society engendering all that spirit of contempt for manual labor; all that spirit of plunder and domineering insolence and cruelty which distinguished the haughty republics of antiquity, without their taste, eloquence, and artistical and warlike renown; and at the same time all the huckstering trickery, sharpness and meanness of modern municipal system, without its equality, industry, wealth and comfort. Nor can any man yet tell what, as to the entire American Union, the result is to be of this most discordant and incongruous mixture.

The following fact is well known by every histori-

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cal student, viz; that in all nations in which republican government has either not been tried, or has ultimately been overthrown, there has been some vigorous organization of the privileged part which has proved too strong for the liberty of the whole. Our ancestors, who drew up the Federal Constitution, were not only great and wise men, but also well read in political history, and when they inquired for the antagonists to freedom against which it would be prudent to erect safe-guards, they found two to be largely treated of in the books, viz: an order of priesthood, and an order of hereditary nobles. Thus instructed, they took good care to provide that no title of "nobility shall be granted by the United States," [Constitution, Art. 1, § 9,] and that Congress "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," [Amendments, Art. I.] Unfortunately for us, however, history gave them no warning in respect to the subversion of free institutions by an aristocracy constituted and organized on the basis of ownership of slaves. Such a revolution was without precedent, and against it accordingly they failed to set up any express constitutional defence. As a result, we are now, to say the least, in the last stage of a vigorous attempt at a revolution of that kind.

The slave-holding oligarchy of these United States, consisting according to the late census of but three hundred thousand in a population of twenty-five millions, (while others on apparently good grounds, believe them to amount to not more than one-third that number,) is aiming to confirm and consolidate beyond recall, that

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control over the government of the country, which, from an early period, has been passing more and more rapidly into its hands. Hence the Reign of Terror now desecrating with blood the virgin soil of Kansas, and the rattle of chains amid the strongholds of freedom at the north, as the captured fugitive is forced back into perpetual bondage by the minions of this despicable oligarchy. Hence the cruel infanticide by fugitive slave mothers in northern cities, and the imprisonment of northern freemen by south-side northern judges in northern prisons. There is a tremendous issue to be met in this country between the descendants of its revolutionary sires, between the north and the south, in short between republicanism and despotism; and the nations of the world are interested spectators of the approaching contest. The struggle has already commenced, the combatants are in the field, and it is in vain we at the north cry out that the contest is unseasonable and premature. Admit that over zealous and fanatical haste may have precipitated a struggle which we would gladly have deferred, and, slumbering out our own time in quiet, have thrust upon the days of our children. No matter. There is no blocking the wheels of destiny in this thing; we cannot have *our* way. The trumpet has sounded, and opposing forces are wheeling into position on the gory field. "We may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." Fight we must, upon one side or the other. As above remarked, the contest is already begun, and will soon become general.

In such a struggle it is clearly seen there can be no

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neutrality, and it is time to be choosing under what banner we will marshal ourselves: whether the ensign of freedom, or the dark flag of slavery, drenched in the blood of murdered bondmen. Republicanism, democracy, freedom, &c., are meaning terms in the North, perfectly familiar to all classes; all have a correct knowledge of their import, or suppose they have. But despotism, southern despotism, or the despotism of the slave states, is a thing known at the North only by name, and in general. Few have seen it and gazed upon it, face to face, in its own blood-stained land of tears and groans; fewer still have studied it; while the great mass are totally ignorant of its real debasing character.

But what is southern despotism, or American slavery, this curse and incubus of our common country, this stench in the nostrils of Christendom, and by-word of reproach among the heathen?

Southern slavery can, probably, be best defined by its own statute book. At least, we shall attempt to show it up in this light first, and then illustrate by our personal observations made in eleven slave states. Slaveholders cannot, surely, complain of this mode of treating it—cannot complain that the system should be taken to be the very thing which the law of the slaveholding states have declared it to be, laws framed by themselves for the very purpose of defending and protecting their claims. No laws were ever framed by any people for the sole purpose of restraining specific and enumerated crimes, unless the instances of such crimes had become aggravated and general

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among them. The laws of the slave states, therefore, which fix the condition of slavery, for the most part describe that condition. And even the laws made to restrain its cruelties, bear testimony to their existence. For an illustration, under the item last mentioned: When the laws of South Carolina gravely forbid the masters, under a petty pecuniary penalty, to "cut out the tongues, put out the eyes, or cruelly scald, burn or deprive any slave of any limb, or murder," and when they specify other enormities too gross for the public eye, they proclaim to the world the fact that such cruel practices did prevail to an extent demanding legislation, at least.

And again, under the former item: When the same statute permits the master to inflict punishment on the slave "by whipping or beating with a horse whip, cow skin, switch, or putting irons on, or imprisoning," &c., the legislature at once defines and describes the common condition of slavery in that State. Characteristics of the system thus obtained, are to be reckoned not among its incidents and abuses, but among its essential and distinctive features—the things wherein it essentially consists. With these remarks, and with the Statute Books before us, we will answer the question, "What is American Slavery?" By their own showing, by laws enacted in slave states for the regulation of their human property.

"Goods they are, and goods they are esteemed, says the civil law."—[Dr. Taylor's Elements, p. 429, Stroud, p. 21.]

"A slave is one who is in the power of his master,

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to whom he belongs."—[Code of La., Art. 35, Stroud, p. 22.]

"The cardinal principle of slavery, that the slave is not to be ranked among sentient beings, but among things, as an article of property, a chattels personal, obtains as undoubted law in all the American slave states."—[Stroud, p. 22.]

Again: "Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken and reputed to be chattels personal, in the hands of their owners and possessors, their administrators and assigns, *to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever.*"—[Law of South Carolina, vide Stroud.]

And an act of Maryland, in 1798, respecting the settlement of estates, and the division of property, expressly enumerates "specific articles, such as *slaves*, working beasts, animals, furniture, books, and other personal effects." It cannot then be said in extenuation of the system of slavery, by southern slaveholders or by their northern apologists, that this feature of slavery, (like others we shall proceed to mention,) is a mere incident, appendage, or abuse of the system. No, it constitutes, as they well know, its very life, its very essence and ground work. Hence the animosity breathed out by the whole south against those who may attempt to raise the vail from their great goddess Diana. Every person held as a slave in any of the slave-holding states, is held under this *precise tenure*, and no argument of kind treatment, which will weigh a straw here, can by any process whatever do away the *fact*, or wipe out the foul sin contained in it.

And here we hazard the assertion, that, according

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to our convictions, our southern slave oligarchy is not only the most cruel, most tyrannical, but the greatest organized spiritual despotism to be met with on the face of the whole earth. And just so long as one human being in this country is permitted to be held the absolute property of another, and entirely subject to his control, in respect to all his actions and conduct, just so long will there be not only a *reign of terror*, a reign of darkness, but also a reign of heathenism degrading even to barbarians in the rudest and darkest stages of their history. So it is now in various portions of the slave-holding states of our Federal Union, where the poor slave cannot follow his own conscience nor the law of God. He is not his own, he is the property of another; the will of his master is his law in everything, and that master may be a disciple of Tom Paine, or an impious, blaspheming, nominal Christian. And the law of slavery so understands it.

"This dominion," says Stroud, "is *as unlimited* as that which is tolerated, by any civilized community, in respect to brute animals, to quadrupeds, according to the very language of the civil law."

The ignorant Catholics in our midst, and the red men of our forests, have the bible given them, and whole cargoes of bibles have been sent by the American Bible Society to the heathen of China, India, and other countries. But when did they ever make any such appropriation to the three millions of slaves on our own soil? Never. This gigantic *spiritual despotism* would not allow it, and the reason is quite obvious: they know that no people can long be kept en-

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tirely subject to the wills of their masters to whom they belong, if permitted to understand and obey the will of one Supreme Master in Heaven. "Accordingly, we find early and severe enactments, prohibiting the instruction of slaves, and punishing them for assembling for divine worship, and for mental instruction."—[Vide Stroud, pp. 88–90.] The reason given for these enactments has always indicated the incompatibility of such privileges and acquirements with the condition of slavery.

"The allowing of slaves to read," says the law of South Carolina, A. D. 1740, "would be attended with many inconveniences." That is, it is inconsistent with slavery. "Mental improvement" and "divine worship" are the very things specified in several of these prohibitory enactments. It is true, indeed, that a regular system of *oral* religious instruction for the slaves, without giving them the Bible, has recently been devised at the South, some portions of it, at least, which is called "catechising." While at the South, it was our fortune to attend several large ecclesiastical bodies, where some two or three hundred of the southern clergy underwent examination of their parochial duties, ministerial character, &c. When the candidate was about to retire from the room, for observations to be made upon him, he was particularly asked if he had attended to catechising the colored people of his charge.

These catechisms, being drawn up by slaveholding divines, are brought in as powerful auxiliaries in upholding the "institution," in which they are taught.

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that the cardinal duty the slaves owe to God is the rendering strict and unlimited obedience to their masters, &c. By the black laws of this despotism, white freemen themselves are subjected to fine and imprisonment for teaching the colored people to read. In the streets of Charleston, S. C., I was threatened with hanging to a lamp post if I attempted to teach the slaves anything. In the state of Louisiana, "if a white man from a pulpit, box, bench, stage, or any other place, or in conversation, shall make use of any language, signs, or actions, having a tendency to produce discontent among free colored people, or insubordination among slaves," (that is, such as may give them a hope in the promise of God that they shall be free,) "such person or persons shall be punished with imprisonment from three to twenty-three years, or with DEATH, at the discretion of the court." And furthermore, by this despotism slaves are not entitled to the consideration of matrimony, and therefore, as a matter of consequence, have no relief in case of adultery.—[Dr. Taylor's elements, p. 429, Stroud, 21.]

Think of that, reader! the marriage institution cannot exist among slaves, and one-sixth of the native population of our far-famed republican country. No marriage, no education, no liberty, no pure gospel! This, dear reader, is American Slavery, an institution, not of some far-off pagan land, but of Christian, republican America!

Again: "If more than seven slaves together are found in any road, not accompanied by a white person, twenty lashes is the penalty; for letting loose a

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boat from where it was moored, thirty-nine lashes for the first offence, and for the second the offender shall lose one ear; for keeping or carrying a club, thirty-nine lashes; for having any article for sale, without a ticket from his master, ten lashes; for traveling in any other than the most usual and accustomed road, when going alone to any place, forty lashes; for traveling in the night without a pass, forty lashes." A man, for going to visit his wife, children, or brethren, on a neighboring plantation, without the permission of his master, may be caught on the way, dragged to a post, the branding iron heated, and the name of his master or the letter R branded into his cheek, or on his forehead. The laws referred to above may be found by consulting Brevard's Digest; Haywood's Manual; Virginia Revised Code, &c. They treat slaves thus, they tell us, on the principle that they must punish for light offences in order to prevent the commission of larger ones. In the single state of Virginia there are seventy-one crimes for which a colored man may be put to death, while there are only three, when committed by a white man, which will subject him to a similar fate. Slave, and also free colored testimony is prohibited in the South.

In the State of Maryland there is a law to this effect; that if a slave shall strike his master, he may be hanged, his head severed from his body, his body quartered, and his head and quarters set up in the most prominent place in the neighborhood, as a warning to all others.

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If a colored woman, in defence of her own virtue, should shield herself from the brutal attacks of her tyrannical master, or make the slightest resistance, she may be killed on the spot. No law whatsoever will bring the guilty man to justice for the crime. Will the loud and oft-repeated affirmations of *Christian* slaveholders that they were never guilty of perpetrating any of the above specific enormities, make them guiltless in the matter?—because they never personally violated female virtue, never separated a husband from his wife, or never required a woman, when separated from her husband, to live with another man, or never held in Christian fellowship, without rebuke, his neighboring Christian brethren and sisters, both slaves and masters, who submitted to customs, or commanded compliances like these? Will their singular innocency in these respects screen them? Have they ever borne consistent testimony against these crying abominations surrounding them? No, they have not, and they know it, and God knows it; and while they remain slaveholders they cannot, they will not. Why, they hold their slaves solely under the tenure of that code which renders all this promiscuous concubinage, adultery, &c., inevitably certain! Nay, they hold them in a condition in which they cannot shield them from its pollutions. By a system which breaks up the family state, ordained by God, that blots out the Seventh Commandment and renders void the law to "honor thy father and mother;" a system which transforms the teeming progeny of its victims into the mere

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"goods and chattels" of their own sires, who breed them shamelessly for sale, then tear them ruthlessly from their mothers, for a distant market.

Now we ask the reader just to glance over, a second time, the above detached bloody enactments of this reign of terror, and see what security can be found for the poor chattel race. In the first place, we find that no slave or free colored person is allowed to give evidence in any case where a white person is concerned. In the second place, the punishment, even in cases of murder, is commonly a mere pecuniary fine, or temporary punishment. In the third place, we find laws assuming the possibility that the slave may come to his *death by moderate correction.* In the fourth place, we find, as already stated, enactments which authorize "whipping or beating with a horsewhip, cowskin, switch, or small stick, putting irons on, and imprisoning." We also find a vagueness in their laws, which prohibit "*unusual*" punishments, though a "*moderate*" correction may cause death! In the fifth place, we find laws which forbid any slave, or any free person of color, male or female, under any pretext, to lift a finger against any white person, on pain of death, even in defence of life itself, or for the prevention of outrages worse than murder. And finally, we see the interference even of white persons held in check by enactments, as before quoted, punishing with imprisonment, and even death, at the discretion of the court; for a second offence, any free white citizen who "from the box, bench, stage, pulpit, or in *any other place, or in conversation,* shall make use

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of any language, signs or actions having *a tendency* to produce discontent among free colored people, or insubordination among the slaves." Who does not see that enactments like these must render it both hazardous and odious for a white man to interfere or make himself active in bringing to trial or justice the slave masters suspected or known to have committed outrages on the persons of their slaves? And who does not know that such outrages are fearfully common in slave states, and that interference and punishment are rare?

Such, reader, are a few outlines, merely, of American slavery, a definition furnished by the framers of the monstrous institution. And now, seriously, we ask, what can be said in favor of the *motive* of any Christian master in holding a human being under this kind of treatment, and under these laws? What motive can there be for such a course, that is not at the bottom a selfish and sordid one? From what quarter, or in view of what considerations, can a holy motive be drawn for holding a human being under such laws? Is it the good of the individual? Incredible! What! for the good of a *moral being* to be held as a mere *thing?* For his good to live under a code of laws which denies his religious rights; which authorizes his neighbor to require him to commit sin; which holds his domestic relations at the mercy of another; which enforces his toil without an equivalent, and leaves his life without protection! All this for the sole benefit of the slave! No; there is not a particle of honest truth in any such declarations on the part of *Christian* slaveholders.

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It has been our fortune to meet and mingle with these professedly pious slave-masters more or less during the last three years, at their homes, on their plantations, in their churches, &c. We have seen the institution as it is—the south-side, the north-side, the inside, the outside, the religious side and the damnable side of it—and have heard these masters go on with a pious, sympathising strain like the following: "We are convinced that slavery is not exactly right in every particular, and think it might be better for us if the slaves were all free; but we can't free them; the law will not allow us to do so; and, poor things, if we were to do it they could not take care of themselves, they would starve." At the same time we knew these pretences were all shallow and rotten to the core, and that they did not desire to free them—could not dispense with them, or would not, short of their full equivalent in hard coin. They hold them, dear reader, as one slaveholder replied once in answer to the interrogation, "Why do you hold men in bondage, sir, professing as you do to be living by the golden rule?" When every other argument failed him, or was fully rebutted by the interrogator, he said, "*I hold slaves because I have the power!*" True, this is the reason, and the main reason, and the only one why men hold slaves. They have the power not only to hold them in the South, but to drag them away from the North after they have been freemen for years, and perpetuate their bondage forever.

"But," say northern apologists, backed up by legions of political dough-faces and "South-Side" reviewers,

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allies of southern slavery, "you wrong the South and our common country by the revelations you make. There is already a *terrible excitement* on the vexed question, and you are making bad worse." Indeed, "*let us alone*" is what they cry; so prayed the devils to Jesus Christ, anciently: "Let us alone! let us alone! what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us?"

We want to see the *dark institution* share the fate of the swine whom Christ suffered the *demons* to drown in the deep sea. There was a *terrible excitement* on that occasion also, you will recollect, but neither Christ nor the disciples kept silent, or slackened their abolition movements. Now look for a moment at the facts embodied in the foregoing quotation, and then at an illustration made by our own observations on many a gory field in the distant South, and tell us honestly, candidly, what creates this terrible excitement? Who are excited? and wherefore? Are persons excited too much who testify against robbery, rapine, piracy and murder in their worst forms? nay, against the sum of all villanies? Let the objector "remember them that are bound, as being bound with them." Let him imagine himself, for only one brief day, in the condition described by the American slave code, and we shall see whether he will think there is too much excitement against slavery! Go through with the astounding metamorphosis.

In the first place, you are degraded to a mere thing. You are no longer accounted human! Hush! hush! There will be a *terrible* excitement if you complain to

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any human being. You are next forbidden to obey God, and conscience, and the bible! You are to yield yourself to the absolute control of a single man! But don't be excited! You are to labor all your life long, without compensation; but beware of excitement! Your wife and child no longer yours! Never heed it; there will be an excitement! The laws are removed which protect you from outrage and violence! But say nothing; let no man say anything. It will create a *terrible excitement!*

Excitement! yes, excitement! that is the thing. There is an excitement *not* among those who bear testimony against the iniquitous institution. No; strange to tell, we can look upon these horrible tragical facts with comparative composure. The excitement is on the other side. The legion in the day of our Lord were excited, most tremendously excited, when they cried out, "let us alone! let us alone!" So high did the excitement run in their satanic veins, that they kidnapped about two thousand hogs, for the want of more valuable booty, and drowned them in the sea, in their excitement. The excitement is against human rights, and liberty, and religion. The excitement is among the friends of the oppressor; and not among the friends of the oppressed. Look at Kansas Border Ruffians!

"The advocacy of freedom begets an excitement among *tyrants*, and therefore the first principles of civil and religious liberty must be suppressed! Is such an excitement a sufficient reason for holding our peace? Then were our revolutionary sires at fault.

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If we think so, we shall most certainly become slaves, and almost merit our destiny.

There is an excitement in the land! And wherefore? Because the hidden abominations of *Southern Slavery are being more and more fully dragged out into daylight!* What is the remedy? Cover up the horrors of slavery! The public vision cannot bear them! But they cannot and they never will be covered up! The right arm of Jehovah hath laid them bare. They stand revealed before the universe. Nothing can allay the excitement but the entire abrogation of the whole slave code. Then, and not until then, will there be any end to the slavery excitement.

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CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR STARTS SOUTH.

On the morning of January 3d, 1853, the writer took leave of his family circle, and in company with two other clerical gentlemen, started for the South, Charleston, S. C., being the place of our destination. After riding all night in the cars, next day about noon we were whirled by the prancing fire-eating horse into the centre of the great metropolitan city of the New World, where we were snugly quartered for a day or two at one of the principal hotels. Having done ample justice to ourselves at the dining table, we sallied forth into the crowded streets of "Gotham," on a sort of staring expedition.

Went to the Park, down Broadway, into Barnum's Museum, and visited many other prominent places of public interest; after which we went up to 200 Mulberry street to see the Methodist Book Room.

Having settled our bill at the landlord's office, we were soon omnibused down to the depot of the great Southern Road—purchased each a through ticket to Charleston—saw our baggage checked for Washington, and then seated ourselves in one of the cars—a puff and a snort, and the next moment we were off at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Soon Philadelphia was announced, and there we

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halted long enough to regale ourselves with a good dinner; immediately after we were again under way, and at nine in the evening were brought to a dead halt in Baltimore, for, having been switched off from the right track, our fiery steed leaped unceremoniously into a neighboring lumber-yard, causing some destruction among the wooden wares, and terribly frightening many of the passengers; but I believe no bones were broken.

Here we changed cars, than which nothing is more disagreeable to the tyro-traveller, when the knights of the omnibus, like ravenous wolves, are howling around the cars, pulling and hauling, and almost devouring those who are so unfortunate as to fall in their way. Finally, after a little sober inquiry, a desperate feat at elbowing, and turning one or two short corners, we made our way through the rabble, found the sought-for train, stepped aboard, and before midnight were safely landed at Washington.

WASHINGTON.

Here we designed to make a short stay for the purpose of looking at the wonders of our national capitol, of seeing the lions of the nation, and, if possible, hearing them roar.

We took omnibus for the "National," where, in a few moments, we safely arrived, bag and baggage. After registering our names and making arrangements for the night, we went out, although the bells had tolled the hour of twelve, to get a peep at Washington

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before we could sleep. Saw Capitol Hill in the hazy distance, with the great council house of the nation spreading out its huge proportions to the right and left, and its gilded dome peering up majestically thro' the midnight air.

Next morning, through the politeness of congressman Walbridge, of Central New York, we were escorted to the White House, and all had the honor of a personal introduction to his highness, President Fillmore, with whom we spent a very agreeable half hour in the same room where grave senators, illustrious statesmen, and foreign ambassadors have been accustomed to assemble, more or less, for a half century past. We were treated by this Chief Magistrate of a mighty people with as much politeness as though we had been an embassy extraordinary from some European court.

From the White House our illustrious guide conducted us to the National Gallery, where we spent some two hours in feasting our eyes on rare specimens of natural curiosities gathered from the four quarters of the globe. And here, too, were noble models of artistic skill, monuments to the memory of those who designed them, carved, moulded, and chiselled out by hands long since turned to dust. At one end of the hall we saw a venerable national relic, for which every American cherishes a sort of religious veneration, and at which no intelligent foreigner can look without emotion. I allude to the old hand printing press used by our great philosopher and statesman, the immortal FRANKLIN. There it was, placed as a na-

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tional relic, to be seen by all who may visit these halls from the Old World or New.

It was a small, simple model, but one that has done mighty execution in the cause of liberty and human progress; one that has told heavily upon the fate of empire, and marked a glowing cycle in the fearful drama of human history.

As we stood by this small rude instrument of moral and political power, pensively contemplating its past mission, and the sentiments to which it has given birth, we were involuntarily carried back some two or three generations, to the stormy, stirring age of '76, when this formidable old battery was planted in Philadelphia, in defence of liberty. We thought of the man, of the cause, the foe. In short, whole volumes of history, written and unwritten, identified with those times, appeared at once to stare us in the face.

Here, thought we, how many glowing philippics, moving harangues, moral essays, and philosophical treatises have been rolled off from this old press, which are even now contributing not a little towards moulding the destinies of two hemispheres. Every stroke of its beam, thought we, has done more, during the last half century for liberty, for moral and political advancement, than a million of bayonets. It has soared through the heavens, grasped the thunderbolt, chained the lightnings, and transmitted to posterity useful codes of moral and political government which the nations begin now to appreciate.

From the National Gallery we went to the famous Smithsonian Institute, passed through its various halls,

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and admired the grand design. In one apartment was exhibited an imposing array of splendid paintings, works of great masters, some American, but mostly of European execution, we judged. In another apartment we found the library; it was lumbered up with an untold mass of reading matter, the production of by-gone ages. Here are to be found works on History, Theology, Politics, and all the Sciences, and, in short, on all the variety of subjects to which the pen has given birth, or the imagination play.

In passing slowly through this hall, looking upon those musty folios piled up on either side, in front and rear, we could not forbear the remark,—"Vast hecatomb of living souls."

Here are authors that twenty centuries ago were unknown to fame, yet twenty centuries ago they lived, toiled, wrote, and transmitted to succeeding generations an immortality co-existent with the globe itself; no monument tells where their dust was committed to its last long sleeping-place.

From the Smithsonian Institute we ascended Capitol Hill and entered the great Halls of the Nation. Finding the House in session, we seated ourselves for a few minutes in the gallery, but the business being devoid of interest, we went into the Senate Hall. The Senate, however, not having yet organized, we commenced a tour of discovery through the building, possessing ourselves, as soon as possible, of its numerous wonders.

With minds made up for the undertaking, we soon set about its execution. First, we paused a few mo-

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ments on the lower floor of the rotunda and gazed at the imposing figures sculptured on the walls, in panoramic form, as large as life, one of which represented the American and French armies drawn up around their chiefs, witnessing the surrender of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown. It was more than splendid; it was a deeply sublime and impressive representation of the crowning act of that memorable era in our history.

From this floor we could stand and look away up, up, up, and see the blue heavens through the towering skylight that roofed the rotunda.

Next we commenced our ascent toward the roof of the main building, and from thence to the highest accessible point of the giddy dome. We gained the outer roof after going round and round the circular stairway, something like going up into Trinity steeple, in New York. Here we found ladies and gentlemen promenading the broad, flat roof of the Capitol. We also walked round, from roof to roof of this huge pile of granite masonry, with the delegated authorities of the nation beneath our feet.

Presently we recommenced our ascent to the rotunda, and again we went round, and round, and round, until finally reaching the terminus, we made a halt because we could go no further in that direction. Here we were in a commanding attitude, some hundred and fifty feet from the base of the building, and three hundred from the level of the city. The prospect from this point was beautiful, enchanting in the extreme, and almost boundless. Cities, towns, villa-

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ges, and plantations were visible in every direction, until land appeared lost in skies. The day was bright and beautiful as a northern July morning. The morrow is to be a great day in the Capital; Jackson's monument is then to be reared, and from our standpoint we saw companies of soldiers marching in from Baltimore to assist on the occasion.

As we stand on this elevated point of observation, facing the city, at our left is the small city of Georgetown, with the Potomac and its harbor, where steamers and war vessels are seen. In front, or nearly so, is Washington's monument and the Smithsonian Institute; and a little to the right, on that side of Pennsylvania Avenue, at the distance of one mile, is the White House and Jackson's Monument.

POPULATION.

The resident population of Washington in 1850 was 40.000, but this number is greatly increased during the sessions of Congress, by the accession not only of the members and their families, but of visitors and persons spending the winter, or a portion of it here, for the purpose of enjoying the society and gaiety of the capital. Though the growth of Washington has not been rapid, it has been steady, and the city has increased within the past few years, in a considerably greater ratio than heretofore. There seems no reason to doubt that as the nation grows in prosperity, and the public buildings and collections of art and science accumulate, (as they are rapidly doing,) very many

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persons of wealth and leisure, of literary and scientific attainments will seek this central point, (agreeable in its climate for a winter residence,) to spend their wealth and enjoy the advantages of the best society of the Republic, congregated from all quarters, and having the additional charm of variety and novelty.

GENERAL ASPECT.

Though not a seven-hilled city, Washington has, as before remarked, like ancient Rome, its Capitoline Hill, commanding views scarcely less striking than that of the Eternal City. It is situated on the east bank of the Potomac river, between two small tributaries, the one on the east called the east branch, and the one on the west called Rock Creek. The latter separates it from Georgetown. The general altitude of the city is about forty feet above the river, but this is diversified by irregular elevations, which serve to give variety and commanding sites for the public buildings.

When the streets shall have been lined with buildings, few cities can ever have presented a grander view than that which will be offered to the spectator from the western steps of the Capitol. Looking towards the President's House, with Pennsylvania Avenue stretching before him, the distance of a mile, with a breadth of one hundred and sixty feet, the view terminates on the west by the colonade of the Treasury buildings and the palatial residence of the nation's Chief Magistrate. On his left, towards the river, (it-

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self more than a mile in width,) is an extensive park, enclosing the Smithsonian Institute, with its picturesque towers, and the lofty monument reared to the memory of Washington. On the right he will have beneath him the General Post Office, the Patent Office, the City Hall, and, doubtless, still more splendid public, and many sumptuous private dwellings, which will be erected before another generation shall have passed away.

The plan of the city is unique, and everything is laid out on a scale that shows an anticipation of a great metropolis; and though these anticipations have not yet been realized, they are entirely within the probabilities of the future.

The city plot, which lies on the west border of the sixty square miles which now constitute the District of Columbia, extends four and a half miles in a north-west and south-easterly direction, covering an area of eleven square miles. A very small portion of this, however, is as yet built upon. The whole site is traversed by streets running east and west, and north and south, crossing at right angles. The streets that run north and south are numbered east and west from North and South Capitol Streets, (whose name will indicate its position,) and are called, for example, East and West Second or Third streets: while those running east and west are numbered from East Capitol street, and are named alphabetically, North or South A, B, or C street, &c.

The plot is again subdivided by wide avenues named from the fifteen states existing when the site of the

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Capitol was chosen. These avenues run in a south-east and north-west, or in a south-west and north-east direction, often, but not always parallel to each other, and their points of section forming large open spaces. Four of these avenues and North and South, and East and West Capitol streets, intersect each other at the Capitol grounds, and five avenues and a number of streets at the park around the President's house. Hence, it will be readily seen, if this plan should be filled up, that, combined with its undulating grounds, surrounding hills, public buildings, park, monuments, &c., it will give a *coup d'œil* unequalled for magnificence in modern times. Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol and President's House, is the only one that is densely built upon for any considerable extent. The streets are from seventy to one hundred and ten feet in width, and the avenues from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty feet.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

In this respect alone does Washington at present fulfil the ideas entertained of a great metropolis. The Capitol, President's House, Treasury Buildings, Patent Office, and Smithsonian Institute, are structures that would grace any city. First of these, in architectural merit and in point of interest, is the capitol, containing the halls of the National Legislature, Supreme Court Room, &c. This structure consists at present of a centre building and two wings, making a total length of three hundred and fifty feet, and one hun-

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dred and twenty feet depth at the wings. The central building is a rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter, and the same in height, crowned by a magnificent dome one hundred and forty-five feet from the ground. The wings are also surmounted by flat domes. The eastern front, including steps, projects some sixty feet, and is adorned with a portico of twenty-two Corinthian columns, thirty feet in height, and forming a colonade one hundred and sixty feet in length, presenting one of the most commanding fronts in the United States. The western front projects eighty-two feet including the steps, and is embellished with a recessed portico of ten columns. This front, though not so imposing in itself as the eastern, commands the finest view any where to be had in Washington, overlooking the central and western portion of the city, and all the principal public buildings. Near the western entrance to the Capitol stands a monument erected by the officers of the navy to the memory of their brother officers who fell in the war with Tripoli. On the steps of the east front of the Capitol, among other works of art is a noble statue of Columbus, supporting a globe in his outstretched arm. The interior of the western projection contains the library of Congress, comprising fifty thousand volumes. On entering the rotunda, as before remarked, the first objects that strike the attention are the splendid paintings which adorn the walls. Of these, at present seven in number, four are Trumbull's, the subjects of which are, first, the Declaration of Independence; second, the Surrender of General Burgoyne; third, the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis;

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fourth, General Washington resigning his commission at Annapolis. The subjects of the remaining pictures are the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Leyden, by Weir; the Landing of Columbus, by Vanderlyn, and the baptism of Pocahontas, by Chapman.

Surrounding the rotunda are a number of chambers, passages, committee rooms, rooms for the President, members of Cabinet, &c. The Senate Chamber is on the second floor of the north wing, of which, however, it occupies less than half the area, and is of a semi-circular form, seventy-five feet long, and forty-five high. A gallery for spectators, supported by iron or bronze pillars, surrounds the semi-circle, and fronting the President's chair, which stands in the middle of the chord of the semi-circle. In the rear of the President's chair is a loggia, under a gallery, supported by Ionic columns of conglomerate or Potomac marble.

In this gallery sit the reporters, in front of the senators, while the spectator's gallery is at their backs. The Hall of Representatives is on the second floor of the south wing, and is also semi-circular, but much larger than the Senate Chamber, being some hundred feet long, sixty high, and surrounded by twenty-four Corinthian columns of Potomac marble, with capitals of Italian marble. The galleries are similar in their arrangement to those of the Senate Chamber. Over the Speaker's chair is placed a statue of Liberty, supported by an eagle with spread wings. In front of the chair, and immediately above the main entrance, is a figure representing History recording the events of the nation.

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PUBLIC SQUARES AND PARKS.

It is said that the open waste lying between the Capitol, the President's House, and the Potomac, is about to be converted into a great National Park, upon a plan proposed by the late A. J. Downing. The area contains about one hundred and fifty acres, and the principal entrance is to be through a superb marble gateway, in the form of a triumphal arch, which is to stand at the western side of Pennsylvania Avenue. From this gateway a series of carriage drives, forty feet wide, crossing the canal by a suspension bridge, will lead in gracefully curved lines beneath lofty shade trees, forming a carriage drive between five and six miles in circuit.

The ground will include the Smithsonian Institute and Washington Monument. The parks around the President's House and the Capitol are large and beautiful grounds. Lafayette Park, on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the executive mansion, is laid out and planted with shrubbery, &c., and contains the new bronze equestrian statue of President Jackson. To avoid the unpleasant angularity caused by the peculiar intersection of the streets, open spaces are to be left at these points, which are to be laid out and planted with trees, &c. There are also extensive grounds around the city hall, called Judiciary Square.

But SLAVERY exists in this city, though perhaps not quite so badly as in some more southern portions of the slave states; yet it does exist in sufficient force to bring the blush on every truly American cheek. Yes,

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in the capitol of this model Republic, where the Stars and Stripes are unfurled to the breezes of heaven, this hideous institution rears its shameless head in solemn mockery of our pretentions to freedom. Here is where Solomon Northrop was immured in a dark, filthy dungeon, and finally unlawfully sold, almost hopelessly, into southern bondage.

Here is where the Edmonson family in 1848 were recaptured, imprisoned, chained, and sent to the New Orleans market.

While here we went down one evening to a certain stream in the lower part of the city, spanned by a bridge which led over to a prison, in the dungeons of which many a poor slave has been committed for safe keeping, until sold or called for by his master.

Here I will give an account of one tragic scene out of many, one that is vouched for by a representative of the nation, who saw it as it occurred. Said the honorable gentleman, "While going over this bridge one day, I saw a young woman run out of the prison bare-footed and bare-headed, and with very little clothing on. She was running with great speed to the bridge as I approached it. My eye was fixed upon her and I stopped to see what was the matter. I had not paused long when I saw three men run out after her. I then knew what the nature of the case was: a slave was escaping from her chains—a young woman, a sister, a daughter, was fleeing from the bondage in which she had been held. She made her way to the bridge, but had not reached it ere from the Virginia side there came three slaveholders. As soon as

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her pursuers saw them they called out, 'Stop her! Stop her!' True to their Virginia instinct, they came to the rescue of their brother kidnappers across the bridge. The poor girl now saw there was no chance of escape. It was a trying time. She knew that if she went back she must be a slave forever—she must be dragged down to the scenes of pollution which the slaveholders continually provide for most of the poor, sinking, wretched young women whom they call their property. She formed her resolution; it was the promptings of desperation and despair, but it placed her beyond their reach forever. Just as her pursuers were about to put hands upon her to drag her back, she leaped over the balustrade of the bridge, and down she went to rise no more. She chose death rather than to go back into the hands of these Christian slaveholders from whom she had escaped."

After having promenaded the streets of Washington in quest of sight-seeing wonders as long as our time would allow, we took omnibus for the Potomac steamer en route for Charleston, via Richmond, Va. Had a fine run during the night, and the next morning breakfast time found us at the sumptuous table of a dining saloon in this capitol of the Old Dominion.

But to proceed with the record of my observations of the country through which we passed: and here allow me to say that this country has been so frequently and so graphically described by abler pens than mine that I shall attempt nothing labored on the subject, but simply to sketch a plain narration of common-place scenery and matter-of-fact occurrences trans-

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piring before me. And to begin, I remark, the first thing that strikes the eye of a northern tourist on leaving the Potomac for the south, is the general character and features of the country, physically. Though the climate is mild, the soil rich and productive, yet the whole face of the country presents so perfect a contrast to the beautiful one through which he had just passed from New York on to Washington, as to modify, most marvellously, all his pre-conceived notions of southern greatness and southern wealth; of the splendor and magnificence of southern plantations and southern chivalry. A few minutes after leaving the Potomac, he passes directly through large fertile plantations, divided off into the most gloomy looking fields I ever saw, with fences rotting away, houses and out-houses in a state of decay; in short, whole premises on the rapid march of retrogression.

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CHAPTER II.

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND is the largest town in Virginia, and is said to be one of the most beautiful in the whole Union. It is situated on the left bank of James river, at the falls, and at the head of tide-water, about one hundred miles, in a straight line, south by west from Washington. The situation of the city, and the scenery of the environs, are much admired, combining in a high degree, the elements of grandeur, beauty and variety. The river, winding among verdant hills, which rise with graceful swells and undulations, is interrupted by numerous islands and granite rocks, among which it tumbles and foams for a distance of several miles.

The city is built on several hills, the most considerable of which are Shockoe and Richmond hills, separated from each other by Shockoe creek. It is laid out with general regularity in rectangular blocks. About twelve parallel streets, nearly three miles in length, extend northwest and southeast, and were originally distinguished by the letters of the alphabet, street A being next to the river; other names, however, are generally used.

The principal thoroughfare of business and fashion is Main, or E street. Those which intersect it are named from the ordinal numbers, First, Second, Third,

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&c. The capitol and other public buildings are situated on Shockoe hill, the top of which is a beautiful elevated plain in the western part of the city. This is the fashionable quarter, and is considered the most desirable for private residences.

The capitol, from its size and elevated position, is the most conspicuous object in Richmond. It stands in the centre of a public square, of about eight acres, is adorned with a portico of Ionic columns, and contains a statue of Washington by Houndon, taken from life, and considered a perfect likeness.

The City Hall is an elegant and costly building in the Doric style, at an angle of capitol square. A short distance from the capitol is the governor's residence.

There are about thirty churches in the city belonging to the Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Friends, Lutherans, Campbellites, Universalists and Catholics; also, two Hebrew synagogues.

The Great Monumental Church, (Episcopal,) occupies the identical site of the theatre which was burned to the ground in 1811, on which mournful occasion the governor of Virginia and more than sixty other human beings perished.

Richmond possesses an immense water power derived from the falls of James river, which, from the commencement of the rapids, a few miles above the city, descends about one hundred feet to the tide level. Few places in the State, or in the whole country, possess greater natural advantages for productive industry, which recently attracted much attention. The principal articles produced here are flour, tobacco, cot-

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ton and woollen goods, paper, machinery, and iron ware. There are about forty tobacco factories, some of which are very extensive.

Richmond is also a great slave mart; Virginia being the great slave-breeding state, they are brought here for shipment, and also for sale to southern drovers.

Not only in Virginia, but also in Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, as much attention is paid to the breeding and growth of negroes as to that of horses and mules. Further south they raise them both for use and for market.

It is a common thing here for planters to command their girls and women, (married and unmarried,) to have children; and I am told a great many negro girls are sold off, simply and mainly because they did not have children. A breeding woman is worth from one-sixth to one-fourth more than one that does not breed.

The following was told me by one conversant with the facts as they occurred on Mr. J.'s plantation, containing about one hundred slaves: One day the owner ordered all the women into the barn; he followed them in, whip in hand, and told them he meant to flog them all to death; they, as a matter of course, began to cry out, "What have I done, massa? what have I done, massa?" He replied, "D—n you, I will let you know what you have done; you don't breed; I have not had a young one from one of you for several months." They promptly told him they could not breed while they had to work in the rice ditches. (The rice grounds are low and marshy, and have to be

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drained; while digging and clearing the ditches, the women had to work in mud and water from one to two feet in depth; they were obliged to draw up and secure their frocks about their waist, to keep them out of the water; in this manner they frequently had to work from daylight in the morning till it was so dark they could see no longer.)

After swearing and threatening for some time, he told them to tell the overseer's wife, when they got in that way, then he would put them upon the land to work.

This same planter, continued my informant, had a female slave who was a member of the Methodist church; for a slave, she was intelligent and conscientious. He made criminal proposals to her, which she declined. He left her and sent for the overseer, and told him to have her flogged. This was done. Not long after he renewed his proposal, which she again refused, and was again whipped. He then told her he meant to whip her till she should yield. The poor creature, seeing that her case was hopeless, her back smarting with the scourging she had received, and dreading a repetition, gave herself up the victim of his brutal lusts.

While on this subject, to show the disgusting pollutions of slavery, and how it covers with moral filth everything it touches, I will state one or two facts which I have on evidence that I cannot doubt:

A planter here offered a white man twenty dollars for every one of his female slaves with whom he would cohabit successfully. This offer was made for the pur-

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pose of improving the stock, on the same principle that farmers endeavor to improve their cattle by crossing the breed; and I have not the least doubt but thousands and tens of thousands of the cross breeds here are produced by such considerations. One of the New Orleans papers, in speaking of the prohibition of the African Slave Trade, while the international slave trade is permitted, says:

"The United States law may, and probably does, put millions into the pockets of the people living between the Roanoke and Mason and Dixon's line; still we think it would require some casuistry to show that the present slave trade from that quarter is a whit better than the one from Africa. One thing is certain, that its results are more menacing to the tranquility of the people in this quarter, as there can be no comparison between the ability and inclination to do mischief, possessed by the Virginia negro, and that of the rude and ignorant African."

That the New Orleans editor does not exaggerate in saying that the internal slave-trade puts millions into the pockets of the slaveholders in Maryland and Virginia, is clear from the following statements made by the editor of the Virginia Times, an influential political paper, published at Wheeling. The editor says:

"We have had intelligent men estimate the number of slaves exported from Virginia within the last twelve months at one hundred and twenty thousand, each slave averaging at least six hundred dollars, making an aggregate at ($72,000,000,) seventy-two million dollars. Of the number of slaves exported, not more

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than one-third have been sold, (the others having been carried by their owners, who have removed,) which would leave in the state the sum of ($24,000,000) twenty-four millions dollars, arising from the sale of slaves."

According to this estimate, about forty thousand slaves were sold out of the State of Virginia in a single year, and the professional slave-breeders who sold them, put into their pockets twenty-four millions of dollars, the price of the bodies and souls of men. The Natchez Courier says, "the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Arkansas, imported two hundred and Fifty thousand slaves from the more northern states in a single year."

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

The following brief history of the life, thrilling adventures, and successful escape from the house of bondage, of a Virginia negro man by the name of ISAAC WILLIAMS, who often crossed my path while in the South, has already appeared before the public.

I give it in his own words, from the NORTH SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY:

My master's farm is in Virginia. When my first master died, his widow married a man who got into debt, and was put in prison. The woman gave up her rights to get him out. Then we were sold. Every man came to be sold for her lifetime, then to revert to the heirs. They were sent straight to a slave-pen in Richmond. Where they went after that I know not;

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that was the last I heard of them; we could not help it; they went off crying. My purchaser bought also the interest of the heirs in me, and I remained with him ten years, until my escape, near the close of 1854.

Before I was sold, I hired out to work, at one time, to a man on the Rappahannock. Three of his men got away; went as far as Bluff Point; then they were overtaken, tied to his buggy by the overseer, who whipped up, and they had to run home.

One, our employer and his overseer whipped, taking turns about it, until they cut him through to his caul, and he died under the lash. The employer, it was said, caused the man's heart to be taken out and carried over the river, so as not to be haunted by his spirit. He was arrested and heavily fined. The other two runaways were sold south. Then I worked for another person, being hired out to him. Directly after I went to him, I went to a haystack to feed cattle, and I accidentally set fire to the haystack, which was consumed, for which I received three hundred lashes with hickory sticks. The overseer gave me the blows and Jo ——— counted them. His feeding was herrings and a peck of meal a week—never enough—if one wanted more he had to steal it. My last master's allowance was a peck and a half of corn meal a week, and a small slice of meat for each dinner. If anything more was got, it had to be obtained at night. He had but one overseer, and that but for one year. He was a sharp man—whipped me with a cowhide. I've seen him whip women and children like oxen.

My master owned a yellow girl, who he feared

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would run away. I was his head man, and had to help do it. He tied her across the fence, naked, and whipped her severely with a paddle with holes, and with a switch. Then he shaved the hair off one side of her head, and daubed cow-filth on the shaved part, to disgrace her—keep her down.

I tried hard to avoid the lash, but every year he would get up with me for a whipping, in some way. I could not avoid it; he would catch me on something, do how I would. The last time he whipped me was for stealing corn for bread, for Christmas. George was with me. He tied our wrists together about a tree, and then whipped us with a carriage whip; that was six years ago. He whipped till he wore the lash off; then he tied a knot in the end, and gave me a blow which laid me up limping three weeks; the blood run down into my shoes.

After that he used to whip the others. George and others would have their shirts sticking to their backs in the blood. I have seen him strip my wife and whip her with a cobbing board or cowhide.

One Sunday he sent me into the woods to look for hogs. I could not find them, and I told him so on my return. Said he, "They are killed and eaten, and you know the going of them." I told him the truth, that I did not know of it.

He then seized me by the collar, and told me to cross my wrists. I did so—but when he laid a rope across to bind them, I jerked them apart. He then undertook to trip me forward with his foot, and as I straightened back to avoid it, it threw him. He kept his hold

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on my collar, and called for help. The servants came pouring out; they seized me, and he tied my wrists together with leading lines, eleven yards long, wrapping them about my wrists as long as there was a piece to wrap. Then he led me to the meat house and said, "Go in there; I'll lay examples on you for all the rest to go by—fighting your master! Whilst one was making a cobbing-board, and another was gone to cut hickory switches, and he was looking up more leading lines, I got a knife from my pocket, opened it with my teeth, and holding it in my mouth, cut through the lines which bound me. Then I took a gambrel and opened the door. I had made up my mind, knowing that he would come well nigh killing me, to hit with the gambrel any one who came to sieze me. When I burst the door open, no one was there, but master was coming. I sprang for the flats; he hailed me to come back; I stopped and told him that I had worked night and day to try to please him, and I would never come back any more. I stayed away nine days; then he sent me word that he would not whip me if I would come back. I went back and he did not whip me afterwards, but he used to whip my wife to spite me, and tell her, "You must make Isaac a good boy."

This is true, God knows.

At one time, one of the hands named Matthew was cutting wheat. His blade being dull, our master gave him so many minutes to grind it. But Matthew did not grind the blade down in the time allowed. Trouble grew out of this. Matthew was whipped and

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kept chained by the leg in one of the buildings. One day when master was at church, I showed Matthew how to get away. He went away with the chain and lock on his leg. The neighbor's people got it off. He then took to the bush. After two or three weeks my master sent me to look for him, promising not to whip him if I could get him in. I did not see him, but I saw Matthew's sisters, and told them master's promising not to whip him. On a Saturday night, soon after, he came in. He was chained and locked in the house until Sunday. Then he was given in charge of Wallace, (a colored man employed in the kitchen,) to take care of him. On Monday he was whipped, and then master got me to persuade him not to run away. He would'nt tell Matthew he was afraid he would run away, but would tell him he could'nt get away—that times were so straight with the telegraph and railway that he could'nt get away. And that's what keeps the poor fellows there; that, and knowing that some do set out, and get brought back, and knowing what is done with them. So Matthew stayed on the farm.

This occurred last summer, [1854.]

In the fall I was making money to come away, by selling fish which I caught in the creek, and by other means, when a woman on Mr. ———'s farm came to see me about some one that she feared would leave. As we talked she said, "You would'nt go away from your wife and children?" I said, "What's the reason I would'nt? to stay here with half enough to eat, and to see my wife persecuted for nothing when I can do her no good. I'll go either north or south, where I

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can get enough to eat, and if ever I get away from that wife, I'll never have another in slavery, to be severed in that way." Then she told her master, and he let on to my master that I was making money to go away.

By and by I saw Mr. E., who had a little farm in the neighborhood: then I said to one of the men, "there's going to be something done with me to-day, either whip me or sell me, one or the other." A while after, as I was fanning out some corn in the granary, three white men came to the door—my master, Mr. E., and a neighboring overseer. My master came walking to me, taking handcuffs out of his pocket: "Come Isaac," says he, "it's time for you to be corrected now; you have been doing wrong this year or two." Said I, "What's the matter now, master?" He answered, "I am not going to whip you; I've made up my mind to sell you. I would not take two thousand dollars for you on my farm, if I could keep you. I understand you are getting ready to go off."

He had then put his handcuffs on me. "Well, sir, it is agreed to go as freely as water runs from the spring," meaning that I would go with him without resistance or trouble. "I have done all I could for you, night and day, even carting wood on Sunday morning, and this is what I get for it."

"Ah, sir," said he, "you are willing to go, but it will be none the better for you."

"Well, master, there's good and bad men all over the world, and I am as likely to meet with a good man as a bad man."

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"Well, sir, if there's not less of that racket, I'll give you a good brushing over."

I was going to the house, then, from the granary. I answered, "well, master, I am your nigger now, but not long."

Then I met my wife, coming crying, asking, "What is the matter?" I told her, "Eliza, no more than what I told you; just what I expected was going to be done."

His word was, "Take her away, and if she don't hush, take her to the granary and give her a good whipping." She was crying you see.

He took me to his bed room and chained me by one leg to his bed post, and kept me there, handcuffs on, all night. He slept in the bed. Next morning he took me in a wagon and carried me to Fredericksburg and sold me into a slave-pen to George Ayler for ten hundred and fifty dollars.

Here I met with Henry Banks. He entered the slave-pen after I had been there three days. He had run away since May, but was taken in Washington, D. C.

On a Thursday evening came a trader from the south, named Dr. ——. He looked at Henry, and at a man named George Strawden, and at me, but did not purchase, the price being too high. I dreamed that night that he took us three.

Next morning I told Henry, "That man is coming to take you, and George, and me, just as sure as the world; so, Henry, let's you and me make a bargain to try to get away, for I am never deceived in a dream; if I

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dreamed master was going to whip me, he would surely whip somebody next day." That's as good a sign in the South as ever was.

About breakfast time Dr. —— came and stripped us stark naked, to examine us. They frequently do so, whether buying women or men. He says, "Well, boys, I am satisfied with you all, if you are willing to go with me, without putting me to any trouble." He had his handcuffs and spancels, (ankle-beads they call them for a nickname,) with him. I said to him, "Yes, we are willing to go with you, and will go without any trouble; I came without any trouble, and will go without any trouble," but he did not know my meaning. I have no farm to keep you on myself," he said, I live in Tennessee; I am going on to Georgia, and will take fifteen hundred dollars apiece for you; I'll get as good a place for you as I can; 'tis not so bad there as you have heard it is." I said, "Oh yes, master, I know you will do the best you can; I am willing to go." "Well, get up all your clothes against the cars come from the creek, and then we'll go to Richmond." "I suppose, master, we'll have time to get 'em; how long will it be before the cars come along?" "About three quarters of an hour, boy."

Then he went to George Ayler to give him a check on the Richmond bank for three thousand four hundred dollars, for the three men. Henry and I then got up our clothes; I put on two shirts, three pairs of pantaloons, two vests, a sack coat, and a summer coat in the pocket. Henry did the same with his; so we had no bundles to carry. We were afraid to let

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George know, for fear he would betray us. Dr. —— left the gate open, being deceived by our apparent readiness to go with him. We told George, "Stop a minute, we are going to get some water." Then we walked through Fredericksburg. Having left the city we crossed the bridge to Flamouth, turned to the left, and made for the bush. Then we heard the cars from the creek, as they were running to Fredericksburg. On looking round we saw a number of men coming after us on horseback. The way we cleared them was, we went into the bush, turned short to the right, leaving them the straight forward road; we then moved on towards the very country from which I was sold. We were out three weeks, during the last of which we made a cave by digging into a cliff, at the head of the creek. The southern men who saw the cave, (as we heard afterward when we were in jail,) said they never saw so complete a place to hide in.

All this time I had visited my wife every day, either when the white folks were occupied, or by night. One Saturday night we hunted about for something to eat, without finding anything until midnight. It then came into my head about the man who had persuaded my master to sell me; so we went to him and got a dozen chickens, which we took to our cave. This made us late; it was sunrise when we reached our cave, and then H——, who was standing in the woods looking for my brother Horace, saw us going into our den. Then he went off and got N——, with a double barreled gun, and T—— with a hickory club, and himself returned with a six-barreled revolv-

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er. Then I heard N—— asking, "Who is in here?" I looked up, and there was the gun within two feet of my head, up to his face, and cocked. "Surrender or I will blow your brains out!" I looked out, but saw no way of escape but by going across the creek. N. was on one side with his gun, H. on the other with his revolver, and T. over the entrance with his hickory stick. I said to Henry, "What are we to do? I started for death, and death we must try to go through. I want to see the man that bought us no more." N. hailed me by name, for he had now seen my face, "Surrender, for if you come out I will blow out your brains. "Then," said I, "you will have to do it." Then I came out, bringing my broadaxe weighing seven and a half pounds in my hand,—he just stood aside and gave me a chance to come out by the muzzle of his gun. We sprung for the creek, I and my partner. In the middle it was over my head, but I reached the other side, still holding on to the broadaxe. While I was struggling to get up the bank, N. —— fired, and shot the broadaxe out of my hand, putting twenty-nine shot into my right arm and hand, and seven into my right thigh. I ran until I got through apiece of marsh, and upon a beach near some woods.

I was standing looking at my arm, and on looking round for Henry, saw him in the hedge. By this time H—— had crossed the creek too. I called to Henry to come on, and as he rose from the hedge, N. shot him. He fell; then he got up, ran a little distance, and fell again. Then he rose up, presently fell a third time, but again recovered himself and came to me.

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Finding ourselves wounded and bleeding, so that we could do nothing further towards escape, we gave up. They tied our hands behind us with a leather strap, which was very painful, as my wounded wrist swelled very much. I begged them to loosen it, but they would not.

They took us to Jail in —— county. Dr. H. there counted ninety shots in Henry's back, legs, and arms.

We stayed in jail a month lacking three days; two weeks in a sort of dungeon in the cellar: then, Henry being sick with fever, from the effects of the shooting, they put us up stairs, one story higher. We were kept on water and *collots* (out side leaves of cabbage, half cooked) I begged the Lord, would I ever get out and if it was so that I was to be caught after I got out, not to let me get out.

In my dream, I saw myself prying out, and heard a man speaking to me and saying, "As long as there is breath there is hope."

His voice awoke me. I told Henry and we got up, and went to the place where I had dreamed of trying, but we could not open it. This was after three weeks. Then the agent of Dr. —— came to examine us. He found we were shot so badly, that he would not take us to Richmond, unless he first heard from Dr. —— as there was said to be some dispute between Dr. —— and Ayler about the money. On a Thursday, three days before the month of November was out, we expected Dr. ——, but he did not happen to come.

I had been trying several days at the windows, but dispaired of getting out there,—so I took a stove leg and a piece of a fender, and tried at another window

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facing the Jailor's house. Then *conscience* said to me, "go and try that window that you left, and see if you can get out." I looked at Henry to see if he was talking, but he said he had not spoken. I then returned to the first window, and pried off a short plank by the window to see how it was built.

The jail was of brick, and the window frame was secured in its place by an iron clamp spiked. On removing the plank, I found behind it a short piece of iron spliced on. This I pried off with the stove leg; then I replaced the plank.

At night, just after dark, I went to work at the window. Henry was too sick to work, but when I needed his help, he would come and aid me. With the piece of iron I had taken from the wall, I got a purchase against the clamp.

We took the bedstead to pieces, and using the short or long pieces as was convenient, we started the frame off on one side, splitting them at the bottom, where the grates were let in, and bending all the cross-bars. Where the sills split off, it left a place so wide, that by removing the bricks underneath the window, we enlarged it sufficiently to get through. I stretched out of the opening full length and let go, falling to the ground. Henry followed me, I assisting him down.

We walked eight miles that night, to my master's farm, and hid ourselves in the neighborhood, until Saturday night. Then I went out for something to eat. On my return, I saw as many as fifteen men hunting for me, some on horses, some on foot, with hounds. I squatted close behind a thick cedar bush

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until the white men were out of sight, and then I scared away the hounds. I then rejoined Henry at our tent. If the runaways knew enough, they could keep clear of the hounds, by rubbing the soles of their shoes with red onion or spruce pine. It now commenced to rain, and we were obliged to dig a den in the ground, expecting to stay there until spring, as we thought it would be too cold to travel in the winter, and that in the warm season we might live on fruits by the way. About this time a neighboring farmer had two mules killed by a boar. His overseer, H——, the same who found me before, told him that Henry and I had done it, then S—— D—— and others sent to Fredricksburgh for men and hounds to drive night and day, and take us, dead or alive, with orders to shoot us down at the very first sight. This we learned from some of our very good friends, — and then we determined to leave. Here I come to speak of Kit Nichols, a slave on another plantation. Kit had been beaten, and had run away. He laid down in a wet ditch to avoid his pursuers. I met Kit in the woods. He was anxious to go with us, and we all three started on Monday night, the first day of December, 1854.

"We walked eighteen miles, the first night, to ———, kept on through the towns of ——— and ———, up to M———. At M———, I met a colored man, and asked him for food, as I had been fasting a long time. He directed us to a place where he said we could get it. He then went away, and soon we saw him returning with three white men. Kit and Henry dodged, and I

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went on and met the white men face to face. Kit and Henry heard them say they were 'three boys going to Warrington.'

"They passed on to the place where the colored man had sent us. We traveled on towards Warrington, until we struck the railroad, and then footed it to Alexandria. On the way, we went up to a house, where we found a white man and his wife. We asked him to sell us some bread. Said he, 'Have you got a pass?' Said I, 'I have no pass, but we want some bread, and will pay for it.' He went on, 'You can't travel without a pass.' We told him we were hungry, — he kept on talking about a 'pass.' Finding we could get no bread, we left him, and he set his dog on us.

"On the Virginia side of the bridge, we bought cigars and a few cakes. We lighted our cigars, and walked on, swinging a little cane. We passed through Washington City. It now rained. We wandered about all night in the rain in Maryland. Just at daybreak we heard the cars, and walked for the railroad. Before reaching it, we went into the bush, and with some matches I had kept dry in my hat, made a fire and dried our clothes. We remained in the bush all day, watching and sleeping, and at night went on to the railroad. On our way we met two white men, who asked us, 'Where are you going?' I told them 'home.' 'Where?' 'In Baltimore.' 'Where have you been?' 'Chopping wood for John Brown.' They asked us, 'Are you free?' 'Yes.' 'Where are your papers?' 'At home in Baltimore.' They went into

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a shanty to arm themselves. While they were doing this, we ran as fast as we could. We reached Baltimore just at light, and laid down in a small piece of bush in the corporation. We watched as the trains came in through the day, to see where the depot was, as we wished to get on the track for Philadelphia. At night we walked boldly past the depot, but we were bothered by the forking of the roads, and came out at the river. Then we turned back. After a while we saw a long train moving out of the city. We followed it, and went on to Havre de Grace, — but we did not cross the bridge, we could not cross over as we had wished. We moved in another direction. We concealed ourselves the next day, and again traveled all night. In the morning we met with a friend, a colored man, who guided us about ten miles, and then directed us to a place where we had an abundance of food given us, — the first we had tasted since Thursday, although it was now Saturday night. After this we met with no more trouble."

"If slavery were abolished," remarked Williams, "I would rather live in the Southern States. I would work for some one, but I should want to have a piece of land of my own."

Richmond, although an old and beautiful city, yet it is a southern city, and everything about it is so southern and anti-progressive in appearance, as to create a sensation of home-sickness. On passing directly through New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington — those great marts of business — where you see life, stir, and action equivalent almost to turning the world

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upside down, one becomes weary with the tameness of Richmond — the want of interest in all its localities, to satisfy a roving northener, and the utter absence of those ennobling, exciting, progressive elements so peculiar to northern life sickens him, and he chooses the monotony of travel, day and night, night and day, in quest of something new, either pleasing or displeasing, it matters little which, anything to get up a little excitement, sufficient to throw off the spell of a disagreeable reaction. So off he starts with a degree of pleasure in anticipating something ahead to stir his blood, if not to move his brain and delight his eye. Here he goes across the swamps, over the streams, through the forests, and everywhere else the iron horse may see fit to drag him, in his southward coursing. He passes anon over the roofs of houses, or rather huts, the stalls of human cattle; yonder grins up at him woolly heads, and ivory teeth; there stands an old colored woman by a wash-tub on the bank of a small stream, the diligent application of her hands to the suds, elbow deep, is evidence *prima facie*, that no lash-master is required in her case, for the time-being at least. But on goes the fire-racing horse, at a maddening rate, leaving them all out of sight.

Now he enters one of those far-famed southern plantations — one that is a few grades above common ones, head and shoulders at least above its neighbors. Here is a large field, a meadow perchance, or something else, of 400 or 500 acres enclosed, and there is something intended for a gate, opening upon a lane extending some half-mile or more up to the residence of the

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owner of the plantation, and of the numerous flocks of cattle swarming the fields, composed apparently of an equal number, or nearly so, of horned cattle, sheep, negroes, asses and mules. There goes up the lane a load of hay, cornstalks, or something else very much like them, on a two-wheeled cart, resembling our northern drays, drawn by two mules and a jack, harnessed up in Indian file. Astride of the hind one is a large negro, reining the sorry-looking beasts. In the adjoining field are some ten or fifteen negroes, male and female, engaged in plowing; using one of the old-fashioned shovel-blade plows, such as I fancy was in common use in the early part of the old Roman Republic, in the days of Cincinnatus, when called by the Senate from the plow to the Dictatorial chair. And yonder stands a white man, braced up with a pretty strong set of sinews, apparently well fed, guess he is the overseer, may be the master; but on goes the train, railroad speed, smoking, puffing, rattling along, leaving them all out of sight, affording scarcely an opportunity of speculating on their appearance or condition. A long, loud whistle from the steam engine announces his close proximity to some place. Now he is brought up to a dead halt. Petersburgh is the place — one of the second class cities of Virginia, within a few miles of the North Carolina line. Petersburgh is a small, southern-looking city, of about 3,000 inhabitants, possibly 5,000; containing half as many negroes, it may be judged, as white people, and wholly devoid of interest to a northerner. But the shrill whistle of the old engine is heard again, the bell rings,

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the passengers rush for their seats, and in a moment he is off for the more southern south, moving at the rate of some ten knots an hour, over a tract of country challenging, I was about to say, the world to produce its counterpart.

Here the whole train dives unceremoniously into the North Carolina pine forests, the celebrated tar manufacturing depots of the world. But oh! the gloom, the gloom, the gloomy appearances that loom up over, and set brooding upon them. Who can describe it?

Did you ever visit, kind reader, the world-renowned localities of our own Loyalsock? Well, you scarcely yet have an adequate idea of that peculiar type of gloominess which is here experienced by a native-born and native-bred northerner. There mossy rocks walled up heavenward, beautiful cascades and waterfalls, blue, round mountain tops, &c., &c., inspire emotions of sublimity and awe. But here the gloom is perpetual, endless; relieved by no such collateral circumstances of pleasing inspiration. They remind me, as I think of them, of the place and surrounding circumstances of Bunyan's Pilgrim, where he saw the hob-goblins, and where dark smoke and fire flashed up over his pathway, and where evil spirits anon whispered cruel curses and blasphemies in his ear.

But no place, notwithstanding, like these lone, lone forests, I suppose, to the natives of these parts, who seem literally to swarm them, both white, black and yellow, all embarked in the tar business — gathering tar, boiling tar, barreling tar, and shipping off tar.

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And now you may judge for yourself, that if those men of tar did not look like, they must at least have smelt somewhat like the tarpaulins, or diabolians, that infested the sad pathway of poor Pilgrim.

By the way, I am told that fortunes are amassed in this way, in these woods. Well, no matter, though men look like devils, act like devils, smell like devils, and in reality are part devil, since more than an equivalent is found for all this in the almighty dollar — for that is the way the world goes.

Well, on he goes, through many a weary hour, all night long, snoozing and waking, dreaming and jolting, passing unconsciously many a small villa of negro huts and hen coops, until about five o'clock in the morning, when he reaches Wilmington, the chief city of North Carolina.

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CHAPTER III.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILMINGTON is the largest and most commercial town in the state. It is situated on the left or east bank of Cape Fear river, just below the entrance of its north-east branch, 30 miles from the sea, 135 miles south-east from Raleigh, 180 miles north-east from Charleston, and 416 miles from Washington.

From a distance it makes rather a pleasing and imposing appearance. Its streets, river banks, &c., at low tide mark, together with its public squares, and other unoccupied lands, have somewhat the appearance of the bleaching snow fields of New Foundland; and the city itself above the sand surface, with its richly cultivated gardens, like a beautiful Oasis in the great deserts of Arabia.

Its population and business elements have been greatly increased by the construction of the Wilmington and Raleigh railroad, which extends north to Weldon, on the Roanoke river, 162 miles, and forms a part of the great highway of travel north and south.

Wilmington is not a large city, its population may reach ten thousand, possibly fifteen thousand, but it is a place of great commercial importance, shipping off, it it said, more naval stores than any other port in the Union. A great many small and middling sized crafts, a few coasting steamers, and some large ships, are to

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be seen in its port. Saw more life, stir and business here than in any other place this side of Washington.

It has several fine appearing retailing establishments, and some quite large trading houses. Its hotels are middling; the North Carolina House, where we took up our quarters while here, is rather superior, kept by a New Englander of very pleasing, gentlemanly address. Everything contributing to the comfort of the traveling public, his house afforded; its tables loaded down with more of the luxuries of life than is conducive to health, and all surrounded by an orderly and cleanly set of servants.

Its churches also present quite a respectable appearance on the outside, saw none inside but the First Methodist chapel, and that was a neat, plain building inside and out, displaying both good taste and practical utility in its construction. On the whole, Wilmington might pass for quite a tolerable place, were it not for some indelible, unmistakable marks, foot prints of the PECULIAR INSTITUTION, which never fails to blast with a sickly, withering influence, everything with which it comes in contact.

FIRST SABBATH IN THE SOUTH—WENT TO CHURCH.

We arrived here, as before stated, at about five o'clock on Saturday morning, and laid over for a short time; spent the Sabbath with the Carolinians, and attended church three times during the day and evening, at the First Methodist church of this city—and for the first time in our life, the M. E. church, South.—

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Went to church with feelings and reflections somewhat peculiar. Was about to hear men pray, preach, and administer the holy sacrament, who owned, bought, and sold human beings, soul and body both, beings for for whom God's blessed Son died as well as for themselves. It was a quarterly meeting occasion. Took our seat about mid-way in the church, among the body seats, (no pews here.) The congregation accumulated rapidly just before the hour of preaching arrived.—The chapel was of brick, newly built, I should judge, and would seat perhaps fifteen hundred; pulpit in the rear of the building, and preacher's office directly back of the pulpit, communicating with it by two doors, one on each side. And, by the way, a very convenient and useful appendage to the church. And about five minutes before opening the exercises, out came the two preachers, ready for their work. The Presiding Elder is an intelligent, venerable-looking man of about forty-five—do not remember his name—preached a very good sermon, rather too much southern as a matter of course for my northern ears; but let that pass, it did tolerably well. But the singing was something extra—was congregational—(no Methodist choirs, south,) in this they are ahead of us, north; and we ahead of the times, or rather of the good old Wesleyan congregational singing, which, when followed as it was thirty years ago, in spirit and in truth, was more spirit-moving and awakening than one-half of our modern preaching. Oh! God of Abraham, Isaac and Wesley, help us back to the good old landmark.

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But to proceed. We said their singing was good: it was so. They sung all over the house, gallery, below, pulpit and all. Oh, there was music in it—melody, spirit and pathos inspiring the soul, moving the heart, and almost completely captivating the whole man. It carried us way back into the history of retired years, the happiest years of our life, when our hopes and aspirations were all young and vigorous, and when our worship was less cumbered with forms, and our devotions went off more like a powerful steam engine, shaking every thing around, than in these latter times. But we must forbear, or some of our readers will be apt to hurl "croaker" at us, and that you know hurts, sometimes.

Did not attend the sacramental services of the whites; but attending the afternoon services, commencing at three o'clock, at the same chapel, which was for the exclusive benefit of the colored portion of the Church, and consisted of administering the sacrament, and of baptizing a dozen or two colored children, by the officiating pastor. This is the way we understand they do in the Carolinas—no colored pastors of Churches allowed here as in some other portions of the South, but all belong to the same Church, white and colored both having the same preacher, and he of course a white man and a freeman. The whites all sit below, and the colored all in the gallery, when they all meet at the same time, which, however, is somewhat a difficult matter in some cases, for want of room. One preacher told us he had belonging to his Church 400 whites, and 1,500 colored members; a large

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Church that, nineteen hundred communicants. They hold all their official meetings, love-feasts, class-meetings, prayer-meetings, sacraments, &c., &c., separate. They have, indeed, two organizations, as nigh as can be, in the same Church, under the superintendence of the same pastor. You may not unfrequently hear appointments like the following given out from the pulpit by the officiating preacher: The official members of the white brethren will meet me at the preacher's office to-morrow night, at eight o'clock, precisely, &c. And on the following evening, at the same place and same hour, the official colored members will meet me, &c. On Thursday evening next a love-feast will be held in this house for the white brethren; and on Friday evening, in the lower room, a love-feast for the colored members, will be held, &c.

The weather being quite warm, something like our northern June weather, we walked out before Church and also after, and between church hours. Saw the Sabbath horribly profaned, both by white and colored people, by walking in whole droves in the fields, along the highways, playing, running, wrestling, jumping, singing, racing horses over the plains, &c; so unlike a New England Sabbath as to shock the nerves of a descendant of the Puritans.

The Sabbath is rather a day of recreation and pastime with the slaves South, than otherwise; in which they visit each other, and spend the day in a very unbecoming manner—following closely the examples of their masters, many of them, at least. There are, however, exceptions, some few, to the great mass of Sab

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bath-breakers. On the whole, it was rather an unpleasant, unprofitable day to us, being our first Sabbath in the South, a little too much curiosity to gratify for our spiritual profit.

INHUMANITY OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

The poor slaves of the south are treated with less humanity, in many instances, than Northern farmers bestow on the cattle of their fields.

One or two illustrations we will here furnish, which go strongly to corroborate the above declaration. We left the hotel in W——, after breakfast on a December morning, and walked a few miles on the bank of the river. Ascending a small hill, I saw, after reaching the top, a colored man coming up on the other side, slowly, wearily, and in a perfect state of nudity. When he saw me, he was frightened and ran out to a willow tree that lay bent down nearly horizontally, over the stream; and turning about, he leaned against a limb, looking at me, and tossing up his hands, he exclaimed, imploringly, "Oh, Goddy, massa!"

I suppose he intended to request me not to betray him; and I said to him, "I will not betray you, Cuffee." But before I had time to inquire into his history, two hounds came bounding over another hill, half a mile distant, distinctly in view, on a strait road. Soon as the baying of the dogs reached the ear of the fugitive, he leaped from the willow into the river—swam a long distance under water towards the opposite bank, when he rose to the surface. I was surprised to see how

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directly he swam across, as the waters were cold, and the current strong. I saw him emerge upon the opposite side, climb an oak tree, and seat himself on a limb. The hounds came on slowly, following the track—and well they might, for the blood of the poor slave was left in nearly every footstep—keeping up a constant baying. I had heard of the "baying of hounds," but I had never conceived how appalling the blood-thirsty tones were, until they fell on my ear, while I saw their victim, weary, and helpless, with no longer any hope of escape.

The dogs came up the hill where I stood, followed the track out upon the willow, plunged in where the man did, swam across and ran up to the tree, baying loudly in the triumph of success. I walked out to the willow and sat down upon it in sadness of heart at what my eyes had seen, and my ears had heard.—Soon two white men came over the farther hill on horse back, and when they saw the man in the tree, and heard the dogs baying beneath it, they set up a tremendous shout, and rode on at full speed down to the tavern, three miles below. Thinking it might be unsafe for me to remain and watch the fate of the slave, whom I had no power to assist, I returned to the tavern. Here I found a large crowd of men who had gathered around the bar to receive a "*treat*" from the "nigger hunters," who always have that kind of glorification when the slave is captured alive. It was now nine o'clock, yet they continued to drink until four o'clock in the afternoon, before they went over the river to take the man down.

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And what astonished me more than anything else, was, that no man suggested it was time to go and bring the slave in. I heared no question asked as to how long he had been without food, how far he had run, or whether he was so famished and exhausted that he would be likely to fall from the tree and be rent in pieces by the dogs. But the conversation ran mainly upon the feats they had performed in the negro hunts, and the punishments the runaways get when they are caught. Finally, after seven hours of rioting, they rode away. What became of the poor victim I never learned.

The hound is taught to regard the slave as his natural enemy. The slave is never allowed to chastise him. If the dog is stealing his dinner, he may push him away gently, pull his dinner away from him—but he must not venture to pull his ears, or scold him, or strike him, on pain of being whipped himself by his master.

I saw a slaveholder near M——, teaching puppies to hunt slaves. He was the owner of a slave mother and boy, Harry, who was about four years old. The mother was a *light quadroon*, having just enough African blood to wave the long black hair, and gloss the full, black eye. There are large numbers of such slave girls in the South, and a foreigner has truely said that they are the most beautiful specimens of American women. But her little Harry was not so light colored, and he had rough, hard features. He was a very sensible boy, roguish and reckless, and he acted as though the bad blood of all his ancestors ran

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in his veins. His "bump of destructiveness," was very large, and it very often cost him a flogging. He killed all the kittens about the house, all the chickens he could catch, broke all the eggs he could find, destroyed all the crockery he could lay hold of, and left his mark on every piece of furniture in the house, and on every tool and carriage on the premises.

He had a peculiar dislike to turkeys. Not one could be raised except in a yard with a fence so high that Harry could not climb it. A close, high fence was made around the turkey yard, and they were regarded as secure from the enemy. But Harry ran a little pole up to the top of the fence, climbed up, jumped in, and killed thirteen turkeys—a mother and twelve little ones. In his haste to kill the turkies, he forgot to run the pole over on the inside, so that he could get out; and being obliged to call for help, the "murder was out." Sambo opened the door to let him out and seeing the turkeys killed, he ran into the house and told his master. Harry had been indulged it was thought quite enough by his master, as he was an idol, only son of his mother "Hatty." And she was the favorite slave of her master, Col. V., who had uniformly regarded the feelings of the tender-hearted, doting mother, so far as not to punish Harry in her presence. But this provocation threw him into a passion.

"Hatty," exclaimed the enraged master, "go and bring the little d—l to me." Hatty went out and led in Harry, who appeared quite self-possessed, and with out fear of punishment. But his mother saw that her

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master was enraged, and imagining some terrible thing was contemplated in the use of the knife, which Col. V., held in one hand, while he reached out the other and exclaimed passionately, "hand him to me! I'll fix him!" She ventured to say "don't master, don't cut him with the knife?"

"Hold your tongue," said the master, "and set the boy on my knee, and hold him still!"

Grasping one ankle with the left hand, he commenced cutting small gashes through the skin on the bottom of the foot. Harry strove like a hero, kicked and squirmed; struck his master in the face, and pulled his hair; but he succeeded in cutting both feet till the blood ran freely! Col. V., then told his son to lead Harry out around the stable, by a circuitous route, to a low, pine tree, to which he pointed, about twenty rods distant. Hatty was ordered to cut up a plate of raw beef in small pieces, and bring it to him.

The Col. took the plate of meat in his hand, went to the kennel and unchained the mother of seven blood-hound puppies, and led her around on the track of Harry, with the puppies following after. At every few steps he dropped a piece of meat on the blood which was left on Harry's track, for the puppies to eat, where they would receive the scent of the blood of the slave. When he arrived at the tree, he sent his son back with the mother of the puppies, while they remained to eat the meat given them under the tree. Harry was taken down from the limb of the tree on which he sat, and the little hounds were taught to bite his feet, around which pieces of meat were thrown.

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Hatty, in the mean time, was wringing her hands as if her heart were bursting, and as though she had forgotten that she was a favorite house servant, and had a kind, indulgent master.

One day while I was in the city of M——, there was a terrible outcry in the streets.

"What is the matter?"

"A negro in the creek!"

"Where?"

"Out over the railroad bridge."

And all the city rushed into the street, and over the bridge. I followed on with the crowd. Besides the negro, two hounds were in the creek also, endeavoring to catch him. He would dive and swim a long distance under water, so deep that the dogs could not see the direction he took; but when he raised his head above water to breathe, the dogs swam towards him and seized his limbs and held on till he jerked them away, leaving his flesh in their teeth. Soon his pursuers were seen coming from the woods, and he, perceiving that further attempts to elude them were vain, came out of the creek and gave himself up to the hunters. Two of them dismounted and took him, one by either arm, to lead him over the bridge into the city, in the midst of the vast exulting multitude. A friend of mine, an intelligent New England merchant was present. He expressed to me his astonishment that no sympathy was manifested for the poor suffering slave, whose bare limbs were horribly mangled by the dogs. And what most shocked his feelings, as the men were leading him, was to hear the boys tell the

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dogs to bite him—saying, "seek him! take him!"—just as they would set dogs on swine in the streets, and with as little pity.

The negro pretended to be so weak that he could hardly walk; but when about on the centre of the bridge, he prostrated one of the men who were holding his arms—broke away from the grasp of the other—rushed through the crowd—bounded over the railing, and sank in the red waters of the river, to rise no more. No word of pity was heard,—no emotions of sympathy were witnessed for the fate of this man, who had less fear of death than that of *his brother man!* But the air was filled with curses on "runaway niggers," and a grand chorus against abolitionists concluded the awful tragedy!

JOHN LITTLE.

The inhuman treatment of John Little, a native of this State, (North Carolina,) is here furnished in his own language:

"I was born in North Carolina, Hartford County, nigh Murfreesboro': I lived there for more than twenty years. My first master, just a reasonable man for a slave holder. As slaveholders go, he used his people very well. He had but seven, my mother and her six children; of the children, I was the oldest. I was never sent to school a day, and never knew a letter until quite late in life. I was not allowed to go to meeting. My business on Sundays was looking after the mules and hogs, and amusing myself with running hares and fishing.

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My master broke down, and I was taken by the Sheriff, and sold at public auction in Murfreesboro'. I felt miserably bad to be separated from my mother, and brothers and sisters. They too felt miserably about it, especially my poor old mother, who ran all about among the neighbors trying to persuade one and another to buy me; which none of them would promise to do, expecting the traders to give more. This she did on Sundays: week days, she had to work on the plantation.

Finally I was sold to a man in the country, about ten miles from the first place. He abused me like a dog—worse than a dog—not because I did any thing wrong, but because I was a "nigger." My blood boils to think about him, let me be where I will. It don't seem to me that even upon the Lord's day, and now I know that there is a hereafter, it would be a sin before God to shoot him, if he were here, he was so bad: he so abused me—he a wise man—abuse me because I was a fool, not naturally, but made so by himself and others under the slave laws. That is God's truth, that I was inhumanly abused. At the time of this sale I was about twenty-three, but being a slave I did not know my age; I did know know anything. He came and said to me, "well boy, do you know who's bought you!" I answered, I do not, sir. "Well," he said, "I've bought you; do you know me?" I told him "I did." "I have bought you, and I'll give you a pass (for there colored people cannot go without a pass even from an auction,) to go to my plantation; go down there to the overseer and he will tell you what

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to do." When I got down there I found about seventy men, women, and children. They told me Mr. E—— was a hard man, and what I had better do to avoid the lash. They do that among themselves at any time. It was in the winter time, and when the horn sounded for us to rise in the morning, we were allowed fifteen minutes to get to the Overseer's house, about a quarter of a mile off. I wish he were now here to hear me tell it; to see whether it's the truth,—I could look right in his face the whole time.

Breakfast was not even talked about. We were dismissed from work at different hours, but never till after dark. Then we would go to our cabins, and get up our little fires, and cook, or half cook, our victuals.

What we did not eat that night we put into little old baskets that we made ourselves, and put it handy, so that when the horn sounded, we could take it and clear to the overseer's. This provision served us all the next day. We usually ate it at the time the horses ate. We were not allowed to eat during work, under penalty of fifty lashes. That was the law laid down by the master to the overseer. We had to plan and lay schemes of our own to get a bite. "A nigger could always find time to eat and smoke and shuffle about, and so he wouldn't allow it us. He wouldn't have his work hindered by eating." I don't put the blame of cruelty on the overseer: I put it on the master, who could prohibit it if he would. No man ought to take the place of overseer. I blame the scoundrel who takes that office; but if he does take it, he must obey orders.

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After being there three weeks, I wanted to go back to see my mother who was broken-hearted at the loss of her children. It seemed as if the evil one had fixed it so, for then two daughters were taken and carried off to Georgia. She had been sold for the fellows' debts—sold close by at private sale. I asked leave of my master Saturday night. I went to him, pulled off my hat, and asked him if he would please give me a pass to go and see my mother, and I would come back Sunday evening. "No! I don't allow my niggers to run about Sundays, gawking about. I want you to-morrow to look after the mules and horses with the rest of the niggers." He was the greatest gentleman in that neighborhood. The white men all looked up to him. He was called a "nigger breaker." If any one had a stubborn slave they couldn't bend just as they wanted to, they would hire him to S—— E—— for a year. I have known them to be sent from as much as fifty miles, to be broke, because he had so much cruelty. He was a hard-hearted scoundrel. The cries and groans of a suffering person, even ready to die, no more affected him than they would one of your oxen in the field yonder. This I have seen and known, and partly endured in my own person.

His refusing the pass, naturally made me a little more stubborn. I was a man as well as himself. I started and went without the pass, and returned on Sunday evening after dark. Nothing was said until Monday morning; then we went to the overseer, and were all told to go to the gin-house. As soon as I got there the overseer and two colored men laid right hold

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of me, and tied me fast to an apple tree with some of the baling rope, and then sent for the master. He came. "Well, sir, I suppose you think you are a great gentleman." I thought, as they had me tied, I would try to beg off as well as I could, knowing that sauciness would not make it any better for me. "I suppose," he went on, "you think you can come and go whenever you please." I told him "No! I wanted to see my mother very bad, and so I ran over there and came back as I told you." Said he, "I am your master, and you shall obey me, let my orders be what they may." I knew that as well as he, but I knew that it was devilishness that he wouldn't give me a pass. He bade the overseer hit me five hundred lashes—yes, *five hundred lashes* he bade the overseer hit me! Men have received them down South this morning since the sun rose. The overseer ordered two slaves to undress me, which they did; they turned my shirt over my head, which blind-folded me. I could not see who put on the blows, but I knew it was not the master; he was too much of a gentleman, but he had plenty of dogs to set on. What I tell you now, I would tell at the Judgment, if I were required. It is not he who has stood and looked on that can tell you what slavery is—'tis he who has endured. I was a slave long enough to have tasted it all. I was black, but I had the feelings of a man as well as any person.

The master then marked on me with his cane where the overseer was to begin, and said, "whip him from there down." Then the overseer went at it, the master counting aloud. He struck me a hundred

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lashes right off before he stopped. It hurt me horribly, but after the first hundred, sensation seemed beaten out of my flesh. After the first hundred the master said, "Now, you cursed infernal son of a b——h, your running about will spoil all the rest of my niggers: I don't want them to be running about, and you shan't be running about." I answered, "Master, I didn't mean any harm; I wanted to go and see my mother, and get a shirt I left over there." He then struck me over my head twice with his cane, and told me to "hold my jaw." I said no more; but he told the overseer, "put it on to him again like the very d——l." I felt worse on account of the blows with the cane than for the overseer's whipping; that's what makes me feel so towards him now. It poisons my mind to think about him. I was as much a man as my master. The overseer then went on with the bull whip. How many they put on I don't know, but I know that from the small of my back to the calves of my legs they took the skin clear off as you would skin beef. That is what they gave me that day. The next day I had to have some more. One of the slaves then washed me with salt and water to take out the soreness. This almost put me into a fit. It brought all the pain back. The abominable scoundrel knew it would. Then I was taken up to the blacksmith's shop to be fettered. That was the way S—— E—— broke "niggers." His name sounded around there as if he had been Satan himself. The colored people were afraid of him as they would be of a lion out of the bushes.

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Iron rings were put about my ankles, and a short chain to the rings. I was given in charge to two slaves. Some may deny that the slaveholders are so bad, but I know it is true, and God knows it is true. A stranger may go there, and they are not such fools as to put such punishment on a man before him. If he is going to do that, he will send him over the fields out of the way, and while they are enjoying themselves in the house the slave is suffering under the whip. A regular slaveholder has no conscience. A slaveholder knows the difference between a northener and a southener.

If a man came from any other part, he never saw me in irons. G—— L—— might have seen me, or L—— K——, or any other slaveholder might come and see it, and hold a council over it, and blackguard me for it. "Boy, what have you got that on for?—That shows a d—d bad nigger; if you wasn't a bad nigger you wouldn't have them on."

The two slaves took me in charge, with orders to kill me if I tried to escape. At night my feet were made fast in the stocks without removing the irons. The stocks were of wood with grooves for the ankles, over which laid an iron bar. I could lie on my back, but could not turn. The next morning I was sent to the gin-house to receive fifty blows with the bucking-paddle. This was my master's order. I received three blows and then fainted. When I came to, only one slave was with me, who took me to the field to work; but I was in so bad a state that I could not work that day, nor much for a week. After doing a hard day's

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work in the fetters which had now worn to the bone, for they would get wet with dew in the morning, and then sand would work in, I was placed in the stocks, my ankles sore, bleeding and corrupted. I wished I could die, but could not.

At the end of three months he found I was too stubborn for *him* to subdue. He took off the fetters from my ankles, put me in handcuffs, and sent me to Norfolk Jail to be shipped for New Orleans. But when I arrived, the time that niggers were allowed to be shipped to New Orleans was out, and the last boat for that spring had sailed. After two weeks I had the measles. My master was written to, but neither came nor sent any answer.

As the traders were coming there with slaves, the turnkey put me into the kitchen to avoid contagion. I soon got better. The turnkey said, "you are well now, and you must be lonesome; I'll put you in with the rest in a day or two." I determined to escape if I could. At night I took a shelf down and put it against the enclosure of the yard, and climbed to the top, which was armed with sharp spikes fourteen inches long, and risking my life I got over the spikes. Just as I had done this, the nine o'clock bell rung the signal for the patrols. I fell on the outside and made for the river, where I found a skiff loaded with wood. I threw over half a cord in a hurry, and pushed off for the opposite shore to go back into the neighborhood of my old place, hoping, by dodging in the bush, to tire out my master's patience, and induce him to sell me running. I knew nothing about the north then·

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I did not know but the Northeners were as bad as the Southerners. I supposed a white man would be my enemy, let me see him where I would.

Some of the neighbors there would have bought me, but he refused to sell me in the neighborhood, being ashamed to sell there a slave whom he could not break. He gave up first, but I was the worst beaten. I was as big-hearted as he was; he did not like to give up, and I would not give in. I made up my mind that if he would find whips I would find back.

Having lightened the skiff, I paddled across, and went back to North Carolina to my mother's door. I ran about there in the bush, and was dodging here and there in the woods two years. I ate their pigs and chickens. I did not spare them. I knew how to dress them, and did not suffer for the want of food.—This would not have taken place had my master complied with my reasonable request for a pass, after I had done my work well without any fault being found with it.

But when I found out by that, and by his cruel punishment, that he was a d—l, I did not care what I did do. I meant he should kill me or sell me.

My master did not advertise me when he got the news of my escape, saying it was their loss, as I was placed in their charge. He sued, but was beaten.—After this he advertised for me, offering fifty dollars for my capture, dead or alive. A free-born colored man, whom I had known, betrayed me. Some poor white fellows offered him *ten dollars* if he would find out where I was. He put them on my track. At ten

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one morning, they found me lying down asleep. I partly aroused, and heard one say, "don't shoot, it may be somebody else lying down drunk." I arose with my face towards them. There were six young white men armed with guns. I wheeled, and ran.—They cried out, "stop, or I will shoot you." One of them, a real youngster, hit me, firing first. The others fired, and said they shot their best, but did not hit. A bullet and a buckshot entered my right thigh; the shot came out, but the bullet went to the bone, and is there yet. It injured a sinew so that my foot hurts me to this day when I walk. I ran about a quarter of a mile, then my foot all at once gave out, and I fell. They came up with dirks, threatening me with instant death if I ever winked my eye towards molesting them. They took me in a cart and put me into the county jail. All that night I lay wishing they had shot me dead. I did not want to face that hyena again. He kept me in jail until a slave driver came from Western Tennessee. He took me out to Tennessee to hire out or sell—anything to get rid of me. I was hired out to T—— R——, in Jackson, Madison Co., two years. I did very well; the man who hired me was a pretty fair sort of a man for a slaveholder. During the two years I became satisfied with my condition. In about a year after I married a young woman belonging to T—— N——; she is living with me yet.

About nine months after our marriage, I was, on a sudden, without suspecting anything, jerked up and put in jail again, to be sold. I was taken by a driver

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to Memphis, and put into the hands of a planter, who was to sell me when he got an opportunity. In about two weeks, when I got rested, I started to go back to see my wife; but I got taken up on the way, and put in jail. The people asked me where I was going. I told them the truth: "To Jackson." I've been into pretty much all the jails round there. It seems to me wonderful, when I have known men to be killed, without doing so much, or going through so much as I have, that I should have been spared. It is only by the mercy of God that I have escaped so many dangers. I have known men to be killed by less accidents, — but I was spared, although I have the marks of many wounds and bruises.

In jail they fettered my ancles again. There was a black man in the room with me, who was caught under the same circumstances as myself — going to see his wife, as a man has a right to do. I was very muscular and smart, but he was stouter than I. We broke through the top of the jail at night — the shingles cracking gave the alarm. My friend was scared, and did not dare fall; but I did not care what befell me, and I rolled off to the ground, without having time to use strips of bed-clothes which we had prepared. I was chained, and could not spring to save myself; it was a hard fall, but I was not quite stunned. I should not have not got off, but my pursuers bothered each other. They first started for the roof, and finding we were outside, the jailor cried: "Go outside! don't let 'em come down!" His wife, hearing this, thought we were coming down stairs, and secured

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the door. While they were breaking out, I crept on my hands and knees about two hundred yards, to a creek, which I crept over in the same way. Then I looked around, and saw the jailor on the top of the jail with a light in his hand, looking for me, not thinking I could get down chained. He called; "John! John! where are you? If you don't answer me, you son of a b—h, I'll kill you when I get you." A neighbor crossed over, and asked: "What is the matter?" He answered: "The d—d niggers are breaking out of jail." I heard distinctly on the other side of the creek, where I sat listening to hear what course they would take. As I crept, I had to spread my feet to keep my chains from rattling — a child could have taken me, chained as I was. In a few minutes the whole village was in an uproar. I heard the jailor tell some one to go to a man that kept dogs, and "tell him to come in a minute — I want him to run a nigger." I then crept; I could creep faster than I could run. From what I had told my captors, they thought I had gone to Jackson, and so failed of finding my track.

I did not know where I was, nor which way to go. I found a road, and wandered along in it. When my hands and knees got cold with creeping, I would get up and shuffle along with my chain. At day-break, as the Lord would have it, I came to a blacksmith's shop. No one was there. I went in and felt among the tools in the dark, and found a great new rasp. I took the rasp along with me, and crept on to find a bush, and wait for daylight. As soon as I could see to do it, I cut my feet loose. I would give fifty dol-

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lars if I had the iron here that I've been abused in, to show people who say they don't believe such things — who say that men are not so absurd. I would like to show them the irons, and the paddles, and the whips, and the stocks that I have worn on me and been punished with. At eight o'clock in the morning, my feet were free. I had nothing to eat since noon the day before. I wandered in the woods all day, eating acorns, and trying to find the route to Jackson.

I meant to get there; nothing would have stopped me but death. I was not going to have another man send me around the county just where he liked. That night I got the course for Jackson; and after walking an hour, I entered a barn-yard and found among the harness a bridle. I was barefooted and bareheaded — had nothing on but my shirt and pantaloons, — all else I had taken off to get through the roof of the jail. I then walked into the stable, and found what appeared to be a gentleman's riding-horse — and a better nag I never laid leg across. He took me further in three hours than he ever took any one else in six, I think. When I got to Jackson, I turned the horse loose in the street. He wandered about awhile, but the owner got him at last. When he sees this, he will know who borrowed his horse, and if he will send his bill, I will settle it. I have plenty of land, and plenty of money to pay off all debts, and if some of my old friends would come this way, I would pay off some other old scores that are on my back.

At Jackson, I saw my wife. She had been bought by F—— T——, a regular negro-trader — one of the

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biggest dogs in the bone-yard. He said he would buy me running if he could, but no one was to be told where I was, as he wished to buy me cheap. He wrote to my master that he had bought my wife, and that I was dodging about the place; that he did n't want me about among his "niggers:" but that, if he would sell me, he would catch me if he could, — if not, he would shoot me. The answer was, that my master would sell me for eight hundred dollars. T—— paid the money, and took possession of me. He put me on his farm. He was overbearing — his overseer was more so. He was one of those who, when they get a "nigger," must whip him, right or wrong, just to let him know "that he is a nigger." No fault was found with my work. He looked sharp to try and find some way to get at me. At last he found a way to do it — an excuse to whip me, — it was in this way: one day he heard me speak something to one of the hands; it was some of our nonsense, of no consequence whatever. But he was itching for an excuse to flog me, and now he had got one — for it was a rule that there should be no talk on work hours, except about the work.

My master having heard that I was an old runaway, and had given trouble to my master, cautioned the overseer not to bear down very hard upon me, until I had got habituated to the place and the ways. The overseer went to the master and said it would never do to excuse that "nigger;" for if he talked, the rest would stand and hear it; he should either whip or take me off the place. Master told him, and was over-

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heard to say it, that if I would not obey him, he might take me down and give me three hundred with the paddle.

The overseer made up his mind to give me the punishment next evening. When I got through work, I went home, tired and hungry, — my wife met me at the door, laid her hand on my arm: "John, three hundred for you this evening with the paddle!" That news filled my stomach very quick — it stopped my hunger, but it made me feel thirsty for blood. I swore that I would not leave the quarters until I was killed, or had killed any man — master, overseer or slave — who might come to take me. But as it happened, a gentleman from New Orleans came to see my master that night, and so the punishment was postponed. If this was done for a southerner, how could a northerner expect to see any punishment? That visit was what prevented my killing a man, and being killed for it that night; for I had a good sharp axe, and I know I should have used it. I waited some time for them to come — but as they did not, my temper cooled down, and I concluded to take to the bush.

I had heard that if I could get into Ohio, and manage to stay there one year, I would, after that, be a free man. I intended to wait for my wife to get smart, she being sick at that time. I took to the woods, and once more commenced living on chickens and geese, which I understood very well. In about two weeks I went for my wife. Another man had agreed to come with us; but he was weak enough to

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advise with his friends about it, and they turned traitors and told his master.

They are just the same as white men. I have found since I left that 'tis not the skin that makes a man mean. Some of them will betray another to curry favor with the master, or to get a new coat, or two or three dollars, and I have noticed the same mean spirit among white men. But there are others who would sooner die than betray a friend.

I bade my wife get ready for a start on the next night, and then took to the bush again. Meanwhile, the traitor slipped to our master, and asked him if he knew that three of his negroes were going to run away. He told him "No — which three?" He named us. "Where are they going to?" "Ohio State." This aroused my master. He went to the quarters, tied the man, and tied my wife, and took them to a swamp. There they uncovered my wife, and compelled a girl to whip her with the paddle to make her tell where I was. It so stirred me with indignation to think that they should so foully abuse my wife, that I could have run a dagger through their hearts and not thought it wrong; nor have I yet got so far enlightened as to feel very differently about it now. She could not tell him, for she did not know. The man was also punished and put in irons. They had no irons to fit her, and sent to the blacksmith's shop to get some made; and had it not been for some craft on her part that night, I should never have got her away. Old Billy, with whom we were usually left, was the blacksmith; and while he was going to

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make the irons, she was left with a young man who was a stupid sort of fellow. It was then nearly noon, and she had no food for the day. She was then at the quarters. She said to one of the girls: "Maria, you go to the turnip-patch and get some salad, and I'll go to the spring, get some water, and put on the meat." She expected the fellow would stop her, but he did not. She carried the pail to the spring, about a quarter of a mile, then dropped it, and made for the bush. It was a down-hill way at first, but by-and-by, there was a rise and then they saw her. Out came master, overseer, and many slaves, in full run to catch her; but she was nearly half a mile ahead, and ran very fast. She got into the woods, which were very thick. Master then ordered a halt — he had found from the other slaves that I had a pistol, powder and ball. I had, indeed, and would have used it, rather than they should take me or her. But I was in another place at that time.

I had appointed a place where she was to come and meet me; when I went she was not there. I then drew near the house to ascertain what had happened, and heard a loud laughing and talking in my cabin. I tried to hear what it was about. I heard one of them say: "Lord, how she did run across that field! ha! ha! ha!" She had baked cakes for our journey, and they were making merry over the flour cakes. Presently, I saw a colored man, and whistled to him. He came up, and I learned what had happened, and that all were then out on a hunt for me, being stimulated by a promised reward of ten dollars. All this

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set me into a tremble; I turned back, and went to the place I had appointed. She was near by, saw me, and ran to me; so we were together once more. We then walked nine miles northwardly to a little village where I had put up my clothes. The man who betrayed us had told our route.

I got the things and went to the barn close by. My wife was exhausted. I had a strong constitution, and could travel all the time; but she was so fatigued from the flogging, and the race, and the long walk, that she fell on the barn-floor. I returned to the house, and walked to a tavern stable, to hook three or four blankets to keep us warm on our way north. If this was wrong, it was taught me by the rascality of my master.

While at the tavern stable, I heard the dog bark at the house I had left. I gathered three blankets and bolted for the barn, expecting the scoundrels would be pursuing my wife. I saw a candle burning bright in the house, and moving from room to room. That frightened me. I seized and shook her: "Wife! wife! master is coming!" — but I could not awaken her. I took her up, put her across my shoulders manfully, jumped the fence, and ran with my burden about a quarter of a mile. My heart beat like a drum, from the thought that they were pursuing us. But my strength at last gave out, and I laid her down under a fence, but she did not awaken. I then crept back to the house, to see what was there and get my things. The light I had seen now came down stairs, and moved towards the barn. I was so near that I

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saw the overseer and six slaves, armed, searching for me. Oh, my soul! it makes my hair stand up to think how near we were to getting caught, and carried back to be abused and maltreated unreasonably, and without cause.

I was within five rods of them when they went into the barn. They searched it thoroughly, as I saw between the rails of the fence. "Oh, you rascals!" I thought, "you're defeated now!" But 't was a close run and a narrow chance. When they left the barn, I kept watch of them. They returned the candle to the house, then walked the way they had come, to the place where they had left the mules. They stayed there about half an hour. I still kept watch of them. I wanted to get my things, but was wise enough to know that every time a slave-holder is out of sight, he is not gone; every time his eyes are shut, he is not asleep. They then returned toward the house. As they moved, I moved, keeping the same distance from them. When they were within about ten rods of the house, they crouched down in readiness to shoot me when I might approach the house. They had rendered me desperate by their devilment, and knew I would fight; they would not dare take me without first shooting me. I watched them, and they watched for me, until the cocks crowed for morning. It would not do for me to remain any longer to get my clothes and provisions.

I went back to the place where I had left my wife. She was then easily awakened, and we hied to the woods to conceal ourselves for the day. We had no

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provisions but a raw ham. We dare not make a fire to broil it, so we ate it raw, like a dog. At night, between sunset and dark, I went back to the house in the village. At the door I saw a person with our things. They gave them to me, and bade me God-speed, and that if ever I was taken, not to betray them.

From Jackson to the Ohio river was called one hundred and forty miles. Crossed the river at Cairo; then we footed through Illinois to Chicago. All the way we lay by days, and traveled nights. I forgot the name of that city and wandered out of the way, and got to a river. It was the Mississippi, but I did not know it. It was three months from the time we left home before we slept in a house. We were in the woods, ignorant of the roads, and losing our way. At one time we came to a guide-board which said "5 miles to Park's Landing." I had learned to spell out print a little. This was Sunday night. I took the direction I wanted to travel as near as I could, and went on. On Wednesday afternoon we came back to the same guide-board — "5 miles to Park's Landing." Many such round-about cruises we made, wearing ourselves out without advancing. This is what kept us so long in the wilderness and in suffering. I had suffered so much from white men, that I had no confidence in them, and determined to push myself through without their help. Yet I had to ask at last, and met with a friend instead of an enemy.

At Chicago money was made up to help me on, and I took passage for Detroit, and then crossed to

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Windsor, in Canada. That was the first time I set my foot on free soil.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

We landed in Charleston, S. C., this great emporium of southern civilization and of southern aristocracy, Jan. 9th. Weather was exceedingly warm and mild, the climate may with emphasis be called the sunny south. It is much like some of our northern June weather, and I now write in an upper room, no fire, with both windows open, and suffer no inconvenience from cold, and could keep them open until nine at night, if it were not for the dust and musquitoes.

Took a stroll down through the market, and there saw almost all the green vegetables of a northern July —green potatoes, onions, radishes, beets, green oats and hay in the bundle, besides a variety of green, fresh roses, and posies; also green lemons and oranges on the trees close by, in gardens.

Charleston is quite a large commercial city, largest in the whole South, New Orleans excepted, and contains a population of about 50,000 inhabitants, with a good sea-port, probably best on the continent, except New York, and about twenty miles from the ocean. Directly across the harbor, on the opposite side of the city, is Sullivan's Island, on the point of which, and

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about seven miles from the city, is Fort Moultrie; half way between which, in the centre of the harbor, or nearly so, is Fort Sumpter, with its massive walls and frowning port holes, looking down with defiance upon all craft that pass by. About three miles to the left of which, in coming into port, rises Fort Johnson; and some five miles higher up, near the city, some mile or so from the main land, is Castle Pinkey. Thus, in a military point of view, Charleston would seem almost, or quite invulnerable to the combined fleets of the world.

A gentleman here told me, who, by-the-by, appeared more loyal to the federal government of the United States, than to the commonwealth of South Carolina, that a few years ago, when the nullification mania was raging, all of a sudden old General Scott appeared in the harbor with a small fleet filled with soldiers and marines, with which he emptied the forts and fortresses of their former occupants, and filled them with United States troops, turning the guns down upon the city, and then said to the Carolinians, "now nullify, if you wish;" and all at once the nullifiers became mighty scarce. Walked up King Street to see the South Carolina Arsenal, and there saw some five hundred large Yankee-made cannon, with which the rebellious government of the United States was to have been flogged into obedience by this sister republic; but thanks to Divine Providence, the horrors of war were averted, and no very humiliating concessions made by our chief executive.

Charleston is one of the most ancient cities in the United States, its foundation having been laid in 1672.

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Some fifteen years afterwards, a company of French refugees, exiled from their native country on account of their religious faith, settled in South Carolina,—a part of them at Charleston.

From this noble stock, the French Huguenot, have sprung some of the first families of Charleston.

The city is regularly built, and extends about two miles in length, and nearly one and a half in breadth. The streets, many of them sixty or seventy feet broad, and bordered with the Pride of India and other beautiful shade trees, run, for the most part, parallel to each other, from the Cooper to the Ashley river, and are intersected by others nearly at right angles. Many of the houses are of brick, some of which are in a style of superior elegance; others are of wood, neatly painted, and embowered in the summer season amid a profusion of foliage and flowers. The dwellings are often furnished with piazzas extending to the roof, and ornamented with vines or creepers, while the gardens attached to them are adorned with the orange, peach, and other choice trees, and a variety of shrubbery.

There are in Charleston about thirty Churches, one or two Colleges, a large Theatre, several quite extensive Wholesale Houses, and about fifty Hotels. Some of the Hotels and Churches are noble costly, structures. The chief of the former are kept by northern men; the heaviest wholesale houses are also owned by northerners, and northern artists are employed to construct all their large and splendid edifices.

A native southern bred artizan is a very rare thing to meet with, in all the South, except it be among the

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poor colored people, and slaves too. Among these you may occasionally find tolerably good mechanics, such as smiths, masons, carpenters, painters, shoemakers, &c. Not so good, as a matter of course, as our northern white mechanics. There are, in fact, properly speaking, but two classes in the south, namely—the aristocrats and the operators; or the oligarchy and the serfdom. To the former belong all the wealthy planters, merchants, bankers, lawyers and divines—with a few others of more moderate fortunes—all, however, stock-jobbers in human flesh, to a greater or less extent.

And to the latter belong all the operatives, white and black, bond and free. If a white man here is under the necessity of performing manual labor for a livelihood, why, he can scarcely gain admittance into the other class, any sooner than the poor slave himself, of the regular woolly-heads, simon pure. Some few exceptions, however, to this rule. The condition of the colored people in the free states, both native breed and escaped fugitives, is a theme frequently discussed by the southerners, and very unfavorably contrasted with the condition of those in the south. But I waive these considerations, for the whole civilized world has passed a righteous verdict in the premises. But this much I may fearlessly assert, namely—that the poor white man in the south, whether native born or not, suffers as much, if not more, from southern institutions, both civil and social, as do the colored race in the free states.

Unless a man in the slave states can count out his

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thousands, and tens of thousands, in money, servants, or something else, he is next to nobody; is indeed of less account, in many instances, than a good saleable negro, for such a piece of property will fetch a large sum of money. These gents of the south say—oh, if you northerners would only come down here among us, and see for yourselves, then you would not feel the same opposition to our institutions that you now do! Well, thought I to myself, I am a northerner, and am down south looking for myself, and begin to see sides and features of the PECULIAR INSTITUTION that I scarcely contemplated before my southern tour, and feel to say this moment, from the bottom of my heart, OH GOD of ancient Israel, have mercy on both Africa's down-trodden race, and Africa's despotic oppressors.

Dined yesterday with a gentleman slave-holder, whose wife was a Methodist, a member of the first M. E. Church South, in this city. He owns some ten or twelve slaves, which he values, I believe, on an average, at $1,000 per head. Had a chat of some two hours with his lady, previous to his coming in; and she, by the way, is a native northerner, came out here a few years ago a school miss, and married a southern slave-holder, quite a common thing here. She, of course, I found a good slave-holder, and quite fond of instituting comparisons between the condition of northern and southern Africa, within the bounds of these United States.

Her husband, in her opinion, was a very mild master; he allowed some of his slaves, she said, to work

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for themselves, or in other words, to hire a portion of their freedom, to work for themselves; two of them, at least, Jungo and Betty, a man and his wife, the former for $40 per month, and the latter $12 per month—that is some $670 per annum they pay to their master, cold cash, for this privilege; then all they can get over that, they can have to victual, clothe and house themselves with. And they do it, poor things, and more too, said the lady. But negro people cannot take care of themselves, you know, so says the unanimous voice of the south—but say the negroes, just let us try, and you shall see. The fact is, they not only earn their own living, but support some thousands of families in almost all the luxuries of Princes.

MUNICIPAL REGULATIONS.

Charleston is undoubtedly the strictest in its municipal regulations of any city in the Union; and this arises solely from the fact of its relation to the system of slavery. There is absolute necessity in the case; self-preservation induces them, as remarked in a former number, to adopt stringent measures to prevent their goods and chattles from combining some night and cutting all their throats. To prevent which, and to keep down all insurrectionary movements, they have a heavy armed police, always on hand. There are two large guard houses situated in different parts of the city. One of them, the largest, occupying rather a central position; both of them large stone buildings, having very much the appearance of war-like castles or prisons. In these fortresses, are deposited, I should

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think, some ten thousand stands of arms, such as muskets, sabres and cannon all in trim for immediate use. The large town clock is at the central, or largest one. When that strikes nine at night, all the colored people, bond and free, start for their quarters; that is the signal for them to be on the move. You can then hear them running, and walking fast all through the streets within hearing distance. The bell strikes nine, then a watchman from the lofty watch tower, cries the hour nine o'clock, and all is well. Then at a quarter past nine it strikes three strokes, and the watchman cries out again, quarter past nine, and all is well. Just the moment he finishes the last word, the drums beat at the door of the guard house, and then woe to any colored face found on the walks, or in the streets at that time, unless he or she has a written pass from their master, mistress or overseer. At this juncture, or a few minutes before, some hundred armed men march out with gun and bayonet, to take their various stations through the city for the night, or to be relieved at one or two in the morning by an equal number quartered in the guard house. There is another body separate from the one mentioned, called the horse guards; they are mounted on horseback and also armed; they ride along, usually, two together all over the city and all night long, until six o'clock the next morning. By a signal given from the watch tower, these armed watchmen can be collected at a given point at almost any moment, and in half an hour or so, the whole militia, and all the independent companies of the city could be collected, and armed with

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these ten thousand guns for defensive purposes against the blacks, if need be. Nor is the holy Sabbath exempt from these war-like demonstrations, for in going to church, you have not unfrequently to encounter these men, armed from head to foot, for combat like the bloody combatants of the Crimea. From six in the morning until nine at night, on God's holy Sabbath and in a Republican, Christian city, these sights are to be seen, year in and year out.

Now, what shall we think of the Republicanism or Native Americanism of these portions of our country where the hirelings of Europe, (for almost all of the above mentioned guard men are Irish Catholics) are paid for guarding, at the point of the bayonet, NATIVE AMERICANS, to keep them from going to more congenial parts of our native country, when they may choose so to do? I know what you think, and ten thousand others besides you, myself also being included, that is, that there is too little of the higher law, and by far too much of the lower law in exercise for all concerned.

And here allow me to bring in another illustration or two, of the working of this lower lawism here. Passing down one of the main streets one day, I saw quite a crowd moving along on the walk, and heard a roar of loud laughter, mingled with exclamations of derision, go up from the masses. And by-the-way, this occured not more than twenty rods from those infernal regions, the SLAVE AUCTIONS. On joining myself with the multitude, to take a more minute observation of the cause of this stir, I saw a poor broken-hearted, half-distracted woman, the mother of a child whom

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these devils of the block had torn from her bosom, and sold to strangers, never more perhaps to be seen by that mother in this life. She wept and raved, and tore like a maniac, crying out in those tones of despair and anguish which nothing but a heart broken, crushed and wrung to the very core, can ever give utterance to.

"They have sold my babe, they have sold my babe," she exclaimed as she ran through the crowd to get hold of it, to grasp it in her arms, to press it to her bosom again; but fruitless effort, it was all vain. The babe was borne in one direction, and the mother in another. Her fruitless, heart-broken efforts, and screams of distress at the result, made mirth for the heartless, unfeeling multitude. They laughed, hooted and mocked at her misfortune, as though they were dumb beasts that were thus separated. Oh! God, said I, or prayed I, while a sensation of sickness came over my whole system, and the unbidden tear started from my eye, bless this poor, persecuted, crushed, down-trodden American slave, and have mercy on her, and these, her enemies who are guilty of selling and rending the body and blood of Jesus Christ. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Passing along on another street, I met a colored man with a large iron collar fastened round his neck so tight that he could not remove it; weighing, I should think, some ten or twelve pounds. He was undoubtedly a caught runaway, and doomed now to wear this heavy iron on his shoulders for months to come, in

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the streets, fields or wherever he may chance to go, and be chained up by it at night. The sight being so novel to me, I turned myself round on the walk to look at him a second time.

Oh, these dark spots on our government, how they embitter the mind of a northerner, as also, every foreigner, against the bloody, iniquitous INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY. I have noticed particularly seamen of foreign nations, English and others, sit at the slave auctions with their large blue eyes looking astonishment to see human beings, men, women, and children, sold off like sheep from the stall.

Under these circumstances, I found myself several times almost involuntarily exclaiming, (silently of course,) oh, my country, thou art behind the genius of the age, and a stench in the nostrils of Christendom.

LOWER LAWISM—SLAVE PRISON VS. INQUISITION.

I should have added on a previous page that all colored people, bond or free, who were caught out by the watchmen after the drums had beat at a quarter past nine at night, without a pass, were unceremoniously dragged to the watch-house, by these faithful servants of the Pope, and there confined until morning; then if they, or their masters pay one dollar, they are released; if not, they are then dragged to—what shall I call it? We have no building or place in all the north, answering to it. I have a name for it. I shall term it the South Carolina *Lower Law Inquisition*, where *Native Americans*, many of whom

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are the real followers of Jesus Christ, are put on the rack, chained to the pillory, tied up to the whipping-post, besides sundry other mal-treatment, not greatly dissimilar to those enacted in the bloody Inquisitions of Portugal and Spain; and these tortures, also, for the most part, are inflicted by Popish hirelings; a suitable business for them. Here they take their first lessons in American Inquisition keeping.

I came across a friend, one day on the Atlantic Wharf; a regular built down easter, whose Puritan heart beat in unison with my own. Said I to him, "Have you yet seen that infernal prison, where they flog the poor slaves?" "No," said he. "Well come along with me," said I, and I will show it to you." So off we started for this house of blood and groans, from whose cells and vaults a thousand sighs have been uttered, now forgotten by men, but remembered in heaven; written in the Book of God, to appear in the last day, as evidence against this "sum of all villanies." The building is a large one, of enormous proportions. I do not now recollect that I ever saw a much larger one, except it be the large Stone House of Auburn—very much like it—sufficiently ample to hold hundreds and hundreds and hundreds, at the same time. Indeed, the refractory slaves from all parts of the State are sent here for correction, and it must be large. Well, by dint of good tact, we worked ourselves in. Had the proprietors known, however, who and what we were, we might not have fared so well. But we got in, and got out again: thank God for that.

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A beautiful Quadroon, or Mulatto girl, about 20 years old, the property of a Mr. ——, living not a thousand miles from this city, was endowed by her Creator with so much self-respect, had such a clear perception of the spirit of that noble clause of our National Constitution, viz: the "INALIENABLE RIGHTS," &c., as to disqualify her to brook the degradation of Slavery. As a consequence, she would give her master French leave at every convenient opportunity: for which, she had nearly as often been sent to this Inquisition, for torture; and this had been done so faithfully with such inhuman severity, by these Popish Inquisitors, as to lacerate her back in a most shocking manner, so that a finger could scarcely be laid between the cuts. But her love of liberty was not to be quenched by the bloody lash, or the torturing pillory; and, as a last resort, she was whipped at several different times, and chained in solitude, a disconsolate prisoner.

Austria is not the only place where women are flogged. No. These heroic Carolinians can go all round old Haynau, and completely shame him out of countenance, in this heathen, barbarous business, as the sequel will show.

Whipping, mauling, chaining, and imprisoning, was not enough, in the eyes of her master and mistress, to inflict upon the person of this beatiful woman, of a noble, daring soul. A heavy iron collar must be made, with three long prongs projecting from it, and placed around her neck; worse, by far, than any I ever saw worn by a man in a chain gang. Nor is this all. Her propensity being so strong, so great, to

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imitate the needle or magnet, viz: of inclining to the North, for the purpose of identifying her, of furnishing proof positive to some of the Marks and Tom Loker fraternity, a sound and strong front tooth was extracted. Her sufferings by this time, you may rightly judge, were agonizing in the extreme. She could lie in no position but on her back, which was sore from those frequent and cruel scourgings; so I was informed from the most reliable source, by one who was an eye witness to the whole scene. Now, these outrages were committed in a family where the mistress daily read the Holy Scriptures, and assembled her children for worship; and by her neighbors is accounted a very hospitable woman; and, so far as alms-giving is concerned, she undoubtedly is a tender-hearted woman to the poor, from all I can learn of her; and yet this poor, suffering slave, who by the way, was the seamstress of the family, was necessarily continually in her presence, sitting in her chamber to sew, or engaged in her other household work, with her bruised, lacerated, and bleeding back, her mutilated mouth, and heavy iron collar, &c., and without apparently exciting the least feeling of sympathy or compassion in her tender, pious and philanthropic heart. But more anon, still darker.

INQUISITORIAL TORTURES.

A high spirited and very intelligent man, for a slave, belonging to a Mr. ——, of this State, feeling himself as much a man as his master, or any other

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man, and acting upon this faith, made many attempts to go abroad where he chose, for which offence he was punished in every case with brutal severity. At one time he was tied up by his hands to a tree, like a savage Indian's victim, and there whipped until his back was one gore of blood. To these terrible scourgings this poor man was subjected, at intervals, for a number of weeks, put on with barbarous cruelty by the unfeeling inquisitors, and kept heavily ironed while at his work.

His master one day accused him of some trifling fault, in the usual terms dictated by the position occupied by these republican autocrats when the southern blood is up a little, full of fury and passion; the slave protested his innocence, but as a matter of course, under these circumstances, was not credited.

He again repelled the charge with honest indignation, as any man would, having the soul of a man, and conscious of his innocence. His master at this juncture became a maniac of rage—the very impersonation of Satan himself, seizing a sharp pointed instrument, he made a deadly plunge at the breast of his slave. The man being of a strong, athletic make, by far his superior in strength, caught his arm and dashed the deadly weapon on the floor. The infuriated master then grasped at his throat; again the slave overpowered him and rushed from the apartment. Having made good his escape with a whole skull, he fled to the swamps; and after wandering about for several months, among the wild beasts and alligators, living on roots, the bark of trees, berries, &c., enduring a

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thousand hardships consequent upon his forlorn condition, was finally arrested by the emissaries of the Inquisition, and imprisoned. Here he lay for a considerable time, allowed scarcely food enough to sustain life, whipped in the meantime almost out of the body, and confined in a cell so loathsome, that when his unfeeling master came to visit him, he said the stench was enough to knock a man down.

And so it was, for the filth had never been removed from his dungeon since the poor creature was thrust into it.

There is a difference, you will understand, in being sent to a States Prison, or to an Inquisition. To the former men are sent for correction, and are treated with humanity; to the latter they are sent for torture, and are broken, on the wheel. Although a pure African by color, yet such had been the effect of starvation and suffering upon his person, that his master declared he hardly recognized him. His complexion became so yellow, and his hair, formerly thick and black had become red and scanty: an infallible evidence of long continued living on unwholesome and insufficient food. Stripes, imprisonments, chains, iron collars, and the ghastly gnawings of hunger, had broken his lofty spirit, for a season at least. After a time, however, he made another attempt to escape, and was absent so long, that finally a reward was offered for him, dead or alive. But he ingeniously eluded every attempt to take him, and his master, despairing of ever getting him again, as a last resort, offered to pardon him if he would return, and, by the way, it is always understood in the South that such intelligence will reach the

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fugitive; it did him, and at the earnest solicitations of his wife, and mother, who were also in bondage, unable to flee with him, the poor fellow consented once more to return to the house of bondage. And I believe it was the last effort he ever made to obtain his freedom. He saw it was a hopeless case, that nothing but stripes, and bonds, slavery and death, awaited him in this life. He gave his heart to God, and became an humble, devout Christian; that fierce spirit, which neither stripes, bonds, dungeons, nor death itself could subdue, bowed at the cross of Jesus and took upon himself the vows of Christianity, and ever after, with lamb-like simplicity, submitted to the yoke of the oppressor, and wore his chains without murmuring until death released him.

Now, the master who thus maltreated and pursued with vindictive persecutions, to the gates of death, this poor slave, was one of the most influential and honored citizens of this State, and by his neighbors was called a courteous, benevolent man.

A poor fellow, not long since, somewhere up in the central part of this State, wishing to free himself from his chains by fleeing from the land of bondage, made the bold attempt, as thousands and thousands of others would do, were they sure of succeeding by wandering in the forests, fording rivers, among the alligators and poisonous serpents, and by pressing from the scent of the southern blood-hound gentry, both of the four legged and two legged breed, for months, and then gain her Majesty's dominions, soul and body together, they would make the attempt. Yes, they would do it, male and fe-

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male, no matter how much attached they may be to their masters, or their masters to them; they love freedom more than anything else on earth: and who can blame them for it?

But, to the poor fugitive: this man was the slave of a Mr. ———, who had been treated with brutal severity through many a long—long year of cruel and unnatural bondage, but the hour that should terminate his servitude drew nigh. One day, after a most severe scourging from the overseer, he resolved that that should be his last day's work on that plantation, or on any other in the sunny south. In the evening he collected together a small bundle, stowed away into it a few crumbs of his remaining rations, and watched carefully for a favorable opportunity to start, until the clock struck twelve, and again one, then when all was still, and even the watch dogs asleep, he crawled silently out from his quarters, and on his hands and knees, crept by the night patrol unperceived, and for a few hours his legs did him good execution; for the dawn of morning found him far in the Carolina forests, where many a poor fugitive has wandered for months until recaptured or starved to death; the latter alternative many chose, to returning into bondage.

Well, poor Pompey enjoyed a few days, of uninterrupted freedom amid the desolate wilds, every day advancing a little toward the land of freedom. But how should an untutored, illiterate slave, having never been permitted to know the alphabet, or even the points of compass, know which way to steer. To inquire of any living person would imperil his safety.

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Yet this poor human beast, made good his way towards the northwestern States, and would doubtless before this time have been under the powerful protection of the British Lion, but for one circumstance, and that the most revolting,—the most barbaric, of any circumstance I ever heard related, or read of in my life. My blood fairly runs cold, as I think of it,—and to see it in print, or to hear it mentioned, makes even the Southerner nervous, and a crimson hue of shame come over the cheek of the most brutal of them, because of the living, burning disgrace it entails upon them, and their cherished institution throughout the civilized world. The circumstance was this, poor Pompey with every sail set, and limb strained to bear him away to

"The land of the free and home of the brave,"

was unluckily discovered by two Carolinian hunters, who had gone out for a small hunting excursion: being on a sharp lookout for game, they crossed his path and from a distance spied him making a northerly direction; quickening their pace, soon came upon him and challenged him as a runaway slave; on perceiving them, he ran, and they after him, but finding he was likely to distance them, and finally escape, they drew up their guns and shot him down; then, savage-like, rushed upon him while yet living, and served him far more brutal and savage, than the Russian soldiers did the British, wounded on the field of Inkermann, viz:—stab them; they literally hewed him into pieces, and gave his warm, bleeding flesh to their dogs to eat.

Jed, a man-slave belonging to Mr. ———, living not a thousand miles from this city, who had been

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long separated from his dear family, simply because it best suited the convenience of his owner, ran away. He was overtaken and arrested on the plantation where his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, then lived. His only object in running away was to return to his wife and children. Just as you, or I or any other man having a soul in him, would do :—no other fault was attributed to him. For this offence he was confined six weeks in the stocks of the Inquisition, receiving fifty lashes weekly, during that time, and was allowed food barely sufficient to sustain nature; and when released from the dungeon of the Inquisition, was not permitted to remain with his family. His master, although himself a husband and a father, was wholly unmoved by the pathetic, touching appeals of the poor slave, who entreated that he might only remain with his wife and children, promising to discharge his duties faithfully: but his tyrant master was inexorable and he was torn from his wife and family, perhaps forever.

Now, this Mr. slave-owner was a member of —— Church, a good, humble Christian in his own estimation; was in full membership of —— Church. The above cases are literally true, and require no comments from me.

CITY GOSSIP—SLAVE AUCTION.

This living in a slave country, is not very congenial to the feelings of a native New Englander. Its ways, customs, manners, opinions, institutions, &c., are so

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different, so directly opposite to those of a descendant of the Puritans, that he feels lonely, though surrounded by tens of thousands—he feels himself a speckled bird in the flock, a sort of island in the midst of a mass of living, breathing, intelligent matter. He goes to church, enters the domestic circle, visits the prayer meeting room, is invited, perchance, into the studio of divines, walks the streets, promenades the public squares, parks, &c. And yet a disagreeable vacuum fills his whole soul; a spirit of loneliness, of disquiet he feels involuntarily creeping over him, produced by a want of congeniality of spirit with everything he comes in contact with; he is led, in short, to sigh for those ennobling elements or inspirations, so peculiar to the LAND OF FREEDOM.

But to my city gossiping. Went down Broad-st. one day, to the post-office, which is in one part of the custom-house, and is situated at the foot of Broad, on East Bay-st., at the north-west corner of which, is a sort of public square or grounds, devoted to public business. Saw there collected, a great concourse of people, citizens, countrymen, seamen, strangers, speculators; also, doctors, deacons and divines; all apparently interested in the sales of a public auction, where some $400,000 worth of Adam's REDEEMED RACE, were placed on the block and struck off to the highest bidder. I shall never forget that sight—viz: the first slave auction I ever attended; no, it was written on my memory as with a pen of iron, never-to-be-forgotten,

"While life, or thought, or being lasts,
Or immorality endures."

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For the first half hour I was all eyes, all ears, and all attention—then there came over me a sickness at the heart, a faintness through the whole system, followed by three-fourths of an hour's weeping; yes, nature found vent in tears, and I had neither power nor inclination to suppress them. I retired from the scene, went inside of the custom-house, up a flight of stairs, and there wept alone, for about forty minutes, and prayed at the same time, for these poor, afflicted down-trodden people. But the scenes of that day—how shall I describe them? Scenes that were acted in a Christain city, under the waving of the stars and stripes, and on one of the battle-fields of our own revolution? Scenes which I saw unblushingly acted in broad day-light, in sight of heaven, earth and hell. Scenes for which I may but pray never to be brought in as an evidence against, in the last day. There were, I should judge, from 300 to 500 of these human cattle, brought on for sale, consisting of men, women and children, from the sleeping, helpless infant in its mother's arms, to the hoary headed matron and sire of 80 or 100 years, I saw driven into the slave shambles —not of an Asiatic market, but of an AMERICAN CITY, and sold for life to the highest bidder, of these CHRISTAIN REPUBLICANS, DEACONS, DOCTORS, DIVINES, &c.

The sale commences—two fierce looking men mount a table, or low bench, (the auctioneers) and cry out, "gentlemen, the sale is now to commence." Jed, Jack or Joe, they sing out to their own servants, "bring on group No. 1, and place them on the stand." The next

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moment up come three stout looking men, two women, and a little boy some five years old.

"Gentlemen," says the leading auctioneer, "here is a likely group of field hands, as good as ever entered the cotton fields of any man's plantation, worth twelve hundred dollars, each, except the cub, and he will soon be worth that; how much for them? how much? Do I hear $8,000 for the group? Five thousand are bid—five thousand, five thousand, only five thousand are bid for this valuable stock of six niggers, do I hear no more? Gentlemen this property is to be sold, it must go at some price—five thousand five hundred—five thousand five hundred are bid—six thousand—going, going, at only six thousand. Are you done, at six thousand? six thousand five hundred—seven thousand, who says eight thousand? Now is your time; seven thousand five hundred is announced—seven thousand five hundred, that is it now, who for the odd five hundred, and make a clean breast of it? Seven thousand five hundred, once, twice, are you all done at seven thousand five hundred dollars, going, going, gone—at seven thousand five hundred."

"Now bring up group No. 2." And in less than three minutes, you behold a sorrowful-looking group, consisting of a man and woman, husband and wife, and parents of eight children, as follows: a son of about 20 years, a daughter of some eighteen years, another of 16, a third at 14, another boy of some 10 or 12, and down along to a sleeping infant on its mother's breast. Oh, what a sight to behold, that father at the head of his dear, dear family, all paraded on that

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block, in a straight line—his wife next to him, and the children next to her. To see his cheek turn pale, and his teeth fairly chatter with fear, not of the lash, nor of being the gazing stock of gaping thousands, nor of any sort of mal-treatment to his own person. No, but the prospect of soon seeing his family separated and scattered to the four winds, through a life long period! Oh, that was what harrowed up his very soul, and made his sable cheek turn pale. And that mother, too, entered largely into the same feelings of grief and terror-stricken anguish, at the near prospect of so cruel and so common an event. The tear stole down the eye of the eldest daughter also. But soon they all went off together, at a single bid to one man, but he a negro drover, I suppose who will undoubtedly sell them off singly, or as he can meet with a customer.

Next came on the stand a single one, and she a young woman of about 20 years, good looking, healthy and stoutly built. Said this imp of satan, the auctioneer, placing his hand on her breast, "gentlemen," said he, "there is not another such breast in all Charleston;" whether he meant to make an appeal direct to some of the worst elements of human nature, I cannot say, but this I do say, she was soon struck off, at a round price, to a good judge of this kind of stock.

Now that old woman and girl, James, do you hear, boy? And up comes an old woman, of about fifty, and her daughter of some twenty. Now, gentlemen, how much for these two; do I hear $2,000 for the couple? Eight hundred for the girl, sings out a man in the crowd. $800 for the girl, responded the

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auctioneer. Will you say $1,600 for both? No, don't want the old woman, won't have her. Well, $800 for the girl—$850, $900, $950, $1000, $1,100, $1,200—going, gone at $1,200. A few moments more the mother goes for $900, one in one direction, the other in another direction. The daughter weeps aloud, and the mother cries; but it is of no avail. They are separated, perhaps, until the trump shall sound.

BOARDING WITH AN EX-CLERGYMAN.

On arriving in this city, I stopped a few weeks at a boarding house kept by an ex-clergyman; quite a pious man for a slave-holder, that is, in his own estimation. He requested me to accompany him to his church one Sabbath; I did so. It was a sacramental occasion. To that church belonged, I think, 300 whites, and 600 or 700 colored communicants; to the whites, the preacher applied the term brother, or brethren, who were all seated below; but the colored, who invariably occupy the galleries here, he addressed them in the following terms: "my friends of the gallery," which is the way they always do. During the singing of the last hymn, I picked up my hat and walked out to avoid an invitation to commune with them; for I had made up my mind not to do so with these clerical dealers in human chattles. Perhaps I had a wrong spirit. I did not feel right, that is certain;—though not angry, nor piously mad, as some term it, but I felt as Dr. Bond used to say, extensively provoked, at the religious working of the institution.

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After dinner, being seated in the parlor with the other boarders, though a little modified in my feelings, yet I was keyed up to a half savage point, and let out a few notes of the real New England type, simon pure; just enough to make the hair of my pious host stand up like the bristles of a full grown porcupine. I said enough to mob 40 men better than I am; but it would not look very well for a minister to do so on the Sabbath day, especially to a boarder; so I came off a mighty deal easier than the young Yankee alluded to in a previous number, who was treated to a coat of *tar* and *feathers* astride of a rail, for a similar offence. Said I to my clerical host, I do not, I cannot have the same fraternal feelings—that brotherly affiliation for you here, that I have for my brethren north. Why not? Because, I answered, you buy and sell the body of Jesus Christ. You make merchandise of human beings, men, women and children. Said I, I do not know how you can interpret the golden rule on gospel principles, and be slave-holders. How would you like, continued I, to have a race of men come here as much superior to you in knowledge and power, as you are to your poor slaves, buy you or take you, and sell you, and your wife and children, into bondage, and you unable to help yourselves? "Take care, take care what you say," said a young Bostonian boarder; "remember where you are; we would not like to see a Yankee mobbed in Charleston."

Well, I replied, I am only passing an opinion on the evils of one of the institutions of my country, and if I am mobbed for that, then so mote it be. I did

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not come here to attack southern institutions, it is health I am after, and not battle.

But many a man gets mobbed in the south, for just expressing his opinions, and those opinions may be ingeniously drawn from him for the purpose. As I stated in a former number, so I repeat here, that there are a few in the slave-holding states who are heartily sick of the institution, as it exists among them; but they constitute such a small minority that they are utterly powerless, not daring even to say their souls are their own on the subject openly. It has been my fortune to find a few of this class here, from whom I have gathered some interesting and important data. The following is one: a pious and intelligent lady, whose name I am not at liberty to give, but her remark upon a Mrs.—— of this city; the facts in the case having passed under her own observation, I will venture to give.

There is Mrs.——, said she, a lady who was foremost in every benevolent enterprise, and who stood for many years, I may say, at the head of the fashionable elite of this city, and afterwards, at the head of the moral and religious female society here. It was after she had made a profession of religion, and retired from the fashionable world, said the lady, that I knew her; therefore, I will present her in her religious character. This lady used to keep cowhides, or small paddles, (called pancake sticks) in four different apartments in her house; so that when she wished to punish, or have punished any of her slaves, she might not have the trouble of sending for an instrument of tor-

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ture. For many years, one or more of her slaves were flogged every day; particularly, the young slaves about the house, whose faces were slapped, or their hands beat with the "pancake stick," for every trifling offence, and often, for no offence at all. But floggings were not all; the scoldings and abuse daily heaped upon them all, were even worse. "Fools" and "liars," "sluts" and "husseys," "hypocrites and good for nothing creatures," were the common epithets with which her mouth was filled, when addressing them, adults, as well as children. Very often she would take a position at her window, in an upper story, and scold at her slaves while working in the garden at some distance from the house, (a large yard intervening,) and continually order a flogging.

I have known her thus on the watch, continued my informant, scolding for more than an hour at a time, in so loud and boisterous a voice that the whole neighborhood could hear her; and this without the least apparent feeling of shame. Indeed, it is no disgrace among slave-holders, and did not in the least injure her standing, either as a lady or a Christain, in the aristocratic circle in which she moved. After a great religious revival in the city, she opened her house for social prayer meetings. The room in which they were held in the evening, and where the voice of prayer was heard around the family altar, and where she herself retired for private devotion thrice each day, was the very place in which, when her slaves were to be whipped with the cow-hide, they were taken to receive the infliction; and the wail of the sufferer would

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be heard, where, perhaps, only a few hours previous, rose the voice of prayer and praise. This mistress would occasionally send her slaves, male and female, to the inquisition for more savage punishment than she could possibly inflict at her house. One poor girl whom she sent there for torture, was stripped naked and whipped so horribly that deep gashes were made in her back sufficiently large to lay my whole finger in them,—large pieces of flesh had actually been cut out by the torturing lash. I have seen it in the hands of the unmerciful inquisitors; may God have mercy on them for it, for the devil never will.

Soon after, she sent another female slave there to be imprisoned, and worked on the tread mill. This girl was confined several days, and forced to work the mill while in a state of suffering from another cause. For two weeks after her return, she was lame from the violent exertion necessary to enable her to keep the step on this infernal inquisitorial machine.

She spoke to me with intense feeling of this outrage upon her as a woman. Her men servants were sometimes also flogged at the inquisition; and so exceedingly offensive has been the putrid flesh of their lacerated backs, for days after the infliction, that they would be kept out of the house—the smell arising from their wounds being too horrible to be endured. They were always stiff and sore for some days after, and not in a condition to be seen by visitors.

This professedly Christian woman was a most awful illustration of the ruinous influence of arbitrary power upon the temper. Her bursts of passion upon the

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heads of her victims were dreaded even by her own children, and very often all the pleasure of social intercourse around the domestic board was destroyed, by ordering the cook into her presence and storming at him when the dinner or breakfast was not prepared to her taste, and in the presence of all her children, commanding the waiter to slap his face. Fault-finding was with her the constant accompaniment of every meal, and banished that peace which should hover around the social board, and smile on every face. It was common for her to order brothers to whip their own sisters, and sisters their own brothers; and yet no woman visited among the poor more than she did, or gave more liberally to relieve their wants. But her own slaves must feel the power of her tyrannical arm, and know and keep their places. Except at family prayers, none were permitted to sit in her presence, but the seamstress and waiting maids, and they, however delicate might be their circumstances, were forced to sit on low stools, that they might be constantly reminded of their inferiority. A slave waiter of the house was guilty on a particular occasion, of going to visit his wife, and kept dinner waiting a little. (His wife was the slave of a lady of the neighborhood.) When the family sat down to the table, the mistress began to scold the waiter for his offence; he attempted to excuse himself; she ordered him to hold his tongue—he ventured another apology; her son then rose from the table in a rage, and beat the face and ears of the poor waiter so dreadfully, that the blood gushed from his mouth, nose and ears.

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This mistress, you will bear in mind, was a professor of religion, that son also; both mother and son, and the poor slave also, were all communicants of the same Church. What brotherly love is this?

Here you have a true picture of slave-holding religion in the glorious South.

SLAVES CHIEF WEALTH OF THE SOUTH.

The wealth of the South is produced by the slaves of the South; they produce it, and their masters squander it. I now say that the chief wealth of the slave-holding States consists mainly in the slaves themselves, they being the chief operators here, consequently without them the most productive southern plantation would be nearly as valueless as the same amount of territory located in the deserts of Arabia. The valuation of southern slaves may safely be laid down at the average price of $1,000 per head. Some are held at $3,000 each, some at $2,000, and some at $1,500. I have seen them sold on the block in public for the last amount, and some very young babes, and others very aged will go at $200 a piece, but $1,000 each is a fair average for the whole.

Now, according to the late revised slave-holding statistics, which have been just given to the world by the proper authorities, I find the number of slaves belonging to the slave-holding States, to be 3,523,412, which sum, multiplied by 1,000, the average value of each slave, will give the entire valuation of this vast drove of human cattle, raised, bought and sold under

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the stars and stripes of this MODEL REPUBLIC, which in hard dollars and cents will be no less than $3,523,412,000.

Just think of that. Our Southern neighbors and brethren, lawyers, planters, doctors and divines, are stock jobbers in human blood and bones to the amount of three billions, five hundred and twenty-three millions, four hundred and twelve thousand dollars. OH MY COUNTRY! What an amount to be invested in the bodies and souls of redeemed men. Great Sire of the universe, spare us as a nation the desolations of Egypt's accursed fate!

The valuation of property here is estimated among the Southerners themselves by the number of slaves a man owns. For instance, I called on a wealthy planter one day, who resides in this city. After leaving, I inquired of one of his neighbors how much that man was worth. "Why, he is rich," said the man, "he is worth 400 niggers."

But to the descriptive part of this article; and here I am forced to remark (notwithstanding all my sympathies are enlisted on the side of the poor slaves) that one of the most disgusting sights presented to a Northerner, in walking the streets of a Southern city, and one that meets him at every corner, not only in the streets, but on the quays, levees, and on all the public walks and squares, is the mighty, rolling, headlong mass, or tide of negro servants, male and female, black, brown and yellow, their squalid, filthy, careless appearance as they pass along, up and down, to and fro, now bearing you along in the press, now retarding

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your advance, now cutting your path at right angles, then comparatively deafening you with a loud laugh or a shrill whistle, is anything but agreeable to one of any amount of refined feeling. But the facts in the case are, the cruel, unnatural, debasing servitude in which these poor creatures have been bred has so effectually crushed and ground every ennobling principle of humanity out of them as to render them almost insensible to shame or fear, unless their master or overseer should chance to be close by. You encounter them on the public walks from six in the morning until nine at night, and they are clad for the most part in the most fantastic style conceivable, from the gaudy household livery of a Southern nabob, to the tattered costume of a wandering Gipsy, many of them bare-headed, bare feet and legs, men, women and children. I have seen them during all the winter months, singing, whistling, chatting, running, jumping, and dancing along on the walks, with sundry other monkey shines too tedious to mention, with scarcely any regard to the thousands of whites they meet, unless it should be their overseers. One moment you run against one of them with a pile of wood on his head; the next you encounter an old woman with a wash-tub half full of water on hers; now you meet a grinning, bare-headed Topsy drawing a two-wheeled cradle, with some two or three white babes in it, singing her lulaby to them, as unconscious, apparently so, of any other presence, as though she were in the centre of her mistress' nursery; now a stocky woolly-headed chap passes you with a piece of board, some

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two by three feet platted on his pate, heaped up with fresh fish, singing out at a deafening rate, startling every disordered nerve in one's body — fish, fish, here's your good fresh fish. And then, to bring up the rear, and fully consummate your disgust, you see that hyena of the human race, the slave-drover, come up street with some two or three hundred men, women and children in a drove, some in chains, some in rags, and some half naked. All these are to be placed on the block on the morrow for public sale.

I went to the house of a gentleman in this city on business; and, by-the-by, it is not so easy a matter to obtain admittance into the house of a Southerner as in the house of a Northerner. You have in many cases first to enter a yard or inclosure, which is generally kept locked, then ring the bell at the door of the house a long time, and should the servant happen to be out or not near at hand, you might ring there a half hour or more before any of the whites of the family would open to you, though half a dozen of them might distinctly hear the bell. At this house I met a well-dressed, smart-looking house servant of a neighboring gentleman, who had preceded me at the bell by some five minutes. I came up, found him standing. No one came. I rang it also and no response, and so we had quite a time of talking.

Said I to him, holding up a large book I had with me "would you not like to read this good book?"

"No, Massa, can 't read."

"What, you can 't read?"

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"No," said he, with a sort of sheepish laugh, which went to say, "why Massa don't you know better than ask such a foolish question as that? why you might as well ask these donkeys of the streets if they can read as us niggers."

"Where do you live?"

"Down on ——— street."

"Who is your master?"

"Rev. Mr. ———."

"What, your master a clergyman?"

"Yes."

"Well," said I, "I would not hear him preach; a minister of the gospel who will bring up a man like you, and give him no chance to learn to read, I have no good opinion of his piety."

The door opens and our talk is at an end.

LOWER LAWISM.

A St. Clair, or a little Eva, can scarcely be found in these parts, at least; it is possible they may be in some portions of the South. I have never met with them myself.

You may frequently meet with those whose external manner and deportment will indicate the refined gentleman — nay, the real Christian — whose conversation and treatment with strangers, especially those whom they consider worthy of their regards, are made up of an untold amount of urbanity and good humor, so that to the superficial observer, they might appear the rarest specimens of gentility and nobility of nature in the whole race.

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And it cannot be denied but there is a great amount of real refinement in the South, — in this city especially, such as the public, popular opinion of the world denominates refinement. But this polish is only the mere surface, it is all hollow-hearted, or nearly so, the result of a system of training, of tyranny reared upon the groans, sweat, and blood of more than three millions of human slaves. Being bred to affluence and wealth — with whom life is but a blank, to be filled up with sensual gratifications; consequently, they find ample leisure to qualify themselves — not for the practical purposes of life, but for these, their imaginary positions of refinement and honor, in which the practical world finds them mere drones, — in some instances pests of society, and an incubus upon progress. There are, however, exceptions; some of the Southerners are practical men, and would gladly revolutionize society for the better if they could, but they cannot, nor dare they scarcely breathe their sentiments aloud. But these men are few and far between. There is a great — a fearful want of moral principle among the Southerners generally, running through all their institutions, civil, social, and ecclesiastical. There are thousands upon thousands here, who suppose themselves good Christians — who imagine themselves the real followers of Him who, when on earth, was the friend and companion of the lowly and down-trodden among men; they may be what they profess to be, I am not their judge.

But there are some of the real genuine disciples of Christ, in the South, of the sable race, hundreds of

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whom I have seen in this State. In this city hundreds may be found — also, many a martyred soul has gone up from the Carolinas to glory and to God, and doubtless many more will. One instance you will find in the following:—

On the plantation of Mr. ———, in the upper part of this State, there was a slave — one of the disciples of Christ, of the old school; nothing could make him swerve from his allegiance to the great Teacher. His master, though not a professor of religion, was not unconscious of the superior excellence and integrity of his pious slave, and I believe he was so sensible of the good influence of his piety, that he did not deprive him of the few religious privileges within his reach.

A gentleman from a neighboring plantation one day called to dine with the master of this pious slave, and in the course of conversation observed, that all profession of religion among slaves was mere hypocrisy. The other asserted a contrary opinion, and added: "I have a slave, Sir, who, I believe, would rather die than deny his Savior." The idea was ridiculed by the former, and the master urged to prove the assertion. He accordingly sent for pious Joe, who instantly obeyed, and appeared in the presence of his master and his guest. "Joe," said his master, "I command you to give up your religion, and here before us deny your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." The poor slave, as a matter of course, begged to be excused, constantly affirming that he would rather die than deny the Redeemer, whose blood was shed for him. His master, after vainly trying to induce obedience by threats,

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unlike St. Clair, had him terribly whipped. But the fortitude of the martyr was not to be shaken in this way; he nobly rejected the offer of exemption from further chastisement at the expense of destroying his soul, and thus the blessed martyr died in consequence of this severe infliction. Oh, my God! thought I — prayed I, as the feelings of my heart fairly choked their utterance, may I at last meet with so favorable, if not so triumphant an entrance into the heavenly world, as this, thy martyred servant who sealed with his life's blood his testimony for Jesus.

The days of martyrdom have not taken their final leave of our sin-cursed world — thousands of martyred souls, it is to be feared, will rise in judgment against the institutions of Christian America, and condemn them! whose souls are now under the altar, crying, "how long, oh Lord, will our blood be unavenged upon them that dwell upon the earth?"

They have a law in this State, which has been rigidly enforced in this port for years, viz: "That no colored person shall enter the State, unless as *valet de chambre* to some aristocratic nabob, or as cattle for the market.

There came into port one day a fine looking vessel, freighted with West India goods, the captain and supercargo of which were both fine, intelligent looking men of color.

The vessel was an English craft, and the captain and supercargo were English subjects, but they had not been in port two hours, when the notable officials of this *Lower Law* State arrested these subjects of Vic-

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toria and thrust them into the Inquisition, where they were obliged to remain until one hour before their vessel should be ready to leave for another voyage.

But to the *Inquisitorial tortures;* and, by the way, they are constantly improving in this mode of punishment. Through the instance of a friend of humanity, I was made acquainted, not long since, with a mode of refined torture invented by one of the fair sex of this city; one, more dreaded by the poor slaves than the cat-o-nine tails, unless put on unusually severe.

It consists in standing on one foot and holding the other in the hand. Afterwards, the following improvement was made upon it by some of the far-sighted *Inquisitors:* A strap was contrived to fasten around the ankle, and pass around the neck, so that the least weight of the foot resting on the strap would choke the subject.

The pain occasioned by this unnatural position, I need not say, was great; and when continued, as it sometimes was for more than an hour at a time, produced intense agony. I heard this same woman say, said my informant, that she had the ears of her waiting maid *slit* for some petty theft. She often had the helpless victims of her cruelty severely whipped, not scrupling herself to wield the instrument of torture, when she thought it was not put on severe enough by the one employed for that purpose.

Her husband, it was said, was less inhuman than his wife, but he was often goaded on by her to acts of great severity. In his last illness, it is said, the poor girl on whose person he had inflicted some horrible pun-

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ishment, haunted his dying hours; and when at length the king of terrors approached, he shrieked out, in utter agony of spirit: "Oh, the blackness of darkness, the blackness, I can see them all around me, take them away! take them away!" and amid such exclamations he expired. Now these persons were of one of the first families in the city.

Again, a Mrs. ——, of this city, I was informed by one who knew the particulars in the case, committed murder in the first degree, by starving a female slave of hers to death. She was confined in a solitary apartment, kept constantly tied, and thus condemned to the slow and horrible death of starvation. But little or no notice is taken of such occurrences here, no post mortem examination held over slaves in the South, as ever I saw or heard of. A horse, cow or negro dying produces about the same class of feelings among the generality of Southerners.

But another sight more revolting still, which makes my very blood run cold as I think of it: "As I was traveling in the lower county of the State, some time since," said my informant, "my attention was suddenly arrested by an exclamation of horror from the coachman, who called out: 'Look there Miss ———, don't you see?' I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a human head struck up on a pole. "On inquiry," said she, "I found that a runaway slave, who, in consequence was outlawed, had been shot there, his head severed from his body and put upon the highway, as a terror to deter other slaves from following in his footsteps." Oh! the tender mercies of *slavery*.

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For two or three weeks past, there has been raging a most destructive fire in the upper country, sweeping with terrific and destructive violence through the pine forests of this State, destroying dwellings, depots, railroad tracks, thousands of bales of cotton, cotton plantations, &c., &c. Cars, in some instances are stopped wholly, being perilous to human life to pass through such oceans of fire as would be necessary to perform their daily trips.

THE PEOPLE OF CHARLESTON.

The southerners generally, and the Carolinians in particular, though very polite and much refined, are, nevertheless, for the most part, a very vain, pompous, aristocratic, chaffy people. The extravagant notions they entertain respecting themselves, of their chivalry, prowess, heroism, &c., &c., will never be fully awarded by those who are familiar with them; simply, because they have little or no foundation in matter of fact. By so saying, I would not be understood as impeaching either their bravery or ambition, or their southern blood, far from it; for of these, when up, they have enough, though keyed upon the lowest tension.

But this much I will say, that in a certain sense, the majority of them are ideal beings; they live an imaginary existence, the sober realities of practical life are too tame for them. To be seated in a large hotel, or some other place of public resort, with hundreds of these southern bloods, and listen to their talk for hours

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together, as I have often done, to a northerner, is more amusing than marvelous. Nay, the invidious comparisons they often make between the south and the north—the pompous eulogiums pronounced upon the former—and threats against the latter, of the possibility of their yet being obliged to flog out the general government to obtain their rights, &c., &c., form quite interesting data for the notes of northern tourists.

In flogging out the north according to their plan, the first move would be to carry the war into the centre of Pennsylvania, then the New England states must fall, and all others would speedily fall into the hands of the victor, and thus a peace be easily conquered, for the northern forces are all mobs, while those of the southern, are well drilled soldiers.

A high spirited New Yorker chanced on one occasion to sit in hearing distance of the above sketched southern campaign into the north, and replied to them with no small emphasis, as follows: Gentlemen, said he, the city of New York alone can flog out your whole state. And I thought so too, and ship them all off to Liberia, or to some other place, white and black, in six months.

The Carolinians are a very martial people. I never saw so many training bands in a city of its size in my life as in Charleston. Almost every other day you may see several military companies parading through the streets, with banners flying—drums beating, and bugles sounding.

A single company of fifty men frequently have as many musicians as a whole regiment north, and they

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all colored men. Southern music is all performed by niggers, as they term them here—don't now recollect that I ever saw a white band south. The sight is rather novel to a northerner, to see about twenty colored musicians, all finely dressed, in rich military costume, marching at the head of some fifty white soldiers.

And by-the-way, they make better music, (being regularly taught by scientific teachers,)—than the whites, softer, more pathetic, more martial, more thundering, and more terrible, making the very earth tremble under you as they pass. The Carolinians are also a great pleasure-loving people. I mean such pleasures as arise from going to the theatre, the circus, operas, social parties, public balls, &c. The wealthy planters from the upper country, as they call it, the upper part of the State, may be seen pouring down to the great metropolis, this modern Corinth, for pleasure and recreation, by scores, hundreds, and thousands; whole families, horses, carriages, house servants, and all—to spend the winter months as above remarked, in pleasure, revelling and sensual gratifications. This annual exodus commences about the first of November, continuing until the following April. I have met scores and hundreds of these haughty planters at the Charleston hotel, and at other hotels of this city, and conversed with them freely. With scarcely an exception, they are extravagant consumers of ardent spirits, though rarely or never to that degree as to disqualify them for a social, good-humored chat. Their liquors here, I am told, are of the choicest, purest, most expensive quality, such as the aristocracy only can af-

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ford. Then when evening comes, to the theatre, to the theatre! is the universal cry, and off to the theatre they go, by droves, and crowds, gray-headed, rosy-headed, and bald-headed. I had seen tumble out of the hacks, and omnibuses upon the steps of the theatre, male and female, from the age of fourteen to seventy years. There is a great, a wild, nay, an insane passion among this people for the theatre, as also for all the other mentioned places of amusements. They scarcely form a bar to church membership. From 7 o'clock at night until 11, some 25 or 30 carriages may be seen paraded in front of the theatre, horses, drivers, and servants waiting through these long, long hours, in the night air, for the concluding scene. Perhaps on the same night, and not more than 40 rods from this temple of Satan, a religious meeting is held, attended by only 15 persons, while some fifty or more of its communicants went to see Miss Julia Dean perform, or some other itinerating play actor show their heels on the stage.

Charleston, without controversy, is the most fruitful soil for all kinds of public exhibitions in the whole Union. Those traveling panoramas of the North, such as the "Burning of Moscow," of "Niagara Falls," "Bullard's Panorama of New York," with "Ole Bull's Fiddle Exhibition," &c., &c., &c., all of which have long since become stale at the North, have had full swing here, making tens of thousands of dollars. Great military balls, firemen's balls, and other public balls, are very popular, and very numerously attended here, several being held during the same week, and indeed

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many on the same night got up at great expense, costing not less, I suppose, than a $1,000 to $1,500 each. The supper alone of one of them, being prepared by the lady with whom I then boarded, she was to have some five hundred dollars for getting up.

The public races also come in for no very small share of attention among sinners and saints of these localities. The courses are about one and a half miles above the city. They embrace some 500 or 600 acres of very fertile land, well fenced in, all of which are exclusively devoted to this heathen practice, or to military parades and duelling. I never attended the races, and never would, but am informed that professors do, not excluding even some of the clergy. It not unfrequently happens that 15,000 to 25,000 persons are in attendance at the same time, a large proportion of whom are ladies, convenient galleries being constructed for their reception. Here large wagers are staked, lost and won, won and lost, again and again. Drinking saloons are also numerous on the ground, and all well sustained. Through the chief streets leading to them, scores, hundreds and thousands of human beings may be seen pressing along to the courses, running, hurrying, pushing, galloping along, some riding, some walking, some on horse back, some in hacks, some drayed by mules, some by ponies, some by donkeys, some by one way and some by another, and if there were half a dozen other modes of conveyance, they would all be sure of a liberal patronage about these times.

The annual cost of these Bacchanalian festivities,

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as near as I can calculate them, cannot fall much short of $1,500,000 worse than thrown away, the hard earned toil, sweat and blood of the poor slave. I must further add that these Carolinian lords, are a lady-worshiping people, as much so as the knight errants of Spain during the Moorish and Saracenic wars. But in paying public devotions to the godess, they are exceedingly fastidious with regard to the color of the skin, and quality of the hair. Should the former chance to be a shade or two lighter than some of the imported belles of Europe, for instance from France, Germany, or Spain, with hair not quite so straight as the ringlets gracing the neck and shoulders of a Seminole Chief's daughter, then there is no divinity there. But should the skin be a shade or two darker, and the hair perfectly straight, the case is then mightily altered—divinity is legitimate there. In their secret nocturnal devotions, however, these considerations do not amount to a cobweb. There is no hypocrisy, all is true, real, ardent devotion then.

But to the ladies of the South. They, are, so far as my observations have gone, in appearance, a pretty, graceful, delicate, harmless, helpless set of pictures as I ever beheld. As much a blank in the practical world as the splendid images of the holy mother, so gracefully hung up in the halls of a Catholic Cathedral and other places. They are the most dependent, helpless, delicate set of adult beings, I will venture to say, that a man ever laid eyes upon. Total ignorance of all kinds of household work and temporal economy being one of the fundamental elements of their edu-

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cation—to be able to cook a meal of victuals, wash out a pocket-handkerchief, with similar other kinds of light work, would blast their caste, and send it up in an explosion, for aught I know.

The remark, you know, has often been made to us Northerners by the southern people, viz: That the slaves could not take care of themselves, if once liberated; but the proposition reversed would be nearer the truth. The whites of the South could not take care of themselves if once freed from their slaves; this they know, and feel; hence, the tenacity with which they hold on to the INSTITUTION.

PASSAGE TO SAVANNAH.

After remaining in Columbia a few days, being able to find little or nothing to contribute either to my pleasure or profit, I returned to Charleston. The fact is, these is such a sameness in southern life that one soon becomes weary with its monotony. It is negroes, mules, drays, and cotton-bales—cotton-bales, drays, mules, and negroes, the same thing over again and again, week in and week out, month in and month out. And I have good reasons for supposing it to be the same, year in and year out; with a great many slave auctions, slave floggings, besides sundry other things of a similar character to boot. Though less monotonous than any other southern city I have visited, yet, even Charleston lacks those essential elements of stir, and life, to move the blood, and fully wake up a regular built down-easter. You may rightly judge, sir, that

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six and a half months spent in this queen of the south, rendered me pretty familiar with her people, and her INSTITUTIONS. And why should I not? Opening upon them a hundred piercing eyes at once, all of which were constantly employed by daylight and gas, in spying out those wonderful, mysterious, and awful localities and institutions which make humanity blush and stand aghast—having fully satisfied my curiosity respecting the above mentioned Africo-Carolinian institutions and people, I began to think of the more remote south, so I resolved to start. Taking passage at eight, A. M., on board the Savannah packet, for Savannah, Georgia, we arrived there at four P. M., of same day, a distance of eighty miles. Had a fine passage, and excellent accommodations, the fare being five dollars, same as cabin fare on first class Lake Erie steamers from Buffalo to Detriot, a distance of nearly three hundred miles. Savannah is situated on the left bank of the Savannah river, at about twenty miles distance from the ocean. In passing up the river, I saw many rich and most beautiful rice plantations on either side; some containing, I suppose, two or three thousand acres each, all fenced in, and drained off by hundreds of ditches, crossing each other at right angles, for miles together, like the streets of a well laid out city. The tide comes sweeping up twice in every four and twenty hours, flooding the whole fields when the proprietors wish them flooded; the water flowing off through the sea drains. Works are also so constructed as to prevent the tide from flooding them, when so desired.

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Here is where the poor slave and the shy alligator not unfrequently come to a fearful and deadly issue; blood and life being often lost equally on both sides.

A person has to see with his own eyes, these poor creatures wallowing hours together, half neck deep in these ocean covered rice fields, performing their cruel, laborious tasks, to appreciate some of the horrors of southern slave life. That Rev. gentleman way up in Boston, in his three months tour through the south, never saw this sight, I conclude, besides a thousand and one other horrifying illustrations of the institution, that a murderous Arab of Sahara could but notice, were he here only half of three months.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will tell you what I saw, it was something, I must say, that was neither instructive, interesting, nor honorable, in my opinion, to a Christian minister; but something that amazed me, shocked me, nay it provoked me, because it came from a New England clergyman. Being one day introduced into one of the large libraries here, I sat down at a table which was covered with pamphlets and reviews; on taking up one of them, I discovered it to be the New Englander. And on opening it, at the table of contents, I saw an article called a review of a work entitled "The South Side View of Slavery, or three months in the South in 1854, by Nehemiah Adams, D. D. of Boston." I read it, and then said to myself, did this pious D. D. ever preach on the golden rule? or did the great founder of Christianity ever call him to preach deliverance to the captives? Did he ever do it? In short, did the Holy Spirit inspire him to turn

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apologist for one of the foulest, most anti-Christian, and God provoking institutions that ever did, or ever can curse a sin-cursed world?

No, sir, that book is not looked upon in the light of a God-send by any class here, and I doubt if it is anywhere else, east, west, or north, by any living, humane or semi-civilized human beings; by none, it is presumed, except by the Rev. author himself, and that I very much question.

The gentleman, no doubt, is solicitous as to how his work is appreciated in the south, and what opinion the good slave-holding people here have, of the piety of a minister of Jesus Christ, who could so far step aside from his regular calling as to subserve the cause of human slavery. As to the former, I will unhesitatingly say, that though his book may be read by the southerners pretty generally, though a stenter to them, at that, but out of respect for the effort they will read it. Yet, Mrs. Stowe's celebrated Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Key—with similar other works of thrilling, moving, awful interest, which stir mens' blood in their veins, and force the unbidden tear from their eyes, will be read, nay fairly devoured, root and branch, body and parts, by these very slave-holding southerners, old and young, male and female. While from the tameness of the "South Side View of Slavery," it will fall from their grasp for want of interest. He has taken the wrong side of the question to render himself a popular writer among this people—as Napoleon used to say on some occasions, of his enemies, "they have not learned French;" so we say of this Boston-

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ian southern author, he has not learned the South. It is a great error to suppose, that writings of the character of our author in his "Southern Side View, &c.," will please the southerners; it is true they will gratefully acknowledge the favor he has so gratitously tendered them in his work, the same as any other sinking world-wide reprobated cause would thankfully receive proffered aid from any direction. They will read his book, we say, and recommend it to their neighbors for perusal, simply because it amounts to a clank and chain plea for them, while at the same time, they will despise, from the bottom of their hearts, the man who is a northerner, and a professed minister of the Christian religion, who is wholly disconnected with an INSTITUTION against which the whole civilized world has pronounced a just and righteous verdict of reprobation, and one they are beginning to be heartily ashamed of themselves.

It is also equally erroneous to suppose, as many do north, that works as above remarked, like Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ida May, or the White Slave, and by-the-way, such as the great work just issued by Miller, Orton & Co., of your own city, entitled "Our World;" a perfect Cyclopedia of southern life, true to the letter —I have seen it; it will be read here by thousands— I say, to suppose that works of this character will not take with the southerners, is a great mistake. It is true, they are prohibited by law, and should a man possess a sufficient amount of courage to offer them for sale here, he would soon have on a coat of tar and feathers, if not a halter, besides. And yet, these books are be-

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ginning to be read extensively in the South, and they will be read, law or no law. But where, or how, do they get them? I will tell you: a great many of these southerners go north in the summer season to Boston, New York, Niagara Falls, &c. So at the first good opportunity, after arriving in this book-making country, they step into a book-store, and obtan their supply. And when returning home, the whole family read the same, then they are lent to neighbors and they all read them from sire to chick; and thus a single work like "Uncle Tom," may go through hundreds of families, and be read by thousands of individuals. Being one day in the Charleston hotel on business, I observed a man trying to obscure himself somewhat, from the multitude, by drawing his hat partly over his eyes, and occupying a recumbent position, at the same time reading very attentively a book. Hours passed by, and he yet remained reading; presently starting by, evidently to relieve his position, I saw in large capitals on the cover of his book, "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

A very interesting work, sir, I remarked: yes, he replied in a sharp quick tone, at the same time commenced reading again, as though his life, if not eternal salvation, depended on what he read. This gentleman was a southerner. The lady, also, where I boarded, borrowed Uncle Tom, and she read it day and night, and night and day, until she had finished it. Her mother had obtained "Uncle Tom, as it is," a Buffalo work, and a near kin of Rev. Dr. Adams' work, but it was too tame for her; she would not read it, at least then. A few lines only sufficed—she

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threw it up. The master ruling spirit of the other work had stirred up the great deep of her soul, and she wanted nothing else on the subject, just then. But of my journey; we soon landed, and I took a hack for the Pulaski house.

CHAPTER V.

COLUMBIA.

AGAIN I am on the wing. Breaking loose from my moorings in Charleston, at four o'clock last evening I took the night express train, and this morning at five we landed at the Capitol of this, our Star Republic. These Carolina express cars do not make so good time as some of our northern freight trains. The distance from Charleston to Columbia is some 140 miles, so you may judge for yourself the time they make. Thirteen hours in going 140 miles, a trifle over eleven miles per hour, and the accommodations on them are in perfect keeping. And all the workmen on board are negroes, except the Conductor and Engineer.

But the country through which they pass, what shall I say of it? The gloomy, dismal North Carolina pine forests I had thought was the jumping off place, or the parley grounds between the abandoned of our race and the tribes of old Pluto. But they cannot compare with the swamps of her sister State. No; not so far

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south geographically, morally, politically, or slave-ocratically. Why the physical appearance of these swamps is enough to frighten any white man, and scare any negro. Land of darkness, enchanted grounds, infernal regions, infested by more than

"Goblin damned, or devil carnate."

Here alligators, serpents, lizards, owls, jack-o'lanterns, mosquitoes, miasmas, and the wandering ghosts of murdered fugitives meet in nightly counsel with the angel of death, concocting schemes of vengeance against the cruel oppressor. For twenty, forty, and sixty miles together, the car-wheels appear to roll on bogs, quags, and bayous, down, down, down towards the dreadful world. I am sure if Pio-Nino's purgatory can parallel this gloomy place, then I would turn Catholic, and go on a pilgrimage to some foreign country a relic-seeking, and relic-worshiping, to save myself from going there for a few short ages only, if that were to be the price of my liberation. For a white man to sleep out only one night in these swamps, I am told, is sure death, though a native Carolinian, but the colored people may do it with impunity.

Columbia is a fine appearing small town, of about 6,000 inhabitants, conspicuously situated on the summit of a large hill. It is very tastefully laid out, the streets being broad and all crossing each other at right angles. On either side, and through the centre of some of the main streets, large palmetto and other trees, are seen gracefully waving their foliage, adding not a little to the beauty and pleasure of a morning walk. Some fine public buildings adorn the place, especially the

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new State House,—it is one of rare architectural beauty, being constructed of white granitic marble. The library, public records, documents, &c., &c., of the same, are of a respectable appearance, through, meagre and very small in comparison to many of our northern and eastern ones. The hotels are respectable and well kept, no luxuries lacking on their tables, or attention wanting on the part of servants. But the bill is, to foot all of this; the moderate sum $2,50 per day will meet it in most cases. Railroad fare is also exorbitant at the South; from Charleston here, 140 miles, the fare is $5,00 a trifle over three cents a mile. I have gone from Albany to New York, a distance of 160, for $1,50 on the North River trains, minus one half the Southern rates. All of which, as a matter of course, besides a thousand things else, is to be laid to the account of the accursed institution.

In this capital they also sell men, woman, and children under the hammer, away from their families, their churches, from the altar, and sacramental tables, where for forty long years, more or less, they have gathered around with kindred spirits for holy communion with God and each other. But the divine right of slavery contravenes and severs those hallowed Christain rites, steps in between God and man. Father and son, mother and daughter, husband and wife, whom God hath joined together, the slave-holder claims the prerogative to sunder. Slavery knows no mercy, has no heart, no conscience, no soul, no bowels of compassion. No noble, God-like element ever enters into the constitutional make of any of the fraternity, (I was about

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to say. Do slave-holders really belong to the human family? Are they in the regular line of Adam's race? Or, rather, were they not sired by some daring, reckless interloper, who from some infernal quarter, unbidden, introduced himself into this fair world of the Lord's creating, among men, and then palmed himself off as human? And are not his descendants now playing the same game with the majestic world?

The poor slave in these localities feels himself, if possible, more hopelessly shut out from every prospect of freedom, than even in Charleston. For there the INSTITUTION, though walled up as high as heaven, or nearly so, against him, yet he flatters himself that possibly the time may come when some captain, sailor, or some other philanthropic person may be induced to help him off, to box, barrel, or in some other way, to pack, or sack him up as freight and ship him north; which, by the way, has been done in more instances than one, as well as in some other ways that these blood hounds of the south have as yet failed to scent out. The people here are hard to be convinced that whole fleets of canoes can sail under water, or that niggers can mount upon night clouds and make for the North Star, but scores and hundreds of them do get there, some how or other, and hundreds and thousands more will reach the north in the same way, if not in some other way.

A circumstance occurred here previous to my arrival, which I must not fail to relate,—a living, impressive illustration of the truth of the scenes depicted in Mrs. Stowe's immortal Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was

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related to me by an eye witness of the whole scene, and he an intelligent, respectable clergical gentleman of the north, a man whose word may be fully relied upon. The circumstances, as he narrated them to me, were as follows: Said he, "One day as I was passing down one of the main streets of this city, I observed at a short distance in the advance a large crowd of men and boys collected, which seemed to be agitated and convulsed by some internal commotion. My curiosity led me to the spot to enable me to make minute observations with regard to the character and object of this collection. On arriving sufficiently near to see and hear distinctly all its movements, I saw two colored persons, a man and a woman, chained together. The woman was partly prostrate upon the ground, with a baby in her arms, but the man was standing up. A white man acting as overseer or driver had hold of her, pulling, jerking her about to make her get up, singing out in an angry tone, saying "get up you slut, you bitch, you she nigger, get up or I will kill you on the spot." At the same time he commenced kicking, thumping and mauling her like a babbling donkey, and she crying, praying, and imploring, saying, "massa will kill, massa will kill me, you know he will, he did almos toder time, he will noo." Some of the bystanders would curse and kick her, saying, "damn her, kill her if she don't start soon. Finally said the overseer, "if you don't start now I will hitch a chain to the mule and fasten it around your neck and snake you along like a log," and was about to do so, when a man, one of the chief citizens,

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came along, and said, "what is this fuss?" then addressing himself to the overseer he said, "take these niggers away, take them away, why you are kicking up a row; no wonder," he added, "that Mrs. Stowe wrote as she did: be careful or they will have another book of the kind after us." Come to learn the particulars in the case," said my informant, "they were simply these: the woman had a day or two previous left her master's plantation without his leave, having repeatedly solicited it, but as often been denied the privilege of going a few miles off to a neighboring plantation to spend a few days with her husband, and father of her child. She watched a favorable opportunity, started and got as far as this city, almost there, and was thus cruelly arrested, as above stated, by the overseer—who, the better to secure her return, had brought along her brother, a slave on the same plantation, to whom he chained her for double security. But she stoutly bolted the back track, and hence the trouble."

Her master, as near as I could learn from what the gentlemen had gathered, was one of the bloods royal of this LOWER LAW line, whose savage, ferocious soul, could equally sport with the groans, tears, sweat and blood of the poor crushed down slave, having beat her almost to death for the same offence on a previous occasion. As before remarked, in the course of these numbers, the life of many a poor, disconsolate, downtrodden slave, has been taken in the Carolinas, by unfeeling, unprincipled masters, not in cold blood, but in warm, infuriated, devilish blood. How many, God and the judgment record only can tell.

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With a companion I approached the wooden bridge across the river, where it cost five cents each to cross the river on foot—a fair specimen of the want of public spirit and enterprise. We took a ramble on the left-hand side of the bridge. Here is a saw-mill dri ven by steam, and attended by two negroes, who, to make us think they were doing a great business, said they were cutting 1,500 feet a day; which at the rate they were sawing seemed exceedingly doubtful. A mill that would cut 1,500 feet an hour could be constructed here with but little outlay.

Further to the left is a large brick-yard, in which the boiler and part of a steam-engine, together with a brick-machine, are exposed to the weather. They showed no symptoms of having been worn out, but are left to rust out—a sort of monument of folly—of an enterprise begun without the energy or capital to carry it through—a fair sample of the thrift of South Carolina. Finding ourselves here in anything but beautiful scenery, I naturally began to retrace my steps, when our path was suddenly crossed by an individual the like of whom I had not before seen, but from the inimitable discriptions of Mrs. Stowe, we both recognized him as an overseer. He is a man of broad, coarse features, contracted and darkened brow, thick shoulders, bloated face and course black beard and hair. From the capacious side pocket of his large blouse there protruded the handle of a huge whip, the thong of which at the thickest part could not be less than an inch and a quarter in diameter. Certainly a single lash from such an instrument on the naked back

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of man or woman, white or black, would make the blood fly in all directions. As we were approaching, he stopped in the middle of my path and looked at me with a stare which none but a carniverous animal, or a demon, could imitate. Knowing that I was on private property, and simply gratifying a Yankee curiosity, I thought it good policy to be communicative, and accordingly accosted the gentleman with as polite a "Good morning, sir," as my sudden surprise would permit. Finding no response, I repeated the salutation louder. At last he growled a query as to what I said, which indicated an unwillingness to hear rather than an ignorance of what I had said. "I have been taking the liberty of looking round the brick-yard and want to see what kind of clay you have here."

"A pretty place to take a walk with a lady, certainly," replied he, suspiciously viewing us all over. "What State did you come from, pray?"

As we were still within the brick-yard, and also within the reach of the whip, I did not think it prudent to mention Massachusetts just at that mo ment, and presence of mind serving, I promptly replied "Maryland—Baltimore City, Sir."

"Oh, that is a slave State, I believe," said he, evidently relieved in his mind. At this moment the hard-contracted features relaxed, and the feeling of suspicion gave way to a sort of fellow-feeling. We felt deeply sensible of the honor! He then began to utter oaths and imprecations upon the Abolitionists of the north, declaring that the sooner the question of

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slavery was brought to a bloody issue the better. For his own part, he was willing to carry a twenty-eight pounder twenty miles on his own back, if necessary, in order to "fight the d—d Abolitionists." The negroes, he said, were kindly treated down here, and when they were sick on the rice swamps they were so much cared for as to be sent into the upper country to restore them to health! Rice could not be grown without niggers, and therefore to abolish slavery would be to abolish the growth of rice in South Carolina! He then defended the institution with the usual slang as to the blacks being better off in slavery in the south than in freedom in the north — being humanely cared for here, while in the north they are neglected or left to themselves; and concluded his harangue by declaring his desire to dissolve the Union, in which sentiment I fully concurred, but for widely different reasons to his own. This concurrence of sentiment, however, induced a still better feeling, and he invited us to go to his brick-yard and see his niggers at work whenever the weather would permit. We thus parted on good terms, and the humanity which he had so emphatically described was lastingly impressed upon our minds as we glanced at his receding form, the rough severity of his outline, and the heavy cow-hide which, snake like, coiled around the handle projecting from his pocket. For such a man to speak of the humanity of slavery is highly instructive. It affords a solution to the inquiry, "What does humanity mean in a slave State?" And when such terms as kindness and compassion are used here, they should always be taken

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with the qualification which they necessarily acquire within the sphere of whips, bowie-knives and chivalry.

Our next ramble brought us to a portion of the river between the confluence of the Saluda and Broad rivers (which unite two miles from Columbia to form the Congaree), and the long bridge before spoken of. It is a spot of rare beauty, commanding a fine view of the river which is here half a mile wide, and the two streams merging into one; the whole being interspersed with wooded islands, so as to render it difficult, in some instances, to distinguish them from the main land beyond. The water is exceedingly rapid at this point, and being slightly obstructed by a mill-dam of about three feet in height assumes here the form of a water-fall, the history of which we learned from an old negro who was on the bank of the river. This negro — fishing and sitting on a pile of firewood, the waterfall, a small bridge over a canal, and a grist-mill near by with its slowly-moving wheel, form the foreground of the landscape; which is only limited by the distant forest and the soft blue sky — the Saluda on the one side and the Broad river on the other, rivaling each other in richness and beauty. The trees now, although mostly bare of foliage, are hung with a more than classic drapery of gray hair-moss, such as is seldom seen in more northern climates. The holly tree and the mistletoe are here in their prime. The holly has nearly the brightness of leaf and redness of berry which it has in England; and added to that is this peculiarly graceful clothing of hair-moss suspended

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several feet from its boughs. Nothing at this season of the year can equal the richness of the holly thus attired. To one who has gathered "Christmas boughs," loaded with crimson berries in the far-off "mother country," it seemed like meeting the companion of our youth, still retaining much of virgin beauty, but now clothed in the habiliments of an early widowhood, which seemed to increase rather than detract from her charms. It is, indeed, appropriate that nature should wear a garb of mourning in this location, as our conversation with the old negro plainly indicated.

The old man looked up from his line as we approached, and made a very polite and respectful salutation, which we cordially reciprocated. The contrast of his behavior with that of his "superior," above described, was at once strikingly apparent. He appeared to be about seventy years of age, and his curly locks resembled in color the gray moss which adorns the trees. His attire, however, was excedingly defective, and the coat and pantaloons which constituted his suit were so patched and worn as to leave but slight traces of the material of which they once were made. It is probable that they were the cast-off clothes of his former master, a portion of which had been retained for more than twenty years, and had been kept together by numerous patches, which in process of time have almost taken the place of the original material.

"Are you a free man?" I inquired—for I never like to ask a man if he is a slave.

"No, massa; I belongs to Mr. Hancock."

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"And how often does Mr. Hancock supply you with new clothes?"

The old man looked up with astonishment and said, "Me never gets any new clothes."

"They tell me," said I, "that you slaves are very happy, and that you do not want your freedom. That you like slavery and do not wish to get away and have wages like other men. Is it so?"

"Dare not say what we feel about dat, massy. There are some thriftless colored men as there are white men, who do not like work, and would be lazy if they were free; but we, who are not so, would like to have our freedom, but it won't do to say so, massy."

The old man was guarded in his expressions, evidently fearing that we might be quizzing him in order that his owner might learn of us whether he desired to make his escape. We therefore changed the subject.

"There is a good strong current here, but they do not use much of the power at the mill," I remarked.

"No. There used to be a great Yankee dam here, though," he replied, "but a few years ago a freshet washed it down, and since then it has only been a three-feet fall. It used to be eighteen feet, and a great business was done at the mill."

This was another instance of decay. Here, within a mile of the capital city of South Carolina, is water power more than enough to grind wheat for all the inhabitants of the city, but it is allowed to run to waste. When it *was* in use, it was by Yankee enter-

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prise, and went by the significant name of a "Yankee dam," but when left to the care of a Southern miller, it is allowed to wash down its barriers and to sink into an insignificant, three-feet fall, only a very small proportion of which is used for power! It is no longer a "Yankee dam;" it is a Southerner's dam, and is damned by the blighting influence of slavery.

The old man narrated some facts in his own history. Three times had he been sold by his masters. The first time he fetched $1,200. He was then in his prime. He has now done his work, and cannot do more than help the men load wood on the wagons, as it is brought in an old boat from the opposite island. His master would now give him his liberty for $100. How magnanimous! we thought. After taking the man's labor for sixty years, without returning him any recompense, now that he is old and his work is done, and he could not be expected to maintain himself another year, he may have his liberty — a liberty to starve to death with hunger and cold — for $100. We thought truly that the "humanity" of our secession friend needed a qualification. One of his owners had, however, treated him kindly, and had even allowed him every Saturday night to visit his wife, who was residing three miles and a half distant. These visits he used to enjoy, but his wife is now sold away to a far distant plantation, and he does not see her at all. His children are likewise separated from him, and he has none to administer comfort to his declining years. Here is a man who has lived an honest life of industry and wearying toil; bent down

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with age and sorrow; his wife and children sold away from him and he is left alone in rags! The man who owns him does not think him worth much, and consequently cannot afford to clothe him decently or comfortably, and when he dies he will die without any of his kindred to say endearing words to his departing spirit.

At this moment the owner approached and we withdrew. Rambling up the hill away from that scene of solemn and melancholy grandeur, we espied a dusky object sitting on the corner of a bank, with her elbows resting on her knees and her face in her hands. As we approached she raised her head, and we saw that the traces of age were deeply marked on her face. Her teeth were all gone, her cheeks sunken in, and her forehead was deeply wrinkled. She could not have been less than ninety years of age. She was a slave-mother. We stopped and she politely replied to our interrogatories.

"Is that the only garment you have to wear?"

"Yes," she replied, "they give me plenty of corn to eat, but no clothes, and this is all I have. It has been patched a good many times and I cannot now see to patch it, so I keep it together as well as I can."

The garment which appeared to form her only article of apparel was what had once been a cotton dress —probably the worn-out dress of a young mistress, but there were but few traces of the original to be seen, and the entire skirt was composed of innumerable patches of various hues, coarsely sewed together, evidently by some one whose sight was dim. In all our rambles in Europe, in the purlieus of London or Liverpool, we

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never saw anything worn as a garment which could be compared to this as a specimen of wretchedness.

"Where do you live, neighbor?" I inquired.

"Jist up the hill, Sir; I lives in a shantee by myself, and they jist lets me have corn enough to eat, and that 's all."

"How many children have you had?"

"Oh, I have had twelve childer, but they are all away. Massa sold them when they got big enough to work, and I have worked all my life in the cotton field. I think they ought to find me clothes to wear, but they do not, and I suffer a good deal from cold in the winter. I am been down to de spring for some water, and sat down here to rest myself. I have no one to fetch me water, and I don't know how to carry it. I have broken one of my bottle gourds, and can't get another myself. I am nearly worn out, and can't live long, thank God. I belong to Mr. Jones. He has been married three times, and the last is a young mistress, and she does not do anything for me. Some of my children have children and grandchildren now, but I have none near me to lend me a hand, so I has to fetch water and do everything for myself. I never sees any of them now; they are too far off. I don't know where they are. They were sold to go into North Carolina, and I never hears from them now."

"Have you any husband?"

"I had an old man, but he was taken away into Georgia, and I have not heard of him since. I suppose you pretend to be man and wife?"

"Do you not believe that we are?"

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"No; there are often people here as pretends to be married, and they are not. I guess you are not married. You can't make me believe you are married."

We were amused at this singular incredulity of the great-grandmother. It did not indicate a very elevated state of white society. The condition of this poor old creature, the mother of twelve children, and probably grandmother and great-grandmother to some thirty or forty slaves, is here left subject to the "humanity" of a young mistress, who does not give her any clothes. Suppose each of her twelve children sold for $500 — a very moderate estimate — and the owner would realize from the "stock" thus raised no less than $6,000. The old woman had worked in the cotton-field some seventy years, and if her labor was worth only $100 a year beside her keep — a very moderate calculation — here was $7,000 more, making a profit of $13,000 as the proceeds of her miserable life; and now the men who have had the magnanimity to take this immense sum from the sweat and toil and offspring of this poor decrepid old creature, have now turned her away to shift for herself on simply an allowance of corn, without clothes, and without a single child to comfort her in her loneliness and feebleness. It matters not how soon she may be found dead in her comfortless shantee; the sooner the better, as it will save the pittance of corn which she now consumes. The weather was mild then. It has since become cold, and if it continues severe it is not likely she can survive the winter. No matter; "She is only a nigger," and her work is done.

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As we turned away we noticed her two water vessels. They were the outer skin of dried gourds, cut so as to form water pitchers or bottles, and one was broken so as to hold but little water.

The distant murmuring of that troubled stream is still on my ear; the trees dressed in the drapery of mourning still solemnly impressive of the sad pictures of human misery which they cover with their shade; the water-fall still speaks of the desolation and decay of a country blessed with natural advantages, but cursed with slavery; the sad tales of aged victims which we have faithfully recorded from the lips of those who cannot write or print their own thoughts, serve very much to qualify in our minds the "humanity of slavery." May these scenes and sounds be likewise impressed on the hearts of freemen throughout our land; may the fire of righteous indignation burn there so that the thought of extending this blighting curse to the fair valleys in our western territory — to the Kansas, the Neosha, the Arkansas — shall be a "thought that breathes" of action, of sacrifice, of valor, and of that stern determination to resist the wrong, which shall only cease when border ruffianism is defeated and Kansas is free.

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CHAPTER VI.

SAVANNAH.

SAVANNAH is the chief city of Georgia, and second in size and business importance of all the Southern coast cities. As before remarked, it is on the left bank of the Savannah river, at a distance of some twenty miles from its mouth. It being situated on a gentle rise from the river, tastefully laid out, with broad streets, fine parks and public grounds, all of which are thickly shaded by rows of palmetto, cotton-wood and other shade trees peculiar to the country, give the city a fine view from a distance. In front of the Pulaski House, the chief hotel of the city, is a large public square, in the centre of which rises a beautiful colossal monument of snow-white marble, to the memory of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who heroically fell on the spot, in defence of Savannah, during our revolutionary struggle. I had not been in the city long, before I went down to the old Fort, or to the place where it formerly stood, and pensively walked over the old battle ground, on which many of our forefathers slept their last sleep. Saw the very spot where England's mighty fleet landed their Anglo-Hessian legions, and fought their last battle in this State, for the subjugation of the South, and for the ultimate conquest of the revolted Colonies to her oppressive rule.

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My mind largely partook of the moody, melancholy type, as upon this battle field I contemplated the terrible scenes over which the ocean storms of eighty years have howled mournful funeral dirges; or by the assistance of a highly excited imagination, I kindled into existence those hardy actors of the startling, moving, bloody drama, which rocked the hills and shook the plains on which I stood. Yes, for a few moments I imagined myself an actor in the midst of this fleet of arms, which told upon the fate of Empire. I saw them all acted over again, in my imagination, moving columns, sabre charges, streaming banners drenched in blood, now horse and rider rolling in the dust, now whole platoons mowed down by the battle fire, and now iron masses of cavalry trampling on human skulls, as they dashed upon the foe, &c., &c.

After the disastrous affair of Camden, the disgraceful flight of Gates and his army, British supremacy became pretty generally established in the Southern States. A heroic few, under Lincoln, being in the Carolinas and in Georgia, during the summer and fall of 1778, and in September of the same year, a large French fleet of over thirty ships of war, under D' Estaing, was seen hovering along the coast, which finally landed, and disembarked about five thousand troops, which being joined by those of Lincoln, made quite an imposing appearance, and a murderous onslaught upon the works of the enemy. They were all spread out and marshaled on this field. Here infantry, cavalry, and artillery all joined in the dreadful murderous melee, each working with telling effect those engines

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of death, which have sent whole continents of mankind into the world of doom. Here a score of Ætnas in miniature, open wide their death-dealing craters at once, pouring out livid storms of iron hail upon the advancing foe, melting entire columns into dust. Now thunder, tempest, and storm, with all the appalling concomitants of unmitigated war, roll over and sweep across this vast plain, agitating and moving the marshaled hosts that are met in mutual murder, then echoing along the basis of the distant mountains till lost amid the groans of the wounded and dying.

On the ninth of October, 1778, just as the first scintillations of morning light appeared looming up in the eastern heavens, two columns, consisting of three thousand five hundred French troops, six hundred continentals and three hundred and fifty of the citizens of Charleston, opened the first scene of that bloody day, the results of which have long since been viewed in the light of sober history, and read by almost every school boy. A few minutes after that deadly charge, fifteen hundred warriors were robed in winding sheets of gore. Among those that perished on this field, none were more deeply regretted than Count Pulaski. But how changed the scene now? A large and beautiful city, skirting the left, a rich, well cultivated country on the right, while in front a spacious harbor, filled up with huge ocean steamers and the whitening sail of a thousand vessels, floating the world's commerce.

No heavy cavalry tramp, nor beating drum, nor clanging steel, nor trumpet blast to the furious charge

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is now heard, no thundering cannon, nor deafening platoon discharges; no dying groans, nor savage warrior yet breaks upon the solitary silence of this hour. All is still, beautiful, silent, upon this spot of the sleeping warriors. I am here alone, with scarcely a sound in the distance to disturb my revery.

The smoke of battle is all cleared away, the beautiful sun shines bright and fair on the flowery moss grown turfs that now so richly cover the gore-stained field, leaving not a solitary indication of the solemn and awful realities involved in the history of these localities. No outward demonstrations that the wandering, shivering spectres of a thousand slaughtered warriors, nightly, though unperceived, march in ghostly platoons over this field of blood in quest of their mutilated, mangled bones, now bleeching, or mouldering beneath its soil. It has been my fortune for the last four years, to stand on many a battle-field, but none of them seems to have thrilled me with the same peculiar emotions as this, and I can hardly explain why. Perhaps it is owing to the peculiar state of mind into which I am thrown at this time, causing me more largely to partake of the contemplative type just now, than heretofore. Many of the poor Hessian, English allies, melted away on this field, before the murderous fire of the heavy French ordnance; and after peace was declared between the mother country and her revolted colonies, a great number of these Hessians settled here, and became completely Americanized. Their descendants are good citizens, good Americans, good republicans. I board with one now in this city,

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a descendant of one of the old Hessian soldiers; he is a refined gentleman, a deeply intelligent man, a prominent citizen here, an officer in one of the banks of this city.

I have formed an acquaintance with a man here, who, some ten or fifteen years ago, was quartered in the barracks of this city as a United States soldier. From here he went to Mexico during the war, serving first under Gen. Taylor in several engagements. Then with Scott at the taking of Vera Cruz, and several other battles. He is a zealous Methodist; we often went to prayer-meetings together, and on an invitation one day, I visited the barracks with him, where a detachment of the United States army are quartered. He took me into the various apartments and showed me the rooms, halls, public buildings, guard-houses, parade ground, &c., &c. From the top of one of these public military halls he pointed out the spot where, some years previous, he saw a poor captured fugitive hung, for trying to effect his liberty, or liberation from bondage.

I both looked at, and conversed with the soldiers of this institution, and observed what I saw at Fort Moultry, in Charleston, as well as in various other forts, and places of rendezvous for our United States troops, that a large majority of them are of foreign birth, Irish and German, and of course, Catholics. Against this as a native-born American, I feel stoutly to remonstrate; it is a dangerous policy for our country to pursue; and we shall all of us see and feel it to be so soon. As great an evil as slavery is to our

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country, (and God and yourself, reader, know what I think of it,) it is not, nevertheless, the only evil in our midst. Popery is one which, from its very nature, is this moment assuming both a formidable and threatening position to the people of this Republic. While but few, comparatively, of all our millions, understand or appreciate its present aggressive position, the wealth, power and consummate trickery of the papal Church of Rome. And yet as Shakspeare says of Brutus—

"He'd brook a devil to hold a seat in Rome."

So with thousands of our country, the leading politicians more particularly so, they would sell their birthright, their liberties, their country, to hold a seat in Washington. I say this, not as a politician, for I am no such thing. I say it as an American citizen, and as a lover of God and of human progress.

GEORGIA COLONY AND SLAVERY.

Being on a spot, where by the law of association so many historical reminiscences loom up before the eye of my mind, I can scarcely resist the temptation (as you will have seen by this time in former remarks) of entering a little into the history of the Georgia colony. Nothing particularly new, but yet not without interest, at least, to those of our readers who may never have got hold of the history of those times.

General James Oglethorp, a valorous British soldier, and a humane Christian, was the founder of Georgia, and also of the city of Savannah. His first settlement was made in the year 1732, with a colony of one hun-

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dred and twenty persons, most of whom were poor debtors; and says Lossing's history, "Oglethorp proposed to make his colony an asylum for the PERSECUTED PROTESTANTS of Germany and other continental States." He sailed up the Savannah river, to which he gave the name of that stream, for a settlement, until he came to a high bluff, where he landed, and after making a treaty with the Yamacraw Indians, established his colonists, and laid out a settlement on the site of this city. The excellent regulations and advantageous terms established by General Oglethorp, drew crowds of settlers to the new colony, and in about eight years Savannah had nearly three thousand inhabitants. He formed advantageous treaties with various Indian tribes, he gave them presents, and they in turn gave him as much land as he wanted The Chief of the Creek nation presented Oglethorp with a Buffalo skin, painted on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle, and made a speech which appears to have been prepared for the occasion, the object of which was to request for the Creeks the love and protection of the English. Soon after, Oglethorp returned to England, taking with him Tomochichi, king of the Creeks, with his queen and several other chiefs.

The trustees of the colony offered land to the other emigrants, and more than four hundred persons arrived from Germany, Scotland, and Switzerland in 1735. Among these were some of the associates of the famous Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian missionary. Nor were these the only persons of religious notoriety who arrived in the colony during this year.

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The immortal Wesleys, John and Charles Wesley, came also and joined the colony at this time. Soon after, they were joined by George Whitefield, who labored and toiled with indefatigable efforts to establish an orphan asylum, and partly succeeded. I felt a sort of veneration for the very ground on which I stood, as I thought of these great and holy men of God, who stood upon it and preached Jesus more than a hundred years ago.

Readers of American history will remember the Spanish interference exercised over Oglethorp's settlement, the war that ensued, the defeat of the Spanish fleet, and many other interesting matters, that space will not allow us to recall at this time. They will also remember the very active part taken by the inhabitants of Georgia in our revolutionary struggle. In the city of Savannah and colony of Georgia, it will be remembered, were kindled the fires of liberty from glowing sparks wafted from the shores of Massachusetts Bay. Such men as Joseph Habersham took the lead, and hundreds of staunch patriots soon followed. The King's Governor, Wright, was seized and confined under guard. Enthusiastic meetings, in favor of independence were held, and the strongest resolutions against kingly power and authority discussed and passed. And when the Declaration of Independence, was received in this city, it was read under the "liberty pole," and saluted with a discharge of thirteen guns. That is the way Georgia patriotism existed in those eventful days. And her present sons are a patriotic people, at least so far as external demonstrations can

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make them so. I have attended some of the anniversaries of her great events, celebrated in this city, and heard the defending thunders, and saw the heavens filled with the smoke of her martial fires, all of which were designed for ten thousand hurrahs for liberty; while for the life of me I could not suppress the conviction that at that moment there were more native Americans, if not native Georgians, in this State, more terribly and more hopelessly oppressed, than were its white population of seventy-six.

Alas! as old Napoleon used to say, "what a strange being is man." Yes, SLAVERY does exist in patriotic Georgia, dark as death and wicked as hell, and I know it to be so, for I have seen it with my own eyes, not only now, but I will tell you what I saw of it in this State (at the time,) 1854, and in the same places, Dr. Adams mentions in his "South side view of Slavery." In one of my rambles in this city, one day upon the levee, I saw a vessel discharging a cargo of grain. This was in January 1854. The hands employed in this work were some sixteen women and girls, each of whom carried about half a bushel of the heavy grain at a load, in a measure on their head. Not allowed to speak to each other, they were dressed in a coarse sort of woolen skirt, which constituted about their entire apparel. Some of them had the appearance of fifty or sixty years of age, while others looked not to be over thirteen or fifteen years old, but all looked mournfully dejected, sad and gloomy. With down-cast eyes and faltering steps they performed their degrading, unwomanly task, under the crack of the driver's whip,

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and sneers of gaping men and boys. One woman not exactly pleasing the overseer in all her movements, was reported to her owner, one of these Georgia patriots; he said he would not flog her with the cat-o'-nine-tails, but would, nevertheless, give her something to remember for one while. And so he did, true to his word; he gave her a lesson for a life-long remembrance, one that she will doubtless carry to the bar of God, and present in the last great day, as a burning, withering evidence against him, and the whole confraternity of pro-slavery men, north and south. He took her to one of those southern lower-law inquisitions, where there was an implement or machine of refined torturing capabilities. The following is a description of it: It consisted of a pump, set in a deep well, in which the water rose to within some nine feet of the surface. The spout of this pump was elevated at least fourteen feet above the earth, and when the water was to be drawn from it, the person who worked the handle ascended by a ladder to the proper station. The water in this well, although so near the surface, was, nevertheless, very cold; and the pump discharged it in a large stream. The woman was stripped almost naked, and tied fast to a post that stood just under the stream of water, as it fell from the spout of the pump. A man slave was then ordered to ascend the ladder and pump water on the head and shoulders of this poor victim, who had not been under the water full more than a minute and a half, before she began to cry and scream in a most heart-moving manner. Then she began to exert her strength

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in the most convulsive throes, in trying to escape from her fastenings; but they were unavailing efforts; as well might the hopeless victim of a Roman cross, while spiked fast to the wood, have disengaged himself and fled from his executioners. After a minute or so more, her cries became weaker and weaker, until finally her head fell forward on her breast; and then the man was ordered to stop pumping. She was then removed in a state of insensibility to her quarters, but recovered her faculties during the course of the day. The next day, though nearly deranged, and amazingly weakened, she was ordered to her task.

I also saw a very respectable young mulatto man stripped to the skin and bound fast to a whipping post, and there, amid a large crowd of people, flogged most savagely, drawing blood at almost every cut, and then the wounds washed over with salt and water, to prevent putrefaction and death.

Now facts, you know, are stubborn things, most unmistakably so; they speak out with a tongue of fire sometimes, which burn their way through the conscience way down into the heart and soul, of even slaveholders occasionally, and sometimes of slavery apologists also, though rarely, for they are the hardest of the two. Now it is the force of these glaring, burning facts, which stare me in the face and eyes at almost every step I take, by night and day, in this land of bolts and chains, which compel me to write so different a story from my Rev. friend of Boston. "Let truth be told, though the heavens fall."

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SLAVERY AND ITS APOLOGISTS.

You have often read, talked, and also written spiritedly, and elaborately on the great stirring question of the age, called AMERICAN SLAVERY. But let me ask, did you ever see it? touch it? handle it? or in any other way come into such fearful proximity with it as to be obliged to involuntarily close your eyes, brace up your system, and fairly chew your tongue to prevent it from uttering sentiments which if out, would have made you a martyr in a moment? Ah! reader, to write a cool philosophical treatise on the nature and management of revolutions in one's quiet room and alone, is quite another thing than to witness and brook its headlong, maddening masses, amid the roar of battle; at least, so thought M. Guizot, premier of France, in 1848, as he saw the roll of its smoke overtopping thrones, armies, and nations, and like an avalanche of fire bearing everything before it.

And so with yourself, cloistered up snugly in your studio, reading, writing, and canvassing the relative merits of the institution, though ever and anon becoming not a little excited as a vast array of testimony comes pouring in upon you from the four winds, bearing directly and heavily upon the dark institution. There you think you know something of it; you see, at least in your imagination the funeral pile, the sombre flames, the smoked victim; then you seize your pen, and write out lines of light, in words of fire, just as you should, and send them blazing, burning, around the orbit of our common northern. But allow me to

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say, as of the theory and practice of revolutions, so also of the system of SLAVERY; one has to be an actor, or spectator in either, fully to appreciate the appalling power of desolation involved in their internal machinery. Yes, reader, you will have to, if you never have yet done so, come down here personally and look the thing fully in the face and eyes. You must see the chain-gangs, the whipping-post, the cat-o'-nine-tails. You must visit the inquisitions, and their dungeons of torture, and the slave-auctions, where parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are parted to meet no more. You must also go on the rice and cotton plantations, into the sugar mills, &c., &c., besides a great many other things you must see, that paper and ink are inadequate to describe, in order fully to know the horrible system.

But that will hardly pay, for one is sufficiently shocked at his own home, more than a thousand miles remote from the theatre of this reign of terror, at the more than dramatic facts borne to his ears by every breeze of heaven, without exposing himself to the fearful gauntlet run of picking them up.

While here, I made the acquaintance of several intelligent, observing gentlemen from the north, from New York, the New England States, and elsewhere, who had resided here for several years, in various parts of the State, on business; and who, as a matter of course, having resided here so long a time, became perfectly familiar with the institution—have seen it in all its various phases; and by-the-way, they look upon it with other eyes than the green specks of sla-

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very worn by Dr. Adams in his southern tour. They saw the monster as it was, and as it now is, and detested it as they saw it, just as civilized, humane people do, who are disconnected with it, except some northern slavery apologists, who can "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

And now, reader, after pausing a moment in reflection, I took up my pen to soften a little, if possible, the manner or terms in which I referred to the production of a titled author; but in view of which I pen my apology, in the following terms, viz: I have no apology to offer for openly attacking titled men, and their works of injurious tendencies, be they whomsoever they may. Especially such works as anti-Uncle Tom, or "Uncle Tom's Cabin as it is," and its twin brother, the "South side view of Slavery," the direct tendencies of which are, if possible, to perpetuate the immorality of this curse and incubus of our federal government, and to envelope us hopelessly in the gloomy night of the dark ages, the north, as now reigns throughout the whole South.

Now reader, tell me, will you, what are titles? What are names? What are men? What are principles? Though lumbered up in musty folios, or hawked through the land in embossed octavos, with D. D., or LL. D. &c., appended to the title page, unless they can stand the test of the word of God, reason, and common sense? Why sir! don't you think that I can see as far into a mill-stone as a doctor of divinity can? Count out the drops of the ocean as soon? And as readily compute the number of moments entering into

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the duration of God? I have the vanity to think I can, although incapacitated morally, physically, and every other way, of appreciating the beauty, form, and symmetry of this southern, time-honored, Bible-cherished institution, as some of them.

No, I am not yet prepared to get down on my knees to half of the time-honored institutions of this world. Like Napoleon the great, I would rather that public opinion would prostrate itself at my shrine, than that I should before it, in some cases, at least.

Now, I am not going to give my readers the whole code of my moral ethics, but only a sentence or two. I set down at my desk, take up a book and open to term legitimacy, and then opposite to its interpretation as made by the popular exponents of the age, I write cobweb, and then pen down the following proposition, viz: I hold that to be legitimate only which results in the greatest amount of good to mankind generally, whether effected through the instrumentality of a D. D., an LL. D., an A. M., a superannuated blacksmith from the back-woods of Nova Scotia, or a Jim Crow from the rice swamps of Georgia.

I am not battling titled divines, far from it: for there are a great many deeply pious and intelligent men among them, many of whom are my warm personal friends; but where any of them bring their doctorate to bear upon the anti-slavery cause, and use their endeavors to prop up the peculiar institution, let them take what follows; what they deserve from our great northern pulpit, the press.

And now, in conclusion, a word or two on the anti-

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"South Side View of Slavery," or "Slavery, as it is," in the South. And to commence, I make the following assertion, viz: that men, women, and children, in bondage in this State, and through the South generally, are, for the most part treated worse, with more brutal severity, than men treat cattle in the north. It is true, some of the slaves are seldom or never whipped, and so some favorite horses and other dumb brutes are not. But these cases are exceptions to the general rule, and these merciful masters would, were their slaves to make an attempt at freedom, most undoubtedly inflict on them the most summary punishment.

I repeat the declaration, that the slaves here in general, are more cruelly treated than the dumb brutes are. And here is proof in point; men do not tie up their cattle and give them a number of lashes at a time, as they do the slaves. They strike them, it is true, when in a passion, or when the cattle do not go as fast as they desire them to. And they also strike the poor slaves in the same way. But, besides being flogged now and then, cattle are not tied up to a post, or whipping block, and receive from fifty to five hundred lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, drawing blood at every blow.

Besides, dumb beasts have thick hides, covered with hair, to defend them; consequently the lashes do not give them so much pain as they do human beings. Just reflect for a moment upon the slender, delicate make of the human body—how thin and sensitive its skin—how quick it feels the pain of a blow.

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Did you ever see cruel men whip horses until the blood ran down their backs? Did you ever see them put salt on the stripes to increase the pain of the poor victims? Did you ever see drivers whip their horses until they fell down with faintness? No, I know you never did; I am sure if a man were to do so in the north to a poor dumb brute, he would be fined, if not imprisoned for cruelty. But men, women and children, are whipped so here, by the slave-drivers, and it cannot be denied. The "South Side View of Slavery" can never plaster over these facts and stains upon humanity. Now I appeal to you, reader, if it is not clear that slaves are here treated worse than common cattle.

FOOD OF SLAVES IN GEORGIA.

It is a general custom, wherever I have been, for the masters to give each of their slaves, male and female, *one peck of corn per week* for their food. This, at fifty cents per bushel, which was all it was worth when I was there, would amount to twelve and a half cents a week for board per hand. It cost me at least eight dollars per week upon an average, while I was south, for board. A peck of corn per week is all that masters, good, bad or indifferent, allow their slaves, round about Savannah, on the plantations.

One peck of gourd-seed corn is to be measured out to each slave once every week. With this they make a soup in a large iron kettle, around which the hands come at meal-time, and dipping out the soup, mix it with their hominy, and eat it as though it were a feast.

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In all other places where I visited, the slaves had *nothing from their masters but the corn*, or its equivalent in potatoes or rice, and to this they were not permitted to come but *once a day*. The custom was to blow the horn early in the morning, as a signal for the hands to rise and go to work. When commenced, they continued to work until about eleven o'clock, A. M., when, at the signal, all hands left off, and went into their huts, built their fires, made their corn meal into hominy or cake, ate it, and went to their work again at the signal of the horn, and worked until night, or until their tasks were done. Some cooked their breakfasts in the field while at work. Each slave must grind his own corn in a hand-mill after he has done his work at night. There is generally one hand-mill on every plantation for the use of the slaves. Some plantations have no corn; others often get out. The substitute for it is the equivalent of one peck of corn either in rice or sweet potatoes, neither of which is so good for the slave as corn. They complain more of being faint, when fed on rice or potatoes, than when fed on corn.

On Mr. R———'s plantation, to save time, the following course was taken: Two crotched sticks were driven down at one of the yards, and a small pole being laid on the crotchets, they swung a large iron kettle on the middle of the pole, then made up a fire under the kettle and boiled the hominy. When ready, the hands were called around the kettle, with their wooden plates and spoons. They dipped out and ate, standing around the kettle, or sitting upon the

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ground, as best suited their convenience. When they had potatoes, they took them out with their hands, and ate them. As soon as it was thought they had sufficient time to swallow their food, they were called to their work again. *This was the only meal they ate through the day.* So I was informed by the overseer, Mr. M., a northern man, who, by the way, was getting heartily disgusted with the *iniquitous institution.*

Now think of the little, almost naked, and half-starved children, nibbling upon a piece of cold Indian cake, or a potato! Think also of the poor, suffering female, just ready to be confined, without anything that can be called convenient or comfortable! Think of the old toil-worn father and mother, without anything to eat but the very coarsest of food, and not half enough of that! Then think of *home*, surrounded not only with the comforts but the luxuries of life.

When sick, their physicians are their masters and overseers in most cases, whose skill consists chiefly in bleeding and in administering large portions of epsom salts, when the whip and *cursing* will not start them from their cabins.

PLANTATION-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.

In my last, I showed the quality of food on which these human cattle, called slaves, are kept. I will now picture, or try to picture out, the places in which they live, are born, cradled, sicken and die. And may God forgive me if I draw a dark picture, (I will not stretch the truth, as there will be no need of it), and make some hard comments upon it.

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The hovels or huts in which these poor beings spend the few hours of release from the toils of the field, and the lash of the driver, are for the most part of the poorest kind. They are nothing near so good as the Irish shanties on our northern public works. Not so good as the most of northern farmers would furnish to their dumb beasts. The following is the style of architecture :—

Four crotched posts are driven into the ground, say ten by fourteen or fourteen by eighteen, poles stretched across these from post to post, then sided up with rough boards, and partially roofed in the same way. All of which are minus stoves and chimneys; some, however, have a very rude apology for a fire-place in one end, and a board or two off at that side, or on the roof, to let out the smoke. Others, for the want of something in the shape of a fire-place, make their fire up in the centre of the hovel. None of these buildings have more than one apartment in them, and the only opening through which a human being may pass in and out, serves for both window and door.

In warm weather, especially in the spring and summer, the slaves keep up a smoke, or fire and smoke both, all night, to drive away the gnats and mosquitos, which are very numerous and exceedingly troublesome in all the low country of the south, so much so that the whites are obliged to sleep under frames with nets over them, knit so fine that the mosquitos cannot fly through them. I have seen hundreds of these poor things in the streets, or on the plantations, for hours together, barefooted and bareheaded, male and female,

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old and young, during the winter months, toiling like beasts of burden. Some of them have rugs to cover them at night during the winter months, but more have none. I have seen them lie down on the hard floor or cold ground, like an ox, after a day of sweat and toil, with neither bed, pillow, nor straw to rest their weary bones upon.

During driving and terrible storms, which not unfrequently sweep with almost tropical violence over these low and marshy plains, they are obliged to run from one hut to another for shelter. In the coldest weather, where they can, they get wood and stumps, and keep up fires all night in their huts, and lay round them with their feet towards the blaze. Men, women and children are thus promiscuously piled in together, in most cases, like the cattle in the stall. Their houses are generally built compactly on the plantations, forming a sort of village of huts. I have, from a single stand-point, stood and counted as many as fifty of them huddled up in a compass not exceeding forty square rods.

I repeat, in these miserable huts the poor slaves are herded at night like swine, without any convenience of beds, tables or chairs. Oh! tell it not in Calcutta, publish it not in the streets of Constantinople, lest the Mahommedan and Pagan world should blush over Christian *barbarism*. To see the aged veteran of an hundred years, as I saw here, a man who fought in the wars of our Revolution under Washington, as he told me himself — to see not only him, but scores like him, clothed in rags, beating off swarms of gnats and

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mosquitos in the warm weather, and shivering over a bed of coals in the winter, is a burning stain upon a civilized nation and an outrage on humanity. As for wearing apparel, their masters make it a practice of getting two suits of clothes for each slave per year—a thick suit for winter, and a thin one for summer. They also provide one pair of northern-made sale shoes for each adult slave every winter, which lasts them but a few weeks before they rip to pieces and give out. The males and females have their suits from the same cloth for winter dresses, which appear to be made of a mixture of the coarsest kind of cotton and wool, mostly uncolored, and of a *sleazy, spongy texture.* The entire suit for the men consists of a pair of pantaloons and a short sailor jacket, *without vest, hat, stockings, shirt, or any kind of loose garments!* These, if worn all the while when at work, would not probably last to exceed two months; therefore, for the sake of saving them, many of them, especially in the spring and summer months, work almost naked, male and female, looking too beastly brutal for a Christian country.

On the whole, they are a poor, miserable, degraded race of beings in the very centre of our *republican Christian* America — worse off, and lower sunken, if possible, than the stupid heathen of any pagan land, from the fact that the sunlight of Christianity and of civilization beams down upon them, which contrasts most unfavorably their condition with those of the pale race around them.

God alone knows how much these poor, down-trodden of our colored brethren suffer in our very midst—

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the day that cometh shall declare it — and then, wo unto the doers of wrong, to the oppressor, and to all who wink or blink, or in any way sanction or connive at this curse of curses.

Why, it is enough to melt a heart of stone, to see these poor, ragged, half-starved mothers nursing their naked children, with but a morsel of the coarsest food to eat, and worn down almost to the fainting point, by the labors of the field.

I overheard one of these great gentlemen slave-holders, a few days ago, saying to another slave-holder:—

"You ought to have seen me, a day or two since, in the midst of my *niggers*, with a revolver in one hand, and a bowie-knife in the other, ready to take the damn life of the first *nigger* that disobeyed my orders."

For the slightest offence, such, for instance, as not quite completing a day's task, the being caught by the guard or patrol by night, &c., thirty or forty lashes on the bare back is the penalty. One slave here, the property of a Mr. ——, was whipped, I think one hundred lashes, for getting a small handful of wood from his master's yard without leave. The apology they make for whipping so cruelly is, that it may frighten the rest of the gang. These cruel men say that what we call an ordinary flogging will not subdue the slaves; hence the most brutal and barbarous scourgings ever witnessed by man are *daily* and *hourly* inflicted upon the naked bodies of the miserable bondmen; not by masters and overseers only, but by the keepers of slave Inquisitions, the constables in the common markets, and jailors in their yards.

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When the slaves are whipped, either in public or private, they have their hands fastened by the wrists, with a rope or cord prepared for the purpose. This being thrown over a beam, the limb of a tree, or something else, the culprit is then drawn up and stretched by the arms as high as possible, without raising his feet from the ground or floor, and sometimes they are made to stand on tip-toe; then the feet are made fast to something prepared for them. In this helpless, distorted posture, the monster in human shape flies at them, sometimes in great rage, with his implements of torture, and cuts on with all his might, over the shoulders, under the arms, and sometimes over the head and ears, or on parts of the body where he can inflict the greatest torment. Occasionally, this *devil*, the whipper, especially if his victim does not beg enough to suit him while under the lash, will fly into a whirlwind of passion, uttering the most horrid oaths, while the bleeding victim of his rage is crying, at every stroke, "Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy!" The scenes exhibited at the whipping post almost beggar description — they are awful, terrific, and frightful to any not lost to all feeling of humanity. Many masters whip, gouge, and dig into the flesh of these poor beings, until they are tired — until the victim bleeds like the slaughtered ox — then rest upon it. After a short cessation, get up and go at it again, and after having satiated their revenge in the blood of their victims, they sometimes leave them tied for hours together, bleeding at every wound. Sometimes, after being thus whipped, they are bathed in brine or salt water, which adds

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more and excessive pain to the raw and mutilated flesh. Occasionally they die under these savage and awful chastisements; their bodies drop into the cold and silent grave, beyond the reach of the cruel driver's lash, and their spirits, I trust, go to a land of rest, and of eternal freedom.

You will bear in mind that I am now writing of Georgia slavery, or of slavery in Georgia, the site of the "South-side View of Slavery."

NEGRO SERMON.

Unlike Charleston, the good people of this city allow their servants, and the free blacks, (there being a few of the latter here), to hold separate meetings, to have their own services, preachers, and places of worship. I had the pleasure of attending one of their meetings last Sunday. All the services were conducted by themselves exclusively, and it was a glorious meeting too, I will assure you. I find it both amusing and interesting to attend them, nay, it is moving, thrilling, electrifying, to place one's self under the influence of their powerful, God-like devotions. Here you see worship performed unincumbered by cold and lifeless forms, uncompounded with a heartless religious etiquette, and unadulterated by the pride, show, and pomp of this world, the bane of most of the modern churches. Worship that has a heart in it, a soul, a stirring divinity; one that talks, breathes, burns; one that made me think of the better days of our beloved

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church, north, when under the OLD SCHOOL worship; saints rejoiced aloud, and sinners wept.

By inquiry I found this chapel; it was a Methodist church. There are, I am told, several colored Baptist churches here. The chapel, as a matter of course, was situated way off in a by place. I went in and took a seat about midway up the aisle, a good position to see and hear both the preaching and singing. The preacher was in the pulpit, an African, dyed in the wool, untainted by any mixture,—his face shone like a glass bottle or a polished boot. He rose and gave out his hymn, it being that impressive one in our own hymn book, commencing with,

"Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord."

Having read the whole of it, the congregation rose and commenced singing all over the house, unaided by tuning fork, or note book. And I will challenge the whole civilized world, with all their science, music, and books, to equal the music of that occasion. They would throw their heads back, close their eyes, open wide their mouths, and pour out a perfect flood of music, throwing one into delirious ecstacies without his consent. It had been a long time since I enjoyed so rare an occasion, since I saw so many smiling faces, and such a rich display of polished ivory as was exhibited by this simple-hearted, down-trodden people, in singing the high praises of God. There is something in the African's voice so clear, melodious, moving, and captivating naturally, that we admire their singing; but when the heart is filled with the

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love of God, and their passions all subdued by Divine grace, the pathos is completely overpowering.

The preliminaries ended, the preacher rose and read his text: Second Timothy, fourth, first eight verses inclusive—Paul's charge to Timothy. Having thus announced his text, he looked round upon the congregation, and commenced thus to soliloquize with himself: "Why takeum so large tex for so few congregation?" (It being in the forenoon when comparatively few can attend.) "Why preachum such subjic on dis casion? Why takeum not som smooth sweet tex? Cas," remarked the preacher, "lookum round on de worl an on de Church, an on de eberywhar, an see de wickidnis, an de coldnis, and de great need ob the plain preachin of de sujic. Now," said he, "Paul was great man, do more for de Bible den any oder man libbin, ha was dazine, cut out, and reared up forum great posle ob de gentile. Ha preach great while eberywhar, da stone him, whip him, an las da kill him. Noo he babd a son ob de name ob Timothy, so de ole man, jus for da killum, writeum long letters to dis son, and say, (here he read a clause of the text,) 'Oh, Timothy my son, I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus, preach the word, take my place Timothy.' But my brodder-in what is it to preach de word? Why preachum Christ in de commanments, in de word, in de book of books, preachin him as great tonment ob de worl, and King ob de angils and de Judge ob de heavenly county to come." Here he quoted another clause of the text, 'reprove with all long suffering.' "Oh," exclaimed the preacher, "here comes de tug of war wid de

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poor preacher, he reproves de church-members for whol heap ob de little no-harm sins, an da sa da like him no mortal cas he no bisines for dat, we payum to preach de gospel, an no minem he no bisness to." (A portion of the text again repeated or read,) "for the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but, after their own lusts, shall they heap to themselves teachers having itching ears," &c. "Now my Christian frins, I has no skilliton ob de skoors, only I preaches right along. Noo de time will come, we scover from de tex, when de people will be wors an wors, wickeder dan noo an dats too bad cas da too wickednoo. Den da no stan some preachin, da luss carry dem way off into de wicked worl, into de wollerin gin de dirty mire ob sin, to de drinking wisky, to de ball, to de quarillin an fightin gin, oh bad time dat. Den da turnum wa good preacher, who warnum ob da sins, an who sa de debel cochum by-and-by da no be better Christins soon; den da gitum aloquint preacher, polis preacher to scratch da ears, da ears itch and da polis preacher scratch da ears. So no longer stanum sound doctrine habum tickle ears so good. Oh de sweet preachin, da sa, sleep so nice in de meetin an habum ears scratch so nice feelum good, hab no more scole preachin. Noo da all rocken in cradle of carnil scurity, de blin leadin de blin, and da both fall in de ditch together. Oh de bad state ob de backslidin church when de ile ob de grace ob life go out forever. But," continued the speaker, "I specks to be judge by de deeds done in de body, den who will be able to stan? Will de proud church member? No. Will de whisky

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drinkin member? No. Will de fightin, quarrelin church member? No. Will de proud polis preacher? No. Who den will? Ile tell you who—he who lobeum God wid all he heart, and he neighbor too all e while, an die wid de sweet grace er God in he soul, an go up to de kingdom foreber, he can stan in de judgment ob de worl to com."

"Noo," added he, "dare be great many peoples belonging to de church, who for twenty, thirty, or forty years lib good moral life, good peoples, da do no harm to nobody nebber, da git sick suttenly, takum tifot fevers, or some odder bad complaint in de head, an lossum senses an die so. Noo case da no shout an holler, an talk a heap about de heavenly Canaan, de friens frade da no go up to de kingdom, da loss in de bad worl. Den on de odder side ob de quession, dare be great many peoples dat lib twenty, thirty an forty years, and serve da old massa Sattern, hard an de poor boys on de rise field, an da cotchum fever an die soon. But da repent in few minutes when de massa doctor sa do no git well gin, den da shout an holler, an sing, an sa da goum up kingum soon—da no talk ob dar twenty, or da forty years sins nuf, da talk to much ob de kingum for so long sinners. I tell you, my harrers, da served ole massa Sattern to good, da mus be judge corden to de deeds ob de body."

His sermon occupied about an hour in its delivery. He said much more than the above, but it will suffice as a specimen. All his ideas were excellent, though clothed in his negro language and style. The whole, however, was eagerly devoured by hearers, as marrow

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and fat things. Only give them a chance and the intellect concealed under their sable covering would astonish the world.

CATHAULING AND OTHER MODES OF TORTURE.

In a former page I stated that the slaves of the south are treated with less humanity than the dumb brutes are. I here repeat the assertion with emphasis, southern cattle, oxen, horses, and dogs, are treated well, have enough to eat, are not over worked, but southern slaves, great God! who shall describe the neglect, the sufferings, and sorrows, meted out to them from the cradle to the grave? Were these poor people allowed their oath, they could testify to scenes of woe! of personal torture, that no pen or pencil can describe, that no white man is competent to express. And yet these horrible, thrilling, heathen practices, are so common in Georgia, as to excite little or no attention, among its citizens. On a rice or cotton plantation the evenings present a scene of reckoning, horror, and of blood. Those unfortunate ones against whom charges are preferred for non-perf ormance of their tasks, and for various other small faults, are obliged, after work-hours, at night, to undergo inquisitorial tortures.

Reader, were you to take up your quarters for only two or three nights on one of these plantations, you would be waked from your slumbers, (if indeed you found sufficient quiet to sleep,) by the sound of the lash, the curses of the Inquisitors, and the cries of the poor negro, like a wail of woe piercing the dark mid-

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night air. Why, sir! could all the horrible tales of sufferings, murder, and death, of a single night on all the plantations of the south be collected in a single volume, it would thrill the Christian and barbaric world with emotions too horrible for endurance. A large proportion of the blacks have their shoulders, backs, and limbs, all scarred up, and not a few of them have had their heads laid open with stones, clubs, and brickbats, and with the butt-end of whips and canes; some have had their jaws broken, others their teeth knocked out, while others have had their ears cropped and the side of their cheeks gashed out. Some of the poor creatures have had their noses smashed in, and some have lost the sight of one, or both of their eyes, by the careless blows of the whipper, or by some other violence.

Among some of the modes of torture practised by the lower law people of this state, are the following refined specimens. Some tie up the poor victims in a very uneasy posture, where they must stand all night, then work them hard all day and torment them the next night. Others punish by fastening them down on a log, or something else, and striking them on the bare skin with a broad paddle full of holes. These blows break the skin, I should think at every hole where it comes in contact with it. Others when the ordinary modes of punishment will not subdue them, cathaul them. Now I will venture to say there is not one of my readers who knows what this cathauling means. I did not, until after having seen the institution, and stared the critter full in the face and eyes, though I

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had often heard the term used before making my southern tour.

The following is the modus-operandi of this irreligious, anti-human mode of torture. The helpless victim, perhaps a nursing mother, a beautiful quadroon, or an aged man, is bound fast to a post, or something else, stripped naked, or nearly so, then a cat is taken by one of these state-right inquisitors by the nape of the neck and tail, or by the hind legs, and he drags the claws across the back until fully satisfied. This kind of punishment is not only awfully excruciating, but it poisons the flesh much more than the whip, and is more dreaded by the poor slave than almost any other mode. Some are branded by a red hot iron, others have their flesh cut out in large gashes to mark them, &c., &c. Some masters fly into a rage at the merest trifles, and knock down their slaves with their fist or the first deadly missile they can lay hold of—a shovel, hoe, ax-helve, cane, or any thing else within reach, not unfrequently killing on the spot. And, it is a wonder that ten are not killed where one is! only for the fact that they are a great deal tougher than the whites, or a far greater porportion of them would be killed.

A poor fellow ran away from a plantation a little above Savannah. The negro hunters and dogs were sent in pursuit, they got upon his trail, the dogs first; these he fought, killing two of them, but the hunters coming up, shot him down. The people rejoiced on hearing the news of his death, but lamented the death of the dogs, they being such ravenous hunters of

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human beings. Poor Sandy, he fought for life, liberty, and hapiness, like a hero, but the cruel rifle ball brought him down like thousands of others in similar circumstances. A strange negro can hardly walk the streets of these southern cities without molestation. A few days before I left Charleston, I saw a decent looking mulatto man going at a rate amounting to a trifle more than a fast walk—a man meeting him, doubled up his fist and knocked him down. Every colored stranger that walks the streets is suspected of being a runaway slave, hence he must be interrogated by every negro-hater and negro-hunter, whom he meets, and should he not have a pass, he must be immediatety hurried off to the jail or lower law inquisition. And yet some masters here boast to us northeners, that their slaves would not be free if they could. This shows how little they know of their degraded, down trodden chattles who are kept under only through fear. They are all sighing and groaning for freedom, and will have it, some day or other, if they have to cut the throats of their masters to gain it.

The day of reckoning is coming, the day of retribution, and as there is a God on the throne,—and as there is equity in his moral government—these southerners will feel it soon, unless they let the oppressed go free. If they do not share the fate of Pharaoh and his armies, they will a similar one quite as summary, for ten thousand times ten thousand of thousands of prayers, sighs, tears and groans, will not plead in vain for them long, before the throne. No, we live in fast times, everything goes railroad and lightning speed "in these

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last tremendous days," and retribution will not be so long withheld from a cruel, oppressing people, it may be presumed, as in the patriarchal ages; especially where so much light and knowledge exist as is to be found in our country.

I repeat, the southern oligarchy, with its institutions of blood and groans, is a doomed thing. It contains, I have sometimes thought, the elements of its own final overthrow. Of this class of elements I can but barely speak a word now, as this paper is nearly full, but will endeavor to do so in some future number. Now, no northern tourist can fail of observing that a new and powerful race is springing up throughout the entire south. A race which in physical and intellectual qualities far surpasses the native whites, in whose veins the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American blood flows. This race I shall term the Americo-African race; the cross blood, or the mixture of the blood of the two races improves the stock, for cattle they are yet considered by the laws of this godless oligarchy. The increase of this race, with their brethren the blacks, is about four to one over the whites, and among them are to be found some most daring, shrewd and reckless fellows, who are prepared for almost any enterprise. And yet these slave-holders blindly and securely sleep on, as though immortality were written upon the cherished institution, thus fulfilling the heathen saying, "Whom the gods forsake they first make blind."

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PLANTATION LIFE CONTINUED.

In speaking of *plantation slavery* as it is, one knows hardly where to begin, or at what point to leave off. The physical condition of plantation slaves is not accurately known at the north. And gentlemen *traveling* in the south can know nothing of it. They must make the south their residence; (as I before remarked) they must live on plantations, before they can have any opportunity of judging of the slave and his real condition. I resided in South Carolina and Georgia some fourteen months, exclusive of traveling through portions of nine other slave states, and had I not made peculiar inquiries, and mingled with the slaves, which most northern visitors very seldom or never do, I too should have left them with the impression that the slaves are pretty well treated after all. Such is the report of northern travelers pretty generally, who have scarcely any more opportunity of knowing their real condition than if they had remained at home.

What confidence could be placed in the reports of the traveler, relative to the condition of the Irish peasantry, or the serfs of Russia who formed his opinion from the appearance of the waiters of a Dublin hotel, or the lackeys of the Czar at St. Petersburgh? And yet this is the kind of testimony with which the north abounds respecting the condition of SOUTHERN SLAVES. Agents, mechanics, divines, gentlemen traveling for pleasure; and almost all other classes of northern tourists are exceedingly gratuitous in this sort of testimony on their return from a southern tour. They may be

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honest in what they say; if so they have been most miserably duped by the *Jesuits of Slavery*, and have yet to learn the A. B. and C. of the *dark institution* notwithstanding their tour through a dozen slave states. As I before stated I here re-assert, it is not often on plantations even, that *strangers* can witness the punishment of slaves. I was conversing once with a neighboring planter, upon the brutal treatment of slaves I had witnessed: he remarked, that had I been with him I should not have seen this. "When I whip niggers, I take them out of sight and hearing." Such being the difficulties in the way of strangers ascertaining the treatment of the slaves, it is not to be wondered at that gentlemen of undoubted veracity should give directly false statements relative to it. But facts are tubborn things, and facts cannot lie; what men see and hear with their own eyes and ears they know and do not guess at.

I have seen a woman, a mother, compelled, in the presence of her master and mistress, *to hold up her clothes*, and endure the whip of the driver on the naked body more than *twenty minutes*, and while her cries would have rent the heart of any one, who had not hardened himself to human suffering. Her master and mistress during this terrible flagellation were conversing with apparent indifference. What was her crime? She had a task of work which she must finish that day. Late at night she finished it; but *it did not exactly suit the mistress*, so she must be thus inhumanly whipped. The same was repeated three or four nights for the same offence.

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I have seen a man tied to a tree, hands and feet, and receive three hundred and five blows with the paddle on the fleshy parts of the body. Two others received the same kind of punishment at the same time, though I did not count the blows. One received two hundred and thirty lashes. Their crime was stealing meat to satisfy the cravings of hunger. I have *frequently* heard the agonizing shrieks of slaves, male and female, accompanied by the strokes of the paddle or whip in passing along the streets. I knew not their crimes, excepting of one poor woman, which was stealing *three potatoes*, to eat with her bread! The more common number of lashes inflicted was fifty or eighty; and this I saw not only once or twice, but so frequently, that my own heart was becoming quite hardened to these inquisitorial tortures, and suffering endured by the poor down trodden slave. It was not always that I could ascertain their crimes; when I could, I learned the most common was non-performance of tasks.

I have seen men strip and receive from one to three hundred strokes of the whip or paddle. For weeks and months together with short intervals, my nightly hours have been disturbed by the cries of the victims of cruelty and avarice. Ike, a slave of Dr. W obtained permission of his overseer on Sunday to visit his son, on a neighboring plantation, belonging in part to his master, but neglected to take a "pass." Upon it being demanded by the other overseer, he replied that he had permission to come, and that his having a mule was sufficient evidence of it, and if he did not consider it as such, he could take him up. The over-

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seer replied he would take him up; giving him a blow at the same time on the arm with a stick he held in his hand, sufficient to lame it for some time. The negro collared him, and threw him; and on the overseer's commanding him to submit to be tied and whipped, he said he would not be whipped by *him* but would leave it to massa. I happened to be there. After the overseer had related the case as above, he was blamed for not shooting or stabbing him at once. After dinner poor Ike was tied and the whip given to the overseer, and he used it with shocking and terrible severity. I know not how many lashes were given, but from his shoulders to his heels there was not a spot unridged! and at almost every stroke the blood flowed.

He could not have received less than three hundred, *well laid on.* But his offence was great, almost the greatest known, laying hands on a white man! Had he struck the overseer, under any provocation, the latter would have in some way disfigured him, perhaps by the loss of his ears, in addition to a whipping: or he might have been killed on the spot. The negro has no other inducement to work but the *lash;* and as man never acts without motives, the lash must be used so long as all other motives are withheld. Hence corporal punishment is a necessary part of slavery. Punishments for running away are usually awful in the extreme as shown in foregoing cases. Once whipping is not sufficient.

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BUSINESS ASPECT OF SAVANNAH.

Savannah exhibits unmistakable signs of enterprise, refinement and wealth. Many of the dwelling houses are spacious and elegant, the stores are large and well filled. In the heart of the city everything imparts to the view of the stranger an idea of comfort; but in the suburbs, the low, dingy, dirty, squalid cheerless negro huts, remind the northern visitor of the fearful price paid by one class to support another.

The principal business is based on the great staple cotton. During my first visit to the place, nine trains came down the Central Railroad daily, with from twenty to thirty cars in each train, loaded mountain high with this article. The depots and plank yards, covering several acres, were groaning constantly under the immense burden, while long trains of horse teams were laboring for their relief, by drawing it over a plank road a mile or more in length, to the commission house. Samples of the various descriptions of cotton are displayed in the ante-rooms of the stores, into which purchasers are introduced, and contracts are made so privately and quickly that it is difficult for a Yankee to find out whether any business is done at all. But the clerks are standing, silent, at their desks, dashing their pens for their lives. Bills, orders, checks and drafts, are exchanged, bales of cotton are passing into vessels from the wharves as fast and still as ripe blossoms from the trees in the spring time when shaken with a strong east wind.

I spent more time in Savannah than in any other

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southern city. From this place I made my excursions for business or observation, or pleasure, and having accomplished the object in view, returned here again, to form new plans, or complete my notes of slavery in city life. In short I made this a sort of *point d' appui*, if I may use a military phrase, around which the operations of my southern tour were carried on. And it was fortunate for my purpose that I took this course. For though the true features of slavery may generally be seen in the country by passing through plantations, &c., &c., still it is not so easily seen in the city. It is only by a protracted residence, and a careful examination, that the real condition of the slaves can here be understood. And even then, there are many, who, having no special reasons for investigating this subject, know but little about it. I have known northern men who have lived in southern cities many years, without ascertaining whether slaves, belonging to families in which they reside, have wholesome food, or *comfortable beds.*

A few weeks before I left Savannah for the interior, I boarded at the Marshall House. A friend of mine who had boarded there for several years, and who had become an advocate for slavery, not having witnessed much of the privations and sufferings of slaves, frequently inquired of me if the slaves of that city did not appear to be in a better condition than the colored population of the north. And I was constrained to admit that, *so far as I had been able to judge from what I had seen*, the slaves were very well cared for. But before I left that house, some facts came to

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my knowledge, in relation to the treatment of slaves at the public boarding houses which astonished some of the Yankees who had been there for years. And the disclosures show that business relations afford the best opportunities for obtaining facts.

Mr. L——, of Maine, contracted with the proprietor of the Marshall House for a lease of those premises for a term of years. The keys were put into his hands on the third morning of January, 1853. When Mr. L——, opened the bar-room door he found three of the male servants sleeping on narrow boards placed on chairs, the floor being sanded, without a pillow or a blanket. He opened the boot room, and there found two of the "boot blacks" in a room too short for them to lie down at full length with nothing but boots for pillows. In the kitchen, there were five female cooks sleeping on the solid brick hearth.

This fact was not disclosed to the northern boarders until this gentleman had taken charge of the house. My friend, though he had boarded there two years, had not known until that morning that Mr. Johnston's slaves had no beds. Mr. L. inquired of Mr. J., "if there were no beds furnished and sleeping apartments appropriated to the slaves?"

"No," replied Mr. J., "niggers never sleep on beds in any of the public houses in this State."

I mentioned to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was boarding at the Pulaski House, that we had made the discovery at the Marshall House that the slaves had no beds to sleep upon; to which he replied:—

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"Mr. Johnston is a brute not to furnish his negroes with beds, for they have to work very hard here in the winter."

"Do they have beds at your house?" I asked.

"Of course they do," was the reply.

"Are you sure? because Mr. Johnston says they never have beds at the taverns."

The next day my friend told me that he had asked the proprietor of the Pulaski House, what kind of beds were furnished for his servants.

"Beds!" exclaimed Captain W., "don't you know that niggers never sleep on beds? Put any one of my niggers on the best bed there is in the house, and he won't lie there half an hour. Niggers prefer sleeping on the floor."

This was the largest hotel in the State, and its patrons were among the wealthiest and most refined. There were some fifty slaves, or more, owned or employed about the establishment, as it is necessary to have many more servants in a first-class hotel in the south, than in the north. And yet, this gentleman had boarded there some years, and having no special interest in making the inquiry, he had not learned that the slaves who waited upon him by day and night, were never provided with even such beds as northern farmers furnish their horses.

Northern gentlemen and ladies, who visit their relations in the south, usually find them in the cities and villages, where they see the slaves enjoying the comforts of a poor bed, and other privileges, which slaves in the country seldom, if ever, enjoy, and sometimes

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not in the cities, as above shown. Hence they are liable to form too favorable opinions of the condition and treatment of the slaves; and they often honestly arrive at the conclusion that they are in a better condition than the poor colored population of the north.

Sometimes one is allowed to inquire of the slaves themselves, how they fare. The answer, almost invariably, is, that they fare well — have kind masters — are contented and happy — do not desire their freedom, if it can only be obtained by leaving the family of their master, and their good home, to which they are ardently attached, — and the inquirer decides that the northern Abolitionists have greatly exaggerated their sufferings. He does not know that the slaves have been educated to deceive in these matters; and thus he believes they are contented and happy, simply because they say they are.

At a hotel where I was boarding, in Savannah, there was a Christian slave named "John." His wife had been torn away from him and carried into the back country, a distance of twenty-five miles. John's affections were so strong that he had "run away" several times to see her, though he was always whipped severely on his return. At last his master told him he must give up his old wife and take a new one. Accordingly he "bought a wife for John," and commanded the slave to regard and treat her as his wife. John refused to obey, and was whipped, again and again, but he did not yield.

A northern gentleman, who was not acquainted with these facts, had frequently asserted that the slaves

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were happy, I suggested that inquiries be made of "*honest John*," touching his domestic enjoyment. The bell was rung, and John came in.

"Now John," said my friend, "I want you to tell me if you would like to be free."

"O no, master, "replied John, quickly. I don't want to be free, no how."

"Then you have a kind master, have you John?"

"Yes, I have a kind master, and don't want to be sold away."

"Then you prefer to stay with your present master, John, rather than be made free, or go to any other place to live, you say?"

"I reckon I rather remain here," answered John, because don't know what worse hands I may fall into."

"There, now what do you say," said the gentleman, turning to me, "about the discontent of slaves?"

"I think John has deceived you, sir," I replied.

"How so?"

"Has he satisfied you that he is contented and happy?"

"Most certainly. I have no doubt he is so."

"In this you are most egregiously mistaken, sir, and John sees it but he dare not undeceive you. I secured his confidence a few days ago, and he told me the story of his wrongs, and afflictions, and sufferings."

"And now, John," said I, "will you state the facts, connected with your treatment on account of your wife, that my friend here, who is also your friend, may know the truth in this matter? Speak freely, you shall not be betrayed."

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John then threw off the mask, and stated the simple facts. The affecting story would melt any heart except that of a slaveholder. The northern merchant acknowledged that he was never before so artfully deceived. And these false representations, which the slaves are compelled to make for their own security, have kept northern men in ignorance of their true condition.

A wealthy planter, from the interior of the State, was introduced to me, in the city of S., before I had traveled in the interior, for the purpose, as I afterwards ascertained, of deceiving me with reference to the treatment of slaves in his neighbourhood.

I had been previously assured by a friend, that this gentleman enjoyed a reputation entirely above suspicion for honor and integrity, and I could therefore place the fullest confidence in his statements. His manner and conversation aided to confirm a favorable impression of his reliability.

During an interview, several topics relating to slavery were discussed, and among others, the feeding of slaves. I inquired how the slaves were fed in his part of the State.

He replied, "that formerly they were not so well fed as at that time. The planters," he said, "have found it more profitable to treat the slaves kindly and feed them well, as they would perform more labor, and take a deeper interest in their master's welfare. Therefore they have adopted a system of high feeding."

"Do you give your slaves as much meat as they want, colonel?" I inquired.

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"*Meat!*" said he, with a laugh; "I feed my hands on the best, most costly, and nutritious articles which the market affords, such as eggs, poultry, fresh meats, butter, &c., and just as much as they are disposed to eat."

"Indeed! And do your neighbors feed in the same manner?"

"Yes, sir, most of my neighbors feed in the same way; and I can assure you that it is altogether the best way. Provisions are generally cheap in this state, and hands that are well fed have better health, and do more work; and we find it to be the most profitable way, after all, to feed well."

I was really surprised at this; and yet it was all true. But still it left a false impression on my mind, which I probably would have brought home with me, had I not afterwards visited the place where Colonel H. resides, and learned "the other side of the story." The "*sunny side*" gave me only *half* the truth. When the other half from the "shady side" was brought to the light, and the two halves were joined together, the whole truth gave the fullest evidence that the slaves in that neighborhood suffered more by severe treatment from exacting, rigorous masters, than in any other part of the state.

Let us walk in and see the slaves of the "reliable" col. H. Let us go into the huts, and out upon the plantations, and see with our own eyes a well fed, "kindly treated" family of slaves.

"Whose field is that on the other side of the creek?" said a northern gentleman who was traveling with me, to a neighbor of Col. H.

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"That is a plantation of negroes the Col. hires this year, I believe," replied the "cracker."

"Will there be any harm in our going over there to see the boys work?"

"I reckon you had better go and see the Col. *first*," answered his neighbor, "for he is mighty particular about allowing strangers around among his people."

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to direct us to the Colonel's house?" said I.

"Here comes his old boy, 'Monday,' now. He will show you up there, sir."

"Thank you sir?"

"Ho, Monday! This way! We want you to go and show us the way to your master's house."

"Well, can't go now, master. I must go down to the store first, and get a gun for young master William. He is up at the school house you see there by the great tree, and he will tell you where the folks live."

We passed on to the log school house, where, much to our joy, we found a yankee school teacher—an old acquaintance.

The school was left to take care of itself awhile. I made inquiries respecting Col. H. and his slaves, repeated the statements he made to me, and expressed my great surprise to learn that slaves were fed in the manner stated by him.

"Ah! there is *another side* to that story!" exclaimed the teacher. "That gentleman bet *five thousand dollars* last year that he could raise more cotton with his hands than a neighbor could with the same number."

The truth now flashed upon me. I could see a

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motive now for feeding high. The slaves were to be driven hard. The man who could raise the largest amount of cotton would gain the five thousand dollars, in addition to the products of the field.

"Costly and nutritious food was supplied to those slaves," said the teacher of that school, "and the cotton planter's whip was as freely *applied* to them." The Colonel's plantation was close by that school room.

"The driver," said he, "went behind the gang of slaves, constantly cracking his whip, from morning till night. The boy or girl who fell in the rear received the lash, just like the poor, feeble lamb that falls behind in the drove. And I was informed," he added, in a tone expressing great grief and sympathy, "*eighteen slaves* belonging to that man perished in the fields and the huts last summer, from being over driven. But Col. H. raised more cotton than his neighbor with whom he laid the wager."

The amount of cotton raised probably exceeded by some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in value, the usual crop obtained under the ordinary mode of feeding and driving.

BLOOD AND MURDER.

> "There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
> It does not feel for man."

I came from Darien up to Savannah on Friday, in the spring of 1853, and took lodgings at my former

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home, the Marshall House. On Saturday I walked about the city, renewing old acquaintances, visiting the market, the post office, the reading rooms, stores, commission houses, &c., but received no intimation that a murder had been commited in that city a day or two previous. At the Marshall House I found many of the old boarders with whom I was acquainted. I attended church with them the next Sabbath, but I heard no one speak of any murder.

On Monday morning I stepped into the office of a gentleman of high standing, who went from Massachusetts, and he gave me a cordial greeting.

"I suppose," remarked my friend, "that you have heard of the murder of 'Cuffee,' by WILSON?"

"I have not, sir," I replied.

"Why! when did you come into the city?"

"Last Friday."

"Well, where have you been in the mean time, that you have not heard of that terrible murder?"

I imformed him of my facilities to obtain news—stating where I had been and whom I had seen.

"Now this is astonishing," said my friend, "that a man can be killed in one of our public streets, in broad day light, and the fact not be known at the market, or the reading rooms, or the hotels!"

"Don't your papers publish such accounts?" I inquired.

"No, sir, I looked in the daily papers Friday and Saturday, and was surprised to see no mention of it there."

"Can you give me the facts, sir?" I continued.

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"Oh, yes," replied the merchant, promptly. And he added, "I suppose you know Wilson?"

"I do not, sir. I have merely seen him, but have no acquaintance with him."

"Did you know Cuffee?" he asked.

"I did not."

"Cuffee was a house carpenter, a very smart, ingenious, industrious workman. He hired his time of his master, for which he paid him two hundred and seventy dollars a year. He did job-work, and by constant, hard labor, could earn a little more than the amount paid his master, and thus have the means of affording a few comforts to his wife and family, which they would not otherwise enjoy. You see that window, sir!" pointing to a large window in his office. "Cuffee put that window in a few days since. He made the sash and frame, and put up those neat little fixtures you see at the sides."

"About six months ago." continued Mr. ——, "Cuffee did some work for Wilson which was worth at least ten dollars. He waited some time for his pay, but Wilson neglected it. Cuffee asked him two or three time for it, and Wilson refused as often to pay him. Last week Cuffee met him in the street and demanded payment. 'I have been sick lately, Mr. WILSON,' said Cuffee, 'and I have not collected quite enough to pay the amount due to my master; and if you ever intend to pay me for the work I did for you I will thank you to do it now.' 'The work was not half done,' replied Wilson; 'and I thought I should'nt pay you any thing for doing it.'

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Two gentlemen were standing on the side-walk, who saw and heard it all.

'Well,' said Cuffee, 'remember that I shall never ask you for it again, so you will decide it finally this time.'

Wilson took a half a dollar from his pocket, and held it out towards Cuffee, in his open hand.

'Is that all you mean to pay me, Mr. Wilson? exclaimed Cuffee, contemptuously. 'Yes,' replied Wilson, angrily,—'take that, or nothing.' 'Why Mr. Wilson! that is not half as much as I paid a boy who helped me to do the job.'

'I don't care for that,' said Wilson; that's all I shall pay you.'

'Mr. Wilson,' continued Cuffee, much excited, 'if we were a little nearer the river, I would throw this half dollar into it, just to let you know that I can live without it, and that I despise your meanness and dishonesty.'

Now it does not answer for a slave to call a slaveholder mean or dishonest. No matter how mean and dishonest he may be, the slave must not remind him of it.

Wilson commenced beating, kicking, and cursing the poor slave. The spectators did not interfere—perhaps they dare not provoke the murderer's wrath. Cuffee was able to defend himself, if public opinion would have sustained him; he could have run from the assassin, but he feared the bullet would overtake him. The blows continued to fall upon him so thick and heavy, that, under a consciousness of his innocence, having more moral courage than if he had not

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been making his own contracts, and thinking, probably, that he could fall back on his kind master for protection, he straightened himself up, stepped back, stretched out his stalwart arm, and exclaimed—

'I tell you now, Mr. Wilson, that if I was not a slave, I would not endure such treatment as this from you for a moment!'

Behold him lifting up his hand against a white man! Unpardonable offence! Any man may kill him with impunity! Wilson drew his double barreled pistol, and shot the noble hearted slave on the spot!

Sometimes I am aware the Northern mind is shocked by an account of some horrid transaction in the south, in which the actors seem more like devils than men. The story seems so improbable that those who are determined to maintain a good opinion of slaveholders affect to disbelieve it; while others doubt it not, because they know that often, where slavery exists,

> "deeds are wrought,
> Which well might shame extremest hell;"

and yet these things are not doubted or denied in the south. On the contrary they are related with a *nonchalance* and an indifference that are surprising. The slaveholder in many instances seems to glory in his shame.

An illustration of this may be seen in the recent burning at the stake of a slave in Sumpter County, Alabama, and the manner in which the slaveholders —even those who do not justify it—relate the facts. "Dave," a slave of James D. Thornton, accused of the murder of the daughter of his mistress, was arrested,

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and confessed his guilt. Mr. Thornton and friends assembled to the number of one hundred men, well armed, got into the jail by stratagem, seized the slave, and bore him off in triumph. What followed, I will give in the language of the SUMPTER WHIG:

"*They left in high glee with the prisoner*, whom they felicitated themselves they had captured by a *coup d' etat*, and without a resort to the formidable weapons with which they were armed. Just before leaving, some one of the crowd extended an invitation to the Sheriff and the good people of Livingston to appear near the residence of Mr. James D. Thornton, (the place of the horrid murder,) at one o'clock P. M., on Friday following, to witness the burning of the murderer. In justice to our Sheriff, we will state here, that he and one of his deputies had gone to Wetumpka, to carry Robinson to the penitentiary, who had been sentenced at our last circuit court. Indeed, if he had been home on the occasion, he could not have arrested this unlawful procedure; for the rescue was effected so quick and with so little noise, that many of our citizens living immediately on the square knew nothing of it until the next morning. Two of the Sheriff's deputies afterwards demanded the prisoner, and remonstrated against this proceeding, but it was like talking to the winds. Some of our citizens who went down at the appointed place to witness the burning of the murderer, have related to us that the negro was tied to a stake, with fat and light wood piled around him, *and that the torch was applied in the presence of two thousand persons, who had met there to witness the novel*

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scene. The rumors which got afloat, that the negro was tortured, are utterly untrue."

Not long before I visited Georgia, there was a tragedy very much like this in that State, though the details were more shocking. I visited the place where it occurred, and heard it repeated by different persons, — though the story was related to me in all its particulars, as I give it here, by Mrs. A., the wife of a slave-holder, who was compelled by her husband to witness the scene. She was an intelligent, Christian lady, — a native of Augusta, in that State. Like very many southern women, she was opposed to slavery, and sympathized with the slaves in their sufferings, — and for this reason her harsh, unfeeling husband required her to go with him to see the terrible deed.

A punishment had been inflicted upon this slave by his mistress, which I will not name or describe. In revenge for it, he seized a hatchet and struck her twice upon the head, inflicting wounds that he supposed would cause instant death, — though she afterwards recovered. If there were any possible justification of the law of retaliation — if revenge ever could be right — he would have been justified in taking the life of his mistress. Had he not been a slave, public opinion would have pronounced him guiltless. So he felt. Instead of trying to escape, he ran immediately to the Court House — where the Court was then in session — told the officers what he had done, and expressed his willingness to suffer the penalty of the law. That, like those who take life without any excuse, he would, in due course of law, suffer upon the gallows,

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was what he anticipated. He wished not to avoid the doom; he desired not to live. But the slave-holders in that region decided that he should suffer a different fate. They determined he should be burned alive! And they accordingly offered him up — a sacrifice — upon the bloody altar of slavery! They raised money, by subscription, to pay his mistress for her loss. Several persons admitted to me that they contributed for that purpose. The slave was given up to them, and for five days he received fifty lashes a day, upon his naked back, with the heavy "cotton planters' whip." So was his Heavenly Master before his cruel death!

The day appointed, — which some said was Saturday, others Monday, but which my informant said was the Sabbath, — at length arrived, and the multitude assembled. There is a sparse population in that and the adjoining counties, — not more than five thousand within a space of thirty miles square, — and yet the number present was variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand. All the slaves in that region were compelled to attend. The slave who was to be executed, was the husband of a young wife, and the father of two young daughters, who were also forced to be present! The victim was led out from the place of his confinement to an oak tree, near the Court House, where he was surrounded by a vast crowd of beholders, clamoring for the consuming fire! The single garment he had on was taken off, a cord was fastened to his hands, and thus naked, he was drawn up several feet from the earth, and hung suspended on

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a large limb. A slow fire, made of hard pine shavings, was then kindled beneath him. At first, the smoke arose and enveloped him, and then the clear, bright flames quickly ascended, coiling about the limbs, encircling the body, scorching the nerves, crisping the fibres, charring the flesh,—and, in mortal anguish, he was, (to use the lady's own language), "sweating great drops of blood!" But, before life was entirely extinquished, when he was in the last convulsive agonies of death, the executioners applied their knives, which they had prepared, fastened upon poles, cutting open the thorax and abdomen! Then one of the fiends thrust in a hook, prepared in like manner, and dragged out the heart! Another tore out the liver! A third wrenched out the lungs! And with these vital organs, elevated above their heads on poles, they ran through the crowd screaming, "*So shall it be done to the slave that murders his mistress!*" Then the heart was thrown upon the ground — and the crowd rushed over it, forward and backward, stamping upon it, crushing out the life's blood, and treading it in the dust. Then, in like manner, the lungs and the liver were disposed of, amid the deafening shouts of the savage throng.

Facts so blood-thirsty, so horrible, and so well attested by one who was an unwilling witness of the whole transaction, require no comments from me.

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RETURN NORTH.

On the fourteenth of June, 1854, at five o'clock, P. M., I took passage on the noble steamship James Adger, for New York, where she safely arrived on the third morning out, at four, A. M. We had a fine, agreeable passage, except while rounding Cape Hatteras, when for some three hours we encountered one of those terrific southern gales which scarcely give evidence of approach until the hurricane is upon you with all its wrath. Never until then did I witness the awful grandeur of a sea-storm, the rolling, belching thunder went roar, roar, roar, like the continuous discharge of a formidable battery, and the red, streaming lightning reflected fearfully ominous upon the distorted countenance of old Neptune, now lashed into fury. It seemed for a few moments that every spar, beam and plank of our noble craft would be blown into a thousand fragments, and that all on board must inevitably go down to a watery grave.

The first night out, the weather being fine, and sky cloudless, I went aft, and watched for hours with curious interest the million sparks of fire apparently kindled up in the wake of the ship, called the luminous appearances of the sea. These appearances, say sea-faring men, are sure indications of an approaching storm, and so we found it to be in a few hours following.

The second morning we passed through a large school of fish, — dolphin, porpoises, &c., &c. Sometimes we could see them, in every direction, as far as

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the eye could reach, leaping up and diving down again into their native element, evincing the most playful mood. Now they dart away in front of our proud ship, as if in derision of her tardy movements when compared with theirs, and now for miles together they keep side by side with her. I saw at another time, about a mile distant, a large stream of water thrown directly into the air, when suddenly a large whale rolled up its ponderous form, resembling the hulk of a man-of-war. Presently another appeared in an opposite direction, and shortly after the whole sea appeared alive with fish, whales, &c.

The passengers, officers and crew were very orderly, fare good, and everything cleanly and comfortable. To add variety to the voyage, it was necessary for me to encounter that terrible scourge of the ocean, sea-sickness, than which nothing can be more terrible. Neither savory viands, delicious fruit, ice cream, choice wines, nor any other thing can mitigate for the time being, the death-like sufferings of the poor patient, rocked by old Neptune almost into the other world. While writhing in its deadly gripe, rolling and tumbling like the falling domes of an earthquaked city, one scarcely has a choice whether he sinks or swims, dies or lives; whether the ship makes the port, or as the sailor says, goes to "Davy Jones' Locker." In his state-room, on deck, in the saloon, by night and by day, from larboard to starboard, and from every other quarter, like a fury from the deep, it preys upon the poor victim. Emerging from my state-room one morning, after a night of unmitigated sickness of this

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kind, I made for the deck and rushed to the side of the vessel for the purpose of settling a small account with his Briny Majesty, when a large wave, striking her at the same time, the whole length of her broadside, knocked me over with such force as to send me reeling into the cabin, with a coat of slime which contributed not much towards allaying the nausea already wasting my life.

And even now while I write, though hundreds of miles away from the roaring sea, yet by the law of sympathy, arising from past recollections, I can sense in a measure some of the same repulsive, faint, nauseating, death-like feelings I then experienced. If the reader has never been sea-sick, he can form no idea of its dreadful effects.

Entering New York harbor, though a little past the middle of June, we felt the cold northern winds fanning us, contrasting not very pleasantly with the mild, sunny breath we left behind. On landing I immediately took hack for the hotel at which I had previously stopped, where, as on former occasions, I found good quarters and sumptuous fare. But the order of the day in the great metropolis appeared to be storm, mud and fog, both day and night, night and day, for nearly a week. Began to wish myself back again far in the *sunny, sunny south.* Finally, after taking the New York and Erie Railroad, a few hours jolting over that iron highway and others, landed me safely in the centre of the beautiful queen city of the west, where I had the pleasure of spending four long months amid its roll and bustle, steam and smoke.

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CHAPTER VII.

CINCINNATI.

A WHOLE chapter devoted to a northern city in a work bearing the title of this book, might seem irrelevant and foreign to the purposes it contemplates. Not only by the law of contrast but also by real occurrences, which the writer has witnessed, he will assure the reader that no city shows up the *dark institution* in so unfavorable a light. Why, there are materials enough, southern materials floating through Cincinnati annually, to make a score of UNCLE TOM'S duplicated by an equal number of NORTH SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY.

The UNDERGROUND RAILROAD runs directly through its centre, has for years past and will for years to come. Here is where northern *south side* judges with other northern *federal officials* help to forge out bolts and bars to prop up the *peculiar institution*—where the frantic fugitive mother draws the deadly knife upon her tender offspring and sends it to a premature grave sooner than have it live to be remanded to a cruel life-long bondage.

It is the great border city of the *free states*, dividing in a manner northern DEMOCRACY from southern DESPOTISM — one of the great battle fields of FREEDOM, where liberty and tyranny have not unfrequently met in fearful and bloody combat,—where many an act of daring has been performed on the part of the poor

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hunted down *fugitive* sufficiently worthy of a record on the stirring pages of the world's history; and where a great many deeds have been done on the part of the *slave-holder* and *slave-hunter* sufficiently ludicrous and mean, to awaken the loud laugh of *devils*, and contempt of mankind.

For the benefit of a certain class of readers, I shall give a few descriptive, historical, and statistical items, connected with the city, with its rise, growth and general prosperity: which speak volumns for free institutions over slavery and despotism.

Cincinnati is the most populous city of the western states, and the fifth in size and importance among all the cities of the union. It is remarkable for its rapid growth, extensive trade, productive industry, and religious institutions. From its central position between Pittsburg and the mouth of the Ohio, it has become the principal gathering and distributing point in the valley of that river. The city is beautifully situated in a valley three miles in diameter, intersected from east to west by the Ohio, and environed by a range of hills, with a well defined circular form, rising by gentle acclivities about four hundred feet above the river. From the summits of these, the most beautiful views of Cincinnati are obtained. The greater part of the city is built on two terraces or plains, of which the first is fifty feet, and the second one hundred and eight feet above low water mark.

The front margin of the latter, originally a steep bank, has been graded to a gentle declivity, so that the drainage of the city is effected by means of the

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streets, directly into the river. The upper terrace slopes towards the north, and, at the average distance of a mile, terminates at the base of the Mount Auburn range of limestone hills, adorned with country seats, vine-yards, and gardens. The city extends some four miles or more along the river, without including the suburban villages. The central portions are compactly and handsomely built, with streets about sixty-six feet wide, bordered with spacious ware-houses of brick and stone.

Main street extends from the steamboat landing in a N. N. W direction, and Broadway, Sycamore, Walnut, Vine, Race, Elm, and Plum streets, with Western Row and other streets still lower down are parallel with it. These streets are all intersected at right angles by fourteen principal streets, named Front, First, Second, Third &c., up to Fourteenth street. Among the handsomest portions of the city—are Broadway, Main, Pearl and Fourth streets. At the foot of Main street is the public landing or levee, an open area of ten acres, with one thousand feet front. The shore of the river is paved with stone from low-water mark to the top of the first bank, and furnished with floating wharves, which accommodate themselves to the great variation in the height of the river. The Ohio is subject to great freshets in certain portions of the year. The mean annual range from low to high water is about fifty feet. The city is divided into sixteen wards, and is governed by a Mayor and a Board of Trustees, consisting of three members from each ward, usually known by the name of City Council.

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Among the most prominent and interesting public buildings may be mentioned the edifice of Cincinnati College, on Walnut street, occupied in part by the chamber of commerce and mercantile library; it is one hundred and forty feet long, by one hundred wide, with a marble front in the Doric style: the Roman Catholic cathedral, at the corner of Eighth and Plum streets, one of the largest churches in the west, with a spire two hundred and fifty feet high; it is two hundred feet long, and eighty wide, and cost about one hundred thousand dollars: the Episcopal church, at the corner of Seventh and Plum streets, recently erected, at a cost of some eighty thousand dollars: the First Presbyterian church, at the corner of Main and Fourth streets: the new City Hall, on Plum street, between Eighth and Ninth: the Melodeon at the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, containing a public hall one hundred feet long, sixty wide, and twenty-five feet high: the Masonic Hall, at the corner of Third and Walnut streets, erected in the castellated style of Gothic architecture: the Burnett House at the corner of Third and Vine streets, one of the most spacious hotels in the United States; two hundred and twelve feet by two hundred and ten; it is six stories in height, contains three hundred and forty-two apartments, and is surmounted by a dome which is one hundred feet above the basement; the cost of it is estimated at three hundred thousand dollars: the Cincinnati observatory, a fine stone edifice, situated on the top of an eminence, (Mount Adams,) which rises five hundred feet above low-water, commanding a wide

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and varied prospect of the city, and the "vine clad hills." Through the centre of the main building rises a pier of masonry, founded on the native rock, supporting the great equatorial telescope, which is one of the largest and most perfect in the world. The focal length is about seventeen feet and a half, and the diameter of the object glass, twelve inches, with magnifying powers varying from one hundred times up to one thousand.

UNDER GROUND RAILROAD.

This road, as previously remarked, runs directly through this great Metropolitan city of the west, bearing scores, if not hundreds of passengers, monthly en route for (Canada) the Canaan of the *fugitive*. The stock of this road is worth fifty per cent more than it was six years ago, when the infamous *Fugitive Slave Law*, took effect, from the untold amount of wealth accruing in the bodies and souls of men restored to freedom and the race. Here I have taken my stand and seen droves of native born Americans pour in from the home of their birth and chains, for the *promised land;* black, white and yellow. Some were as intellectual in their appearance as the Calhouns, the Wises and the Aikens; others as muscular and strong in their physical proportions as Hercules the first—while in others could be traced all the lines of beauty that graced the image of old Venus the fair.

The association constituting the Under Ground Railroad Company of the west, a branch of which is located here, is composed of a set of heroic men and

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women, ministers and laymen, of noble, moral daring, of the real Jerusalem stock. The proprietors, conductors, hands, station-keepers, &c., &c., know their business well, and do it, "they are all at it and always at it," hence the success of the company. I stepped into the depot or railroad office of this way one day, kept by friend Obadiah the good, by whom I was welcomed, conducted through its apartments, introduced to some of its conductors, passengers and waymen, with whom I conversed, upon whose person I saw the marks of galling chains and irons, and from whose tongues I heard tales of woe that made my very blood run cold. I was here introduced to the Rev. Mrs. H——, of Michigan, a venerable, pious, intelligent lady of fifty or more years, one of the regular and most successful conductors on this road. Yes, she is a female divine, I heard her preach, in which she did credit to herself and honor to the pulpit. She was in waiting for her train, now, making up for its departure the following week. In the mean time she gave me a short history of her connection with the under-ground railroad, her exploits, dangers, threats made against her, prison visits, and hair-breath escapes from the blood hounds of slavery; how she went to Frankfort, Kentucky, and after a series of efforts succeeded in gaining admittance into the the prison where poor Fairbank was suffering a living martyrdom, and administered to his wants, how she returned to Louisville, talked to some of the slaves, was treated coolly even while a guest there, and finally driven out of the state, and pursued all the way to Michigan, by the state officers of the *bloody institution*, with war-

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rants for her arrest, and how the Hon. R. R. Beecher, of Adrian, Michigan, gallantly proffered his services in her defence, &c., &c.

Presently in came the hostess aunt Rebecca, companion and helpmeet of Obadiah the good, from whom I learned there was an orphan asylum for colored fugitive children connected with their establishment over which she presided. From whom I also learned that companies of from fifteen to thirty, poor, wandering, homeless, starving, bleeding, hunted down fugitives, from the woods, waters, lagoons, and swamps of the south, had frequently been seated around their table at a time, were comfortably housed, lodged, and sent on within a day or so to Canada. And these were succeeded by others, of a similar character, year in and year out. This is a religion, I thought to myself, more acceptable to God, more convincing to the poor slave at least, and better for the world than all the shouts and hallelujahs of christendom for centuries past. What are loud shouts and lofty pretensions to religion, in the cause of humanity, where helping hands, dollars and cents are needed? They are good for nothing, and amount to little more than mockery to millions of our suffering race. A number of *slave hunters*, those *reprobates* of the race, are often seen prowling around these premises, especially in the evening, for the purpose of catching, gagging, and carrying across the river any of the fugitives who may wander out on the walk.

While listening to the thrilling moving adventures of this philanthropic Christian lady in the glorious cause of freedom and humanity, in came an intelligent

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appearing mulatto man, whom I shall call Robert. Robert was a free man, a native of South Carolina, who by indefatigable labor and economy had succeeded after years of long suffering, as some few do at the south, though not many, in purchasing his freedom. After which he went to New Orleans and hired himself out to service, where he stopped several years, earned a large sum of money and was cheated out of the whole of it, by those wicked oppressors of the race, who can with impunity buy and sell, and cheat out of their hard earnings the poor down trodden slave.

He had a powerful, pressing, stimulant to nerve him to action; his wife and child were yet in bondage for whose liberation he worked day and night, scarcely allowing himself the common necessaries of life until this glorius, crowning consummation of his being should be accomplished. Finally after having earned what he thought sufficient for this purpose, he went to his employers and demanded his money, but they put him off, and put him off, so often and so coolly that he found they never meant to pay him and at length gave it up as a hopeless case, there being neither law nor justice for his caste in that city.

Having heard even in New Orleans, by some mysterious or providential way, that he did not explain to the writer, of the famous Mrs. Stowe, author of the *immortal Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and of her scarcely less notable brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—having heard of the generous sympathy awakened in the hearts of these truly Christian, philanthropic individuals

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in behalf of his down trodden people; the poor fellow started for the north to see if they would not help him to the means necessary for the recovery of his family. Unfortunate man, I pitied him, it was all I could do. By dint of indomitable perseverance, and good fortune he worked his passage up to Pittsburgh, from thence to Adrian, Mich., where some good anti-slavery friends referred him to Rev. Mrs. H. who then resided there, as a suitable person to enter upon a work of the kind. Immediately he repaired to her house, but found she was in Cincinnati; so off he started for the Queen city, where he arrived in a few hours, and came to the underground railroad office while I was there. His tale was a pitiful one indeed, requiring a volume, instead of a few pages to narrate. Soon after he entered, another poor hunted down fugitive right from the swamps of the Mississippi came in; a mulatto woman, though young, about twenty-five, yet she looked old, and care worn, with scars on her face and head, indelible marks of the cruel task master. On seeing Robert she ventured from the back room in which she was sitting, hoping, and not a little expecting it might be her own dear husband whom she left nearly fifteen hundred miles away in the rice growing fields of Louisania. As she entered she cast a wild, piercing glance at me, and at the front windows, to see if she could recognize in any who were in the room, or on the walk, her merciless pursuers, for they were upon her track and she knew it. Margaret, for that was her name, was the slave of Capt. D., who resided in the lower part of Mississippi, on the banks

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of the father of waters, where scores of boats pass and repass every day, some of which occasionly touched at a point on his plantation, to wood up, or to take on or let off passengers. On one of these occasions, Margaret, who by the way, was a sort of *Cassy*, from her mistress' wardrobe metamorphosed herself into a lady of quality, left the mansion, passed on through a crowd, thickly veiled, to the levee, entered an up bound Cincinnati boat, was secreted by the colored chambermaid in her room to this city.

Before leaving, she and her husband who was owned by a neighboring planter, had made up their minds to go to Canada. Getting the start of him as above described, she is now here waiting his arrival, hoping and praying that a similar good fortune may soon bring him to join her.

When the fugitives came in, friend Obadiah introduced them to us, as friend Robert and friend Margaret, late of Mississippi, &c. After conversing a while with Robert, we turned to Margaret and had a long talk with her. Said I to her:—

"Then you are from Mississippi, are you?"

"Yes, please massa, God bless you."

"When did you leave there?"

"Three weeks ago."

"What is your master's name?"

"'Is name Capt. D——, Sir."

"Did you like him?"

"No."

"Why, was 'nt he good to you?"

"Sometimes a little good, — but then, Lor, look

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out, — old folks get mad and whip 'um chil'ens, and ebery nigger almos' to pieces."

"Does he belong to any church?"

"Yes."

"What church?"

"De Methodis' church."

"Does he ever speak and pray in church?"

"I recon ye'd think so, when ye'd heard him a smart while, like I'se done many a time."

"Did you ever hear him curse and swear?"

"Yes, when he 'd be so mad he could 'nt help it, then he 'd cuss ebery body, an' ebery ting, and say, dam de niggers, debil hab all de niggers, and white peoples too!"

"Did he ever punish you very hard?"

"Lor, yes massa, so many times can't 'member how much. Ye see that scar on my face, (and a cruel one it was,) well, in de cotton fiel one day, 'case sick some an' could 'nt pick fas, massa D—— say, pic fasser gal, pic fasser, an' 'case could 'nt, massa strike wid de cane on my face till could 'nt work more in a week, an' mos' kill me."

"Were you ever tied up to the whipping post, and flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails?"

"Yes, twice; once when I libed wid massa Brown, over in Alabama, an' once by massa D——, in Mississippi."

"How many lashes did they give you?"

"Massa Brown did fifty, and massa D—— two hundred, till I fainted and almos' died. Oh, 't was awffil, awffil whipping!"

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"Did you ever see them punish children very severely?"

"Yes, yes, Lor', yes. Cousin Jane's Kitty they killed. Kitty was about ten years old. 'Case did 'nt get enough to eat, Kitty would say: 'Please, missus, I'm hungry, won't you give me some bread to eat?' 'No,' missus say, 'go out, you lazy brat, you want to eat all the time, I won't give you anything to eat.' Then Kitty would go to the neighbor across the way, and say to them: 'Please, missus, give Kitty something to eat—most starved.' When ole missus heard of it, she said: 'Kitty, come here; you go to the neighbor's for bread, do you? I'll teach you how to beg.' She pulled off all Kitty's clothes, and tied her up into a small tree, all day, and all night, with nothing to eat or drink. Kitty cried, and cried. Masser said: 'Take Kitty down;' but missus said: 'No, she'd learn her to beg of the neighbors.' But in the morning poor Kitty was dead!"

"Which is the worst, a master or a mistress?"

"A mistress is worse, 'case she is foreber tormenting poor slaves. When the masser whips, it is done with; but a missus will blackguard, scold, and tease, and whip the life out of us."

"Do you ever go to church, and pray to God?"

"Yes, sometimes, but slave religion is mighty scarce on a Mississippi sugar plantation."

"Do you work on Sundays?"

"Yes, hab no Sundays; sometimes, work all Sundays."

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FUGITIVES AND SLAVE HUNTERS.

Fugitives may be found here from almost all the slave-holding States of the Union. And also the streets sometimes swarm with the slave *hunters* and *holders* of these States, looking up their *goods* and *chattels*, which are almost constantly floating up the Mississippi and Ohio for Canada. A few they rescue, but most they lose. Various methods are resorted to by these blood-hounds of the south, for the recapture of their lost prey. Not unfrequently the following is adopted:—

The *hunter*, generally a shrewd, polished, outlawed villain, gets upon the track of one he knows is here, learns where he or she attends church, if any, puts up at a large hotel, and on Sunday morning pens a note like the following: "Miss M—— T—— is requested to call at the American Hotel, this afternoon, at four o'clock, where she will find a dear friend, whom she will be glad to see. Be sure and come at the appointed hour." Signed, "A Friend." Then sends it to the pastor of the church to be read in public. And if she goes, she will be in chains in less than no time, and on the Kentucky side. I heard a similar note read in one of the colored churches here. Whether the girl went to the hotel, or not, I cannot say.

Another is, a number of them will go together to the colored church, or linger round it, at night, about time for church to be out, single out their prey, seize and throw him into a coach prepared for the purpose, hurry off to the river, and cross before scarcely any one knows anything about it.

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Sometimes they will call themselves lumbermen, boatmen, or something else, engaged on the bank of the river; will go to these fugitives and offer them large wages to go down to the river and pile lumber, or help unload a boat, &c., &c., and when they arrive there, force them into a boat prepared for the purpose, and in five minutes more they are again in the land of bondage.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUISVILLE.

HERE I am once more, fully and fairly in the land of slavery, on the soil of old Kentucky, in its chief city, and must be careful what I write and say. Well, you shall see, sooner or later, what effect the advice my northern and eastern counsellers, God bless them, shall have on my pen.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when we landed, and then what an army of Kentucks, in the shape of cab, buss, and hack drivers beset us, thundering in our ears their broad western accents. "Harve a cab, sir? harve a hack, sir? harve ye any lodding, sir, to tuck up town, if ye has, thars the mule that ken haul a lod whats a lod?" With some little difficulty, and quite a feat at elbowing, I at length succeeded in making my way through a small regiment

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of them, and passed up over the Levee into the city proper, to look up my own quarters, having already learned that Southern and Western hotels, require no small share of a little fortune for a few weeks' board. In about two hours promenading through the chief streets of the city, succeeded quite to my wishes in finding a boarding house, kept by a lady from Philadelphia; and an excellent one she keeps I will assure you, board five dollars per week.

Louisville is a much larger place than I had expected to find; it has a population of from seventy-five thousand to a hundred thousand; covers as much ground as Cincinnati, though not so compactly built.

It presents a greater business aspect than any of the southern cities I have yet visited. It scarcely appears a slave city, yet slavery does exist here; the fact is, it is so near the land of freedom that it has caught many of those elements of progress, so peculiar to the North and East. Many Eastern men are now here shaping its business destinies, as also those of the whole state, and it's not unlikely but old Kentuck may yet come out a free State. One of her daring native sons appears to be devoting his life to such a consummation, at least: I allude to the famous Cassius M. Clay. Reader, did you ever hear this singular man in public? I presume you have, while on some of his eastern lecturing tours. Well, just allow me here to describe to you, reader, how he harangues his native Kentuckians, on the subject of SLAVERY. He sends an appointment to a given place, to lecture at a certain time; perhaps some of the citizens will send word that he will not

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be allowed to lecture there; he sends word back to them that he will lecture there, according to previous notice. The time comes, a great crowd is collected to hear the lecturer or to see the mob; presently the lecturer comes, he passes directly through the crowd, mounts the forum, waves his hand for attention, all eyes are turned towards the speaker. He commences with a firm, clear, and decided tone of voice, the following remarks:

Gentleman, says he, I have a few preliminaries to settle, previous to entering upon the main subject of discussion. I want to make three short appeals to three classes of persons, whereupon he holds up a small Bible. There, gentlemen says he, is the great charter record of human rights, on which all law and equity is based, deserving the name of law—this is my appeal to the religious portion of society—and lays it down upon the stand before him. Then he holds up the Constitution of the United States. Here, gentlemen, says he, is the bond of our Union, the noble Constitution of our Glorious Republic, which says that all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, &c., &c. This is my appeal to gentlemen, to patriots, and to all true hearted Americans, and places it with the Bible before him. Then he puts his hand into his pocket and brings out an enormous six shooter: holding it up before the audience, he exclaims: and here, gentleman, is a six shooter, every barrel of which is heavily charged with powder and cold lead. This is my appeal to the mobocrats, and I will blow its contents through the heart of the first man who

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offers to lay his hands on me; to silence me in my native State, or to gag free speech in my presence. This he also lays down upon the stand with his two former appeals, ready for action; then he commences a perfect storm against the peculiar institution, enough to wring the sweat out of old Kentucky from every pore. By this time, all are awed into submissive silence. Such, sir, is the celebrated nephew of old Henry Clay, in his own State. Success to his efforts. May he live to see the chains fall from every slave in the land of his birth.

Yes, slavery does exist in this city, and throughout the State, as you are aware, but in a somewhat modified sense. Yet there are some as mean, some as tyrannical slave-holders to be met here as in any portion of the far South, and also, perhaps a greater class of the best sort in the whole slave domain.

Had not been long at my fine boarding house, before ascertaining the fact that I was daily seated at the same table with two of these miserable anti-human *critters*, walking on two legs and looking like men, called niggers *droviers*. Heard them, as occasionally they sat near me, in low conversation, like old Graspum, Haley, Tom Loker and the like, earnestly canvassing the relative value of the human stock they had just purchased or been looking at. They bought up a drove of men, women and children, kept them chained up in a miserable, dark, filthy slave pen, waiting for a rise of water to ship them down to the New Orleans market. There are a few barracoons of slaves and slave markets here. I see by reading the city

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Dailies, where some of the best quality of slaves may be had on low terms for cash down. Gentlemen wishing to purchase will please call and examine stock, at No. ——, on —— st., G. W.

A man may more freely express himself on the subject of slavery in private conversation here, than in the Carolinas and Georgia, but he may not in public, I mean a northern man. Rev. Mr. Knapp, the great revivalist tried it in the Baptist church here, just before my arrival. He poured on a tremendous tirade against the *institution*, as he had been accustomed to in the east, and was soon forced to cross the river, with old Kentucky upon his heels.

"Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky."

While here one day, I came pat upon a Mr. ——, with whom I was intimately acquainted twenty years ago in the east. I then knew him as an itinerant Methodist preacher of good standing in the M. E. church, talented, popular, and successful in his profession. But he did not make money fast enough at it —had to be removed too often or something else of the kind, so he gave up the ministry and went into some worldly business, I know not what. And for some twenty years I had lost sight of him; but here he came up natural as life, looking scarcely older than when last I saw him. I was happy to see him, and he appeared so to see me. I was at his room, or he at mine almost every other night for a time. We went to church together, he prayed, spoke, and exhorted like a saint in good earnest, lectured before the Sabbath schools, &c., &c. He reported himself to me as having

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taken a European tour, from thence to Palestine, to Australia, Sandwich Islands, and to various other portions of the Pacific; hence his years of absence from the notice of his friends. Finally, between two weeks he took French leave of this place, after having borrowed a hundred dollars of one of his fellow boarders, fifty from another a fine suit of clothes of a clothier, and sundry other valuables from various others—at which I felt shocked, mortified, and provoked, you may rightly judge, for being a stranger, I came nigh being arrested as an accomplice of his in this villanous affair. Come to converse with his employers here, I learned from them that he had been for several years in the penitentiary at Philadelphia for forgery.

Oh, what a servant of Satan and pest to society, a backslidden minister may become. And what a lesson of warning to all those preachers who think they cannot make money enough at preaching, or who otherwise cannot put up with the small inconveniences of itinerancy, but must leave their high calling to better their condition, by serving tables, &c. Let them beware and think before they leap.

COLORED CHURCH.

I attended a colored peoples' church yesterday, on —— street. The building looked as though it might once have been a chapel where the whites worshiped, but now for the exclusive use of their poor slaves to worship in. Though a low, dirty, superanuated looking building, yet real, devout, holy, simple-hearted

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worshipers crowded its altars, and sent up a living flame to the throne of God.

Well, I went in, and took my seat near the altar, it being full early for the commencement of their services, a few only having as yet come in, but did not wait long, when they came, like clouds and doves to their windows. A mighty motley mass of anti-palefaces—Jerry and Sambo, Cæsars and Ande, Dorcas and Jule, Jany and Suza, Lizza, Aunt Cloe, children and all, and old Uncle Tom, and little Eva besides, here they all are together, and all for one purpose, namely, the worship of God.

There comes the preacher, with a blue coat on and blue pantaloons, of the pure, unmixed, African breed, with as black a phiz as you ever saw on man, or any one else. He stops and shakes hands with a few of the brethern and sisters, then passes up into the pulpit. The meeting commences with singing, through the whole congregation. Loud and louder still, were their devotions—and oh! what music, what devotion, what streaming eyes, and throbbing hearts; my blood runs quick in my veins, and quicker still, as they proceed and warm up in this part of the exercises. It seems as though the roof would rise from the walls, and some of them go up, soul and body both. That old dilapidated building seemed the temple of God itself, for the time being, the gates of the New Jerusalem and abode of holy angels. Why, the singing of these poor benighted slaves will shame all our northern and eastern choirs out of countenance, for God is in it. Their hearts and tongues are moved with Divinity set on fire.

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Prayer time has come. The hundreds of these children of Ham prostrate themselves in the dust, as with uplifted hands, and streaming eyes, the preacher leads their devotions. He commences:

"Oh! de great Massa Jesus, who lib so high way up in the sky, hab marcy on we, de poor color chillens, be preased to look down on ous wid great compassion, an sabe ous from de ebles and corrubtions of de wicked worl. Oh! de great Massa, gib ous yor Spirit. As you gibed yor dar Son to die for de loss an wicked worl, gib us yor ade an sistence, we pray you, while I tempt to preach yor own word to yor own dar chillens. Oh! de great Lort, hab marcy on our poor flicted, scattered, pressed people, an bring ous to de sweet Canian lan, whar no cruel Massa lib—whar de por color men hab de white sol."

Here is only a small portion of the prayer—have neither room nor time for the whole of it—it being somewhat lengthy to the conclusion. This happened to be a funeral occasion. The preacher could read some. His text was in Revelation, and these the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c. He read over a few collateral texts, in an imperfect way of course, and then remarked to his hearers:

"Dis be de way I gib de exposition of de tex, or ob de introduction ob de skourse. Bressed be da dat die in de Lort. Now, our sister Jany be bressed for he die in de Lort. [The poor illiterate slaves in the south almost uniformly use the masculine gender alike for both male and female; for instance, said one to me, "my wife he gone up in de country to stay, and

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my sister Jule, he's libing wid massa Johnson." Not so with all. Some of the colored preachers speak very properly indeed. But to proceed with the sermon.] Our dar sister Jany we member how he sweet voice sing in dis hous, and pray in dis hous, but he die in de Lort, in de kingom before de trone of God foreber, case he hab de lub of God in he heart. My dear bredders and sissers, dwa ye knoo what dat be like? Knoo we can't scribe it. Gloory to God, it be like de sweet ile ob de kingom. Our dar sisser Jany will die noo more foreber—gone to lib wid de angels, wid de Sabor, and wid all de good people what went up before to lib before de trone foreber, and he work follow um. Noo, my dar breddren, wat be de work dat follow um? Why, de prayr, de tanksgibbin, de singing, de bein good an goin to de meetin wid de bredderin and de sissers. Noo, our dar sisser Jany gone to de place whar de singing, and de praying, and de tanksgibbin, and all de good work follow um foreber ond eber before de trone ob God. Oh! glory to de Lort foreber, for de goot work dat follow he chillerns to de kingom foreber.

"Now," said the preacher, "my dar hearers, ebery body hab tree friend in dis worl: firs, de worl; seccon, de money; and lasly, de Adbocate wid de Fadder. Now, if de worl go hart wid um—noo please, noo comfit—den de money come in an help um; boot whin de worl go wron, and noo comfit, and de money all goon, den de Adbocate wid de Fadder take um up, wen he gib he heart to God. Oh! bredderen, gloory to de Lort, for de Adbocate wid de Fadder, who take

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um ub an he gib um de new heart. Ole heart goon foreber, and de new man come ub in um. He lub God noo, he lub de prayer noo, he lub de tanksgibbin noo, he lub all de goot noo, an he work follow um noo. Do de worl goo bat noo, and de money all gon —neber min, he got de goot money ob de kingom, an he got new worl in he heart. Oh! gloory to God, de great Massa Jesus lib in um noo, an de ole Massa sattarn kill out ob um. Noo, my dar bredderen, if wa be goot sarvants ob de great Massa ob de kingom, and die in de Lort, we'l goo ub to lib wid him in de gloorious hoose on high, and de goot worke will follow ous foreber and eber."

So much for a part of the sermon, all of which abounded with good ideas, and all fully comprehended by his sable and pious hearers. Now, a single dialogue with a poor slave will conclude this paper. This morning the man servant who regulates my room came in to fix the fire.

"Well, Sam," said I to him, "how old are you?"

"Well, don't know zackly, massa, but specks am 'bout thirty-five."

"Are you married, Sam?"

"No massa, me no married."

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, massa."

"Who is your master?"

"Well, old missus dead, and young missus——owns ous noo, an she rents ous out to de hotel."

"Had you not rather be your own master, Sam, than be owned by another?"

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"Yes, Massa, yor right, me'd drather be free man than slave. If me arn five cents a day, me'd drather have it than any massa."

"Do you belong to the colored church, Sam?"

"Noo, but me goes thar to meetin."

"Do the colored churches have free preachers, or are they slaves?"

"Yes," said he, "most of de collor preachers be free, but de church buys dem ob da massars, an make dem free, an den supports dem."

Think of that! oh, ye rich northern and eastern Methodists, with your crowded barns and overrunning granaries, who can hardly spare five or ten dollars of your piled-up wealth, per annum for gospel purposes, while here, these poor slaves, with good economy and industry, by over-work at the midnight hour, purchase their preachers at the enormons sum of from $1,000 to $1500 each, and then support them quite as well as the majority of northern white preachers are supported.

"Do your colored preachers," said I, "administer the sacraments to the church?"

"Oh yes, massa," said Sam, "we owns in our colored church, de sacraments, de lofeasts, and de preachers."

"Well, Sam, where were you born?"

"In Old Ginna."

"Did you ever hear of Canada, Sam?"

"Oh yes, massa," said he.

"Well, what kind of a place do you think Canada is?"

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"Well, don't know, but me hears tis a mighty goot country, where de colored man lib like de white man —hab de house, de coos, de hogs, an de hoss. Oh, mighty goot country, me likes lib dar."

CHAPTER IX.

TAKE PASSAGE FOR NEW ORLEANS—THE OHIO.

HAVING staid as long as I desired in Louisville, I engaged passage on the Hungarian for New Orleans. Owing to the long drought just terminated by the present rise in the Ohio and its tributaries, and the rush of travel floating on for the down river country, our passage-fee is unusually high, twenty-five dollars for a single passage. Our boat is not a very large one, about eleven hundred tons, nor of the latest style, rather tardy in her movements compared with some I have seen, but she is a safe one, well officered, ably manned, and nobly furnished. She is a Cincinnati boat, and Capt. Collier, her gentlemanly commander, resides in that city, is a native of Ohio, and was once a member of the M. E. Church; he is in appearance a very moral, civil, good hearted sort of a man. I have a small, tastily furnished state room to myself, where I spend hours of my time in reading and writing, as we are being borne along by the force of steam and flood towards the great Metropolis of the South.

Louisville is distant from New Orleans about four-

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teen hundred miles, and to make the passage between them, frequently requires more time than to go from New York to Europe, in one of the Collins line steamers. It will be remembered that at Louisville the falls in the Ohio obstruct navigation entirely at low stages of water. To obviate which, a canal has been cut round them to Shippings Port, a distance of two miles. It is a work of stupendous labor, being cut a great part of its length through solid rock. It is in some places forty or fifty feet deep, and of sufficient width to pass steamboats through, and affords fine water-power for several mill-seats below the locks. We passed through this canal, were the whole of one day in making its passage, so many boats having entered before us partially choking it up, and then were obliged to rest until morning before venturing to start down stream.

At about nine o'clock the next morning we unfastened our cables, dropped out into the stream stern foremost, floated down a few rods, wheeled about, put on the steam, and then we felt ourselves fully committed upon the waters for our fourteen hundred miles voyage. In about twenty minutes after starting, we passed New Albany, on the Indiana shore, the chief city of the State, with a population of about fifteen thousand. Presently we passed the mouth of Salt river, in Kentucky, which empties into the Ohio some twenty miles below Louisville. This is a darkly-appearing, smooth, deep and narrow stream, flowing sluggishly along, being embowered in the thick foliage of trees with which its banks are thickly lined. This

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is the stream whence originated the phrase, "rowing up Salt river." It derives its name from the numerous salt-licks at its head and along its banks. It flows down from, and also through, a hard, rough country; hence, the hardy boatmen of the Ohio and Mississippi say to some of their refractory messmates, "we will row you up *Salt river*," and hence the origin of this phrase. But neither time nor space will allow me to mention one in fifty of the hundreds of interesting and somewhat historical localities, such as islands, rivers, bluffs, towns and cities, &c., &c., which we pass in our voyage. The first day and night we had fine sailing, fine weather, and fine times. For hours together, during the day-time, I promenaded the upper or hurricane deck, gazing at the surrounding country, with its variegated scenery. Now and then we met a large up-bound steamer, then again we passed a small fleet of flat boats, loaded with pork, flour, whisky, &c., floating down to New Orleans.

When the shades of night gather round our floating hotel, we all flock to the spacious public saloon, some eighty feet long, tastily furnished, well lighted, with blazing fires, &c., &c. Newspapers, books, and religious tracts are scattered round by some of the friendly passengers, for the mutual benefit of the whole. Some read, some talk, some sit in perfect silence, apparently buried in deep thought, while others amuse themselves with a game of chance. And not unfrequently from the ladies' cabin, which is just aft of ours, and connected with it by folding doors, which for the most part are open, we are cheered by delightful singing.

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So far, for the most part, we have had a very agreeable set of passengers, but we constantly lose some of them, and as constantly have their vacancies filled up by new comers.

For some four hundred miles we pass in the centre of this dividing line which separates freedom from the land of slavery, and to an observing eye the marked contrast is apparent at almost a single glance. On one side you see beautiful towns, flourishing villages, well cultivated farms, orchards, vineyards, public works, &c., &c., all conducted by ambitious-appearing, well-fed freemen. While on the other, primeval forests, barren sands, uncultivated fields, or fields but partially cultivated, with broken-down fences, with here and there a few log cabins; and a few apologies for villages in the shape of a store-house, at a miserable landing place, a cooper shop, blacksmith shop, a grocery store or two, and a few hen-coops mark the other side.

During the first day of our voyage, as above remarked, we went smoothly along, and so we did until about noon the second day, when all of a sudden we came smash upon the shoals, and were fairly grounded. All hands, some twenty in all, were summoned by the mate on the fore deck, to man out the spar poles to pry her off. At it they went, prying, pulling, paddling, puffing and blowing, sometimes passengers, captain and all, lent a hand to the tugs. Hours passed, and tug, tug, tug, was yet the order of the day — night came, and tug, tug, tug, still continued with unbroken monotony — morning came, and the tug-men were sweating and swearing over their spar pries. Noon

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came, night came, and also the next morning, before we were again afloat. Now we are borne along by the force of the current over the remaining shoals, sometimes broadside foremost; bump, bump, thump, thump, goes the bottom of our boat against the rocks, until fully and fairly over the last of them. Then the old engine begins to blow off its steam, puts on its power, paddling up the very sediments of those turbid waters, as it propels us along once more, right side up with care. Sometimes, in consequence of the dense clouds of fog hanging over the river, we are obliged to lay up during the whole night, and occasionally until noon the next day. Sunday finally came, but on we went—the fact is, there is no Sabbath on these rivers, they work, run, swear and drink here, on Sundays just as they do on any other day of the week. I took with me several packages of religious tracts, for the purpose of using on these occasions; so on the Sabbath I scattered them round the saloons for the passengers, and personally handing some to the workmen of the boat. For a short time it seemed something like Sunday, as some of us sat reading these little messengers of peace.

In the evening, some of us went into the ladies' saloon and had a good sing in sacred song. The sound of Old Hundred, Dundee, Delight, Ortonville, with several others of kindred character, made us think of other days, and other scenes. They carried us back, in short, in imagination, to those cherished circles and hallowed altars we left in the distant east. We are nearing the waters of the far-famed Mississippi, and

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shall soon be afloat upon them, with good luck. Now we are entering Cairo at the mouth of the Ohio.

CAIRO AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

Cairo is a small village of about five hundred inhabitants, situated at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and has acquired considerable celebrity by the repeated attempts which have been made to build up a large city on its site. Situated, as it is, at the junction of these two mighty rivers, it unquestionably presents one of the finest points for a great commercial city which can be found in the west; being placed so as to command the immense and incalculable trade of the whole west, north-west and south. It is on the Illinois shore, and the last point of free territory in a westerly direction until you get to Mexico or to Central America. The banks of the river are here very low, and the surrounding country is still lower. Both are subject to overflow, and from the marshy nature of the soil are generated miasmas, which render it very unhealthy. But by a scientific system of embankment, filling up, and draining, all this may be overcome, and undoubtedly will be.

If sufficient inducements are held out to persons to remove and remain here, which I think must be the case, it may then, under a wise system of improvement, approximate in some good degree, in time, the dimensions of St. Louis and Cincinnati, if not exceed them. It is already connected by railroad with St. Louis, Chicago, and through them to the whole

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east, and by steamboats to the whole country of the upper Mississippi and the Missouri. We stopped here only a few hours to get some fresh provisions and to take on a little freight, then we started; a few rods more will bring us into the father of rivers; all eyes are strained to get the first glimpse at the mighty river, that is, those of us who never before saw it. Here we pass directly into it, the Ohio is left behind, and we are fully and fairly afloat upon the mighty, muddy, rapidly rolling Mississippi—the longest, deepest, muddiest, most rapid, and may I not add the most mysterious, most famous, and most changing river on the globe. Its waters go twirling, rolling, dashing along, scarcely less tardily than an Olympus courser. Here it has formed a large island of more than ten thousand acres, covered over with polished, sparkling sands, giving it the appearance of a small lake. There is a stagnant river it made in times of yore, or since, some ten miles in length by one in breadth, dammed up at both ends, the earth or sands out of which it was graded, appearing some miles below in groups of islands. Yonder is the bed of a long, broad river, now dry as the deserts of Arabia, where fleets of steamers and flats coursed, when where our noble craft now floats, beautiful plantations and flourishing vineyards stood. A little below, some three or four Mississippis appear, apparently of equal size, running side by side, or nearly so, puzzling us passengers not a little to guess which is the right road. Presently they all come together again, when we round a long point to the right and sail right up stream, right back

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again, apparently, then to the left, and sail down again like going round the letter S to gain the distance from the right angle to the left. After sailing some thirty miles round, we look some seven miles across and see where we were about two or three hours previous. Majestic, mighty Mississippi! With its right fork and main tributary, the Missouri, it measures out six thousand seven hundred English miles, a distance nearly the entire diameter of the earth, and more than twice the width of the Atlantic ocean.

At Cairo we took on a large company of passengers for Memphis, Tennessee, all southerners. These were the first southern gents we had as fellow passengers on the trip, so far. They were a haughty, aristocratic feeling set of fellows, whatever may have been the reality of their pretensions to a pure southern aristocracy. One of them had his traveling physician with him, and another had a runaway slave whom he had overhauled somewhere near the land of freedom en route for Canada. And the balance I take to be gentlemen blacklegs of the Vicksburgh school, simon pure. So onward we move, through these far famed slavery waters, with northern and southern life pretty well represented on board. Here is a man, a full blooded northerner, geographically, politically and theologically so, hale, hearty and strong. He has amassed a small fortune by being his own nigger for these forty years past, and is now going to buy up a small portion of Texas to plant a small anti-slavery colony there. There is a pious Presbyterian merchant of Alabama, on his return from the west, which he

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thinks will not compare with his country at all. He thinks it a great pity that the Missouri compromise compact was ever disturbed by Congress, and that to enfranchise so many foreigners is going to ruin the nation, but that it is perfectly right to hang any northern man, minister, deacon, or elder, who should have the temerity to say a word to a slave in the south about freedom or the evils of the INSTITUTION. Yonder is a New Yorker of some heavy firm, not a great way off from the corner of Broadway and Wall street, on a collecting tour south, as also soliciting new custom. He draws up around the table next to our slavery deacon, and commences a tirade of abuse against the north, at the same time, as a matter of course, apologizes strongly for southern INSTITUTIONS. Says he, "They would hold slaves in New York if they could." "I believe you, I believe you," replied our deacon. "New York," continued the northern sage of the counting-room, "is doing more to perpetuate slavery and the slave trade than the whole south." "That's it, that's it, I agree with you," responded old Alabama, "tickled all over," as black Jim says. How fat a customer this tool of pelf found in his newly made southern friend I don't know. "Come," says he, when an hour or two of talk had made them quite familiar, "let us go to the bar and take some, what will you drink, sir?" "Well," replied the deacon, "I guess a little brandy." So after having paid a hearty libation to Bacchus, at it they went again, and struck up a five thousand dollar bargain, for aught I know. Over yonder, seated on the mail-bags, behind the public saloon

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door, sits another southern gentleman, on his return from the west also, but the great God made him black instead of white, for which he now sits in chains, watched by his master and by officers, lest he should venture another journey north in quest of freedom. Got a chance to talk with him occasionally, having learned his history somewhat. Said I to him, "What did you runaway for, Jack, did not you know better than to runaway?" "No, massa, Ise foolish, Ise do rong, Ise sorry for it, wants to go back gin to ole boss." "You will never try it again, will you?" "No massa, no nebber, nebber, me git home gin to ole bosses." "Well, but would you not like to be free, be your own man?" said I. "No, massa, no," continued he. He took me for a slave-holder, sounding him as to the quality of property contained in his blood and bones, and answered accordingly, evidently hoping I would buy him and thus cause him to escape the dungeon, the whipping post, the block, or the far, far off southern plantations. I knew how to take him, I knew that he said one thing to please his master and the slave-holders, while he, from the great deep of his soul meant another thing.

We were moving rapidly along, within hailing distance of Memphis. The bluffs here, for miles together, present both a grand and sublime spectacle, walled up by the hand of nature some hundred or hundred and fifty feet high, of solid granite, in some places resembling not a little the massive banks of the Niagara under the Suspension Bridge.

In other places the banks of this river are composed

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of a sort of hard, red sand, some fifty or sixty feet high. Then again its waters in the centre of the stream appear higher, and in reality are higher than the surrounding country on either side. Here we come up to Memphis, the chief city of Tennessee, but the sandy bluffs are so high as to quite conceal the city from public view at the levee. Made a halt here for nearly twenty-four hours, to unload freight, as well as take on several hundred tons more in the shape of cotton bales for New Orleans. And here, also, most of our southern passengers, already mentioned, got off. In the number was the poor fugitive and his master. The master appeared to be a good-natured, free-and-easy sort of fellow, but a cunning, crafty slave-holder after all. He stopped to sell his man Jim at public auction, there being a large slave-auction here. "Now Jim," says he to the man, "if they ask you if you are a runaway, you tell them no, and I will give you a new hat." "That's right, massa, I'se the boy to tell um so," replied Jim, as they started off together for the slave-market. Some of our passengers followed to witness the sale. Presently our fellow-passenger of the coffles was called forward, placed on the stand, was felt of, examined, and questioned by the numerous dealers in the bodies and souls of men. "What 's your name?" asks one in the crowd. "Jim," answered the boy. "Jim, eh," vociferated the inquirer, "well, that's a good nigger name." "How old are you, boy?" "Don't noes zackly, reckons how I'me thirty-five." "Pretty old boy, for thirty-five," says another, who appears to question the age of the prop-

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erty by some fifteen or twenty years. "You are a runaway," says another, "and you are not worth having." "I'se no runaway, am I massa?" says he to his master. "No, no, Jim, you are no runaway, but a good, steady boy; guess I'll have you down from there soon, if no better opinion is formed of you, than some of these gentlemen are so gratuitously bestowing on you." "No, gemmens, I'se no runaway, I'se good boy what kin do de work ob de gemmens good as any boy. I'se de boy for de work — hoe corn, pick cotton, dig um sweet tater, wid ebery ting else to do; I'se de boy for gemmens to buy," he would now and then say, evidently wishing to help on the sale of his own body and part, for the new hat was a prize worth his best efforts on the present occasion, having been bare-headed or hatless for weeks past. Finally, there was a bid got up on him of five hundred dollars — six hundred — seven hundred — seven hundred and fifty — eight hundred — nine hundred — nine hundred and fifty, — the hammer goes down with a smash, and off goes poor Jim to a nigger drovier, as hatless as ever. The master pockets the thousand dollars, minus fifty, chuckling over his good fortune. "Good trade, after all," says he, in an under tone, to a looker-on, "for a dead horse." "I say, Bill," continued he to his friend, "nine hundred and fifty dollars is not to be sneezed at for a runaway, is it?" "No," replied his friend Bill, and added, "the nigger will be off before night, and up through Old Kentucky again in a few days, unless he coffles and collars him." "That's his own look out," replied this dealer in human blood and

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bones, "I've got the rhino, and he the nigger, and now he may go to Canada or elsewhere for all me."

Poor Jim! I could but think of him. By almost superhuman efforts in traveling nights, living on ground nuts, roots and bushes, and for weeks together wading through swamps, crossing rivers, plunging through bayous, and avoiding all places of public travel, he had succeeded in making his way from the lower part of Arkansas to within a few miles of Ohio, and was there captured, brought back to this slave-market, and sold to a southern trader for the New Orleans trade. He will undoubtedly soon be shipped off with hundreds more of his own breed for this great mart of human souls, and there sold, body, soul and spirit, to some Epps, Legree, or to some of their neighbors up on Red river, and used up like Old Uncle Tom in a few short years. Ah, as I have more than once informed you, these SLAVE AUCTIONS are barbarous, horrid sights to behold, by a civilized, humane person. They are behind the spirit of the age, as much so as the heathen gladiatorial combats of Pagan Rome under the reigns of Nero and Caligula, of bloody memory. And yet, these heathen, horrid, anti-republican, anti-human practices, are to be witnessed in all the southern cities, where they are sanctioned by time, supported by law, enforced by religion, defended by the church, taught from the pulpit, propagated by Congressmen, and apologized for by some northern divines. And all this, to assist three hundred thousand proud, haughty, aristocratic, tyrannical men, to ride over and grind into the dust nearly four millions of native-born

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Americans, more than half of whom are of Anglo-Saxon origin. And then to look upon and treat the remaining six millions, composing the balance of southern whites, as an inferior race to themselves, and but a step above the chattel breed. Oh, the mischief of this national, civil, social, moral and ecclesiastical incubus and curse, — who can calculate its extent? There are some people I have seen, whose sympathies have been excited upon the subject of slavery, who, nevertheless, if they can be satisfied the slaves have enough to eat, think it is all well, — there is nothing more to be said or done. They are better off, say they, under such circumstances, than many of the poor whites north. Now if slaves were mere animals, whose only or chief employment consisted in the gratification of their bodily appetites, there would be some show of sense in this conclusion. But the fact is, however crushed and brutified these poor beings are, they are still men; men whose bosoms beat with the same high aspirations — the same ardent, boundless desire to improve their condition, the same wishes for what they have not, the same indifference towards what they have, the same restless love of social superiority, the same greediness of acquisition, the same desire to know, the same impatience of all external control, as other men. The tremendous excitement which the singular case of Casper Hauser produced, a few years ago, in Germany, is still remembered by thousands now living. From the representations of that enigmatical personage, it was believed that those from whose custody he declared himself to have escaped, had endeavored to destroy

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his intellect, or rather to prevent it from being developed, so as to detain him forever in a state of infantile imbecility. This supposed attempt at what they saw fit to denominate the MURDER OF THE SOUL, gave rise to great discussions among the German jurists, and they soon raised it into a new crime, which they placed at the very head of social enormities. It is this crime, THE MURDER OF THE SOUL, which is in the course of continuous and perpetual perpetration throughout the south, by churches, deacons, elders, leaders, ministers, and all other graceless dealers, robbers, and mongers in the bodies, souls and spirits of men.

For the extirpation of this insult to Christendom and curse of the age, let us strike, strike, strike. Strike blows that will writhe, reel, burn; strike on the Sabbath, strike on the week-days, strike at home and strike abroad, strike with the tongue, with the vote, and keep on striking until the last pro-slavocrat shall be purged from the nation.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis, as already mentioned, is the chief city of Tennessee, and by the boatmen called the half-way house between Cincinnati and New Orleans. It is beautifully situated on the fourth Chickasaw bluff, just below the mouth of Wolf river. This spot was formerly the site of Fort Assumption, and used for the purpose of protecting the country against the Chickasaws, to chastise whom a French army of nearly four

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thousand, white, red and black were gathered here. They remained in a state of inactivity from the summer of 1739 to the spring of 1740, during which time hundreds of them sickened and died, when in March, of the last named year, peace was concluded. The bluff on which it stands is some thirty feet above the highest floods, and its base is washed by the river for a distance of three miles, with a bed of sand-stone, the only known stratum of rocks below the Ohio to Vicksburgh, a distance of six hundred miles; it is the only site for a commercial mart on either side of the Mississippi. The appearance of Memphis from the centre of the river is very beautiful and imposing. Some distance from the brow of the bluff a handsome range of fine buildings extends for several squares, and gives an air of business to it which is manifested by few places of its size. This point has been selected by the United States government for the erection of a new navy yard, and the necessary buildings for that purpose are now all completed, on a large scale. Several of us went down and examined them. The beautiful situation of Memphis, and its connection with a fine and fertile country, together with the great distance from any other point on the river where a large city could be built, give it superior advantages in becoming a place of great importance. Immense quantities of cotton are grown in the interior country, and this is the principal mart and shipping point for it. About one hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton are annually shipped from this place. It contains at present some six churches, an academy, two medical colleges,

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some few private schools, a large number of stores, a telegraph office, and a population of some twelve or fifteen thousand.

About seven o'clock in the evening I put on my cloak and left the long and pleasantly lighted saloon for an evening ramble through the city, in quest of some sight-seeing wonders. Passed up over the levee on to the ridge of the bluff; here I saw little less than a hundred camp-fires lighted and blazing for a mile or so up and down the bank of the river, — the city not being lighted with gas made them shine the brighter, apparently so, at least. Around these fires encamped were some hundreds of negroes, overseers, drivers, droviers, oxen, horses, jacks, mules, and covered wagons without end, having the appearance, somewhat, of the baggage train of an army of invasion. These grounds, I learned, were the hotel accommodations for the poor SERVANTS, SLAVES, who come from the interior country to market, and to bring down the cotton for shipment, and themselves, some of them, for the block on the morrow, &c. The large seven and ten horse wagons were posted just on the outer edge of the camp, the horses, jacks and mules hitched to the ponderous wheels, and the fire in the centre. These appearances were real southern, and half heathen, I will assure you, to my New England eye. To see these poor creatures gather round their fires at an unseasonable hour to prepare their supper of roasted sweet potatoes and hoe cake — jack-knives and fingers serving for plates, knives and forks, and the water of the muddy Mississippi for tea and coffee, made me realize

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the fact that I was in a slave country again. But they (poor creatures) took it all in good part; they ate and drank, and chattered, and whistled, and sung as happily for the time-being as the inmates of an opera, if not more so, for their task was done for that day, affording a few moments repose. The lash was still, the overseers and drivers were most of them off to some place of public amusement or revelry, no doubt, and none to watch them but the city patrol, save now and then an understrapper in the shape of a sub-driver, so nigh on a level with themselves as to impose little or no restraints upon them. Being rather fantastically dressed, they reminded me of the Dutchman's rag, tag and bobtail, some in grey, some in drab, some in sheep's wool color, some in short jackets, some in no jackets, and some in ante-diluvian over-coats hanging in shreds. After finishing their meal they would sit round their fires like groups of wild Indians and amuse themselves in singing, and for the want of a more sentimental taste, or a better cultivated moral and intellectual state of mind, they would substitute such as the following low and almost ludicrous specimens :—

"City ho, city ho, whar ole boss lub-um go,
Lobe-um liquor, lobe-um liquor, so it be wid dis nigger,
Rho, row, re ro—rho, row, re ro,
City ho, city ho," &c.

As a nation, we reflect but little honor upon ourselves, I mean the professedly religious portions, by sending thousands and tens of thousands, nay hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for the conversion of the heathen world, while we have millions of

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heathen in our very midst, with no missionaries among them but slavery propagandists. Where masters, churches, ministers and laymen exist, having no affinities in common with the age in which they live, who are a thousand years behind the age; in short, whose institutions, tastes and aspirations are identified with the darkest and most gloomy periods of the history of our race. And yet they are a part of us, of our great whole as a nation. May not we northerners, with propriety, in view of this humiliating fact, exclaim, Oh! wretched men that we are, who will deliver us from the body of this death? How long is the north doomed to so uncomfortable, so disgraceful an alliance — to be chained to this body of death, this bleaching, putrescent carcass of moral and political death — ruinous to the south, ruinous to the north, fatal to liberty, and a very contamination to the heathen world, shaken from the stars and stripes of our land? Shall it last forever? or until it swamps our whole country in revolution, or until in consequence we shall be stricken out from the roll of living nations and be no more? No, forbid it heaven, forbid it, oh Almighty God, forbid it, dear readers who have a tongue to speak and an arm to strike. The voice of more than three millions of poor down-trodden slaves, added to those of over six millions of white southern plebians, call upon you to strike for freedom. God and our country call upon you to do it, and you dare not, you will not prove recreant to so loud and so imperious a call. There is no neutrality, no standing still in this war, the moment we cease our efforts, we lose ground,

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while eternal vigilance is the watch-word of the enemy. What do you suppose the defiant boast of the south is? Why, that they will never stop until they can call the roll of their niggers under the shadow of Bunker Hill. So they say, and so they swear. We shall see.

VICKSBURGH.

During the night that we laid at the Memphis levee, a poor man was drowned by falling overboard from our boat. He was a laboring man, came on board a day or two before, to go down the river, lent an assisting hand in loading cotton, made a misstep, and plunged head foremost into the river, and by the current was swept under the boat and drowned. Poor man! my reflections were saddened by the occurrence. He became a sort of voluntary martyr in gratifying the generous zeal of his nature, to render assistance where it was wanted, in doing which he lost his life —fell overboard, and sunk to rise no more. The next morning we started, and this our fellow passenger, was left in the bottom of the Mississippi. Being an entire stranger on board, he had no relative or even friend to look after him. All felt bad, and pitied his untimely fate. Ah, truly, thought I, in the midst of life we are in death. At some point down the river, perhaps he had a wife, a mother, or some other dear friend or friends, whose greeting he expected soon to share; watchful eyes and eager expectations were doubtless posted at their gateways; but the husband, the son,

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the friend came not. Hours succeed hour of cruel suspense—days and nights pass, fraught with unhappy forebodings respecting the missing one, and weeks and months, and even years, are yet to pass, and they know nothing of his fate, never more to meet him until the trump shall sound, and the sea deliver up the dead which is in it.

Soon after leaving Memphis, probably a half day's ride, brings us alongside the Arkansas shore, which is a rough and tumble country, I assure you, sufficient to make even the bears and wolves, and rattlesnakes, to whom it ought to belong, homesick, I should judge. Soon we passed the mouth of the Arkansas river. A word or two with regard to this river, as it is one of the tributaries of the Mississippi. This river from which the State derives its name, is next to the Missouri, the largest western tributary of the Mississippi. The length of this stream, which is said to meander a long distance in the Rocky Mountains, following its course, is about two thousand miles. It pours a broad and deep stream from the mountains upon the arid and sandy plains below. The sand and the dry surrounding atmosphere, say the river men, absorb the water to such a degree, that in many seasons it may be forded many hundred miles below the mountains. And some of its tributaries are so impregnated with salt, as to render even the waters of the main stream unpalatable. The alluvial earth along its banks contains so much salt, that the cattle are said sometimes to be killed by eating it. To the distance of about four hundred miles from its mouth, it has many lakes and

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bayous. In high water, it is navigable for steamboats as high up as Cantonment Gibson, at the mouth of Grand river, by water seven hundred and fifty miles.

On we move, on the surface of this muddy, rolling, whirling, tumbling Mississippi, with slavery on one side and slavery on the other side—on our right, Arkansas, and on our left Mississippi, both of which bear the impress and curse of the "peculiar institution."

Presently we came in sight of Vicksburgh, where we landed, and stayed some three hours. It being the Sabbath, I went up town and found a church, where a preacher was holding forth to a crowded house of colored people, all slaves. It was a Methodist church, or a Methodist slave-preaching room, where some three hundred or more of these poor, ignorant, down-trodden of our race were being indoctrinated into the duties they owed to God and their masters, by a white man. Whether he was one of the regular preachers of the city, or whether he was a salaried chaplain, employed by the owners of these human cattle to preach to them SLAVERY and the gospel, I did not learn. The poor things were very attentive, very devotional, making frequent and loud responses to the preacher's talk. To anything that pleased them in the discourse, they would cry out, "yes—yes—just so—that's right, massa," sufficiently loud to be heard two or three squares off. Their singing was loud, pathetic and heavenly—more thrilling, more spirit-moving by far, than any of their white preaching or praying in these parts. Simple, devoted souls—they will inherit

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estates, in the other world far above their masters' plantations and masters' wealth, I thought.

Vicksburgh is the county-seat, of Warren county, Mississippi. It is situated on a hill, the highest part of which is two hundred feet above high water mark. The principal business part of the city is situated on the bottom, along the river. It was incorporated as a town in 1825, and as a city in 1836. The country surrounding it is a black, loamy soil, well adapted to the cultivation of all kinds of grain, tobacco, cotton, &c. The principal product, however, is cotton, of which some seventy thousand to one hundred thousand bales are annually shipped from here. The city contains about five thousand inhabitants, several public buildings, a good levee, &c., &c.: but it has such a dull and anti-progressive appearance, when contrasted with places of its size with you in the east, as to make one homesick. This place, reader, you will recollect, became somewhat notorious, some years ago, for the summary proceedings taken against the gamblers and gentlemen blacklegs, who infested it to so great a degree as to threaten the entire destruction of the welfare and morals of the whole community. A public meeting of the citizens was held, and warning given to to all gamblers who frequented the city, to remove within a given time. They refused to do so, and manifested a determination to overawe and break down public authority. The citizens thereupon united, and having caught a number of them, conducted them a short distance from the city, and publicly executed several of them by hanging. Ever since, I am informed, this pro-

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fessional class of traveling gentry are exceedingly scarce in Vicksburgh. They are a savage, ferocious set of men, inhabiting these localities, you may rightly judge, with whom the shedding of human blood and the taking of human life is neither a rare nor a very awful occurrence. They can hang gamblers, fight duels, separate families, chain, imprison and torture negroes, with as good a grace here, perhaps, as in any other place on the face of this green earth.

Here we lost some of our fellow passengers, but their places were supplied by others, who took passage for New Orleans. After taking on a little additional freight, we fired up and started off in the direction of the down stream country, and the next day, about noon, arrived at Grand Gulf, where we lost a whole family of the best passengers on board, who came the whole way from Cincinnati here on the Hungarian. The man was a native of Indiana, and formely a Methodist, but now in a backslidden state—was an excellent singer. We sang many of the old-fashioned tunes in the hymns of our Methodist collection. I talked with him on the subject of religion: he felt, and thought of other years, and doubtless secretly resolved to again renew his strength, and walk the heavenly road.

Another man fell overboard and was drowned from our boat. He was an Irishman, supposed to be in liquor, and a steerage passenger. It occurred about midnight: he was at the stern of the boat, carelessly looking into the river, until finally losing his balance, he went overboard and was seen no more. Alas for the

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unfortunate — how many have slept their last sleep in this mighty river, and how many will rise in the last day from its bed, God only knows. Scarcely less, we conjecture, than from the ocean's coral depths. And those who find a grave here are more illy prepared to brook the fearful retributions of that dreadful eternity, into which they so unceremoniously enter, than most men: for God, Heaven, and eternal things are seldom thought of on these waters, at least by the great masses that float on them.

NATCHEZ.

Soon after leaving Grand Gulf, we found ourselves at the levee of Natchez, the chief city in the State of Mississippi. Natchez is an old city; it was founded in 1700, by D'Iberville, who had been sent out from France, to conclude the explorations begun by La Salle, but which had so unfortunately terminated by his death. D'Iberville proposed to found a city here, to be named in honor of the Countess of Pontchartrain, Rosalie. In 1714, the fort called Rosalie was built on this spot, then occupied by the Natchez, a powerful and intelligent tribe of Indians, in the valley of the Mississippi. The city is romantically situated on a very high bluff of the east bank of the river, and is much the largest town, as above remarked, in the State. The river business is transacted in that part of the city which is called "*Under the Hill.*" Great numbers of boats are always lying here, and some very respectable merchants reside in this part of the city.

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The upper town is elevated on the summit of the bluff, some three hundred feet above the level of the river, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding landscape. The country on the eastern bank is waving, rich and beautiful, the eminences presenting open woods, covered with grape-vines, and here and there neat country houses. This part of the town is quiet, the streets broad, some of the public buildings are handsome, and the whole, in short, has the appearance of comfort and opulence. Many rich planters live here, and the society is not only polished and refined, but highly aristocratic. It is the principal town in this region for the shipment of cotton, with bales of which, at the proper season of the year, the streets are almost barricaded, and it is the market for the trade of the numerous population of the contiguous country. Notwithstanding the elevation and apparent healthiness of the city, it has often been visited by the yellow fever. It is doubtless owing to this circumstance, not a little, that the population does not increase so fast as might be expected from its eligible position. It is at present supposed to contain some fifteen hundred houses, and about eight thousand inhabitants.

Natchez was visited, you will recollect, in 1840, by a tremendous tornado, which swept through the city with great destruction, overwhelming many of the finest buildings, and leaving all in its path a mass of ruins. It has now, however, recovered from this shock, scarcely any vestiges of which can be seen. A few hours after leaving Natchez, we pass the mouth of

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Red River, a place rendered almost classical, reader, you will recollect, by Mrs. Stowe, in her celebrated work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A great many recollections of the past were awakened in my mind, as we passed this spot. I saw, in imagination the craft that bore old Uncle Tom, Legree, and all his band of chattles, as it rounded the point, and passed up that river. Here also I thought of poor Solomon Northrup, twelve years a slave up the valley of this stream, old Epps, &c. As you, reader, are familiar with the history of the tragic scenes above alluded to, you will allow me to give here a description of the river and country where they were transacted. The Red River takes its rise in a chain of hills, near Santa Fe, in New Mexico, called the Caous Mountains. In its upper course it receives the waters of Blue River and False Wachita. It winds through a region of prairies, on which feed droves of Buffalo, cattle, and wild horses. These immense prairies are of a red soil—hence the name of the river—covered with grass and white vines, which bear the most delicious grapes. It receives a great many tributaries, that water an almost boundless region of prairies, forests, bottoms, and highlands. Much of this country is exceedingly fertile, and capable of producing cotton, sugar-cane, grapes, indigo, rice, tobacco, Indian corn, and also most of the productions of the more northern regions. The width of its channel, for four hundred miles before it enters into the Mississippi, does not correspond with its length, or the immense mass of waters which it collects in its course from the Rocky Mountains.

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In high waters, when it has arrived within three or four hundred miles of its mouth, it is often divided into two or three channels, and spreads itself into a line of bayous and lakes, which take up its superabundance of waters, and are a considerable time in filling, and prevent the river from displaying its breadth and amount of waters, as it does in high lands, five hundred miles above. About ninety miles above Natchitoches, commences what is called the "Rafts," which is nothing more than an immense swampy alluvial of the river, to the width of twenty or thirty miles. The river here, spreading into a vast number of channels, frequently shallow, of course has been for ages clogging up with a compact mass of timber and fallen trees, wafted from the regions above. Between these masses, the river has a channel, which is sometimes lost in a lake, and found again by following the outlet of that lake back to the parent channel. There is no stage of water, I am told, in which a keel boat, with an experienced pilot, may not make its way through the Raft. The river is blocked up with this immense mass of timber, a distance, by its meanders, of between sixty and seventy miles. There are places where the water can be seen in motion under the logs; in other places, the whole width of the river may be crossed on horse back. Weeds, flowering shrubs, and small willows, have taken root upon the surface of this lumber, and flourish above the waters. It is an impediment of incalculable injury to the navigation of this large river and the immense extent of country above it. There is probably no part of the United

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States, where the unoccupied lands have higher claims, from soil, climate, intermixture of prairies and timbered lands, position, and every inducement to population, than the country above the Raft, where the river becomes broad, deep, and navigable for steamboats, in moderate stages of water, for nearly one thousand miles towards the mountains. The state of Louisiana has made an effort to have it removed, and the General Government have made an appropriation, and caused an inquiry of survey to be made for the same purpose. This interesting river has a width of three or four miles, as high as Kiamesia, nearly one thousand miles from its mouth. It widens, however, as it slopes towards the Mississippi, and has, for a long distance from its mouth, a valley of from six to eighteen miles in width. Of all the broad and fertile alluvials of the Mississippi streams, no one exceeds this. It compares in many more points with the famous Nile, than the Mississippi, to which that river has so often been likened. But all this beautiful country belongs to the Slave Power.

BATON ROUGE.

About one hundred miles below the mouth of Red River we passed Baton Rouge, which is situated in east Baton Rouge parish, and is the capital of Louisiana. The city is handsomely situated on the last bluff that is seen in descending the river. The bluff rises from the river by a gentle and gradual swell, and the town, as seen from the river, rising so regularly and beautifully from the banks, with its singularly sha-

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ped French and Spanish houses, and its green squares, presents very nearly the appearance of a finely painted landscape. It is without controversy, one of the most beautiful and pleasantly situated places on the lower Mississippi. The United States Government has here an extensive arsenal, with barracks of several hundred soldiers, and a fine hospital. The barracks are built in fine style, and present a handsome appearance from the river. From the esplanade, the prospect is both grand and delightful, commanding a great extent of the coast, with its handsome houses and rich cultivation, plantations below, and an extensive view of the back country at the east. There is here, also, a land-office of the United States, a court house, the penitentiary of the state, four churches, an academy and college, and a splendid state house. The population is about four thousand, two thousand of whom are probably slaves. Fifteen miles below, we pass Bayou Manchac, or Iberville, which is an outlet of the Mississippi, on the east side, uniting with Amite river, and which falls into lake Maurepas. It is navigable for small vessels, I am told, only three months in the year. Eight miles below, we pass the famous Bayou Placquamine, on the right side, which affords the best communication to the rich and extensive settlements of Attakapas and Opelousas. It is navigable for small crafts, for some miles in the interior, and its banks are lined with perhaps some of the most splendid and productive sugar and cotton plantations in the country.

Here is where the poor captured FUGITIVES and the refractory of the more northern slave states, are ship-

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ped, sold, whipped, and worked up, body and soul, to aggrandize these lordly, popish descendants of France and Spain. Though the wealthiest, most beautiful, and most conveniently located of the whole south, yet none of the states are so much dreaded by the slaves as Louisiana. I do not know how to account for this fact, except it be that the people here are mostly ROMANISTS, with whom Inquisition and blood come natural.

This is, without exception, the most beautiful portion of country that it has been my fortune ever to set eyes upon. For hours together, as I promenade the upper deck, in this delightful, balmy atmosphere, my eye is lost in one vast, boundless, mighty expanse, all as level, nay, lower than the waters on which I float. Here are plantations embracing thousands of acres of the richest land on this globe, belonging to single planters, who perhaps own from four hundred to six hundred slaves each, all in the highest state of cultivation, or apparently so, from my stand point at least. Nothing in old Virginia, the Carolinas, nor in Georgia, will compare with it in wealth, and beauty, that I saw while there. Here my ideal of southern grandeur, wealth, magnificence, &c., were not only fully realized but a little exceeded. For scores of miles within a day's ride of New Orleans, the princely mansions of planters and catholic priests, resembled not a little I thought, the palaces of European monarchs. What a pity, thought I to myself, as I looked over this splendid scene, that so fine a country should be polluted by slavery and domineered over by papists. But,

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so it is, and so it will continue to be, until Protestant Americans, and anti-slavery men shall come up to the work, and fully discharge the duties they owe to themselves, to their country, and to their God.

Thirty-five miles below, on the right, is the bayou La Fourchie. This bayou is well settled on both sides, for nearly thirty leagues. It also affords another communication to the Attakapas and Opelousas settlement. Donaldsonville, just below the mouth of the bayou, was the former capital of the state of Louisiana. This place is very pleasantly located, and has some fine buildings, among which are the court house, United States arsenal, state house, United States land office, &c. It is also a place of considerable trade and wealth, and while the capital remained there, was improving rapidly. The removal of that to Baton Rouge, will, as a matter of course, operate much against the interest and advancement of the place. Its population amounts to some two thousand, with probably an equal number of slaves.

Here the Mississippi is broad, deep, and majestic in its bearing, resembling somewhat Seneca Lake, minus the quality of its clear, sluggish waters. Large ships from the Gulf, and from the Atlantic ocean come up as far as here for sugar and cotton. Some eighty miles lower down we passed Carrolton, which appears to be a thriving, stirring place. It is the residence of many business men belonging to New Orleans, from which it is distant only seven miles, and to which it is connected, not only by the river, but by a railroad, on which commodious passenger cars pass almost every

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hour of the day. There is, at Carrolton, a most beautiful public garden, laid out in fine taste, and a hotel attached, with ample accommodations for visitors. This is the daily resort of hundreds from the city, during the spring, summer and fall months, and affords a most agreeable retreat for all, from the heat and bustle of the city. Its population is one thousand. Here is where I caught the first glimpse of the Crescent City. From the hurricane deck of the Hungarian, I espied the gilded rotunda of the St. Charles looming up above the intervening forest trees, reminding us of the close proximity of some great city. Next we saw a forest of masts heaving up from what looked like a thousand ships—then a forest of smoke pipes, from what appeared a thousand steamers. Now we come up to them, pass them, ships, steamers, floats, rafts, ferries, levees, &c., &c., until we reach the foot of Poydras street, where we come up to the levee, and wheel into line with a thousand or more steamers.

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CHAPTER X.

NEW ORLEANS.

HERE I am, fairly and safely landed in this city of wonders; for such it is indeed, both with regard to the material of which it is composed, as also to the position it occupies. Here you come in contact with almost all nations, kindred, tongues and people under the whole heavens, or that swarm the face of this green earth: also all religions—Jews, Gentiles, Pagans, Mahometans, Protestants, Catholics, gold worshipers, disciples of mammon, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. Upon the walks and in the hotels the foreign accents of French, Spanish, German, Italian, Russian, Chinese, &c., &c., fall upon your ear with harsh discordant echoes. Here also, as in most other large cities, one is pained with so often beholding squalid poverty, so strangely and painfully contrasting with princely wealth and grandeur. But so it is, and so it has been, I suppose, from the commencement of our world's history until now, and will doubtless continue so unto its end. Here also the human kind may be seen in all its variety, and human nature developed in all its infinite phases, from the polished lady and gentleman of high moral worth, to the most degraded cut throat that ever disgraced the records of humanity. Upon an elevated stand-point on Front street, twenty

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thousand men may be seen upon the spacious levee, at work, resembling very much a vast swarm of bees, rolling and tumbling over each other, among whom may be found boatmen, bankers, merchants, lumbermen, speculators, passengers, pedlars, lawyers, doctors, ministers, news-boys, negroes, gossippers, mongers, hawkers, sportsmen, dandies, showmen, criers, robbers, blacklegs, cut throats and pirates, and also that hyena of his race, the slave-trader, hated of God and despised by men. This levee is said to be some ten miles in length. Now ascend an elevated stand-point and cast your vision over this stirring panoramic scene, where fifteen hundred ships and steamers, with their thirty thousand men, are seen loading and unloading, weighing, branding, inspecting, rolling and boding the drays, mules, negroes and Irish, all mixed and remixed, packed and repacked, and unpacked and compounded with the infinite variety of produce—you would be ready to say, that this is the world's mart. And so it is the great depôt of this great, broad, fertile valley of the mighty Mississippi.

The city is situated on the west bank of the river, about ninety miles from its entrance into the Gulf of Mexico. The city of Lafayette has a distinct city charter, yet the increase of New Orleans has been so rapid, for a few years past, that it has grown up, so that by building they are united, and now appear like one vast city, occupying about seven miles in length, and about one in breadth, along the bank of the river, which, at this point, takes a wide circle, and passes to the north-east. The two cities occupy the bend of the

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river, in form like a new moon, and hence has been given it the name of "Crescent City."

The valley above and below is very level and low, and were it not for the levee, as it is called, would be inundated by the overflowing of the river, for nearly half of the year. The levee is an embankment of earth, thrown up from six to eight feet high, and of sufficient breadth to make an excellent road. This embankment commences about forty miles below the city, and on the east side of the river extends as far up as Baton Rouge, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. Were it not for this embankment, not a rod of this vast extent of country could be cultivated. Yet it is now one of the most fertile and productive portions of the south, and on which is grown almost the entire crop of sugar in Louisiana, as well as large quantities of cotton. The city stands on a level, marshy piece of ground, from two to four feet below the level of the river at high water mark, which is prevented from overflowing by the levee above mentioned. A traveler is struck, on entering the city, with the old and narrow streets, the high houses, ornamented with tasteful cornices, iron balconies, and many other circumstances peculiar to towns in France and Spain, and pointing out the past history of this city, fated to change its masters so often. The newer parts of the city are, however, built more on the American style, the streets being wide and regularly laid out. Many of the dwellings are built in a style of magnificence and beauty, that will rival those of any city, while the beautiful grounds attached to them, filled

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with the luxuriant foliage of the south, give to them an air of comfort and ease which are seldom enjoyed in a city. There are in the city some six public squares, laid out with taste, enclosed with handsome fencing, and adorned with a variety of trees and shrubbery. These afford a pleasant retreat from the heat and glare of the streets, and tend also to improve the health of the place. The old portion is built in the form of a parallelogram. The city consists of this part, the suburbs of St. Mary's, Annunciation, and La Course, called Fauxbourgs, to which may be added also, the city of Lafayette, above, and Treme and St. John's, in the rear. The whole city is divided into districts, of which there are three, called Municipalities. These Municipalities, including the Fauxbourgs and Lafayette, extend along the bank of the river seven miles, and backward to the distance of one mile, as above remarked. New Orleans has probably twice as much boat navigation above it, as any other city on the globe. By means of the basin, the canal, and the bayou St. John, it communicates with Lake Ponchartrain, with the Florida shore, with Mobile, Pensacola, and the whole Gulf shore. It also communicates, by means of the bayous Placquemine and La Fouche, with the Attakapas country, and has many other communications by means of the numerous bayous and lakes, with the lower parts of Lousiana.

A word or two about the amount of its commerce. In 1841–2, the property imported into New Orleans was estimated at $35,764,477. In December, 1843, there were six hundred ships in port here at one time, taking

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freight from all parts of the world. The exports for that year are estimated at $50,000,000. In 1845, the value of imports from the interior of the United States alone, was estimated at $57,199,122; 1846, $77,193,264; 1847, $90,033,256. From these data some idea may be formed of the business transactions of the mart.

The public buildings of the city are constructed, many of them, in a large and beautiful style. The new custom-house, on the corner of Canal street and the levee, is the largest and finest building of the kind in the United States.

HISTORY OF THE COMMENCEMENT OF NEW ORLEANS.

A portrait of this singular, mysterious city, is a living, blazing picture of the world. It is indeed a world in miniature, in which nearly all the grades of civilization, from barbarian Cythera, in days of yore, to modern Paris, are represented. It is here we find the great mass of human beings moved upon by impulses as strange and incomprehensible as the future of their own destiny. Now, reader, with your consent, I shall attempt to draw a perfect and faithful portrait of the living, breathing mass, that fill up the great emporium of the valley of the Mississippi. To say that all *live*, in the common acceptation of that term, who spend their time here, would be to give a false coloring to a large portion of the picture, which you may rely upon as being true to the very letter. It is important, however, for you, reader, to know

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something of the early history of this section of the country, as well as general description of the city and some things connected with it, to be able duly to appreciate and understand why a life in New Orleans differs so widely from any other in the whole range of civilization. While standing on the levee, looking over this great busy mart, where the products and treasures of that vast region of the Mississippi valley and its tributaries, are constantly being poured out, it would seem that a word could not be said of New Orleans, without requiring a full history of its discovery, beginning of settlement, adventures of individuals in other portions of the valley, along the banks of this great artery of the breathing earth, which is constantly pouring its floods into the bosom of the ocean. As a brief sketch is demanded of the early times of this range of country I shall notice only a few of the most prominent of them.

Among the most singular facts in the history of discoveries, is that this mighty flood of many waters was first met with more than a thousand miles from its mouth. The first discoverer was a Spaniard, the famous De Soto. He started from the Island of Cuba, in the year 1538, with six hundred men, landed on the coast of Florida, passed to the north, through Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky, and came to the river at the place now known as Chickasaw Bluffs. In passing from 1538 down to 1717, many adventurers from the old countries, as well as from the colonies, came, and scarcely more than roused the panther and alligator from their lairs, and passed on, leaving them quietly

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to return to their repose, and there to remain until another should come after them, in search of the "fountain of immortal youth," which was the object sought after by those who first traversed this region of our country, and whom the Indians had now made to believe there existed such a fountain, in which, if a man were to bathe, he would, even if old, return back to juvenile years, his life be without end, and clad in immortal youth. But this glorious ideal fountain was never found; yet on they came, and came, year after year, company after company, crowd after crowd, most of whom found a long, long resting place, unburied, in the midst of the swamps and desolations of a wild and unbroken wilderness. The result of these several companies, in search of the fountain of "living waters," was a settlement under the patronage of the French Government, after the purchase of Spain—one at Natchez, one at Balize, and one on Lake Ponchartrain, and finally, in the year 1718, at the city of New Orleans, this Babel of all Babels, this Sodom of all Sodoms, was commenced. And here, allow me to request you, reader, to pause a moment, and contemplate the horrible, unchronicled midnight deeds, which have been enacted in this modern Golgotha—to turn back to the pages of its dark and bloody history, although never written, yet, to read it, let the imagination have its full and utmost range—excite it as wild, as livid, as the lightning flash amid the lowering thunder cloud—then call up the fullest measure of human woe, of moral degradation, of human suffering, of wrecked hopes—contemplate the blackest, foulest rage

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of human passion, and all the dark and damning deeds that the imps of the lower world could perpetrate, and you would have before you a faint moonlight picture of the early days of this ancient and modern seat of Satan and his fallen angels. Although a change somewhat for the better has, in latter years, come over the drama of her life, yet not in the spirit of her dreams: for the same brewing, boiling, overflowing cauldron of human passion is still here, swallowing up its victims by thousands, and tens of thousands, soul and body both, as in olden times, leaving scarcely a shred or a remnant, to tell from whence they came, or whither they have gone.

This was New Orleans a century ago, and this is New Orleans to day. And notwithstanding, as above remarked, a change is in her outward forms, by throwing aside the bowie-knife — measurably so, at least — the dirk and pistol, yet the weapons by which destruction is now accomplished, are none the less sure, none the less fatal. For unlike the knife and the pistol, they never maim, but strike strong, murderous and deep, inflicting death not only on the body, but also the soul, spirit and being of the hopeless victim.

Opposite New Orleans, and connected with it by ferry, is the town of Algiers, which is the principal workshop of the city. Here are several extensive shipyards, and numerous artizans, engaged in building and repairing vessels. A short distance above it is the United States Marine Hospital, a splendid and imposing building, used for the purpose its name designates, the taking care of, in sickness, and pillowing in

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death, the weary, dying head of the sons of the ocean, at the expense of the United States Government.

Notwithstanding the reputed unhealthiness of this city, which at certain seasons of the year is most fearful, most awful indeed, sweeping regiments in a few days, whole platoons at once, of men, women and children into their graves—go into the various cemeteries, of which there are several, surrounding this vast charnel house of slaughtered bodies and souls of men—go especially into the French cemetery, and into the Cypress Grove cemetery, where the foreigners are committed to their last sleep, and look at the newly made graves. Alas! it looks as though a Waterloo or a Marathon had been recently acted over again, and their slain entombed beneath these sods. There has been a foe here—the *scourge of God*—scarcely less terrible in its ravages to the citizens of this place than the angel of death to the Egyptians in times of yore. I allude to the terrible, devastating, incomprehensible *yellow fever*—the plague and scourge of this valley, of its most important localities, especially so of this city. Notwithstanding, as I was about to remark, this fearful mortality, the unprecedented ratio of depopulation in a single city by death, or rather, such numbers as die annually in New Orleans, it has nevertheless increased in population very rapidly. It was incorporated in 1804, as a city, and in 1810 had a population of 17,176; in 1820, 27,242; in 1830, 46,320; in 1840, 100,193; in 1850, 120,000; and now it is thought to amount to 200,000. It is further computed that 40,000 strangers are here during the winter months.

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New Orleans, as previously remarked, is almost surrounded by swamps, was once itself a swamp. In connection with the swamp, is being thrown off unceasingly, from the whole surface both in and around the city, one dense sheet of thick, death-dealing malaria. And to thicken this up and add to its qualities, the whole place, from one extreme to the other, is filled with the most filthy masses of stench and corruption that were ever suffered to remain above ground in a community claiming to be decent or civilized. In proof of this, I ask any man to go to that part of the city where he would certainly expect to find neatness and order, and look for some place to locate to escape the steam and odor from piles of filth, and he will find on one side or the other of almost every dwelling a horse stable, a mule yard, a negro pen, or piles of offals, from some lane or alley, which have been there long enough to become old relics of the city. Again, you may look in vain for a desirable dwelling, but none can be found unless on one side or the other a miserable shanty or hovel is located, filled up to the brim with the most degraded human beings, either blach or white.

In connection with all this, and a great deal more of the same kind that time will not allow me to detail, every mouthful of food a person gets on the table is a mass of poison, disease and death. I refer now more particularly to meats of every description. The animals of all kinds, to supply the city markets, are

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brought down from the upper states, bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi, in steamboats, and are, generally, from ten to fifteen days on the passage. They are forced, as a matter of course, into a change of food, water, and other circumstances, during the passage. They eat but very little, and when they arrive in the city are in a state of starvation, and in this condition are killed and taken into the markets. Now this meat is as improper for the table almost as though the animal had died of ship fever, or something else as bad; for the whole body is in a state of feverish inflammation, produced by the change of diet and the starving condition in which the animal is when killed. Consequently the meat must produce a deleterious influence upon the health of those who eat it.

To present truly and clearly, the condition that meats are in when taken into the markets, the following facts I give from my own personal observation. The steamer on which I came down the river, the Hungarian, took on live stock and fowls after leaving Louisville, Ky., as part of her loading. Her upper decks were completely covered over with coops full of chickens, turkeys and geese, as thick almost as could be crowded in, amounting to several hundreds if not thousands. The passage was long and tedious. For two days after being taken on board, the poultry began to sicken and die. The number dying daily increased, and for two or three days before we arrived in the city, a large number died. On arriving, those living I saw immediately sold, and the next day many of them were on the tables of the hotels and boarding houses.

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Now if these chickens were wholesome and proper food to be eaten, and would promote health and long life, then may we look for health in consuming the pent up damps and vapors of the dungeon or an emigrant ship. It is also in almost a putrid condition that butter and preserved meats are received, and they both have generally a rancid and forbidding taste and smell. Vegetables may be classed with other things, for they are usually produced by a forced growth, consequently, cannot become healthy and vigorous plants. The water here is also bad, nay, poisonous, although as clear and apparently as pure as the deep blue waters of SENECA LAKE up in old York state, yet it is verily diseased and poisonous. To dig a well and procure water in New Orleans, is a very easy matter; for you would have it more than two-thirds of the time up even with the surface of the ground, and never, in the dryest time, more than a foot below. To drink freely of this water, no person would probably live but a short time.

To furnish a supply of water for dwellings, every house has a cistern from ten to fifteen feet high, standing above ground, for rain water. This water is used for drinking, cooking, and washing. Standing as this cistern does, exposed to the heat of the sun, the water becomes exceedingly warm, and always has a brackish, insipid taste. Another supply of water to those who prefer it, is from the river. It is taken through the main part of the city in pipes, and this is the most disgusting and loathesome beverage that a person ever put to his lips. To have some proper conception of

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this water for drinking, call to mind the filth from cities, towns, and villages, for an extent of two thousand miles, together with the dregs that are constantly being poured off from ten thousand boats of every class, from the floating palace of the magnificent "*Autocrat*," down to the shabby coal carriers of the Monongahela, which are constantly floating upon its surface. And then look at the dirty, turbid, gurgling mass as it rolls along, and constantly boiling up from the bottom; dip up a tumbler full of it; what thick, rich looking sediments remain, when drank off. Yes, those who live here along the range of the Mississippi, do drink it, and say they "LIKE IT." But one thing is as certain as any cause and effect, and that is, that a more frightful source of disease does not exist in the Mississippi Valley, than the use of the river water for drink. It liked to have killed me, the injurious effects of which I expect to carry with me to the grave. As evidence of this, is the change it produces with almost every person when he commences taking it.

The effect is a very powerful alterative influence upon the system, terminating as thoroughly as the most drastic cathartic. This derangement, in a majority of cases, follows with great obstinacy for weeks, and often months, baffling all remedies. The effect is great irritation of the mucus coat of the stomach and alimentary canal, resulting in extreme prostration of the physical powers, and a gradual derangement of the whole system, thus rendering it an easy prey to the various diseases peculiar to a hot southern climate. Now all these causes, and all the circumstances by

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which the inhabitants of New Orleans are surrounded, together with the excessive dissipation, in every manner promoted by human passion, make this city, as it truly is, "one great *charnel house.*"

Although there are periods when New Orleans is called "*very healthy;*" yet that time is when the Yellow "*Jack,*" the Cholera, or "*Danza,*" is not sweeping the inhabitants off by scores every day. At all other times, while the mortality is three times as great as in any other city of its size, with corresponding sickness, yet you will then hear that it is "exceedingly healthy." But notwithstanding all these reports, New Orleans never can be healthy. As well might you promote good health while living upon the adder's breath, or while breathing the odor from the deadly Upas tree.

Thousands upon thousands have come here for health and are now sleeping in the cemeteries of the city, who doubtless would this moment be alive and well had they never seen New Orleans. And there are doubtless thousands here now of northern and eastern men, who will never return to their homes, but in the last great day will rise from this death-breeding swamp. Alas, what a motley mixture of human culprits will then come forth from these guilty regions, to re-people the world of woe! What secrets will then be unlocked that no eye but God has ever witnessed!

SLAVE AUCTION.

Here is where I wish all northern pro-slavery men, doughfaces, and apologists for the DARK INSTITUTION

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were obliged to take their stand and witness these scenes for one half day only; in which case, you would have some hundreds of thousands filing off into the anti-slavery ranks in less than no time.

The auction was held on St. Louis street, in the French part of the city. There were some two hunhred men, women and children in all, ranged in front of the different auctioneers' stands to be sold. The crowd is collecting fast. Operations to commence soon. Fresh lots of negroes are also pouring in, and various dealers are making unceremonious examinations of the different articles on exhibition. The immense hall—an elegant and most tastefully finished affair—was thronged with brokers, jobbers, dealers and speculators in human flesh—carelessly, nay, rudely looking on the sight sufficiently grave to make an angel weep and a devil blush, but it was invested with no sanctity, gravity, or even humanity to them. They saw nothing but dollars and cents in that crowd of redeemed men. Alas for the inhumanity of our race!

> "Man, proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As makes the angels weep!"

Some were smoking, some drinking, some swearing, some were reading their morning news, while others were talking politics, close-money times, and Anglo-Russian wars. The auctioneers, these faithful successors of St. Judas, mount the rostrum, and swell out with importance, leaving no doubt in the mind of any but they fully appreciate the dignified position they

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occupy in the centre of this great METROPOLIS of the world's SLAVE-MARKET. The loud laugh, the merry jokes, the piercing repartee, the sunny smile, the cordial greeting of friends, the dignified auctioneers, the splendid hall, the display of fashion, and the living, blazing, gentility pervading the whole gay throng, contrasted most painfully with what soon followed. Smash, smash, go the auctioneer's hammers upon the solid marble — a signal for commencing the sales, — pleasing sounds to the gaping, speculating crowd of men-buyers, but they fall like the blows of destiny upon the ear of the poor slave.

The first piece of property offered was a man of some fifty or more, a little under size, with one eye put out. Having placed him in the proper position, one of these men of the block very shrewdly, and with no little amount of candor, informed the crowd that he was just the boy they wanted. Said he, "Gentlemen, here is a boy worth a thousand dollars to any of you for his good qualities; though minus one eye, yet he is as smart as steel, and can see out of one eye as much as common niggers can out of two. How much for him? How much? Do I hear a thousand dollars? Nine hundred? Eight hundred? Seven hundred?" He goes for seven hundred. Next comes a tall, blue-eyed mulatto woman. He informs the crowd that this girl is named Eliza, and that she is aged eighteen, and perfectly free from the diseases and vices designated by law; and proceeds, alternately in French and English to elicit bids on her. "How much, how much do I hear for this splendid piece of property? Good nurse

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good seamstress, and good ——— something else, only look, gentlemen, what a rich development," at the same time placing his hand upon her round, full, bare bosom! "Do I hear a thousand dollars? Eleven hundred? Twelve hundred? Thirteen hundred? Fourteen hundred? Gone at fourteen hundred dollars." A man, his wife, and two children came next on the stand. "Now, gentlemen," sang out one of the auctioneers, "we offer you a fine, likely stock here, an entire family. We offer you the whole lump at once. We don't want to separate them. Our friends of the Abolition school up north, say it is wicked to separate families on the block, and you know it is, gentlemen," he added ironically. "How much for the family? How much do I hear? Do I hear nothing? Why, gentlemen, the man is a good blacksmith, and can save a little fortune for you every year." A thousand is bid for the man alone; twelve hundred, fourteen hundred, fifteen hundred; gone at fifteen hundred, to Mr. P., of this city. His wife and the youngest child, a little girl, went for fourteen hundred and fifty dollars to a man from Texas, and the oldest, a lad of some twelve years, for eight hundred dollars to a sugar grower of the upper part of this State. But the scene of their separation! how shall I describe it? I cannot — indeed I have no heart to, were I to make the attempt.

As I have more than once, on former occasions, in this book, informed you, so I here reiterate the fact, that these southern slave auctions are the most trying, most outrageous, most abominable, most heart-rending,

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and most anti-human scenes that a civilized man can look upon. Suffice it to say, that tears, groans, sighs, wailings, prayers, and sometimes death-agonies are all mixed up with the smash of the hammer, and the loud yelling of dollars and cents from these agents of old Lucifer the first.

A young mulatto, or quadroon woman, is now brought on the stand. She is one of the most beautiful, I think, I ever saw, aged from sixteen to twenty. Though thinly and cheaply dressed, none could be insensible to her beauty. She was much whiter than many, nay, than most of the Anglo-Saxon ladies, of medium size, well developed, beautiful black hair, black and sparkling eyes that pierced wherever they darted. "How much for this fancy article," cried out three auctioneers at once in English, French and Spanish at the same time. "How much for this charming creature? How much? Why, gentlemen," said one of them in English "she is fair enough to become the sweetheart of a governor;" then rudely drawing the covering from her neck and shoulders, he exhibited a bust as plump and purely white as the snow-tinged image of Venus. "There, gentlemen," said this more than devil, "look at that; now is your time; such a rare chance will soon be lost. How much? Twelve hundred is bid, fourteen hundred, fifteen, sixteen, eighteen hundred, two thousand, going, going, gone at two thousand dollars" to an old sea captain.

Next on the stand is a mother and a daughter aged forty and seventeen. The mother a rather darkish mulatto woman, and the daughter nearly white, hav-

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ing a white father without any doubt. These also were tried to be sold together, but the offer failed. The mother was sold for seven hundred dollars, for a nurse to a minister of a Protestant church, who resides in this city; the daughter to a cotton grower up on Red River, for twelve hundred dollars. Said the poor girl to the Rev. gentleman who bought her mother, with eyes swimming in tears, and with loud, dolorous, heart-rending cries, such only as despair can give utterance to,—said she, "pray, massa, please do, massa, buy me too." The man was evidently touched by her cries and tears, but replied, "I can't buy you, I am not able to keep you both;" so they took a last and final embrace of each other, and parted, never more to meet in this life, both weeping aloud. The minister took his piece of property and started away with it, and the planter likewise did the same. Think of that cruel, cruel separation, oh ye Northern mothers and daughters, if you are ever tempted to apologize in the least, for this bloody, iniquitous institution!

Now comes a large, stocky-looking man on the block, black as coal, hair perfectly woolly, eyes black, with a rich display of pearly white teeth. He stands erect, somewhat dignified, quite sober, and with an air of independence in his bearing not common to candidates for the block. His age, name and profession was thus announced from the slave stand. "This boy," said the auctioneer, "is only thirty years old, his name is Judas, and he is a preacher; yes, gentlemen, he is a famous preacher, I am told, and no way connected to Judas of old who sold his master, (as the

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good old book informs us,) but of the true blue, who will do his master good, both soul and body. Why, gentlemen, you see he will make a famous field hand during the week, and a roaring chaplain on the Sabbath. How much for the minister? How much do I hear for him?" Here a man from the crowd stepped up and began to examine him, felt rudely of his legs, arms and joints, as we do north sometimes of horses. It looked degrading, you may rightly judge, to my northern eyes, — opened his mouth to see if all was right there. The poor fellow, though slave he was, and always had been, felt the indignity, but bore it with silent patience. Eight hundred was bid on him, a thousand, twelve hundred. He finally went at fifteen hundred dollars to an old planter somewhere up the country. He is a hard looking old customer, and thus remarked to the by-standers: "He is a good, strong-looking boy. He will make a good hand for the cotton fields, and I have no objections to his piety, if he has enough to make him honest; but if he undertakes to play parson on my plantation, he'll soon repent it."

The last sale I shall mention out of over fifty which were made since the sales commenced, consisted of the following group, viz:—three young men, a lad, a middle aged cook, and an old man. The young men were all sold in a lump for three thousand dollars to a Red River planter, (God pity them.) The lad and the old cook were lumped off for fourteen hundred dollars.

The old man is now left alone on the block for a few minutes. Poor old man! The frosts of at least

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seventy winters must have been shed upon his locks. Age, decrepitude, and sorrow, were visible upon his person. Alas, for the poor slave! As I looked upon him a sensation of sickness, of heart-sickness, I felt involuntarily creeping over me, and the unbidden tear to moisten my eye in spite of all my philosophy. Here is a man, said I to myself, that has all his life time served his master and his master's children, doubtless, through one or two generations, and must now, in his old age, be torn away from wife, children, friends, home, and all the hallowed associations of his better days, and sold on the block to strangers. "Come, straighten up here, old dad," said the rough man of the hammer, "straighten up, and show yourself—there, gentlemen," continued he, "I offer you a valuable relic of antiquity,—how much do I hear for it? How much for this fine old boy? Ninety dollars is bid, only ninety dollars I am offered, why, gentlemen, he will be worth two hundred dollars a year to feed chickens. A hundred is bid, going, going, gone for one hundred dollars." Here the scene closed, with me at least, for I turned upon my heel and left the spot with a heavy heart and sad reflections, the poor old man's grey locks and sorrowful countenance, parting families, weeping mothers and daughters, &c., &c., haunting my imagination, and arousing my indignation to almost an unbearable point.

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LOUISIANA PLANTATION BARBARITIES.

The whipping of women on Louisiana plantations, differs somewhat in manner from some plantations in other portions of the slave states. The manner here is the following:

Their frock is turned up over their head, and they are made to lie down with their face to the ground, their arms extended and tied to a stake. The paddle is then used; it is a board prepared in shape like a shovel. The wide part is broad and full of holes; with this implement of torture they are unmercifully beaten on the bear flesh, from twenty to a hundred blows. A northern gentleman of this city, once employed on a plantation, told me that he actually saw, when thus employed, slave women pretty far along in a family way, thus placed on the ground, a hole being dug, or rather the sand scooped out of the earth sufficiently large so as not to destroy the unborn offspring, then she placed her face down, the whole body lying flat on the ground, where it was scooped out, in which position this paddle was applied to her bare body. After these blows are repeated a few times, the skin tears away, and the blood and flesh is forced through the holes with great force, flying sometimes several feet from them; and yet this is very *modest* and moderate correction for these localities.

Females are required to do as much work on a Louisisna plantation as men, and there is generally about one woman to three men; this is about the proportion. The treatment of slave women is so severe,

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and their labor so hard, that very few children are raised on the sugar-cotton plantations; and if they are alive at berth, they grow up feeble and puny, and from neglect and the want of proper cleanliness and care, very few become men and women. The relations and intimacy among the slaves on the plantations are managed with great care, and everything that is allowed to exist between the men and women, is permitted with a view to degrade and brutalize them, and destroy all moral sense, as well as self-respect.

A rule or regulation of any kind calculated to elevate the thoughts above the brute, or a disposition on the part of the slave to cultivate the moral sense, would in most cases be crushed at once, and an attempt on the part of the slave to do so, would meet with the most severe and cruel punishment. (I am not now speaking of city slaves.) Hence, kindred ties and parental affection, and the attachment between man and wife, are among the first things to be broken up, as the permission of such demonstrations would have a tendency to humanize the slave, and make him, under such circumstances, somewhat an object of sympathy. A connection among them "as man and wife," in which the planter not unfrequently officiates in a mock ceremony of marriage, is allowed under certain rules, yet care is taken that such alliances do not continue for a long time. When they are broken up, they are allowed to seek other companions for a short time. Thus they succeed in preventing anything like an affection or attachment, or even respect for an alliance in the character of "man and wife."

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A poor slave on a plantation a little west of this city by the name of Mat, was to be thus married to Kate, on an adjoining plantation; but on a second sober thought, Mat backed off from the course. His lady-love waited on him the next night after, and the matter was thoroughly discussed between them. She, poor thing, reproached him for his inconstancy with tears and sighs at a great rate. But Mat, like a philosopher, finally said to her by way of comfort—"Kate, what is de sense ob niggers marrying—it don't mean anyting? When white folks marry, dey say matches made in heben—when niggers marry, children all slaves—nigger don't own he wife—nigger woman don't own her husband—more misery, misery, all come ob de nigger marrying."

Alas! how true. What good philosophy; how often we laugh, when we ought to be ashamed that our sensibilities are not more deeply shocked.

They also have on these plantations, what among the dignitaries of the lash, they term the *break-down whippings.* This is usually done by placing the poor slave with his face to a post, in which is framed a cross-bar. An iron collar or ring is put around his neck and fastened to the post. The arms are extended each way, and fastened to the cross-bar by rings around the wrist. They are then stripped bare, and thus are whipped from twenty to a hundred lashes and upwards, and sometimes as long as a man can continue to use the whip without being exhausted, and they often die under the lash.

If a slave is brought down from Kentucky or Vir-

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ginia, which is often the case, and sold to a planter at the far south, as it is called here, and it is generally understood that if he has any pride, or occasionally assumes a degree of independence unbecoming a slave, or shows the least reluctance against being driven beyond what is consistent and human, he is, as the drivers say, "getting too smart," and must have a small touch of the "Mississippi break down;" and without any further ceremony he is put on to the post and whipped, until the driver thinks he "will not be quite so smart." And in many cases it is deemed necessary to repeat this "breakdown" operation a number of times before the "smartness" will all pass out of them. The driver's duty on a plantation, is to see that the hands are all at work; and to do this he usually follows them into the field and exercises a general supervision over their labor. His equipments are a heavy knife, a revolver pistol, and a large whip, the lash of which is about seven feet long. While in the field, if the negro does not work rapidly, or, if he or she violates the rules of the plantation, this lash comes down upon him (perhaps an aged man or young woman) with a force and power that cuts through his clothes, and tears his skin and flesh into shreds. The blows will often be repeated as above remarked, by a peculiar swing of the lash from right to left, every one of which will cut a hole where it hits like a scoop with a gouge. Said a captain of one of the smaller class freight steamers, who used to take on freight from some of the plantations, "A negro was tied up and flogged until the blood ran down and filled his shoes, so that

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when he raised his feet and set them down again, the blood would run over their tops. I could not look on any longer, but turned away in horror; the whipping was continued to the number of five hundred lashes, as I understood; a quart of spirits of turpentine was then applied to his lacerated body. The same negro came down to my boat," continued the captain, "to get some apples, and was so weak from his wounds and the loss of blood, that he could not get up the bank but fell to the ground. The crime for which the negro was whipped, was that of telling the other negroes that *the overseer had lain with his wife.*"

Think of that, you northern men who are accustomed to apologize for so barbarous, so heathen an institution: make the case your own, how would you endure such treatment for reporting so humiliating a fact as a man sleeping with your wife, &c.

The change from Kentucky and Virginia slavery to a large cotton or sugar plantation in the more southern states, is as great almost as liberty and slavery, and there are many slaves taken from these states and sold far south, that can never be subdued only by death; and this they are sure to meet, unless they give up their "smartness." And in them is only seen exhibited the motto of every American citizen, "LIBERTY OR DEATH." They will never yield, for they have the feeling and soul of an American, and the pride and spirit of their own fathers, who are among the most distinguished men of their native state. And this is American slavery—one of our "cherished national institutions! !" and the forbidding of its further ex-

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tension is now creating civil war, threatening the resistance of the Union, and the deluging of these Columbian plains with blood!

BARRACOONS OF SLAVE WOMEN.

Slave-brokers' offices, or whole barracoons of beautiful slave-women are here kept in any quantity, to let to gentlemen for sleeping companions. To these girls is sometimes granted the privilege, when they arrive at the age of puberty, from twelve to fourteen, if not previously engaged by the master, to look for a man such as she may fancy, and engage herself to be his bed companion. And in this relation she remains with him for a specified sum per month, which he pays her master, the broker.

The amount paid these girls is regulated by the taste, appearance and charms she presents. If one is genteel and beautiful, and combine all the perfections in form and features that can be presented in a female, she will command a price accordingly. And thus in proportion as their qualities and charms are regarded, will they be considered valuable, and their price in market in that proportion. They also have their points of ambition, and pride of situation, and assume an air of aristocracy according to the rank and situation of the man with whom they live, as much as any other class in society. To be the paramour and bed companion of some man of great wealth, or lawyer, or professional man, or some popular and distinguished *gentleman*, gives them a condition and standing that is

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enviable indeed to those of the same class, who are living with men of less means and lower standing in society. And this makes a circle of the "upper tendom," as clearly marked as among the white aristocracy. These girls are usually educated and instructed by their masters of the hyena stamp, in a certain way, for the express purpose of producing all the attractions and charms that can be presented in a female whose value is much increased by a greater combination of all that is beautiful and lovely in woman. Very frequently these girls are engaged while children, for bed companions, as soon as they shall arrive at the age of puberty, by some wealthy man; and not unfrequently will some disgusting, drunken old bloat meet with a beautiful quadroon child, and engage her of her master for a bed companion, as soon as she becomes of proper age, and the price which he agrees to pay is of no consideration with him. Her loveliness even in the purity and simplicity of innocent childhood, have so aroused the impulses of his beastly nature, that have her he will at any price. This outrage is too horrid for contemplation. Here these poor beings are forced into a situation where they pass their days in the greatest misery and grief that can be imagined. Girls of this class also are often purchased by men expressly for bed companions; not only when they are children, but when they are of mature age. The price paid for a smart, healthy, quadroon girl, from the age of twelve to eighteen, ranges from one thousand to three thousand dollars, according as the purchaser may fancy them, and as

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they are regarded to present the beauty and charms of a quadroon. Connections of this kind, not only between those who purchase them, but those who hire them, often continue for years, and frequently become such, that an attachment, and even an affection grows up, as strong and as enduring as was ever witnessed between man and wife. And many instances of these connections have been known, where a man, after living with a girl, for a number of years, will turn her off for the purpose of being married; and yet after he is married and his family around him, his attachment still continues to the being in whom he has so long confided, and whose heart he knows to be as warm and as devoted to him as is her love of life. In view of these facts, he drags out a miserable and disconsolate existence, and the discarded, broken-hearted quadroon, on whose brow is a tinge of yellow shade that will forever doom her to disgrace, sinks away into a lone and premature grave, a poor, forgotten, wretched slave; never more to be remembered only by him whose heart has melted into hers, in the true spirit of unending affection. Not only such scenes as these are frequently witnessed, but instances often occur, where a man who has discarded one of these girls and has been married, is forced to purchase her for the purpose of selling her again, and binding the one who buys her, to take her away from the city, so that he may never meet her more. He is obliged to do this, in consequence of her affection for him, and also his for her.

When these girls, while being kept as mistresses, have children, which is often the case, they are usually

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sent back to their master, who either hires them boarded with some negro-woman, or "turns them into the yard" with his other slaves, until the child is old enough to be left from its mother. Thus the father of this child—the *lawyer*, the *gentleman*, or the *merchant*, or whatever he may be—has the pleasure as well as the *gratifying reflection* that his *kindred* will not become extinct, and that his blood will continue to course in the veins of another human being through the next generation; and also he can remember with the pride of a father, that when the mother of his child has lost her charms, there is another beautiful *quadroon girl* nay a white girl, to take her place who has been cast off as a worthless, useless thing. And this is almost without exception, the course that is forced upon them by a long established custom. When they are of no account in this way, they usually hire their time at a low rate, from three to five dollars per month, and resort to various means to support themselves. Some will keep houses of assignation, and others will rent a house, with rooms furnished, of which there are hundreds if not thousands in New Orleans, and rent them to men who keep a bed companion, and board them, while others will rent a house, and hire negro girls, slaves of the lowest class, who will steal away from their pens, and come in and spend the night. They will also agree with "negro-traders" to send in a number of girls from their slave-pens. These are the lowest grades of brothels here, and there are hundreds of them scattered through every street and lane in the city. And yet, strange as it may appear, with

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these women are a large number of men, boarding and lodging, who may be seen in the morning, creeping through some back lane or alley. Follow these same men, and you will meet them in the saloon of the "St. Charles;" and in all the rounds of dissipation and pleasure, they appear as well dressed and as intelligent and accomplished in their manners and conversation, as any person you meet in the city. Many and doubtless most of these persons are here from necessity, in not being able to meet expenses that would accrue in any other boarding place, and also, large portions of these men who are found in these dens, are those who came from the north to "seek their fortunes," but failing utterly in their golden prospects, and not obtaining honorable employment, have joined in with some miserable catch-penny concern, in the way of "Peter Funk," or gambling on a small scale, and borrowing of some acquaintance on account of respectable connections, succeed in obtaining a small pittance to pay for board and accommodations at a negro brothel. Another reason by which men of no principle adopt this mode "of life in the south," is, that it is regarded much cheaper than to board at the hotels or first class boarding houses.

As no young man ordinarily dare think of marriage until he has made a fortune to support the extravagant style of house-keeping, and gratify the expensive taste of young women, as fashion is now educating them, many are obliged to make up their minds never to marry. One of this class undertook to show us, not long since, that it was much cheaper for him to

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have a quadroon as above described, than to live in any other way that he could be expected to in New Orleans. He hired, at a moderate rent, two apartments in a certain part of the town; his woman did not, except occasionally, require a servant; she did the marketing, and performed all the ordinary duties of house-keeping herself; she took care of his clothes, and in every way was economical and saving in her habits—it being her interest, if her affection for him was not sufficient, to make him as much comfort and as little expense as possible, that he might become the more strongly attached to her, and have the less occasion to leave her. He said that no one thought the less of him for it here, and added, "I know it is not right, but it is much better than the way in which most young men live who depend on salaries in New York."

Parents, guardians, and friends of the north, think I beseech you, think of these social relations, of the authorities that uphold them, and never, never suffer your sons, brothers, or any young friend that you can prevent, to come to this abandoned city.

MYSTERIES OF NEW ORLEANS.

I will now turn over another leaf in the mysterious history of *southern life*, and show up the *New Orleans side* of it, although not peculiar to New Orleans alone; and would beg, at the same time, the kind reader not to allow an undue fastidious taste to prevent him from reading the following.

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What I am about to disclose, may not be entirely new to all northern people; yet must be admitted by all who make any pretensions to civilization, to be the most extraordinary exhibition of degradation to which human nature can be reduced. I refer to *southern amalgamation*, or the connections that are formed between white men and colored women. Individuals may here be found, of the first respectability, who take for their bed companions not only the quadroons, — those who are only one-fourth black blood, — but those of a darker hue, and frequently those of the blackest shade, and live with them as with a wife, and by whom they have large families. As an instance of this kind, I was credibly informed, that an ex-collector of the port of New Orleans, a man who was the recipient of government favor, and receiving a salary of six thousand dollars per annum, has lived for years with a mulatto woman, by whom he has had six children; and finally becoming displeased with her in the fall of 1847, he discarded her, and since, has taken for his companion one of his own slaves, who is as black as charcoal. Another instance: one of the first legal gentlemen of this city, a man of transcendent powers of eloquence and ability, has had for his bed companion for four or five years a black woman, a slave that he hires, and pays her master a given sum per month.

Another lawyer, I am informed, a native of New York, and brother of one of the most distinguished judges in the State, had for his bed companion a beautiful mulatto girl for seven years; during which time

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he was paying his addresses to a highly accomplished young lady in the city, and was subsequently married to her. His new *white companion*, as a matter of course, required him to discard his black one. After he was married, the poor discarded slave, who had been his companion for years, and had watched and nursed him through long and dreary nights and days of sickness, and whose very soul was the living, glowing embodiment of woman's pure affection, became a raving maniac. She rushed, one day, in all the horrors of her madness, to the river, and attempted to drown herself, but was prevented from consummating the act, and is thus left, another living monument of the deep and damning shame that should forever follow him who has thus outraged every moral impulse of the human soul. And it will follow him, although not in pointing the finger of scorn at him as he walks the streets, for he has not violated any of the conventional rules of the moral sense of the community in which he lives; but in his own conscience and heart will he find an image, that when he calls it up before him, will change the warm current of his blood into a blush of remorse and shame upon his cheek.

And there are hundreds of similar instances now existing here, men of the first respectability, having for their bed companions slave-women of every degree of color, from the darkest hue to the soft and mellow tinge of the beautiful quadroon. Stepping one day into a grocery store on one of the back streets, there came in a beautiful quadroon young woman, bareheaded, gaudily dressed, loaded down with costly jewelry

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in her ears, and round her wrists and fingers. Said I to the shopkeeper, after she had retired, "Who is that lady?" "Why," replied he, "she is a slave girl, hired out to a French gentleman for a sleeping companion.

Another exhibition in these alliances, is a man by the name of H——. He is a man of great wealth, and is regarded a great gentleman and a great sportsman. He has had a mulatto woman for his bed companion for years, and has now living four children — one son and three daughters. A young man from the north, by the name of S——, who was in the employ of Mr. H——, married one of his daughters, a beautiful quadroon girl, well educated and highly accomplished. Her father hired S—— to marry her, by giving him a large sum of money.

Another connection of this kind, but a great deal more revolting than the last mentioned case, is a Mr. P——, who bought a beautiful girl from Kentucky, for a bed companion. He lived with her some twenty years, by whom he had five children. In the fall of 18—, he made up his mind to remove to the West Indies. Before leaving, however, he had the inhumanity to sell, for a few thousand dollars, his whole family — her who was virtually his wife, and five of his own children, his own blood and bone. I was informed that his family was the most interesting and lovely group of children ever witnessed, and in only one of them could be traced the least shade of African blood. This, though barbarously inhuman, and degrading in the lowest degree, is by no means a rare case in these parts; instances of a similar kind often

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occur, and yet, men who do it are regarded as *human*, and those who make laws to legalize such acts are regarded as *Christian* in their *tendencies* and *education* at least, and those who support them are a proud and chivalrous people, and claim to be *civilized!*

Alliances of this nature have been continued so long between slave-women and white men, that there are a great many slaves in whom cannot be traced the least shade, either in form, feature, action or speech of the Ethiopian; and they are also of all complexions, from the light flaxen hair and bright blue eye, and the sandy and freckled countenance, and the keen, black, piercing eye, and clear, beautiful white skin, with rosy cheeks, making the very perfection of loveliness and beauty. Yet they are proscribed, cruelly proscribed, shamefully proscribed,—are forbidden by the rules of society to hold rank above the lowest, blackest slave, and the common civilities of the social circle are never extended to them. In short, the life of a mulatto girl, or a quadroon, as they are called, is as strictly marked out, and the path which she is to take has been so long beaten, that she is as much confined to it as if it was a fixed law in the slave code.

There is also quite a respectable number of free colored people here, some of whom are wealthy, but their money can never raise them above their caste. Here is wherein American slavery is worse than any other now existing, or that has ever existed in all the past history of the world. Neither wealth, virtue, talent, beauty, nor accomplishment, can elevate them above their caste. It is not because of their color, for they

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are white, and many of them whiter, more talented, better looking, and more accomplished than many of the southern white population. These free quadroons and white women, hundreds of them, are real ladies, well educated, and dress with a profusion and taste quite astonishing to a northerner. They can marry colored freemen according to law, but such an alliance would not raise them above their class. The mulatto man, besides, would not have power to protect such a wife, the same as a white man would his. In becoming the wife of the man of color, she would necessarily perpetuate her degradation; but in prostituting herself to the white, she would elevate herself, that is, in a certain grade of southern society.

Now almost all these young women of color are educated in these prejudices, and from the tenderest age, their parents fashion them for corruption. There is a species of public balls where only white men and females of color are admitted, which is known here as also in Charleston, S. C., as the fandango ball. They are very common and very numerous in the south. The husbands, fathers, and brothers of the latter are on no account received. The mothers sometimes are, and witness, with no small amount of pride, the homage addressed to their daughters by these amorous white lords. When any gentlemen present is smitten by one of these southern beauties, — for they are more prepossessing in appearance than southern white ladies, — he goes to the mother, or in case her mother is not present, to the girl herself, to bargain for her person for a season, or for a longer term. All this

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passes as a matter of course, without secrecy. These monstrous unions, as previously remarked, have not even the reserve of vice, which conceals itself from shame, as virtue does from modesty. They expose themselves openly to all eyes, without any infamy or blame attaching to the men who thus demean themselves.

REIGN OF TERROR—CHAIN-GANGS OF SLAVE-WOMEN.

There occurred a circumstance here some time since, which would have drawn a blush upon, and outraged the bloody administration of the infamous Murat, Danton and Robespierre. The circumstances, as near as I can relate them, are as follows:—

Said my informant, who by the way is a gentleman of the most undoubted veracity, on hearing of the existence of an act of uncommon cruelty at the house of Madam La L——, I went down with others to see. Upon entering one of the apartments, the most appaling spectacle met our eyes. Seven slaves, more or less horribly mutilated, were seen suspended by the neck, with their limbs apparently stretched and torn from one extremity to the other. They had been confined for several months in the situation from which they had thus providentially been rescued; and had merely been kept in existence to prolong their sufferings, and to make them taste all that a most refined and terrible cruelty could inflict. A negro woman was found chained, covered with bruises and wounds, from severe and oft-repeated flogging. All the apartments were

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then forced open. In a room on the ground floor, two more found chained, and in a deplorable condition. Up stairs, and in the garret, four more were found chained; some so weak as to be unable to walk, and all covered with horrible wounds and sores. One mulatto man declared himself to have been chained five months, being fed daily with only one handful of meal, with water, and receiving every morning the most cruel treatment. The head of this poor fellow, continued my informant, was awfully cut, a large hole in one part of it I saw extending to a fearful depth—his body also, from head to foot, was covered with scars and filled with worms. One poor old man, over sixty years of age, was found chained, hand and foot, and made fast to the floor, in a *kneeling position.* His head also bore the appearance of having been beaten until it was broken, and the worms were actually to be seen making a feast of his brains. A woman had her back literally cooked, (if the expression may be allowed) with the lash; the very bones might be seen projecting through the skin. Another colored woman was found in the smoke house, hung by the neck until life had become extinct, and in this condition she was found. She was first tied and whipped, then boiling water was poured over the abdomen and legs until the skin was literally scalded off, and the fatty tissue cooked, leaving the muscles bare; she was then taken into the smoke house and locked up, and probably on the next day the remaining injuries were inflicted, which finally put an end to her misery. And what, dear reader, suppose you, were the crimes for which she

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paid so fatal a penalty? Simply, because, being a poor slave, she had no power to resist the amorous advances of her master, and for this her mistress had her tortured to death.

A Mr. I——, an Irishman, who by trading and trafficking had raised himself from a street-hand or buss driver into a picayune trading establishment, finally became the owner of a slave-man Bob. The man Bob, not always giving entire satisfaction by his conduct, his master one day flew into a dreadful rage, shut up Bob in a close room, on a public street, and beat him to death. The loud cries of the poor victim attracted the attention of passers by, who stopped, peeped through an aperture and dashed on. The circumstances as narrated to me, were more horribly revolting, for he continued beating the body after life was extinct, and jumped upon it until the head and trunk were crushed flat, and the brains spread on the floor.

Another circumstance occurred not long since, deeply revolting to every person of a Christian civilization. A Mr. H——, a bachelor merchant, and also a foreigner, whose business led him to take a trip up the Mississippi as far as some portions of Kentucky, while there, met with a rare chance of purchasing a beautiful, refined, well educated quadroon girl, Julia K——. The planter of whom he bought her was her own father. Reverses of fortune brought Julia K. to the block, and Mr. H. got her. He brought her with him to the city, and established her in a beautiful, well furnished home; but she stoutly and nobly refused

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his terms of peace; she was educated for freedom, and felt herself more than a slave, although in chains and in the darkest den,—nay, strongest abode of slavery on the face of this sin-cursed earth. She demeaned herself like a lady of the higher caste, so long and so firmly, that his patience as a suitor was worn out. He then tried a convict's regimen, viz.—bread and water for a long time, keeping her closely locked in her chamber, and employing an old negro servant woman as jailor; but still she resolutely spurned his suit. Then he brought in the auxiliary aid of one or two of his friends, young gents, to assist in bringing her to terms, and together, strange to tell, the cowardly trio malignantly bound and scourged this beautiful, accomplished woman, until she was dripping with blood; but this only roused her to frenzy as it would any virtuous lady and she solemly declared she would take her own life or his at the first opportunity, if he again attempted to make her more than his servant, which she would consent to be. She thus frightened these villians by the heroism displayed to maintain her virtue, but she was sent to the *Calaboose or Inquisition* as a refractory, disobedient servant, and whipped by the officers appointed for this purpose; but a humane lady hearing of the case, went to her master and purchased her. And thus the beautiful Kentuckian triumphed and maintained her virtue in this synagogue of Satan, although she became a martyr to a certain extent in doing it.

Another case of savage barbarity which resulted in the murder of a poor slave woman, occured on the

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plantation of S. T., a little way up the river. I will give the fiendish monster's account of it in his own language, minus the blasphemous oaths he uttered in its rehearsal, while boasting of the deed to another driver. Said this worse than pirate, to his friend of the lash, "I whipped a woman last week until she gave birth to a child on the ground while I was whipping her; and a few days before, I whipped another woman until I thought she was dead, but she revived a little and told the niggers to carry her to the hut. The next day she sent for me, and when I went in she told me that she was going to die, and that I had killed her. But I told her I was glad of it, and I was sorry I hadn't done it for her yesterday; and she died that night." Think of that, dear reader! and thank God that you are not *a southern slave.*

There are large chain-gangs of slave women in this city. These gangs are formed by fastening together two women, with a chain about ten feet long, around the waist of each, and in this condition are driven about the city, day after day, as street scavengers, and among them are often many fine appearing and delicate mulatto girls; yet they are here driven to the hard toil of shoveling dirt, and doing the heavy labor of a beast; while the proud and *chivalrous southern gentleman* will pass by and see these women thus degraded and brutalized, and never have thought of feeling or shame, nor a blush come over them. Such scenes are an outrage upon humanity, a deep and damning disgrace to the civilized world. I had been scarcely one hour in this city before I came right upon one of these

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chain-gangs of women. About twenty of them were hard at work shoveling clay from the bottom or low-water bank of the Mississippi, and wheeling it directly across the street where men and boys could see them. Some, I noticed were beautiful looking in countenance, quite slender in make, and two or three almost white. They blushed and walked with downcast eyes as they wheeled the ponderous barrow-load of earth across the road, most keenly feeling their unwomanly position. Dear reader, you may rightly suppose that I was provoked, outraged, nay, that all the elements of my very being rose in opposition to this horrible institution called *American slavery*.

And yet, here too, in this Christian land, will *Christian* men and woman witness this more than savage brutality, and heed it less than they would if the women were dogs, while at the same time these pious *ladies* will contribute money and means to civilize and Christianize the poor heathen in some far off land; nay, more than this, they will indite long prayers and repeat them again and again, that Heaven would prosper the great cause which lies so near their heart, of turning the poor, *brutal heathen* from his *inhuman* practices; and yet these same heathen, if permitted to promenade the streets of this city with these pious ladies, would be shocked at sights of barbarity and cruelty, such as savages would never have the hardihood to inflict, unless to punish their most deadly enemy. And here let me ask, in view of such cases or scenes as are daily witnessed under the sanction of public authority, if there is any sense of propriety in

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men, or any regard for common decency, should not public opinion frown upon such men, who make these regulations, with a force that would drive them into the haunts of savages, where they properly and *constitutionally* belong.

LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.

The social relations of the great mass of society in the Crescent City are singularly peculiar, and doubtless unlike any other place within the whole range of civilization. And the principles by which the intercourse in society is regulated, are strange indeed, especially to those who have been educated and taught to believe there is some meaning and worth in virtue and chastity, and that licentiousness, fornication, and adultery are crimes, if not in the sight of God, should at least be so considered in a moral point of view, as well as against the sacredness of the domestic circle and peace of society. But here these giant, horrid evils, together with the outrages of an abandoned prostitution, appear to be regarded as matters that come as much within the routine of the social relations, and the open and unrestricted indulgence of the citizens, as a general thing, as much so as any of the common civilities of life. I mean by the great mass. It is true there are some noble, honorable exceptions. Hence to be openly known in the practice of these vices—as a libertine, or living in adultery or as an excessively licentious man, does not degrade him, as at the north, or make him the less favored or less respectable.

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Indeed there appears to be no such condition known here as adultery, fornication or prostitution, and I question very much whether they have any such terms in their code, civil, commercial or otherwise, or ever had, or ever will. To the man who is notoriously of this description or make, it appears to give a force of character, and a degree of consequence, that commands respect and deference that makes him the beau ideal of a fine fellow and a gentleman in these parts. The light in which things of this character are regarded here, and the present practice in respect to them, at an earlier day than this, would have surprised any one; but considering the character of the early settlers, it would perhaps be remarkable indeed if this had not been exhibited, for those who first came into New Orleans were mere adventurers from various parts of the world, without attachments to home or place, and and many of them without social relations or even kindred. Consequently they were creatures of circumstance, and while thus mingling in the varied scenes of this great valley, it would be strange indeed if they should not have met females of the same class, and to whom they would become attached as companions. To presume otherwise would be to conclude against the experience of every age, as well as against every natural impulse of the human heart. There are hundreds upon the back of hundreds now living in this city like man and wife, with large families round them, and yet were never married. Connections of this kind though quite too common through the whole south, yet they exist in New Orleans to a fearful extent, to an

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extent that is not generally known. As evidence on this point, a gentleman informed me, that one of the officiating clergy of this city one day accidently left at a house in the Third Municipality his book of record for recording marriages, which by the way, the law now requires every clergyman to keep. In looking it through, said the gentleman, we found to our astonishment that he had married within the last two years thirty three of our neighbors, heads of families, and many of them having children married, who had lived together as man and wife for thirty years, and as such every one had regarded them. They had been privately married to enable the children to inherit their property, as a law in Louisiana has been enacted with a view to meet these very cases. There is also another condition found in the social relations of this American Corinth, that but very few individuals could reconcile themselves to sustain. It is in supporting and having two families. There are a large number of business men here from the north — merchants, mechanics, clerks, captains and officers of steamers, boatmen and captains of foreign as well as of American vessels who spend more than half the time here, and many of them have families at home; yet here they have their mistresses and children, and are indeed as much at home with them as with their lawful wives. The condition and connection of these persons together are clearly defined and perfectly understood, as is also the fact, with most of them, that they have another family. Yet these things are not often made a matter of others, business, and consequently they are all "very respectable."

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This class of females, to some extent, live as confidingly honest, and as strictly preserve the character of a wife, as if the man had no other attachments. And any act on her part of infidelity would be regarded as a sufficient cause of separation, and she would be discarded as readily as if they were lawfully married. Such separations often occur from jealousy, or from suspicion of attachment to another. And when once a separation has actually been made, the parties appear more hostile if possible, and manifest a more deadly hatred towards each other, than is even witnessed in separations of those lawfully connected. And these quarrels are seldom if ever reconciled, but continue to increase with a savage hatred, that not unfrequently ends sadly to one or the other, or to the one who has seduced the woman from her alliance. The men as a matter of course who thus live in these guilty connections, are generally persons of ample means, and usually appear to be proud of the distinction of being able to support two families.

There is still another class of individuals here who have not the means to support two families. They are for the most part, men engaged in the same business with others, and required to be absent from the city nearly half the time. These men also have their mistresses, either white or colored, with whom they live as companions. And the regulations of these connections are, that while the man is in the city, the house which the woman occupies is their home, jointly and as distinctly as if they were married; and when he is absent, the woman seeks another companion, for the

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time being, and in doing this does not in the least hazard the displeasure of the absent one, or "her husband" as she calls him. By this liberty that she has of seeking promiscuous company, and the assistance obtained from "*her man*," she is able to support herself in great style, and with as much ease and comfort around her as can be desired. They usually occupy a room, or suite of rooms, a parlor and bed room, furnished with as much elegance and splendor as money can purchase. Most of the females living in these connections have been flattered and seduced, *poor things*, away from their homes and friends, by glowing descriptions and representations of the pleasures, and gaities, and unceasing enjoyments, which go to make up life in NEW ORLEANS. Connections of this character are as much a matter of contract, and the terms and conditions by which each shall be governed are as definite, as any other business transaction can be, and thus they live for years, and in many instances an attachment for each other is the result, and they finally settle down as man and wife, and sooner or later are married, and become respectable, for *New Orleans at least.*

THE CRESCENT CITY UNMASKED.

The extent of licentiousness and prostitution here is truly appalling, and doubtless without a parallel, and probably double to that of any other place in the whole civilized world. The indulgence and practice is so general and common that men seldom seek to cover up their acts, or go in disguise; but in all these things

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keeping their mistresses or frequenting bad houses and having women coming to their rooms at night, they do it as openly, and as much before the eyes of the world, as any other act among the common civilities of the social circle. Some idea of the extent of prostitution and licentiousness which is here exhibited on every side, can be formed from the fact that three fifths at least of the dwellings and rooms in a large portion of the city are occupied by prostitutes or by one or the other class of kept mistresses. Those women who are the companions of one man, and hold that position under a pledge of confidence not to seek intercourse with others, hold themselves very much above the character of common prostitutes, and regard themselves as respectable; and as such many of them move in society with some degree of favor and consequence. The regular prostitutes of this city are composed of a crowd,—nay an army of broken down females so large that they can scarcely be numbered.

One day in my tour of observation I came pat upon whole streets and squares of these localities occupied by these poor creatures. There, said I to myself, are thousands of ruined, fallen immortal beings,—once fair and beautiful, of elevated moral caste, the pride and centre of some distant family and social circle: perhaps a wife or daughter, the adored of her husband and parents, the morning star, or rising sun of a noble family, now set forever. The words of Byron rose fresh in my mind,

> "To what gulfs
> A single deviation from the track
> Of human duties lead!"

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Many of these poor, abandoned things, I am informed, come here at the opening of business in the fall, and return to the north in the spring as business closes, as regular as mechanics and other business men; quite a number of them come out from New York and other northern cities under the protection of young men, a certain class of gamblers and black-legs who have long made this their field of operation during the winter months. The prostitutes of this migratory class form the great mass of the inmates of the regular kept brothels, of which their number here is legion.

The character of these houses cannot be misjudged, as the females who occupy them are constantly making voluptuous exhibition of themselves at the doors and windows and very unceremoniously inviting men as they pass by to come in. And in some of the principal streets in the city, just at evening, it is no unusual sight to see the windows and doors of almost every house as far as the eye can recognize them, filled with these women. As bad as New Orleans is, its municipal regulations are such that these creatures are prohibited from publicly promenading the streets; hence they are obliged to resort to other measures to make themselves known. In view of all these abominations, doubtless the main cause of so much licentiousness, and the immense number of prostitutes, of every class, grade and color that is human, is the overwhelming number of loose irresponsible men who frequent this place. Under such circumstances as men meet here, they almost lose their identity as responsible beings, having no checks around them, and

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under no obligation to society, consequently no pride of character, they soon become as bold and reckless in licentiousness and crime as though the pall of night perpetually shrouded their deeds. And yet men, and *some women* too, will come here, and mingle in the rounds of dissipation and pollution, who before and while at home and in other associations, would shudder at the sight, and even at the very thought of deeds they have unhappily been lured into. Such persons I daily met at the world renowned *St. Charles Hotel* and watched them with my *Argus eyes*, and saw them finally consummate the suicidal act upon their own immortal being—plunge themselves headlong into the bottom of the raging, boiling, overflowing cauldron of everlasting death. Another cause that aids in promoting these evils, is the small portion of men who have families here. Probably not one in twenty is married, and if so, leaves a family at the north, and while here entirely forgets that at home he has left a wife, who is little dreaming of the rounds of licentiousness and dissipation, that constitutes the almost daily track of her truant husband. To say that now and then there is a righteous Lot among them, would be saying a great deal; truth and justice however forbid us to compromise the good with the bad, but this much we are forced to say, they are "few and far between." And thus it is, from such men, together with the thousands of transient and floating population in this singular city, that makes it more than a Sodom, and causes the sins of licentiousness, adultery and prostitution, to be regarded as the proper elements of society, and

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perfectly consistent with a respectable and moral standing in community, and with the character of a gentleman. And more than this is met with here, and withal, the most astonishing exhibition of degradation "in high life" that was ever witnessed, it may be presumed, throughout any other portions of the civilized earth. While here I was credibly and confidently informed from a source which may not be questioned, of the following refined anti-civilized practices which obtain here. It is this: the practice of a large number of men with their wives, who visit New Orleans to spend the winter, and who to support themselves take the round of the gay and fashionable throng, and while thus moving here, the wife, with a perfect understanding of the matter with her husband, suffers herself to become *seduced*, and thus falls into the arms of some wealthy, wild, dashing young southern blood, who is proud of his conquest. He lavishes upon her costly presents and money, and in fact will bestow upon her any thing that she may demand, within the compass of his purse. And when he ceases to give large sums, the husband contrives to make the accidental discovery of their intimacy, and in the fearless rage of an injured husband, threatens to come down upon the *seducer* with all the heated vengeance of southern chivalry. And to save himself the man will pay almost any sum the injured husband may demand. Thus the wife will go on, for months, making conquest after conquest, and being seduced at least by half a dozen different men she has victimized, and with all of them, practising the most cunning and deceptive arts, charging

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each one to be exceedingly circumspect and cautious, so as to avoid the least suspicion in the eyes of the world and her husband especially. During all this time, her hands are filled with costly and magnificent presents and money, and in fact, any thing she may desire, while each one of her victims regards himself as the sole possessor of the *stolen fruit!* She is enabled to pursue this course, and avoid suspicion among her *favorites* of being intimate with more than one, by meeting them at houses of assignation. The regulations by which these houses are kept, throw around a female the most perfect security against detection that can be imagined. They usually go in disguise, I am informed, and often in mask, and very frequently are unknown to the men who see them there, and their name is never inquired for, as it is generally understood, that none but *respectable ladies*, both married and unmarried, frequent these houses. And yet during all these love scenes, captivations and seductions, the lady and her husband are in the foremost rank of the fashionable circle, supporting a style and splendor of equipage that few can surpass or even imitate. And here it is, into this circle, are thrown the virtuous and unsuspecting visitors who come into this city for pleasure, pastime or business, and if they can pass through and come out unsullied and as pure in mind and as chaste in their sense of propriety and as virtuous in feeling as when they entered, they are equal to the three Hebrew children at the fiery furnace, and hereafter may be perfectly secure, nay, bullet proof, against all the wiles of this wicked, seducing, sin-cursed world.

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CHAPTER XI.

POOR WHITES OF THE SOUTH.

THE number of slave-holders in the slave States of this Union, as ascertained by the census returns of 1850, was three hundred and forty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty-five. An average of five persons and seven-tenths to a family, as assumed by the Superintendent of the Census, would give 1,980,894 as the number of persons interested as slave-holders in their own right, or by family relation. The whole number of whites in the slave-holding States being 6,222,418, the slave-holding proportion is a fraction short of thirty-two per cent.

The Superintendent of the Census, Professor De Bow, says of the number, 347,525, returned as slave-holders:—

"The number includes slave-hirers, but is exclusive of those who are interested conjointly with others in slave property. The two will about balance each other, for the whole south, and leave the slave-owners as stated.

"Where the party owns slaves in different counties, or in different States, he will be entered more than once. This will disturb the calculation very little, being only the case among the larger properties."

The addition of those who are "slave-hirers" merely, to the category of slave-owners, must I think, swell

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their number much more than is diminished by the exclusion of "those who are interested conjointly with others in slave property." Such instances of conjoint interest will occur most frequently in the family relations, already taken into the account, when we multiplied the number of slave-holders returned by five and seven-tenths. A comparison of the returns from Maryland, the District of Columbia, and Virginia, where slave-hiring is much practiced, with Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, where it is less practiced, shows the following results:—

Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia, with 566,583 slaves, return 72,584 slave-owners. Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, with 897,531 slaves, return 73,081 slave-owners. The relative excess of slave-owners returned in Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, must be attributed, in part, to the inclusion of a relatively larger number of "slave-hirers." Upon the whole, it may safely be concluded that at least seven-tenths of the whites in the slave States are not slave-owners, either in their own right or by family relation. The number of white males in the slave States, aged twenty-one years and upward, in 1850, was 1,490,892. Considering that the number of 347,525, returned as slave-owners, is subject to some deductions, and considering that of the slave-owners many are females and minors, it is probable that not exceeding one-fifth of the white male adults of the slave States own slaves.

The non-slave-holding whites of the south, being not less than seven-tenths of the whole number of whites,

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would seem to be entitled to some inquiry into their actual condition; and especially, as they have no real political weight or consideration in the country, and little opportunity to speak for themselves. I have been for twenty years a reader of southern newspapers, and a reader and hearer of Congressional debates; but, in all that time, I do not recollect ever to have seen or heard these non-slave-holding whites referred to by southern gentlemen, as constituting any part of what they call "*the south.*" When the rights of the south, or its wrongs, or its policy, or its interests, or its institutions, are spoken of, reference is always intended to the rights, wrongs, policy, interests, and institutions, of the three hundred and forty-seven thousand slave-holders. Nobody gets into Congress from the south but by their direction; nobody speaks at Washington for any southern interest except theirs. Yet there is, at the south, quite another interest than theirs; embracing from two to three times as many white people; and, as we shall presently see, entitled to the deepest sympathy and commiseration, in view of the material, intellectual, and moral privations to which it has been subjected, the degradation to which it has already been reduced, and the still more fearful degradation with which it is threatened by the inevitable operation of existing causes and influences.

From a paper on "Domestic Manufactures in the South and West," published by M. Tarver, of Missouri, in 1847, I make the following extracts:—

"The free population of the south may be divided into two classes — the slaveholder and the non-slave-

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holder. I am not aware that the relative numbers of these two classes have ever been ascertained in any of the States, but I am satisfied that the non-slave-holders far outnumber the slave-holders — perhaps by three to one. In the more southern portion of this region, the non-slave-holders possess, generally, but very small means, and the land which they possess is almost universally poor, and so sterile that a scanty subsistence is all that can be derived from its cultivation; and the more fertile soil, being in possession of the slave-holder, must ever remain out of the power of those who have none.

"This state of things is a great drawback, and bears heavily upon and depresses the moral energies of the poorer classes. * * * * The acquisition of a respectable position in the scale of wealth appears so difficult, that they decline the hopeless pursuit, and many of them settle down into habits of idleness, and become the almost passive subjects of all its consequences. And I lament to say that I have observed of late years that an evident deterioration is taking place in this part of the population, the younger portion of it being less educated, less industrious, and in every point of view less respectable than their ancestors. * * * * It is, in an eminent degree, the interest of the slave-holder that a way to wealth and respectability should be opened to this part of the population, and that encouragement should be given to enterprise and industry; and what would be more likely to afford this encouragement than the introduction of manufactures? * * * * To the slave-holding class of the popu-

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lation of the south-west, the introduction of manufactures is not less interesting than to the non-slave-holding class. The former possess almost all the wealth of the country. The preservation of this wealth is a subject of the highest consideration to those who possess it."

This picture is distressing and discouraging; distressing, in that it exhibits three-fourths of the whites of the south substantially destitute of property, driven upon soils so sterile that only a scanty subsistence is obtainable from them, depressed in moral energies, finding the pathway to respectability so difficult that they decline the hopeless pursuit, ceasing to struggle, and becoming the almost passive subjects of the consequences of idleness; discouraging, in that it exhibits this great bulk of the white population growing worse instead of better, evidently deteriorating, and its younger portion less educated, less industrious, and in every point of view less respectable, than their ancestors.

In the January number, of 1850, of *De Bow's Review*, is an article on "Manufactures in South Carolina," by J. H. Taylor, of Charleston, (S. C.,) from which I make the following extracts:—

"There is, in some quarters, a natural jealousy of the slightest innovation upon established habits; and because an effort has been made to collect the poor and unemployed white population into our new factories, fears have arisen that some evil would grow out of the introduction of such establishments among us.

"Let us, however, look at this matter with candor and calmness, and examine all its bearings, before we

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determine that the introduction of a profitable industry will endanger our institutions. * * * The poor man has a vote as well as the rich man, and in our State the number of the former will largely overbalance the latter. So long as these poor but industrious people could see no mode of living except by a degrading operation of work with the negro upon the plantation, they were content to endure life in its most discouraging forms, satisfied they were *above* the slave, though faring often worse than he. But the progress of the world is 'onward,' and though in some sections it is slow, still it is '*onward*,' and the great mass of our poor white population begin to understand that they have rights, and that they, too, are entitled to some of the sympathy which falls upon the suffering. They are fast learning that there is an almost infinite world of industry opening before them, by which they can elevate themselves and their families from wretchedness and ignorance, to competence and intelligence. *It is this great upheaving of our masses we have to fear, so far as our institutions are concerned.*

"The employment of the white labor which is now to a great extent contending with absolute want, will enable this part of our population to surround themselves with comforts which poverty now places beyond their reach. The active industry of a father, the careful housewifery of the mother, and the daily cash earnings of four or five children, will very soon enable each family to own a servant; thus increasing the demand for this species of property to an immense extent. * * *

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"The question has often been asked, 'Will southern operatives equal northern in their ability to accomplish factory work?' As a general answer, I should reply in the affirmative, but at the same time it may with justice be said they cannot at present, even in our best factories, accomplish as much as is usual in northern mills. The habitude of our people has been to anything but close application to manual labor, and it requires *time* to bring the whole habits of a person into a new train."

The italicising in these extracts is Mr. Taylor's, and not mine.

Mr. Taylor expresses himself in a very confused and inartificial way, but it is not difficult to understand what he means. He is addressing himself to the slave-holding aristocracy, and he describes these poor whites very much as a French philosopher would describe the *blouses* of the Faubourg St. Antoine to polite ears in the Faubourg St. Germain. The collection into towns of the poor and unemployed white population of South Carolina had evidently given rise to some visions of social outbreak and anarchy, which Mr. Taylor feels called upon to dispel. These poor people who were willing to be industrious if they had the opportunity to be so, but to whom no labor was offered except in degrading connection with plantation negroes, had been content to struggle on, enduring life in its most discouraging forms, contending with absolute want, and often faring worse than the negro, but yet solaced by the satisfaction that they were above the negro in some respects. But at length light was begin-

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ning to penetrate even into South Carolina, and these unhappy beings were catching a glimpse of the truth, that even they, in their depths of poverty and humiliation, had some rights, and were entitled to some of the sympathy which falls upon the suffering. They were fast learning that there existed, in happier communities, modes of industry, which, if opened to them, would elevate them and their families from wretchedness and ignorance to competence and intelligence. This knowledge might occasion an up heaving of the masses, seriously threatening the social and domestic institutions of South Carolina, unless properly directed. If, on the contrary, these poor whites could be furnished with remunerating labor, they would place themselves in a position of comfort, and even become slaveholders themselves; thus increasing the demand for that sort of property, and enhancing its security.

From an address upon the subject of manufactures in South Carolina, delivered in 1851, before the South Carolina Institute, by William Gregg, Esq., I make the following extracts:

"In all other countries, and particularly manufacturing States, labor and capital are assuming an antagonistical position. Here it cannot be the case; capital will be able to control labor, even in manufactures, with whites, for blacks can always be resorted to in case of need. * * * From the best estimates that I have been able to make, I put down the white people who ought to work, and who do not, or who are so employed as to be wholly unproductive to the State, at one hundred and twenty-five thousand. * * *

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By this it appears that but one-fifth of the present poor whites of our State would be necessary to operate 1,000,000 spindles. * * * The appropriation annually made by our Legislature for our School Fund, every one must be aware, so far as the country is concerned, has been little better than a waste of money. * * * While we are aware that the northern and eastern states find no difficulty in educating their poor, we are ready to despair of success in the matter, for even penal laws against the neglect of education would fail to bring many of our country people to send their children to school. * * * I have long been under the impression, and every day's experience has strengthened my convictions, that the evils exist in the wholly neglected condition of this class of persons. Any man who is an observer of things could hardly pass through our country without being struck with the fact that all the capital, enterprise, and intelligence, is employed in directing slave labor; and the consequence is, that a large portion of our poor white people are wholly neglected, and are suffered to while away an existence in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest. It is an evil of vast magnitude, and nothing but a change in public sentiment will effect its cure. These people must be brought into daily contact with the rich and intelligent—they must be stimulated to mental action, and taught to appreciate education and the comforts of civilized life; and this, we believe, may be effected only by the introduction of manufactures. * * * My experience at Graniteville has satisfied me, that unless our

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poor people can be brought together in villages, and some means of employment afforded them, it will be an utterly hopeless effort to undertake to educate them.

* * * We have collected at that place about eight hundred people, and as likely looking a set of country girls as may be found — industrious and orderly people, but deplorably ignorant, three-fourths of the adults not being able to read or write their names. * * * With the aid of ministers of the Gospel on the spot, to preach to them and lecture them on the subject, we have obtained but about sixty children for our school, of about a hundred which are in the place. We are satisfied that nothing but time and patience will enable us to bring them all out.

* * * It is very clear to me, that the only means of educating and Christianizing our poor whites, will will be to bring them into such villages, where they will not only become intelligent, but a thrifty and useful class in our community. * * * Notwithstanding our rule, that no one can be permitted to occupy our houses who does not send all his children to school that are between the ages of six and twelve, it was with some difficulty, at first, that we could make up even a small school."

It is noticeable that Mr. Gregg, like Mr. Taylor, begins by an attempt to allay patrician jealousies, excited by the idea of collecting the poor whites into masses. Mr. Gregg points out that the existence of slavery enables capital to control white labor as well as black, by the power which it retains to substitute the latter, when the former becomes unruly.

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The whole white population of South Carolina, by the census of 1850, being only 274,563, nearly one half, according to Mr. Gregg's estimate, are substantially idle and unproductive, and would seem to have sunk into a condition but little removed from barbarism. All the capital, enterprise, and intelligence, of the State, being employed in directing slave labor, these poor whites, wholly neglected, whiling away an existence but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest, never taught to appreciate education and the comforts of civilized life, deplorably ignorant, and induced with great difficulty, and only by slow degrees, to send their children to school, do truly constitute "*an evil of vast magnitude*," and call loudly for some means of "*educating* and *Christianizing*" them.

Gov. Hammond, in an address before the South Carolina Institute, in 1850, describes these poor whites as follows:

"They obtain a precarious subsistence by occasional jobs, by hunting, by fishing, by plundering fields or folds, and too often by what is in its effects far worse —trading with slaves, and seducing them to plunder for their benefit."

Elsewhere Mr. Gregg speaks as follows:

"It is only necessary to build a manufacturing village of shanties, in a healthy location, in any part of the State, to have crowds of these people around you, seeking employment at half the compensation given to operatives at the north. It is indeed painful to be brought in contact with such ignorance and degradation."

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Is it really true that South Carolina means to dissolve this Union, if she cannot be permitted to extend further, institutions under which one fifth of her people are savages, while another three fifths are slaves?

In a paper published in 1852, upon the "Industrial Regeneration of the South," advocating manufactures, the Hon. J. H. Lumpkin, of Georgia, says:

"It is objected that these manufacturing establishments will become the hot-beds of crime. * * * But I am by no means ready to concede that our poor, degraded, half-fed, half-clothed, and ignorant population—without Sabbath Schools, or any other kind of instruction, mental or moral, or without any just appreciation of character—will be injured by giving them employment, which will bring them under the oversight of employers, who will inspire them with self-respect by taking an interest in their welfare."

Georgia, it seems, like South Carolina, and under the influence of the same great cause, has her poor whites, degraded, half-fed, half-clothed, without mental or moral instruction, and destitute of self-respect and of any just appreciation of character. Is it really true that Georgia means to dissolve this Union if she cannot be permitted to blast this fair continent with such a population as this?

A paper upon "Cotton and Cotton Manufactures at the South," by Mr. Charles T. James, (United States Senator,) of Rhode Island, which I find in De Bow's "Industrial Resources of the South and West," contains statements similar, in substance, to those of Messrs. Taylor, Gregg and Lumpkin. Mr. James's

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pursuits have made him acquainted with the condition of manufactures in all sections of the country, and his essays are written in a spirit of candor, and even kindness to the south, as their publication by De Bow sufficiently proves. Mr. James says:

"This is a subject on which, though it demands attention, we should speak with delicacy. It is not to be disguised, nor can it be successfully controverted, that a degree and extent of poverty and destitution exist in the southern states, among a certain class of people, almost unknown in the manufacturing districts of the north. The poor white man will endure the evils of pinching poverty, rather than engage in servile labor under the existing state of things, even were employment offered him, which is not general. The white female is not wanted at service, and if she were, she would, however humble in the scale of society, consider such service a degree of degradation to which she could not condescend; and she has, therefore, no resource but to suffer the pangs of want and wretchedness. Boys and girls, by thousands, destitute both of employment and the means of education, grow up to ignorance and poverty, and, too many of them, to vice and crime. * * * The writer knows, from personal acquaintance and observation, that poor southern persons, male and female, are glad to avail themselves of individual efforts to procure a comfortable livelihood in any employment deemed respectable for white persons. They make applications to cotton mills, where such persons are wanted, in numbers much beyond the demand for labor;

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and, when admitted there, they soon assume the industrious habits, and decency in dress and manners, of the operatives in northern factories. A demand for labor in such establishments is all that is necessary to raise this class from want and beggary, and (too frequently) moral degradation, to a state of comfort, comparative independence, and moral and social respectability. Besides this, thousands of such would naturally come together as residents in manufacturing villages, where, with very little trouble and expense, they might receive a common school education, instead of growing up in profound ignorance."

These remarks of Mr. James are quoted and endorsed in an article upon the "Establishment of Manufactures in New Orleans," which I find in *De Bow's Review* for January, 1850. The writer, whose name is not given but who appears to be a citizen of New Orleans, says:

"At present, the sources of employment open to females (save in menial offices) are very limited; and an inability to procure suitable occupation is an evil much to be deplored, as tending in its consequences to produce demoralization.

"The superior grades of female labor may be considered such as imply a necessity for education on the part of the *employee*, while the menial class is generally regarded as of the lowest; and in a slave state, this standard is "in the lowest depths, a lower deep," from the fact, that, by association, it is a reduction of the white servant to the level of their colored fellow-menials.

The complaint of low wages and want of employment comes from every part of the south.

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Mr. Steadman, of Tennessee, in a paper upon the "Extension of Cotton and Wool Factories at the south," says:

"In Lowell, labor is paid the fair compensation of eighty cents a day for men, and two dollars a week for women, besides board, while in Tennessee the average compensation for labor does not exceed fifty cents per day for men, and a dollar and twenty-five cents per week for women. Such is the wisdom of a wise division of labor."

In a speech made in Congress five or six years since, Mr. T. L. Clingman, of North Carolina, said:

"Our manufacturing establishments can obtain the raw material (cotton) at nearly two cents on a pound cheaper than the New England establishments. Labor is likewise one hundred per cent cheaper. In the upper parts of the state, the labor of either a free man or a slave, including board, clothing, &c., can be obtained for from $110 to $120 per annum. It will cost at least twice that sum in New England. The difference in the cost of female labor, whether free or slave, is even greater. As we have now a population of one million, we might advance to a great extent in manufacturing, before we materially increase the wages of labor."

A Richmond (Va.) newspaper, the *Dispatch*, says:

"We will only suppose that the ready-made shoes imported into this city from the North, and sold here, were manufactured in Richmond. What a great addition it would be to the means of employment! How many boys and females would find the means of

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earning their bread, who are now suffering for a regular supply of the necessaries of life."

The following statistics from the census of 1850 show the number of whites (excluding foreign-born) in certains states, and the number of white persons, (excluding foreign-born,) in such states, over twenty years of age, unable to read and write:

States.	*Whites*	*Unable to read and write.*
New England states.	2,399,651	6,209
New York.....	2,393,101	23,240
Alabama.....	419,016	33,618
Arkansas..	160,721	16,792
Kentucky..	730,012	64,340
Missouri...	515,434	34,420
Virginia.....	871,847	75,868
North Carolina.	550,463	73,226
South Carolina.....	266,055	15,580
Georgia.....	515,120	40,794
Tennessee...	751,198	77,017

The evils which afflict the slave states are various and complicated; but they all originate with, or are aggravated by, that fatal institution which Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and all the great men of the south of the Revolutionary epoch deplored, but which the madness of modern times hugs as a blessing.

The wages of labor are always low in countries exclusively agricultural. Industry begins to be fairly rewarded, when it is united with skill, when employments are properly divided, and when the general average of education and intelligence is raised by the facilities afforded by density of population. The grain-growing regions of Eastern Europe are tilled by serfs;

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it is only in Western Europe that we find industry enjoying any tolerable measure of competence, intelligence, and respectability. Agricultural countries are comparatively poor, and manufacturing and commercial countries are comparatively rich; because rude labor, even upon rich roils, is less productive than skilled labor, aided by machinery and accumulated capital. That the south is almost exclusively agricultural, results, especially in the more northerly slave states, (which have admirable natural facilities for mining and manufacturing,) from the institution of slavery, under which there cannot be in the organization of society that middle class, which, in free states, is the nursery of intelligent and enterprising industry

The whites at the south not connected with the ownership or management of slaves, constituting not far from three-fourths of the whole number of whites, confined at best to the low wages of agricultural labor, and partially cut off even from this by the degradation of a companionship with black slaves, retire to the outskirts of civilization, where they lead a semi-savage life, sinking deeper and more hopelessly into barbarism with each succeeding generation. The slave-owner takes at first all the best land, and finally all the land susceptible of regular cultivation; and the poor whites, thrown back upon the hills and upon the sterile soils — mere squatters, without energy enough to acquire title even to the cheap lands they occupy, without roads, without schools, and at length without even a desire for education, become the miserable beings described to us by the writers whom I have

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quoted. In Virginia and all the old slave States, immense tracts belonging to private owners, or abandoned for taxes, and in the south-west, immense tracts belonging to the government of the United States, are occupied in this way. Southern agriculture, rude and wasteful to the last degree, is not fitted to grapple with difficulties. It seizes upon rich soils, and flourishes only while it is exhausting them. It knows how to raise cotton and corn, but has no flexibility, no power of adaptation to circumstances, no inventiveness. The poor white, if he cannot find bottoms whereon to raise grain, becomes a hunter upon the hills which might enrich him with flocks and herds.

In the first settlement of the new and rich soils of the south-west, these evils were less apparent; but the downward progress is rapid and certain. First the farmer without slaves, and then the small planter, succumbs to the conquering desolation. How feelingly it is depicted in the following extract from an address delivered by the Hon. C. C. Clay, Jr., of Alabama:—

"I can show you, with sorrow, in the older portions of Alabama, and in my native county of Madison, the sad memorials of the artless and exhausting culture of cotton. Our small planters, after taking the cream off their lands, unable to restore them by rest, manure, or otherwise, are going further west and south, in search of other virgin lands, which they may and will despoil and impoverish in like manner. Our wealthier planters, with greater means and no more skill, are buying out their poorer neighbors, extending their plantations, and adding to their slave

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force. The wealthy few, who are able to live on smaller profits, and to give their blasted fields some rest, are thus pushing off the many who are merely independent. Of the $20,000,000 annually realized from the sales of the cotton crop of Alabama, nearly all not expended in supporting the producers is re-invested in land and negroes. Thus the white population has decreased and the slave increased almost *pari passu* in several counties of our state. In 1825, Madison county cast about 3,000 votes; now, she cannot cast exceeding 2,300. In traversing that county, one will discover numerous farm-houses, once the abode of industrious and intelligent freemen, now occupied by slaves, or tenantless, deserted, and dilapidated; he will observe fields, once fertile, now unfenced, abandoned, and covered with those evil harbingers, fox-tail and broomsedge; he will see the moss growing on the mouldering walls of once thrifty villages, and will find 'one only master grasps the whole domain,' that once furnished happy homes for a dozen white families. Indeed, a country in its infancy, where fifty years ago scarce a forest tree had been felled by the axe of the pioneer, is already exhibiting the painful signs of senility and decay, apparent in Virginia and the Carolinas."

It is undoubtedly true that the condition of the south would be vastly ameliorated if its pursuits were more diversified, if its great facilities for mining and manufacturing were improved, and if its wasteful systems of agriculture were changed. The profits of capital would be raised, and the productiveness of labor would be enhanced. To a certain extent, perhaps, the free laborer might be benefited by the greater employment and higher wages which would result; but the same fatal, overshadowing evil which has driven him from the field, would drive him from the workshop and the factory, *Hœret in latere lethalis arundo*. Even Mr. Gregg, from whom I have quoted above, says that "*all overseers, who have experience in the matter, give the decided preference to blacks as opera-*

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tives." Mr. Montgomery, in his treaties on the "*Cotton Manufacturies of the United States compared with Great Britain,*" states that "*there are several Cotton Factories in Tennessee, operated entirely by slave labor, there not being a white man in the mill but the superintendent.*" The employment of slaves is common everywhere at the south, in factories and mining. The author of "*The Future of the South*" (De Bow's Review, vol. 10, page 146) says that "*the blacks are equally serviceable in factories as in fields.*"

A writer in the *Mississippian* says:—

"Will not our slaves make tanners? And can they not, when supplied with materials, make peg and other shoes? Cannot our slaves make plows and harrows, &c.? The New England States cannot make and send us brick and frame houses, and therefore we have learned that our slaves can make and lay bricks, and perform the work of house joiners and carpenters. In fact, we know that in mechanical pursuits, and manufacturing cotton and woollen goods, they are fine laborers."

The statesman, like Gov. Hammond, looking at the matter from a statesman's point of view, may recommend, as he does, the employment of poor whites in factories, as being upon the whole, although immediately less cheap, more for the general good of the community. Men are not governed in matters of business by any such consideration as this. If slave labor is adapted to factories, as it would seem to be, and is cheaper than white labor, as it would also seem to be, it will be employed, be the consequences to the community ever so disastrous. And where it is employed at all, it will be employed exclusively, as in the Tennessee factories, from the insuperable repugnance of whites to labor side by side and on an equality with black slaves.

The difficulty in the case is invincible. The property-holders of the south own a vigorous and serviceable body of black laborers, who can be fed for twenty

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dollars per annum, and clothed for ten dollars per annum; who can be kept industrious and preserved from debilitating vices by coercion, by no means inapt in the simpler arts, naturally docile, and under any tolerable treatment, "fat and sleek;" such is the terrible, the overwhelming, the irresistible competition, to which the non-property-holding three-quarters of the whites at the south are subjected, when they come into the market with their labor.

It is not wonderful that they seek escape from the nightmare which broods over them, and fly by thousands to the refuge of the free States. The census of 1850 found 609,371 persons living in the free States who were born in the slave States, while only 206,638 persons born in the free States were living in the slave States. The number of emigrants from free to slave States, and from slave to free States, living in 1850, have been carefully collected from Table CXX, found on the 116th page of the Compendium of the Census of 1850. That table gives the nativity of the "*white and free colored population*," without distinguishing the two classes; but the "*free colored population*" is too small, and its movement too slight, to affect the substantial accuracy of the calculation. On the 115th page of this Compendium is found the following statement:—

"There are now 726,450 persons living in slave-holding States who are natives of non-slave-holding States, and 232,112 persons living in non-slave-holding States who are natives of slave-holding States."

This is a manifest error, and I supposed at first that there was a transposition of the numbers, but upon calculation, find the true numbers to be as given in the text. It is to be observed that the white population of the free States is double that of the slave States, so that the per centage of southern whites moving north is six times greater than that of northern whites moving south.

It is to be observed also, in reference to what little

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emigration there is from the free to the slave States, that it results from the fact that the domestic institutions of the latter do not encourage the development of mercantile enterprise, mechanical skill, and general business capacity, and that the deficiency in those respects is necessarily supplied from abroad. Of *mere labor*, there is absolutely no movement from the free to the slave States.

Of the persons who have emigrated from the border slave States, and who were living in other States in 1850, the following table will show the numbers living in free and slave States, respectively:—

Emigrated from	*Living in free States.*	*Living in slave States.*
Delaware,	25,182	6,739
Maryland,	86,004	41,627
Virginia,	182,424	204,961
Kentucky,	148,680	107,844
Missouri,	20,244	14,682
Total,	462,534	375,853

If from 838,387, the entire number of emigrants from these States, we deduct one-fourth part, assumed to be holders of slaves, and therefore compelled to select their residence in slave States, we have left 628,790 as the number of emigrants not holders of slaves, and therefore at liberty to select their residence in free or slave States, as they might think best. Of this number 462,534, or a fraction short of seventy-four per cent., selected the free States.

Of the persons who have emigrated from the border free States, and who were living in other States in 1850, the following table will show the numbers living in free and slave States, respectively:—

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Emigrated from	*Living in free States.*	*Living in slave States.*
New Jersey,	114,511	18,418
Pennsylvania,	366,317	53,360
Ohio,	159,938	23,770
Indiana,	66,141	24,780
Illinois,	22,707	20,658
Iowa,	3,357	1,758
Total,	832,971	152,644

Of the emigration from the border States, it is to be observed that its direction, whether to free or to slave States, is less controlled by the consideration of climate than is the direction of the emigration from the extreme north or the extreme south.

The following table shows the number of persons living in 1850 in Illinois, Indiana and Missouri, who emigrated from the slave States, excluding the border States, and excluding Arkansas, which is adjacent to Missouri:—

Emigrated from	*Emigrated to Illinois and Indiana.*	*Emigrated to Missouri.*
North Carolina,	47,026	17,009
South Carolina,	8,231	2,919
Georgia,	2,102	1,254
Tennessee,	45,037	44,970
Alabama,	1,730	2,067
Mississippi,	777	638
Louisiana,	701	746
Texas,	107	248
Florida,	44	67
Total,	105,755	69,918

Here is an emigration involving considerable journeys, and not controlled by the consideration of immediate proximity. It is an emigration to States very similar in local position and physical characteristics. Such differences as do exist, however, in climate and productions, would incline the southern emigrant to Missouri. Yet we find three-fifths of these

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emigrants placing themselves voluntarily under the operation of the Ordinance of 1787. It is a fair inference, and it is true, that the real wishes as well as the real interests of a majority of the whites of the south are in opposition to the extension of slavery; but it is only the minority of slave-holders, which is represented in Congress, or which has otherwise any political weight in the country.

It is unquestionable that the immigration from the south has brought into the free States more ignorance, poverty and thriftlessness, than an equal amount of the immigration from Europe. Where it forms a marked feature of the population, as in southern Illinois, a long time must elapse before it is brought up to the general standard of intelligence and enterprise in the free States. This remark is made is no spirit of unkindness. The whites of the south are nearly all of the Revolutionary stock. They are a fine, manly race. Their valor, attested upon a hundred battle-fields, shone untarnished and still resplendent in the last conflict of the Republic. No banner floated more defiantly, amid the smoke and fire of the Valley of Mexico, than that up-borne by the inextinguishable gallantry of the sons of South Carolina. I feel for that unhappy people all the ties of kith and kin. God forbid that any avenue should be closed, by which they may escape out of the horrible pit of their bondage. If the Constitution permits the south to recapture their fugitive blacks, happily it does not permit them to recapture their fugitive whites.

It is said that no equal number of negroes were ever so well off, upon the whole, as the slaves of the south, and that, in contrast with their native barbarism, their present lot, hard as it is, is one of improvement and comparative advancement. Even if this be true, even if three millions and a half of people of African blood have been raised in the scale of civilization, the price paid for it is too costly. An equal number of people of the Caucasian stock have been de-

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prived of all that constitutes civilization, and thrust down into barbarism; thus reversing the order of Providence, and sacrificing the superior to the inferior race.

It is said that an extension of the area of Slavery would add to the personal comfort of the slaves, at least for a considerable period of time. Even if this be so, our first and highest duty is to our own race; and it will be a most flagrant and inexcusable folly to permit such a sacrifice of it as we now witness in the southern States, to be enacted over again upon the vast areas of the west. Where the two races actually coexist, the relation which may best subsist between them may afford fair matter for dispute; but it is against the clear and manifest dictates of common sense, voluntarily, willingly and with our eyes open, to subject the white man to a companionship which, under any relation, is an incumbrance and a curse.

It is for the intelligent self-interest, the Christian philanthrophy of the people of this great country, with all the lights of the past and the present blazing with such effulgent brightness that none but the judicially blinded can fail to see, to determine whether the system of black slavery shall inflict upon regions now fair and virgin from the hands of the Creator, its train of woes, which no man can number, which no eloquence can exaggerate, and of which no invective can heighten the hideous reality. It is for the people of this great country to determine whether the further spread of a system, of which the worst fruits are not seen in wasted resources and in impoverished fields, but in a neglected and outcast people, shall be left to the accidents of latitude, of proximity, of border violence, or of the doubtful assent of embryo communities; or whether, on the other hand, it shall be stayed by an interdiction, as universal as the superiority of Good to Evil, as perpetual as the rightful authority of reason in the affairs of men, and as resistless as the embodied will of the nation.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE EFFECT OF SLAVERY ON LABOR — FREE LABOR VS. SLAVE LABOR.

THE census taken in 1850, is imperfect and unsatisfactory in many particulars. But it was a laborious attempt to ascertain a variety of facts, and, as a general thing it doubtless approaches near enough to accuracy to indicate the truth. At all events no other statement of the condition of the country at that time, as complete and reliable as this national census, has come before the public. Little is gained by merely ascertaining and publishing the statistics of a State. It only brings the unwrought ore to the surface, and, if left there in that condition, it remains a pile of rubbish. A comparison of the facts learned from the census, an analysis of these facts, a series of inferences or deductions from them, give practical value to those figures. If carefully studied, they expound the mystery of national life, and show the causes which sap the strength of communities and make them wither and languish even in their youth. These inductions convert the shapeless mass of figures into system and symmetry, and form the science of political economy.

It is a matter of fair inference from these census tables, that some great and radical cause or circumstance operates in all the slaves states, to retard their increase in population and wealth. This fact, if, it be a fact, is of great importance to the entire country, and should be ascertained if possible. To know precisely the cause of a malady leads sooner or later to the discovery of a suitable remedy.

In investigating this question, we are happily relieved from one element of dispute. The facts and

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figures are presented to us by our common Government, and we are not perplexed by contradictory assertions of existing facts, and by attempts to ascertain the actual truth. The whole process of inquiry is a mere train of reasoning or inference from acknowledged data.

It is probable that no completely satisfactory conclusion could be attained by comparing the statistics of States extremely remote from each other, and having few things in common. The States selected for this purpose ought to resemble each other in climate, soil, geographical position and natural advantages of all kinds, and differ mainly in the fact that one uses free labor and the other slave labor. These conditions are most likely to be secured by taking states actually contiguous to each other, and very similar in natural or physical advantages, and date of settlement.

We will then take Pennsylvania and Virginia of the old states, and Ohio and Kentucky of the new states. For the facts we will resort to De Bow's Compendium, published by the Senate of 1854, and no one south of Mason and Dixon's line will claim that a document coming from such source emanated from hostility to southern institutions, or misrepresents facts to the disadvantage of slave labor.

The facts ascertained at each census during the present century and brought together in this compendium, leave little doubt that slavery retards the natural increase of population, lowers the average standard or aggregate of common school education, depreciates the value of land or prevents it from increasing in value in the same proportion as land wrought by free labor, and operates generally to reduce and waste the property and natural resources of the community.

In the case of Virginia and Pennsylvania the orginal and natural advantages are greatly in favor of Virginia. Her rivers, harbors on the Atlantic, climate, soil and geographical position are unsurpassed, and when these colonies became sovereign states, Virginia

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stood, where she ought to have remained, the Empire state. A comparison between Virginia and Pennsylvania is at least fair for Virginia.

Virginia contains 61,352 square miles, Pennsylvania 46,000. Virginia has a shore line of 654 miles; Pennsylvania reaches the ocean through a difficult river and bay channel. Both states were slave states when the first census was taken. Compare the white population at each census.

1790	Penn.	424,099	1800	Penn.	586,094	1810	Penn.	786,804
	Virg'a	442,115		Virg'a	514,280		Virg'a	551,534
1820	Penn.	1,017,094	1830	Penn.	1,309,900	1840	Penn.	1,676,115
	Virg'a	603,087		Virg'a	694.300		Virg'a	740,853

1850	Pennsylvania	2,258,160
	Virginia	894,800

The total population of free and slaves in these two states at each census during the present century is as follows:

1800	Penn.	602,361	1810	Penn.	810,091	1820	Penn.	1,049,458
	Virg'a	880,200		Virg'a	974,622		Virga.	1.065,379
1830	Penn.	1,348,233	1840	Penn.	1,724,033	1850	Penn.	2,311,780
	Va.	1,211,405		Va.	1,239,797		Va.	1,421,661

These figures show at a glance that whatever natural advantages Virginia may have over Pennsylvania for the support and increase of population, some cause operates uniformly to nullify these advantages. We can discover no accidental temporary check; but there seems to be some great and permanent drag upon her progress.

By the laws of nature, the increase of population keeps space with the increase of food and accumulation of products consumed by man; and the only efficient resource to obtain these products is labor. There must be some radical defect in the system of labor adopted by Virginia. This defect may be in the occupation of labor or in the quality of labor. In other words, labor may be wrongly directed and may be wasted in unprofitable employments, no matter how skilled that labor may be; or labor may be so unskilled and rude in quality that it will fail to

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be productive to its owner in any department of industry.

A comparison of the direction or occupation of labor in those two States will assist in solving the question whether the relative progress of Virginia and Pennsylvania is caused by the different system of labor employed in those States.

The census tables exhibit the occupations of all the white males of more than fifteen years of age; but it must be borne in mind that they do not state the occupation of the slaves, or, in other words, of 428,219 of the laborers of Virginia. So that in all departments of labor where slaves are employed they fail to show the true number of laborers in Virginia.

The numbers returned as engaged in any kind of employment are, in Pennsylvania, 680,644; in Virginia, 226,875—classified as follows: In commerce, manufactures and mining, in Pennsylvania, 266,927 in Virginia, 52,675. In agriculture in Pennsylvania, 207,595; in Virginia, 108,364. In other kinds of labor, not agricultural, Pennsylvania, 163,628; Virginia, 48,338. If to these numbers a reasonable allowance be made in favor of Virginia, by distributing her slave labor in its probable direction, it is apparent that Virginia employs a number of laborers as great in proportion to population as Pennsylvania. It is apparent, also, that the departments of labor, or the channels in which the industry of those two States flow, are not so extremely different as to explain why labor produces such unequal returns or surpluses in the two States.

It follows, then, that the cause of the difference is mainly, if not solely, in the kind of labor or quality of labor. An amount of labor occupying the same space of time, and costing the same wages or expense, produces unequal returns or products. This inference follows from these tables. The agricultural industry of Pennsylvania is employed upon an area of 8,623,619 acres of improved land, and Virginia are 10,360,135 acres, and yet the gross products of Virginia are

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far less than those of Pennsylvania, and the average yield per acre scarcely one half of that of Pennsylvania. The gross amount of wheat, corn and rye produced in those states is as follows: Wheat in Pennsylvania 15,367,691, and in Virginia 11,212,616 bushels; corn in Pennsylvania 19,835,214, and in Virginia 35,254,319 bushels; rye in Pennsylvania 4,815,160, and in Virginia 438,930 bushels. The average crops per acre are: Wheat in Pennsylvania 15, in Virginia 7 bushels; corn in Pennsylvania 20, in Virginia 18 bushels; rye in Pennsylvania 14, in Virginia 5 bushels. If it be claimed that these are not the great staples of Virginia, the answer may be made, that they are worth more than all other crops; and even if her tobacco be brought into the statement, it will not substantially change the result. The dairy products and hay crop of Pennsylvania exceed those of Virginia in amount nearly to the entire value of the total tobacco and cotton crops of Virginia.

These figures, showing the products of labor, suggest an inference that such unequal results must react upon property and tend to reduce its value. The value of property is estimated by its average income or returns. Real estate in Virginia seems to form no exception to this rule. Rude and unproductive labor fails to develop the resources of the soil, and the market value of the land sinks to its proper relation to rents or income from the land. The total value of improved lands in Pennsylvania and Virginia, is given as follows: Pennsylvania, $407,876,099; Virginia, $216,401,543. In other words the ten millions of acres in Virginia are worth little more than half as much as the eight millions in Pennsylvania. The original or natural value of land in Virginia fully equalled that of Pennsylvania. Labor has made the difference.

But the profits of the two systems of labor can be tested by other facts equally conclusive. Skilled labor, requiring knowledge of the arts with no greater

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use of the muscles, is usually most productive to its owner. In these departments of labor, Pennsylvania counts 266,927; Virginia, 52,675 persons. Pennsylvania has a larger ratio of skilled labor than Virginia, and avails herself of it by converting a raw material worth $87,206,377 into manufactured articles worth $155,044,910, while Virginia has not the means of converting her $18,109,993 into $29,705,387. Wealth has consequently accumulated in Pennsylvania and diminished in Virginia. Virginia has 189 miles of Canals; Pennsylvania, 936. The Railroads of Virginia cost $12,720,424; of Pennsylvania, $58,494,675. The value of all the property owned by individuals in these States is returned as follows: Pennsylvania, $729,144,998; Virginia, $391,646,438. This wealth has been created by labor. It is the accumulation of surpluses—the aggregate amount of products not consumed in the cost of production, the balance going into the general stock of reserved property.

The first fifty years of the present century have seen Virginia sink from her prominence into a fourth-rate State in population and wealth, while Pennsylvania has advanced step by step with the growth of the Republic. The accumulated products of Pennsylvania labor remain unconsumed to the extent of more than $729,000,000, while the products of Virginia amount to but $391,646,438, of which at least $150,000,000 is in slaves. And yet the cost of labor is aparently greater in Pennsylvania. The average rate of wages for farm labor being $10 82 in Pennsylvania, and $8 in Virginia per month. But it is the value of labor to the employer that must determine wheather it is cheap or dear to him. The cheap labor of Virginia has reduced her to poverty.

Kentucky and Ohio, with antecedents and conditions quite different from those of Virginia and Pennsylvania disclose a similar train of consequences flowing from their different systems of labor.

The area of these States is nearly the same, Ohio

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containing 39,964 square miles, and Kentucky 37,680. The population at each census has been as follows:

	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1850.
Ohio..... ..	45,365	280.765	581,434	939,903	1,519,464	1,980,329
Kent'y...	220,955	406,511	564,317	687,719	779,824	982,405

In this 982,405 are included 10,011 free blacks and 210,981 slaves, while Ohio contains 25,279 free blacks and no slaves.

The statement of the figures establishes beyond all question that some great cause operates permanently and with uniform force to retard the increase of population in Kentucky as compared with that of Ohio. No one can say that the climate in Kentucky is not genial to our race, or that the soil makes a grudging return to labor, or that the state is shut off by difficult barriers from intercourse with the world, and has no great natural avenues to facilitate her commerce. The physical capacities and business of the state are most affluent and abundant. Her system of labor is the foundation and sole cause of this disparity.

A brief examination of the census tables will enable us to ascertain whether the defect in the Kentucky system of labor consists in the misdirection of labor or in the quality of the labor—in other words, whether Ohio has chosen more productive occupations for her industry, or given to each department a better quality of labor than Kentucky uses in similar cases.

The departments or occupations of labor in the two states are not extremely different. In agricultural labor, Ohio employes 270,362, Kentucky 115,017 persons. In other labor, neither agricultural nor mechanical, Ohio 92,766 and Kentucky 28,413. In common manufactures and the arts, Ohio 142,687, Kentucky 34,598; but it must be borne in mind that this statement embraces only whites, and does not indicate the occupation of the 210,981 slaves. Add these laborers to the corps of laborers, and distribute them in their probable divisions of labor, and no very material difference would be discovered in the relative number in

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each state engaged in similar kinds of labor, except in that department requiring skill and training. It seems probable that in the manufacturing and commercial labor of the two states, Ohio would have the greater ratio of persons employed. But it might be said that a large portion of the industry of Kentucky is employed is raising cattle and live stock, and that no great advantage is gained by employing in that department any but the rude labor demanded from a mere herdsman. The fact hardly sustains the inference, even if the inference were a sound one. Ohio has in live stock $44,111,741, Kentucky $29,661,436.

It is the quality of labor, rather than its divisions or occupations, that distinguishes the industry of these states. Labor in the same occupation costs less and produces more in Ohio than in Kentucky. The average product of an acre in these states is as follows: Wheat in Ohio 12 bushels; in Kentucky, 8; Corn in Ohio, 36; in Kentucky, 24; Rye in Ohio, 25; in Kentucky, 11. The great bulk of products in both states is agricultural; Ohio cultivates an area of 9,851,493 acres, and Kentucky 5,968,270; and the average product of an acre in Ohio is nearly fifty per cent greater than in Kentucky. The products of certain great staples in each state are as follows:

	pounds.		tuns.
Tobacco.	Kent'ky..55,501,196 Ohio..... 10,454.449	Hemp. ..	Kentucky.....17,787 Ohio..... 150
	bushels.		bushels.
Wheat..	Ohio.....14,487,351 Kentucky 2,142,822	Corn....	Kentucky..58,672,591 Ohio.....59,079,695
	bushels.		pounds.
Potatoes.	Ohio.....5,805,021 Kentucky.1,055,085	Dairy prod'ts.	Ohio.....55,268,921 Kentucky...10,161,477
	pounds.		tuns.
Wool.....	Ohio....10,196,371 Kentucky 2,292,433	Hay.....	Ohio.....1,443,142 Kentucky.... 113,767

The difference in the quality of labor is most evident in those departments requiring skill. Ohio by mechanical labor adds twenty-eight millions to raw mate-

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rials in the process of her manufactures, Kentucky only twelve millions.

One of the most obvious results has been that a great difference exists in these states in the mass of surpluses, or property remaining after paying the cost of production, and constituting the capital or wealth of the country. The total value of property of all kinds belonging to persons in Ohio is $504,762,120, and in Kentucky $301,628,456. Ohio has 921 miles of canals made, Kentucky 486. Ohio has constructed railroads costing $44,927,058, Kentucky $4,909,990.

But in contrasting in result of labor in these states, and looking at its aggregate product, it is important to remark that the $301,628,456, given as the total value of property in Kentucky, includes the value of 210,981 slaves. If it be assumed that the average value of these slaves equals $500 each, one-third of this $300,000,000 is not natural property, available to the owner everywhere, but fictitious property, made property by local laws and not by the laws of nations or nature. The accumulation of surpluses in Ohio exceeds $500,000,000 of natural property admitted by all civilized nations to belong to its owner, while Kentucky has less than $200,000,000 of similar property, and little over $300,000,000, including the value of her slaves.

The average products of labor in Kentucky are nearly fifty per cent less than in Ohio, and to enable Kentucky to compete with Ohio in the markets of the world, wages or cost of labor there should correspond with products. To a certain extent there seems, at first view, some such correspondence. Kentucky pays for her laborers $10 a month and Ohio $11 10, but these figures fail to disclose the true relative value received by the employer in return for these wages.

The ten dollars which the Kentucky employer pays for labor represents the rude and languid labor of a slave, too ignorant and too careless to be entrusted with the various implements and machinery which multiply

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the powers of skilled free labor and make each single man a Briareus. In addition to these wages, the person employing the slave must stipulate with his owner to furnish a certain amount of clothing, pay all expenses of sickness, and make no deductions for lost time, or damages caused by the careless acts of the slave, and for this price he obtains the unwilling labor of a workman, incapable of earning the wages of a free laborer, even if he desired to do so.

The Ohio laborer works for himself, aud knows that his wages are measured by his labor, and belong to him. Ohio accumulates wealth from that labor while Kentucky remains poor. The apparent cheap labor of Kentucky is a delusion. It repels free men by destroying the dignity of manual labor. It costs nearly all it produces, and leaves a comparatively small products to add to the stock of reserved property.

The aggregate of education in the two communities seems to indicate that for some cause the states afflicted with slavery neglect, or are unable, to diffuse through their population the same average of common-school education which accompanies free labor. It is not necessary for the purpose of the present inquiry to determine whether an imperfect system of common schools is one of the effects of slavery, occasioned by the fact that the class to be educated are only the white population, living at considerable distances from each other and unable to furnish a sufficient number of children upon an area small enough to be traversed by the pupils attending school in each district. Even if that were the true explanation of the fact, it would only go to show that education was undervalued, and that the parent deemed it of more importance to obtain land upon which he could work his negroes than to procure schools for his children—a pernicious economy impoverishing the public mind in order to increase the physical wealth.

The pupils in public schools in Ohio are 484,153; in Kentucky, 71,429. In other words, Ohio, with less

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than three times the population, furnishes a common-school education to more than six times the number educated by Kentucky. Ohio has 66,020 persons over twenty years of age who cannot, read or write, while Kentucky has 69,062. In the 66,020 are included 9,062 aliens and 4,990 blacks, leaving 51,068 native whites in Ohio uneducated. The native white population of Kentucky untaught is 66,687 and to this mass of ignorance must be added the still more profound ignorance of the whole slave population.

All the volumes of books in public libraries in Kentucky are 79,466; in Ohio, 186,826. The newspapers taken in Kentucky are 84,686; in Ohio, 415,109. The number of newspapers devoted to scientific subjects taken in Kentucky are 525; in Ohio, 10,400.

The newspaper follows the schoolmaster. If a community cannot be reached by this great modern organ of instruction, there is little hope of improvement, for they cannot be taught even that they need teaching. Only 525 persons in Kentucky have discovered that any advantage can be gained by reading a record of all recent improvements and inventions which men of thought throughout the world applying to the arts of life and means of production; while 10,400 persons in Ohio enrich their state with the earliest use of such knowledge.

A very similar state of things is shown in the case of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The pupils attending public schools in Virginia are 109,711 whites and 64 blacks; in Pennsylvania, 498,111 whites and 6,499 blacks. Of the free population of Virginia, 77,005 whites and 11,515 free blacks over 20 years of age cannot read or write; while Pennsylvania has 66,928 whites and 9,344 blacks who cannot read or write. This includes the entire 2,258,160 persons in Pennsylvania; but to the ignorant in Virginia, stated at 77,005 whites and 11,515 free blacks, must be added almost the entire 472,528 slaves; making in the aggregate a mass of ignorance formidable to the public safety in a very alarming degree.

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All the volumns of books in public libraries in Virginia are 88,462; in Pennsylvania, 363,400. The number of newspapers taken in Pennsylvania is 983,-218; Virginia 89,134. Virginia, seems not only not to have learned the value of a newspaper, but even to dread itasan enemy to her interests. Whether one of her Members of Congress residing in Accomac District, expressed the public opinion of the State or not when he denounced the newspaper, it remains a matter of record that on the floor of the House of Representatives he declared there was no newspaper in his District, and he thanked God for it. And now he is Governor of the State!

If the system of labor adopted by Virginia and Kentucky has failed to create a public wealth like that obtained by Pennsylvania and Ohio; if it has deprived the people of common education; if it has burdened them with the task of governing and supporting a large body of uneducated and degraded persons who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by subverting the whole social fabric—no one ought to wish that such a system of labor should be imposed on any new state.

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CHAPTER XIII.

SOUTHERN MORALITY AND RUFFIANISM—FEARFUL REVELATIONS.

The following are clipped from southern papers:—

A Family of Fiends.

In Monroe county, Virginia, on the Greenbriar river, and about fourteen miles below Lewisburgh, lives a man named Joseph Graham. He has three or four grown up sons living beneath his roof, and (until the 27th) one unmarried daughter, Miss Jane Graham, aged about 40. This woman had an illegitimate daughter, by a man who recently died in Missouri, leaving the sum of three thousand dollars to this child, who is now married to a Mr. Miller, of Nicholas county. Quarrels of the most violent character are represented to have been common in this family. A recent quarrel had taken place, and one of the brothers sought to injure the character of his sister by leaving anonymous and defamatory letters upon the highway, and also by writing to Mr. Miller, of Nicholas, giving the mother of his wife a character as "black as hell, and as rotten as carrion."

Without any knowledge of this, Miss Jane Graham, a few weeks ago, went to Nicholas county, to visit her daughter — found that she and her husband had separated, were living apart, and learned that the cause was the anonymous letter which Miller had received. Miss Graham, full of the violence and determination which characterized her, immediately returned home. A violent quarrel ensued between her and the brother who wrote the letter, into which the old man and old woman

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were drawn, (they siding with the son,) the upshot of which was the forcible ejectment of Miss Graham from the house. She went to the house of a brother-in-law —one Mr. Nolan, who lives hard by—who gave her shelter and protection. On the night of the 27th of July, Nolan and wife went to visit a neighbor, leaving Miss Graham to take care of the children. After they were gone—(about nine o'clock, as the children of Nolan say, one or two of whom are competent witnesses) —Miss Graham dressed herself and went out. She took a bonnet belonging to her niece or to her sister. (Remember this.) Nolan and wife soon returned, and were surprised to find Miss Graham gone. At a little past ten o'clock, they were aroused by the cry of fire, caused by the burning of the barn of Mr. Joseph Graham. From her well-known vindictive temper, it was at once suspected that she had fired the barn, and hence her absence was not noted as anything remarkable after such an act.

The Grahams made no effort to learn anything of the absent member of the family—never even suggested pursuit or revenge for the injury done them. Their conduct in this respect added strength to the rumor that was beginning to find tongue—a rumor charging the family with putting Miss Graham "out of the way." This rumor grew so strong, that on Friday last, 4th instant, a party of neighbors gathered together for the purpose of searching for the body of the absent woman. They went to the house of Graham to ask permission to search for the body on the premises. His answer was—"Go look in the ashes of the barn; if her bones ain't there, they are in hell." The party went forward on their search. A few rods below the ruins of the barn, they found indications of a scuffle—then of a running fight—then, again, of a more severe scuffle, in which a person appeared to have been thrown down. The ground was imprinted thickly with foot-marks of a human being and of a dog. From this place, they detected such signs as indicated the

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drawing of a human body along the grounds to a creek. This trail they followed to the creek, where it was lost; but on the other side they re-discovered it. Here dark stains, which appeared to be of blood, covered over with fresh ashes, were occasionally detected. This trail was followed with tolerable ease until they reached the bank of another creek or brooklet beyond. Here there were such appearances as induced the searching party to think the body, before dragged, had been rested for a moment and then shouldered. The print of a person's knees, and the toes of two booted feet were seen plainly imprinted in the soft earth, exactly as they would have been had a person got down upon his knees. From this point blood was occasionally detected on the leaves two or three feet from the ground adding fresh conviction to the suspicion of the party that the body had been shouldered. Ashes were still occasionally seen to be scattered along the path. But about half a dozen rods from the path where the body was supposed to have been shouldered, all traces of the trail were lost. One of the party, looking in the direction of the sun, saw an unusual number of blue or carrion flies flying about. He took it as an indication, and, by using a switch, succeeded in establishing a line of buzzing flies toward a blown-down tree, below, on the bank of the creek. The instinct of flies was superior to that of man, and enabled them to detect signs that might have otherwise escaped them. Coming to the tree, they found footsteps leading into the water, and, following down so as to get a view into the thick top of the tree and surrounding hedge, they discovered the dead body of Miss Jane Graham.

The body was extricated from the bushes after much difficulty. It was considerably putrescent. The dress she wore had been taken off and lay beside her, having the appearance of having been washed and thrown up with the body without being wrung. Some signs of blood were still detected upon it, and it was much torn as by a dog. Her shoes were also taken

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off and thrown up after the body, as was also the bonnet before spoken of. Her stockings were upon her feet. There were signs of violence about the neck, as though the body had been dragged by a rope A rope about eight feet long was afterward found near the place of concealment. Some signs of her havingbeen worried by a dog were also upon her person, but the blood is supposed to have come from her nose or month.

The family of Grahams showed no signs of favor or affection for the murdered, and looked with an eye that boded no good upon the searchers, whom they deemed meddling with a matter that was "none of their business."

An inquest was held upon the body last Monday, 7th inst. The evidence then given in on the part of the searching party was in accordance with the above recital. One witness spoke of being on the ground early next morning, and saw a large negro, who belongs to the family, coming from the direction where the body was found, with a bucket on his arm; made him return to search for tracks of the incendiary; saw where some one (supposed to be the negro) had scattered fresh ashes along, but saw nothing then of the body. After hearing all the evidence, the jury came to the conclusion that Miss Jane Graham fired the barn; that in doing so she roused the fierce dog belonging to the family; that the dog followed her, and that some of the family pursued in the same direction; that some of them came up with her where the first indications of a scuffle were found, and there murdered her. The jury, we understand, were unanimously of a conviction that this was the manner of her death; yet (will it be believed, in the land of chivalry, and in the nineteenth century?) they brought in a verdict on paper that she "came to her death by some unknown means!" One of the jurymen, whom a friend of ours conversed with, said they dared do nothing more—the Grahams were such a desperate set, the whole neighborhood feared them.

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On the morning after the murder, one of the Grahams and the negro man before spoken of, early began to build a hay-stack near the house, and all the bustle, inquiry and confusion about the premises did not a moment delay their work until it was done. The circumstance has given rise to a suspicion that there is something connected therewith, and a determination has been expressed to have the hay removed.

Horrid affair in Maysville—Negro Burned to Death.

We are informed that on the Kentucky Thanksgiving Day, a couple of young men of Maysville, whose family connections are described as of the "highest respectability," were on a drunken spree at the Parker House, in that place, and protracting their frolic until a very late hour, after all the household had retired to bed, attempted to arouse the bar-keeper to procure more liquor, and failing in this, and succeeding in finding a yellow man, one of the waiters, asleep, they concluded to *set fire to him in order to awaken him!* With this view, they took a camphene lamp, and, pouring the fluid over his whiskers, ignited it, and the poor fellow's neck and head became instantly wrapped in an intense blaze, which continued until the fluid was consumed.

The sufferings of the victim were dreadful in the extreme. No refinement of torture could have produced more excruciating misery. But, strange to say, death did not release him from torment until after the lapse of two weeks. The poor creature was the slave of Mr. Ball, keeper of the Parker House, who says, as our informant tells us, that no human suffering could exceed that of his boy during the fortnight that he lived after the burning. The young men "respectably connected," whose drunkenness resulted in this horror, are said to allege that they burned the negro by accident—that when holding the lamp to his face,

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they managed to break it, and spill the fiery fluid upon him. The young men are *rich*. They have agreed to pay Mr. Ball $1,200 for the loss of his servant. Our informant says that no one in Maysville speaks of this transaction without a shudder of horror, but that no movement has been made towards a legal investigation of the matter, and that the "high position" of the parties implicated will overawe any such movement.

Fatal Affray.

A personal rencontre occurred on the day of election in Liberty township, Sullivan county, between Thomas Harrison and Lewis Pigg, which resulted in the death of the latter. It appears that there had been some previous difficulty between the parties, which was renewed on the day of election; and while Harrison and Pigg were quarrelling, a son of Harrison, a youth of some seventeen years old, knocked Pigg down with a rock. He recovered, and seized the boy with a view of chastising him for the offence, when Harrison struck him across the back and head with a heavy gun barrel, which caused his death in two days after. Harrison was taken before Justices McClanahan and Woods, and, after a hearing of the case, was discharged, the Justices disagreeing as to there being sufficient grounds for his committal.

Crime in New Orleans.

During the two weeks preceeding the 5th inst., seven persons were tried for murder in the First District Court of the city of New Orleans. Six were convicted—two without capital punishment, and the other four without any qualification of penalty, which consigns them to the gallows. The seventh was found guilty of manslaughter. One person was con-

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victed of stabbing an old negro with intent to murder. He was immediately sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for twenty-one years.

"In addition to the above, (says the *Picayune*,) there are several other capital convicts awaiting the execution of the law, and during the winter, a large number of felons have been sentenced to the penetentiary for life, or for a long term of years."

Violence and Blood.

The rule of blood and brutality is not yet ended. With the return of each morning, we hear of new outrages in which quiet citizens are the sufferers. One of the last operations of this description that has come to our notice, was perpetrated last night in Gravier street, on the person of Alderman Durrell. He had been in one of the coffee-houses on that street, in company with Dr. Dalton and Mr. Charles Lee, when certain individuals who came into the coffee-house pointed to Alderman Durrell and said, "That's the d——d traitor," and other words of similar import. Subsequently, they went out, and returned with a stranger, to whom they pointed out Mr. Durrell as the "d——d traitor with a shawl on." Mr. Durrell and his friends thereupon thought it best to leave. After they had gone a short distance towards St. Charles street, a man, supposed to be the stranger to whom Alderman D. was pointed out, ran up behind him, and felled him with a blow from a slung shot, or some other deadly weapon of a similar character. The Alderman fell with his forehead against the curb-stone, and was rendered wholly insensible. He was immediately placed in a cab and conveyed to his residence, but the wielder of the slung shot was not arrested.

Another case of violence occured at Carrolton, just as the 9 o'clock train of cars was about starting for the city. The engineer of the train, who, for some cause

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or other, had been "spotted," was attacked by a gang of some twelve or fourteen individuals, and stabbed twice. It is expected that the wounds will result fatally. It is to be hoped that the perpetrators of this bloody outrage will be traced out and brought to justice.

CHAPTER XIV

SLAVERY AND THE SABBATH.

ONE of the strangest sights to a descendant of the Puritans, on visiting the south, is the horrible desecration of the Christian Sabbath. In some places there is a tolerable show of its observance, during some portions of the day at least, so far as church-going is concerned; but this is generally in the large towns and cities, where there are large churches, fine music, and eloquent divines. Charleston, S. C., and Louisville, Ky., may be placed in this number. At the morning services quite large audiences attend, but in the afternoon and evening the Sabbath is most shockingly profanated, especially in Charleston. It may be safe to say that from three to five thousand persons go out on steam ferries, and other craft, on pleasure excursions to Sullivan's Island, and other places of public resort, every Sunday afternoon, during the spring and summer season, where there are eating and drinking saloons, and other horrible places of abandonment, to which multitudes go and stay until the midnight hour closes in upon their revelry. And, in fact, throughout the entire south, with but few exceptions, the Sabbath, instead of being a day of rest, or of worship, is a holiday—occupied mainly in pleasure-taking and sports.

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The first sounds that fall upon the ear, not only in the country, but also in many of the southern cities, on Sabbath morning, are the firing of guns, the beating of drums, the noise of the hunting horn, &c., &c. It is also a sort of holiday to many of the slaves, during which they do over-work, visit each other at their quarters, roam the fields, or what not.

As above remarked, the people here have, on the Sabbath, boat parties, riding parties, hunting parties, fishing parties, drinking parties, gaming parties, and dancing parties. But in New Orleans is to be found the most reckless, high-handed Sabbath desecration of any other place in the whole country. It is a second Paris; the Sabbath is regarded here by almost every one as a holiday, and its return is as much desired for a day of pleasure, as if no other day was appropriate for such purposes. Military parades are seldom held on any other. Horse-racing, where large sums are staked on the most famous racers, is on the Sabbath. Theatres and circuses have the most attractive bills and greatest display on Sabbath evening. The savage, heathen bull-fights occur on Sunday; and, in fact, exhibitions of every kind are usually on the Sabbath. Against these outrages, and other evils ignored by them, the pulpit is as silent as if they were in accordance with the rituals of the church. And, more than this, you will be astonished to see, not only "*good men*," but *professing Christians*, mingling in the crowded throng that keep up these rounds of moral pollution and dissipation. But in all these evils, the authorities are chargeable with more censure than all others, for they have the power to prevent and suppress them wholly. There is so much to be met with of a demoralizing tendency, and the tone of moral sense is so clearly out-spoken, that a person is not aware of what surrounds him, until he pauses and contemplates the scene in which he is moving, and the complete prostration of everything like a controlling influence of public opinion. It is a truth, recognized in every

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civilized country, that good order, and even common decency, cannot be promoted or maintained, unless it be by the concentrated force of the opinion of good men against the overt acts of the vicious. And when we see, as we do in this city, the *leading men*, public officers, the Mayor and Common Council, giving countenance and sanction to outrages and desecrations, it is evident that the most wholesome regulations cannot sustain a healthy tone of moral feeling.

As evidence of the countenance given to these things, and of the state of public feeling, the following notices will furnish some evidence how the Sabbath is regarded by the Mayor and Common Council and the *good people* of New Orleans. These announcements are made in the city papers, and also in large, attractive handbills, posted in every part of the city :—

"*Washington Society Balls.*

"At a meeting of the subscribers, the following gentlemen were elected managers :—

A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor of the city,	Dr. LUZENBERG,
JOSHUA BALDWIN, Recorder,	Wm. EMERSON,
J. E. CALDWELL,	J. STROUD,
W. P. CONVERSE,	J. L. POULK,
A. B. BIEN,	W. F. FLOWERS,
H. G. STETSON,	W. J. EARTHMEN,
J. B. BYRN,	A. H. WAY,
Maj. Gen. J. L. LEWIS,	N. C. JUDSON,
Col. J. B. WALTON,	J. S. WALLIS,
Capt. JORDY,	R. C. FAULKNER,
E. A. TYLER,	H. S. HATCH,
	J. B. BEHAN.

"At the same time, it was resolved that the series should consist of ten balls, which will be all MASKED.

"The managers will meet every SUNDAY! during the season, at one o'clock. Office hours, from nine in the morning until nine in the evening."

Look at this, Christian reader. Is not here a great want of Christian missionaries, to convert the heathen in our own country? Is not this truly a heathen city?

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The Mayor, and Recorder, and twenty-one of the leading citizens of a professedly civilized and *Christian* city of about two hundred thousand inhabitants, meet every Sabbath to make arrangements for a MASKED BALL! In view of such examples from such men, what else but a perfect SODOM could be expected of New Orleans.

"*Grand Balloon Ascension.*

"The seventh ascension of MADAME EMMA V., of Bordeaux, will take place on SUNDAY next, between the hours of one and two o'clock, from the corner of St. Charles and Poydras streets. Madame E. V., returns her thanks to the public for the patronage bestowed upon her last SUNDAY, having proved to the citizens of New Orleans that nothing has been exaggerated in her previous advertisement. A special stand is reserved for the ladies."

This, the reader will bear in mind, is done by permit of license from the Mayor.

The following is copied from a hand-bill:—

"*Pontchartrain Ball Room.*

"The proprietors of this well-known establishment respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that it will be opened on SUNDAY next for the season, and that nothing on their part has been left undone to render this house one of the most *agreeable* in all respects. THE DRESS AND MASKED balls will be given in the following order:—

"For white persons—SUNDAYS, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

"For quadroons—Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The orchestra is, without doubt, the best in the city. The BAR is furnished with the choicest LIQUORS

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and the tables supplied with every delicacy that the market affords."

Now with such attractions, who, without a good amount of stern religious principle, could refuse to attend such a place, even on the SABBATH!! provided that *license* is given by the authorities. And yet the *attractions* and *entertainment* are not *all* advertised in the bill.

But the matter of astonishment in these things is, that in this enlightened age, and in a civilized community, and in this country too, public officers in a city could be found, who would, under the sanction and seal of their office, grant a license for a regular BROTHEL BALL-ROOM. The assemblage of prostitutes and lewd women at these rooms, is, without exception, taking all the circumstances into account under which they meet, the most wanton, debasing and licentious exhibition of human passion ever witnessed. There are no less than three of these ball-rooms licensed in the city, which are open every night and filled to overflowing. The prostitutes all appear with MASKS on their faces, and so well concealed that it is impossible to recognize them. The excessive drinking and carousing, practiced at these places, enables the girls to induce men under such circumstances to accompany them home. Women are admitted free of charge, and men pay one dollar for admission. The bar and the eating tables are the principal sources of revenue, and that is immense.

And there too, in mask, will many a confiding and devoted wife look for her husband, and witness the realities of all the forebodings of her imagination through long nights of lone watching. She has found him here, and follows his footsteps while, arm in arm, he joins in the whirl of the giddy dance, with the wild and polluted being who is holding the loved and cherished one by a fascination as fatal and deadly as the serpent's steady gaze.

It will be seen, by the announcement in the bill,

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that, three nights in the week, balls are given to quadroons, or mulattoes, and on these evenings the attendance of men is nearly double that of the white balls. This affords a confirmation of the old saying, "There is no accounting for tastes;" and also of the truth of what I have previously asserted of the *gentlemen* of the south, namely, that they will seek for companions among the yellow and even black women, and discard white ladies. Notwithstanding these things, southern men regard the act of eating at the table with colored persons as a disgrace, and an outrage, and an insult too great to be submitted to. And yet they will have colored girls and colored men, for their bed companions, for body servants, for cooks; and, in fact, everything they eat, drink or wear, they will see pass through their hands without the least shudder or repugnance.

CHAPTER XV

SLAVERY AND RELIGION.

THE physical cruelty of slavery, great as it is, is by no means the darkest feature in this foul, iniquitous, anti-human system, reared upon the blood, bones and murdered souls of men. The herding together of human beings (as previously remarked,) like brutes, and the exclusion to a great extent, of the healthful influences of the gospel, have induced a licentiousness far more lamentable than toil, stripes or auction blocks. But what is the amount of *religious instruction* enjoyed by the slaves? inquire, many of my northern friends. To which I answer; first, that no less than 665,563 slaves are owned by southern *divines* and their churches.

Only think of that, dear reader, six hundred and sixty

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five thousand five hundred and sixty-three human, redeemed, immortal beings, are owned soul and body, by these *successors* of great PAUL and PETER, to be worked, bought, sold, flogged, rented and imprisoned, &c., &c. At one thousand dollars per head, which may be a fair average price for this clerical stock; then these *followers*, nay, *religious teachers* of Him who had not where to lay his head, are worth the round sum of six hundred and sixty-five million, five hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars, invested in human beings. Could ancient Roman or Grecian Pagan priests boast so much? No, never.

Of what avail are the prayers, sermons, public teaching and lofty pretensions to piety, of a man who can sell his brother into perpetual bondage? If a man "love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love GOD whom he hath not seen?" If he can coolly and deliberately disregard the claims of his brother, why should he regard those of his GOD? In spite however, of the obvious incongruity of slavery with the instruction of the slaves, either mentally or morally, the impressionhas obtained north, through apologists for the *institution* that the slaves are the objects of a religious culture, which is *preparing* them, both for freedom in this world, and happiness in the next.

It is true, that in some portions of the south, the slaves are allowed a little ORAL instruction, a few catechetical lectures, but it is only an hour or two each week, in the *day time*, and strictly confined to those "prominent portions of scripture which show the duties of servants and the *rights of masters!*" The truth is, slaveholders generally are unwilling that Christianity should be taught to their slaves, any further than they can make a tool of it to serve their own purposes; and, as it happens to be a two-edged tool, they are mostly afraid to meddle with it at all. They complain that it has too little respect of persons to suit their "peculiar" state of society.

"Is it wise," remarked one of their divines to me,

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on this subject, "on *any* occasion, to act as though the population of the south were homogeneous? If our institutions," continued he, "require that a portion of the people of the state should be treated *in every place and at all times* as a subordinate caste, by what authority, human or divine, does the citizen violate that obligation. Need I say the experience of the world attests, that the battle of the cross can be no where successfully waged, unless the laws of the land and *the established usages of society are faithfully cherished and supported.*" Now I cannot suppose that that learned divine would have hazarded this assertion, if the "experience" of southern Christianity, as cherishing and supporting the "usages of society" there, had not fully borne him out in it. It is a mockery to call the opportunities for instruction, religious or literary, that have been enjoyed, and are now by southern slaves, *privileges!* Privileges, forsooth, just as it is for a dog to lick the crumbs beneath a table, where for every infinitesimal fragment, he is nearly sure to get a tremendous kick.

In view of what we have seen, heard and passed through in the slave states, we must confess that our very soul is sick of the everlasting hypocrisy and meanness of the whole country, and are prepared to maintain, that, so far as the slaves have any true religion, it is not in consequence of instruction, but in spite of it. No instruction, I repeat, of any sort has been granted them, but such as is supposed might be made subservient to slavery, for there is a sort of slave-piety, which has its price in the market. In a sale, for instance, for a master to be able to say this is a pious boy, or for an auctioneer, that is a perfectly peaceable, pious nigger, will in many instances add dollars to the trade. And these dealers in human beings fully understand the import of the term *piety* when thus used viz:—that the poor, ignorant, down-trodden heathen has been indoctrinated into the belief that GOD from all eternity decreed that he should, under the

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most severe and eternal penalties, crouch down to, and obey his master in all things, and that his only road to heaven is in strict obedience to the commands of his master. Hence a sort of instruction has been instituted called religious teaching, for which the masters pay a pretty good sum annually to these pious *slave-holding* missionaries. That some of the slaves are truly and sincerely pious, there can be no doubt; but the great mass of them have a superficial religion, a false religion, or no religion at all. That this is so, the southerners themselves are prepared to admit. In proof of the ignorant, debased, and low sunken condition of these poor, stupid, *heathen slaves*, who are made and kept so by the politico-religious institutions of the south, I will insert a short extract from a report on this subject, drawn up by one of the ecclesiastical bodies here, several of which I attended while south. In which report they unfortunately for themselves, or for the *peculiar institution*, admitted the fact, or in effect, confessed that southern Christianity has supported slavery to the almost total neglect of the souls of the slaves.

The following is the hideous picture which they draw of the moral influence of slavery.

"The influence of the negroes upon the moral and religious interests of the whites, is destructive in the extreme. We cannot go into special detail. It is unnecessary. We make our appeal to universal experience. We are chained to a putrid carcass! It sickens and destroys us. We have a millstone hanging about the neck of our society, to sink us deep in the sea of vice. Our children are corrupting from their infancy, nor can we prevent it. Many an anxious parent, like the missionaries in foreign lands, wishes his children could be brought beyond the reach of the corrupting influence of the *depraved heathen*. Nor is this influence confined to mere childhood. If that were all, it would be tremendous. But it follows into youth, into manhood, and into old age. And when

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we come directly into contact with their depravity in the management of them, then come temptations, and provocations, and trials that unsearchable grace only can enable us to endure. In all our intercourse with them, we are undergoing a process of intellectual and moral deterioration; and it requires almost superhuman efforts to maintain a high standing, either for intelligence or piety."

There is testimony from those who ought to know, and who do know whereof they report, testimony we trust the reader will feel bound to credit, though he discard that of northern tourists. As to the slaveholding Christians, professors, or what ever else they may be termed, I seldom or never found one, that I thought was a deeply devoted Christian at heart. In spite of their high pretentions to a consistent Bible piety, a haughty, waspish, acrimonious spirit could be detected, underlying all their piety. And how can it be otherwise, since they stoutly deny, if not wholly, yet in part, the fundamental claims of the law and of the gospel? which in substance is to love GOD with all the soul, mind, &c., and our neighbor as ourself. Short of this, men may make high pretentions, long prayers, and many proselytes. Short of this, they may employ with wonderful success a thousand so-called, soul-saving expedients. But short of this they *cannot be Christians.* Short of this, what would they do in that world of eternal harmony, where every thing finds and keeps its proper place? *The devourers of widows' houses here, must receive damnation hereafter.* Alas! what then must become of those who MAKE WIDOWS, and then DEVOUR THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN in the midst of the Christian church? What too, must become of their apologists, however ingenious and grave they may be? Those who have a system of soul saving, which inspires men with the hope of Heaven, while they refuse heartily to *own every human creature* as their brother? A system of *piety*, which leaves men below the level of humanity! Is this

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Christianity? And are they Christians whose hearts are thus too hard and narrow to admit the common sentiments of humanity! Alas, for such piety, both unhuman and inhuman, what mischief has it not done wherever it has been countenanced in the church of GOD! It is true, as I have taken occasion elsewhere in the course of this work to remark, that the slaves in the cities are allowed to attend church with the whites; but they must occupy the niggers' seat which is the gallery. And after listening to a sermon an hour long addressed to the masters, have a few remarks addressed to them, the whole of which I looked upon as little less than a downright insult to human nature.

"The type of morality, in any country, is seldom much higher in the church than it is in respectable society out of it. In no civilized countries do men of good standing in society justify themselves in any practices which are not countenanced by professors of religion."

This was true in the most corrupt days of the Romish church. It is no less true now. It was therefore no mere rhetorical flourish, but the utterance of a great truth, founded on the nature of man, and based on the power of the Christian faith, when Rev. Albert Barnes declared that slavery could not live an hour out of the church, if it were not sustained within it. With this principle in view, we may know, without visiting the south, how the Christian churches have been corrupted. We need not hope to find a higher standard of morality within, than without. If men of high social position out of the church own slaves, so will church members. And so is the fact. Is it a common practice in the south, among respectable men, to visit theatres and horse-races on the Sabbath, to have colored concubines—to drink intoxicating liquors to excess—to play cards, and gamble—to make the Sabbath a day of sport and pleasure seeking? These practices obtain as well in the churches, as out of them, in some instances. And just as a slave holder who is

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known to own, and buy, and sell his own children as slaves, suffers nothing at all in his reputation on that account, so if such a slaveholder belongs to the church, these facts do not affect his standing there. The thing is so common throughout the south, among men calling themselves Christians, as well as others, that it hardly attracts attention.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPIRIT OF SLAVERY — ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE SLAVE-HOLDER.

THE influence which the institutions of a country and the character of the people mutually exert on each other, operating reciprocally as cause and effect, is always a subject of curious and interesting inquiry. The character of the people is the cause of the establishment and continuance of the institutions, and is in return formed, modified, and rendered permanent by them. So peculiar an institution as slavery, cannot be without great influence of some kind or other, upon the character of those among whom it exists. Slavery by one has very properly been stated to consist in, a protracted state of war. All its results are sufficiently conformable to such an origin. Soldiers possess a free and self-confident air, and when among friends and not irritated or opposed, they exhibit a frank, good humor, an easy, companionable disposition, which renders their society agreeable, and causes their company to be generally courted. Their military duties often leave them an abundance of leisure; for long intervals, they often have nothing to do but to seek amusement, and they give a warm and hearty welcome

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to all who are disposed to join and aid them in that pursuit. Precisely the same type of manners prevails among the slave-holders of the south. Though a large portion of that class is destitute of education, and of any real refinement, yet almost every member of it has more or less, a certain patrician bearing, a consciousness of his own superiority which gives him an air of manliness and dignity, but which it must be confessed, degenerates too often into rudeness and braggadocio.

The wealthier and better educated, passing almost all of their time in a round of social pleasures, have attained to a considerable perfection in the art of pleasing; and those who visit the southern states for the first time, are almost invariably captivated by the politeness, the hospitality, and pleasing attentions, of these apparently noble people. But, three successive trips through most of the southern states, and nearly three years residence in their midst, convinced the writer that manners however pleasing, are far from being any certain index of character, they often being carried to a high pitch of refinement, in cases where all the virtues which they seem to indicate, are lamentably deficient. The soldier, nursed in blood and robbery, however mildly and gently he conducts himself, we regard at best only a tame tiger, not rashly to be trusted. His passions are violent and unmanagable, accustomed to indulgence, and impatient of control. It is the same with the slave-master. Habituated to play the tyrant at home, unshackled regent and despotic lord upon his own plantation, where his wishes, his slightest whim is law, the love of domineering possesses all his heart. The intercourse of society has taught him the policy and the advantages of mutual concession in little things, and the trifling points of ordinary politeness he yields with a ready willingness of a well bred man. Beyond this he is not to be trusted.

Alarm his prejudices, his self-love, his jealousy, his

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avarice, his ambition; cross his path in any shape whatever; assume the character of a rival or a censor; though on a plantation,—at a dining table, or in the senate hall of the nation, look out for canings, poniards, and pistols. From a laughing, good natured companion, he is changed at once, into a fierce, raging tiger, nay, into a devil outright, one that you would suppose never was, and never could be tamed. He rages, raves, and boils over, almost bursting with passion; he answers your arguments with invectives instead of reason, he replies with insults, if not with murder, or an attempt at it. As proof in point, look at the recent disgraceful affair at Washington, in the conduct of that cowardly southern *villain* by the name of BROOKS, in mauling the Hon. Mr. Sumner almost to death with a cane. In said BROOKS we have a pretty fair representative of the whole slave-holding fraternity. The fear of the law does not restrain a slaveholder. The fact is, in the southern states, a *gentleman* is never hung. The most cold blooded and deliberate murderers, in the upper classes of society, escape with a fine or a short imprisonment. The gallows is reserved for abolitionists, negro-stealers, and poor white folks.

They almost universally carry arms; and are ready at any moment for a deadly conflict, but the pistols, knives and dirks, their favorite weapons, are of a kind more fit for foot-pads and assassins, than for well-intentioned citizens. In several of the states it has been attempted to suppress by penal enactments, this barbarous practice of carrying deadly weapons, These laws are never enforced, and it is scarcely possible they should be. To carry arms in the state of things existing at the south, is deemed prudent and seems absolutely necessary. If his slaves resist, how else shall the master maintain his authority? Those who have been subdued by force, must be kept under by force, and if the armed conquerors, in a moment of rage, sometimes turn their weapons against each other, that

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is what is liable to happen among all collections of armed men. What wonder if that inhuman and blood-thirsty spirit, which the tyrannical rule they exercise, keeps more or less alive in the bosom of all slave-masters, often burst out in full fury in their quarrels with each other? The familiarity with which, under the influence of excited passion, they talk of murder, is only to be equalled by the savage ferocity with which, under the same influence, they often commit it. The atrocity of southern duels has long been notorious,—but what duel can be compared with those savage, brutal "rencontres" of which the southern papers are so frequently, and so fully made up,—accounts which among the people of those states seem to carry with them all the interest of a bull-fight or a cock-fight,—in which two men or more, armed to the teeth, meet in the streets, at a *court house* or a tavern, shoot at each other with pistols, then draw their knives, close and roll upon the ground, covered with dust and blood, struggling and stabbing till death, wounds, or the submission of one of the parties put an end to the contest? These scenes, which if they take place at the north at all, appear but once an age, and then only among the lowest and most depraved of the emigrant population, (except indeed when a Dr. GRAHAM, or some other semi-barbarian southerner, gives us an occasional bloody demonstration of their pistol or bowie-knife proclivities,) are of frequent and almost daily occurrence at the south, among those who consider themselves the most respectable people.

IMPROVIDENCE is universally allowed to be a vice of the most dangerous character. Improvidence is an evil which prevails very generally throughout the slave-holding states. The careless, headlong rapidity with which a planter spends his money, is proverbial. This childish profusion has even been raised among them to the rank of a virtue; while economy is decried and stigmatized as mean and little. This sort of profusion may dazzle and delight the weak-minded

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and the thoughtless. It is very clear however that it seldom implies any of that benevolence or magnanimity which it has been supposed to indicate. It generally originates in the desire to excel, to gratify some whim of the moment, or what is oftener the case, in the desire to become admired as a person of wealth and liberality. It is one way of gratifying the universal desire of social superiority. A planter will spend some hundreds of dollars upon a single entertainment, and the next morning will refuse an extra pair of shoes to a lame old negro, who has labored for him all his life. Ask one of these spendthrifts to do an act, not of benevolence merely, but of common justice, by setting a slave at liberty, and he will laugh you in the face. I have both seen and heard of many acts of profusion in the south, but few or none of generosity. It is not there that institutions are endowed for purposes of public charity. No associations exist there, or next to none, for charitable purposes. When a subscription is to be raised for some object of public benevolence, the contribution of our southern planters is extremely scanty. They lavish thousands on their own pleasures, and the companions of these pleasures; they bestow little or nothing upon the sufferings of strangers. Indeed it would be absurd to expect it. They who are not moved by the scenes of poverty, degradation and distress, which their own plantations every day present, how can they be affected by the comparatively little miseries of which they only hear or which they but casually see? The quantity of money that can be got is a limited sum; the quantity that can be spent is indefinite. Take the southern states throughout, and it is probable that seven slave-masters out of ten live beyond their income. The labor, the fruits of which would have sufficed to make fifty families comfortable and happy, being engrossed, with the exception of the barest subsistence to the laborers, by a single family, does not suffice to make that single family happy or even comfortable. Im-

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providence subjects to all the miseries of actual poverty. Men in the possession of large estates are tormented all their lives by sheriffs and duns, and at their death, leave large families brought up in all the luxury of wealth, and the helplessness of habitual indolence, penniless and unprovided for, a prey to the bitterest miseries of want.

IDLENESS is another evil growing out of the system of slavery,—it is one of no ordinary magnitude. An idle person is the devil's workshop, is an old saying containing more truth than poetry. Any one wishing to find a living, startling illustration of this remark, let him go south, and he will soon be satisfied. Almost all the slave-holders have no occupation except to amuse themselves. Born and bred to this occupation, they become incapable of any other. One would suppose that having so much leisure, they might turn their attention to the study of agriculture and art, upon which so wholly depends not their private income only, but the public wealth of the communities to which they belong. But no,—they have no taste for such pursuits, and they leave the management of their plantations entirely to their overseers. This neglect however ought not to be wholly ascribed to their disinclination for regular and useful pursuits. If they go much on their plantations, so many cruel sights come under their view, they are so harrassed by petitions and complaints, they find themselves so oppressed by the cares of authority, that they hasten to relieve themselves from the burden, and to shift it to the shoulders of some case-hardened manager. All despotisms are alike. What happens to an oriental sultan, happens to a despotic slave-master.

The weight of the empire presses too heavily upon their effeminate and feeble necks. Both alike spend in idle luxury all that can be sponged from the forced labor of their subjects, both alike transfer the task of spunging to a vizier, or an overseer.

Thus freed from all cares of business, it might be

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imagined that the wealthy slave-masters of the south would bestow their time and thoughts upon the pursuit of knowledge, the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. We might suppose that they would push scientific investigations to their utmost limits, astonish the world with new discoveries in morals and in physics, or delight it with all the graces of poetry, music, architecture, &c., &c.

But in these expectations we are totally disappointed. All these things, with a great deal more must be done for them. Books are a rare commodity at the south, literature is uncommon and science still more so. Libraries, whether public or private, are seldom to be met with. A few classics thumbed over at school, a few novels old or new, a sprinkling of political pamphlets, and some favorite newspaper, form the whole circuit of letters and learning, ordinarily trodden by the most studious of the planters. The education of the females, even among the wealthiest classes, is still more superficial. In this connection, it ought to be remembered, that a very considerable portion of the privileged class are totally destitute even of the rudiments of learning. To read is an accomplishment they have never acquired. Of course it is not to be expected that persons so unfortunately circumstanced, can find employment for their leisure in literary pursuits. Thus situated, with no resources for the occupation of their time, the privileged class are constantly beset by a weariness of soul, perhaps the most distressing disorder to which men are subject. "Thank God I am not a negro!" said a planter one day, as he sat beneath the shade of his porch, and watched his slaves in a neighboring field, at work beneath a burning sun. Yet it may well be doubted whether the most miserable of those slaves was half as miserable as their unfortunate master, who lived in a lonely part of the country, and suffered from a forced idleness and solitude, the most poignant distresses.

It is a common remark among the planters that the

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slaves are happier than their masters. Many, I am aware will reject this idea with indignation, as a mere falsehood, invented to gloss over the abominations of tyranny. No doubt the observation is generally urged with that intent. But the truth of a fact does not depend upon the use intended to be made of it, by those who assert it. The more closely a man meditates upon the state of things at the south, the more inclined he will be to admit the truth of the above remark touching the comparative happiness of the masters and the slaves. Instead however, of saying that the masters and the slaves are equally happy, the idea might be more clearly and distinctly expressed by saying, that both master and slave are equally miserable. Slavery is an invention for dividing the good and ills of life into two separate parcels, so as to bestow all the ills upon the slaves, and all the good upon the masters. So far as regards the slaves, this attempt is successful enough. The miseries of life are concentrated upon their heads in a terrible mass. But as respects the masters, the experiment fails entirely. The coveted good, like manna which the too greedy Israelites sought wrongfully to appropriate, corrupts, putrefies, changes its nature, and turns into evil. Occupations too long continued is distructive to happiness, but idleness is not less so; and it may well be doubted whether the compulsive labor of the slaves is any more copious a source of misery then the forced idleness of the masters.

I say *forced* idleness, for in depriving themselves of the motives to labor and exertion, they force themselves to be idle. To obtain some relief from the weariness, that constantly besets them, the planters seek to divert and occupy their thoughts by social intercourse. This is the origin of that *hospitality* for which the people of the south are so famous, and which is often brought forward as a virtue ample enough to cover the acknowledged multitude of their sins. Hospitality, it is true, bears a certain relation to

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benevolence; but it is to benevolence no more than is the flounce to the garment. The attempt to conceal the nakedness of the land by such a rag, is as contemptible as it is futile. In truth, the visitors who arrive at a plantation, confer a real benefit upon the lord of it. They give him occupation. The efforts necessary to entertain, are not less agreeable to him who makes them, than to those for whom they are made. If the visitor be a total stranger, so much the better. There is the zest of novelty added to the excitement of occupation. If he come from a distant part of the country, better yet. He will probably be able to suggest a great many new and interesting ideas, likely to give an agreeable motion to the stagnant soul of his host. Hospitality has ever been a virtue abundantly practised among all idle and indolent races. The Indian tribes of America, are all celebrated for its exercise. The plundering Arabs of the desert look upon it as a religious duty—for conscience and inclination are always apt to pull together.

But, the exercise of this virtue among the people of the south, becomes the occasion of several practices of the most dangerous and deleterious kind. It is not the cause of those practices, but only the occasion for them. In itself, it is essentially good, and displays the character of the slaveholder in the most amiable light it ever assumes.

Hospitality is benevolence on a small scale, and how can benevolence on any other scale be expected, from men whose total existence is a continued violation of its clearest and most urgent commands?

The institution of slavery deprives a large portion of the people of their natural occupations. Gambling is the employment, which under similar circumstances, has ever presented itself to men, as a means of killing time. In order that this employment may be indulged in, whenever the want of it is felt, it is necessary that a peculiar class should exist, as it were the priesthood of the gaming table, always ready at all times, to

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gamble with all comers. These are the professional gamblers. They practice gaming not for amusement, but as a livelihood. If they left everything to chance and strictly observed the laws of play, it would be impossible for them to live by their business; in the long run, they would be certain to loose as much as they won, and so could have nothing left whereupon to live. Hence they are compelled to play *false*. They must *cheat*, or starve. They are not mere gamblers, but swindlers. This explains the odium attached to their occupation. Merely to gamble is no imputation upon any body's character in the southern states, or at most it is an imputation of which nobody is ashamed. To be a gambler by profession, however, is infamous, because it is well understood, that every professional gambler is a cheat. But though the profession is infamous, still it is crowded. Its members throng the steamboats, the hotels, the cities, and villages of the south, and among them may be found, the most gentlemanly, agreeable, insinuating, talented, well informed men of the whole population, constantly on the watch, and always laboring to attract, to allure, to please; many of them attain a peculiar polish and elegance of manners. New recruits are always crowding in. The planter who has ruined himself by improvidence, dissipation or losses at the gaming table, the young disappointed heir bred up in indolence and luxury, by a father who dies insolvent; these persons find scarcely any other way of gaining their daily bread, except to adopt gambling as a profession. There is no other business for which they are qualified —there is no other art, which they understand. It seems hard to hold these individuals strictly responsible for the evil they do. You cannot expect them to starve. This would not be natural. They are the victims of a social system intolerably bad. The professional gamblers are above described, such as they are, when at the head of their profession, and in the hey-day of success. In general, they soon begin to go

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down hill. Proverbially improvident, they are abundantly supplied with money, or wholly without it. The latter presently comes to be their habitual condition. Their fate very nearly resembles that of prostitutes in a great city. Drunkenness relieves their distresses for the time being, but by destroying their health and their intellect, soon precipitates them into lower depths of misery. They become at last a burden upon their relatives and friends; find in an early death a refuge from despair; or are precipitated into crimes which carry them to the penitentiary or the gallows. The vice of gambling is not confined to the superior portion of the higher caste. It pervades the lower class also. There are blacklegs and gambling houses adapted to the taste and manners of all.

To the business of gambling, the professional gamblers from time to time, add several other occupations. They become passers of counterfeit money, horse-thieves, and negro-stealers. Nothing but the extreme poverty of the country, prevents them from organizing an extensive system of plunder. Horses and slaves are almost the only thing capable of transportation, which can be stolen. In general, to pick the pockets of the planters by the help of a faro-table or a pack of cards, is not only safe, but a surer operation than to attempt it in any other way.

Party politics, state and national, afford the only topic, to any extent of an intellectual character, in which any considerable number of the southern population, take any deep interest, or which serves to any considerable extent, to dispel the fog of wearisome idleness, by which they are constantly threatened to be enveloped. Politics at the south, are rather speculative than practical. Every slave-holding community is essentially conservative, and opposed to all change. The southern politicians, puzzle and lose themselves in vain attempts to reconcile the metaphysical system of liberty acknowledged by their own state constitutions, with the actual system of despotism amid which

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they live. Their ablest reasoners can boast no more than to be subtle logicians, and ingenious sophists, backed up with bowie-knives, and club-canes, for the want of more convincing arguments. Statesmanship is a thing they have about as much conception of as their plantation slaves have of navigation. Yet the study of politics, barren, empty and profitless as southern politics are, has saved many of the finest minds at the south from total stagnation, and affords to great numbers a stimulant altogether more harmless than gambling and strong drink. Great numbers of southern planters are as great adepts in political metaphysics, as the Scotch peasantry are or were, in Calvinistic divinity. Grant their premises,—which for the most part are utterly false,—and they reason like a book.

CHAPTER XVII.

NORTHERN TOURISTS VS. SLAVERY APOLOGISTS.

THE knowledge that people of the free states, have of slavery and its practical working, is mainly through northern men who have traveled in the slave states. Of these there are three classes, viz: invalids, who seek the southern climate for health—pleasure seekers who go for recreation—and business men, peddlers, agents, collectors, artists, &c., &c., who go to make money.

We will now look for a moment, at the chance these men have of making observations, and also the standpoints from which their observations are made. Those belonging to the first class mentioned above, from the condition of their health, are, to a great extent, rendered

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incompetent to make either extensive observations or correct ones, since they are unable to go out on the plantations—through the rice and cotton fields—to the negro quarters, &c., &c. The pale, emaciated countenance, feeble tread and hollow cough of the poor consumptive, dyspeptic, or otherwise wretchedly affected invalid, excites from his very appearance, the sympathies of all. Hence, both masters and slaves would proffer them the most kindly and hospitable attentions. Underlaying however, these sympathies with which nature and good breeding usually respond to such conditions, may be found a deeper, broader motive for such treatment, or hospitality as it is termed by some.

These northern invalids are usually intelligent men, and some of them wealthy, hence, not only able to pay their way, besides giving a little to the poor, half-starved slaves, as I have often seen them do; but, also, on arriving north, to make a good plea for the *dark institution* by way of extolling the hospitality of the masters, therefore they can well afford these sympathies, since they make so good returns, such occasions, also, bring them in contact with better cultivated minds than their own, whereby they are enabled to add a little to the stock of their general information.

The most revolting scenes of slavery, are seldom, or never witnessed by this class, who, borne down by the weight of their own infirmities, have neither the heart, nor the chance to behold the sufferings of the slaves. I was acquainted with a man of this class, a Mr. ——, of western New York, who spent some three winters south, for his health. On his return he brought a very favorable report of the south and its institutions. He saw none of those horrible scenes, the recital of which make ones blood run cold—he believed them false—that the southerners had been belied, and that they were a noble, hospitable people.

Passing through the place of his residence, soon after my last southern tour, an old friend remarked to me that his neighbor Mr. ——, had also been south, and had

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just returned, well pleased with the southerners. At least, he had seen and reported quite differently from myself. So I stepped over to his house one afternoon, to gather from himself in person, a history of his southern tour. I there learned from his own lips that he had scarcely been through a single plantation—had seen no slave auctions—negro whippings, nor scarcely anything which go to make up *life in the south.* He took the steam packet at New York for Savannah, consequently could see nothing of the south, until he landed at Savannah, from thence he took the cars for a place, some forty miles back in the country, and spent some six months at the same place, except on one occasion, when he went two miles off to a religious meeting. Then on his return, he went to Savannah, took steam packet in a few hours for New York without seeing so much of the south, or of southern territory, as is contained in a single county in the state of New York.

Now a man might, I will venture to say, go south forty successive years, and spend eight months per year as Mr. —— did, being an invalid and housed up as he was, and as hundreds of others, similarly circumstanced, and who have made similar reports, are, and have been, and know nothing about southern slavery as it is, and was, and is trying everlastingly to be. Mr. ——, is an honest man, told all that he saw, and that was nothing at all, but the duplicity and rottenness of slaveholders, in the shape of a little soft soap to wash down the monster and make the poor invalid think they were a fine set of fellows.

The next class are pleasure seekers, people who travel for pastime, to enjoy themselves, and see the country. These persons on arriving south, enter into such associations, pretty generally so at least, as to render it quite impossible for them to see anything but the gloss and covering of the *bloody institution.* The slaveholders use their endevours to conciliate these men, to enlist them in their dark and bloody ranks, nor do they often fail; a few gratuitous attentions, by

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way of carriage rides over the plantations, to the theatres, and elsewhere always attended by the master, or overseer, and three or four orderly, well dressed servants, and they are bought. A few of this class it is true place a higher premium on themselves, while now and then may be found one whom the whole south cannot buy. But in the third class, may be found persons best prepared to give a correct history of life in the south, or slavery as it is, unless they have been bribed by the high *priests of slavery.* Their business leads them all over the country among all classes of people, their chance in short, is such as to give them a perfect knowledge of the system, working, and influence of *slavery* upon all classes. Yet many of this class, I exceedingly regret, may be found whose treason against liberty should be severely rebuked. Many of these turn apologists for the institution, for a less sum than Esau sold his birth right: while others like Benedict Arnold must be well paid for their treasonable services. Of the latter the writer is personally acquainted with an individual who stands out in rather bold relief, the type of a class of apologists, whose number entitles them to the appellation of legion.

The Rev. Mr. ——, a native of one of the free states, was rather an eccentric preacher, and most powerful lecturer on the great moral subjects of the day; specially on anti-slavery, with whom scarcely any terms in the English language were sufficiently strong to convey his bitter invectives against the *peculiar institution.* Soon after the passage of the infamous *Fugitive Slave law,* being called upon by his friends to deliver a speech on the occasion, he consented, and among other hard sayings, he remarked, that Millard Fillmore for not vetoing said bill, ought to be hung up on a gallows as high as Haman was—that the southerners were a pack of pirates — cut throats — thieves, &c., &c., &c. Soon after the Rev. gentleman had business calling him south; scarcely had he crossed Mason and Dixon's line, and got nicely intro-

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duced to the southerners, than this abolition lion was mysteriously changed into a harmless *pro-slavery lamb.* On returning north his slave-holding benefactors had a giant representative in the person of our *clerical* friend, who stoutly apologised for them and their *bloody institutions.* Said he "the southerners and southern institutions are falsified at the north—they are a noble, generous people, more liberal than northern men, and the negroes are better off there than here, &c., &c." But murder will out, the secret of his sudden conversion, soon became quite apparent. Elated with the spoil, he must rehearse to some near friends the story of his success.

Passing through his neighborhood shortly after my return, I heard that he boasted of seven hundred dollars as the fruits of his four months sojourn among the slave-holders. Indeed, he remarked to the writer personally the following, "Why the slave-holders," said he, "are the finest, the most liberal people I ever saw, don't you thing that one of them pulled out a fifty dollar bill and gave me on the spot. Yes, they knew right well what they were about, the material they were operating upon, the tool of an apologist they were hammering out for purposes of blood. What relation this clerical apologist for the *south*, bears to the author of the SOUTH SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY, the writer never took pains to inform himself, nor does he deem it necessary to comment further on the southern proclivities of either.

Now, these northern visitors at the south, who testify that the slaves are not cruelly treated, derive their knoweledge either from the slave-holders and overseers themselves, or from the slaves, or from their own observations. If from the slave-holders, *their* testimony has already been weighed and found wanting; if they derive it from the slaves, they ought not to be so simple as to suppose that the *guests, associates and friends of the master* would be likely to draw from his *slaves* any other testimony respecting his treatment to

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them, than such as would please *him*. The great shrewdness and tact exhibited by slaves in *keeping themselves out of difficulty*, when closely questioned by strangers as to their treatment, cannot fail to strike every accurate observer.

The following remarks of Chief Justice Henderson, a North Carolina slave-holder, in his decision, (in 1830,) in the case of the State *versus* Charity, (2 Devereaux's North Carolina Reports, 543,) illustrates the folly of arguing the good treatment of slaves from their own declarations, *while in the power of their masters*. In the case above cited, the Chief Justice, in refusing to permit a master to give in evidence, declarations made to him by his slaves, says of masters and slaves generally :—

"The master has an almost *absolute control* over the body and *mind* of his slaves. The master's *will* is the slave's *will*. All his acts, *all his sayings*, are made with a view to propitiate his master. His confessions are made, not from a love of truth, not from a sense of duty, not to speak a falsehood, but *to please his master*, —and it is in vain that his master tells him to speak the truth, and conceals from him how he wishes the question answered. The slave *will* ascertain, or, which is the same thing, think that he has ascertained *the wishes of his master*, and MOULD HIS ANSWER ACCORDINGLY. We therefore more often get the wishes of the master, or the slave's belief of his wishes, than the truth."

Oh, many of these northern tourists tell us they have visited scores of families at the south, and never saw a master or mistress whip their slaves. Indeed! Then slaves at the south are never whipped, according to such testimony. These same men have, doubtless, visited hundreds of families north. Did they ever see, on such occasions, the father or mother whip their children? If so, they must associate with very ill-bred persons. Because well-bred parents do not whip their children in the presence, or within hearing of

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their guests, are we hence to infer that they never do it *out* of their sight and hearing?

It is quite worthy of remark, that of the thousands of northern men who have visited the south, and are always lauding the kindness of slave-holders and the comfort of the slaves, protesting that they have never seen cruelties inflicted upon them, &c., &c. Each, perhaps, without exception, has some story to tell which reveals, better perhaps than the most barbarous butchery could do, a public sentiment toward slaves, showing that the most cruel inflictions must of necessity be the constant portion of the slaves.

Though facts of this kind lie thick in every corner, the reader will, we are sure, tolerate even a *needless* illustration, when told that it is from the pen of N. P. Rogers, Esq., of Concord, N. H.:—

"At a court session at Guilford, Stafford county, N. H., a few years ago, the Hon. Daniel M. Durell, of Dover, formerly Chief Justice of the Common Pleas for that State, and a member of Congress, was charging the Abolitionists, in presence of several gentlemen of the bar, at their boarding-house, with exaggerations and misrepresentations of slave treatment at the south. 'One instance in particular,' he witnessed, he said, where he 'knew they misrepresented. It was in the Congregational meeting-house at Dover. He was passing by, and saw a crowd entering and about the door; and, on inquiring, found that *abolition was going on in there.* He stood in the entry for a moment, and found the Englishman, Thompson, was holding forth. The fellow was speaking of the treatment of slaves; and he said it was no uncommon thing for masters, when exasperated with the slave, to hang him up by the two thumbs, and flog him. I knew the fellow lied there,' said the Judge, 'for I have traveled through the south, from Georgia north, and I never saw a single instance of the kind. The fellow said it was a common thing.' 'Did you see any *exasperated* masters, Judge,' said I, 'in your journey?' 'No sir,' he said, 'not a solitary

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instance.' 'You are hardly able to convict Mr. Thompson of falsehood, then, Judge,' said I 'if I understood you rightly. He spoke, as I understood you, of *exasperated masters*—and you say you did not see any. Mr. Thompson did not say it was common for masters in *good humor* to hang up their slaves.' The Judge did not perceive the materiality of the distinction. 'Oh, they misrepresent and lie about this treatment of the niggers,' he continued. 'In going through all the States I visited, I do not now remember a single instance of cruel treatment. Indeed, I remember of seeing but one nigger struck, during my whole journey. There was one instance. We were riding in the stage, pretty early one morning, and we met a black fellow, driving a span of horses, and a load (I think he said) of hay. The fellow turned out before we got to him, clean down into the ditch, as far as he could get. He knew, you see, what to depend on, if he did not give the road. Our driver, as we passed the fellow, fetched him a smart crack with his whip across the chops. He did not make any noise, though I guess it hurt him some—he grinned. Oh, no! these fellows exaggerate. The niggers, as a general thing, are kindly treated. There may be exceptions, but I saw nothing of it.' (By the way, the Judge did not know there were any Abolitionists present.) 'What did you *do* to the driver, Judge,' said I, 'for striking that man?' 'Do!' said he, 'I did nothing to him, to be sure.' 'What did you *say* to him, Sir?' I inquired. 'Nothing,' he replied, 'I said nothing to him.' 'What did the other passengers do?' 'Nothing, Sir,' said the Judge. 'The fellow turned out the white of his eye, but made no noise.' 'Did the driver say anything, Judge, when he struck the man?' 'Nothing, Sir, only he *damned him*, and told him he'd learn him to keep out of the reach of his whip.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if George Thompson had told this story, in the warmth of an anti-slavery speech, I should scarcely have credited it. I have attended many anti-slavery meetings, and I never

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heard at instance of such *cold-blooded, wanton, insolent,* DIABOLICAL cruelty as this; and, Sir, if I attend another meeting, I shall relate this, and give Judge Durell's name as the witness of it.' An infliction of the most insolent character, entirely unprovoked, on a perfect stranger, who had showed the utmost civility, in giving all the road, and could only get beyond the long reach of the driver's whip—and he a stage-driver, a class *generous* next to the sailor—in the sober hour of morning, and *borne in silence*—and *told to show that the colored man of the south was kindly treated*—all evincing, to an unutterable extent, that the temper of the south toward the slave is merciless, even to *diabolism*—and that the north regards him with, if possible, a more fiendish indifference still."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SLAVERY IN A FREE STATE.

THE following was clipped from the New York *Tribune* of March 22d, 1856:—

As another illustration of the spirit of slavery, I send you the subjoined account of a recent outrage by citizens of Virginia upon citizens of Ohio, and that too upon Ohio soil. Not content with mobbing and maltreating our people in their own states when they chance to differ with *their* opinions of the institution of slavery, as has frequently been the case, they invade the sacredness of our own soil and dictate to us in matters of concience and of speech. The persons engaged in this outrage should not be classed as "Border Ruffians," for they are among the best men of Western Virginia. The writer of the inclosed, Judge

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Salmon Ricard, is to be relied upon entirely, both as respects candor and integrity.

I ask you what earthly power can prevent the ultimate dissolution of this Union? Grant everything now claimed by the Republican party, and would there not be just as much agitation as there now is, so long as slavery has an existence in any part of the Union? The ball of disunion is in motion, and what shall stay its progress?

Our people are becoming accustomed to hear the severance of the Union discussed, without that thrill of horror that once possessed them like an electric shock.

"QUAKER BOTTOM, O., March 17, 1856.

"Mr. EDITOR: For some weeks past, the people of this vicinity have been holding meetings to consider various matters of public interest, prominent among which were the moral character of "negro-catching," the rights and privileges that should be enjoyed by our colored population, and the condition and needs of the people of Kansas.

"These meetings have been attended by persons holding very diverse views on the different topics discussed, but the object was free discussion, and all who felt disposed were invited to participate.

"On last Friday evening, at the close of one of these meetings, when most of our people had dispersed, we were assailed by a band of men from Virginia, armed with clubs. We were not suspecting such an attack, and were entirely unprepared for it. One of our men, A. S. Proctor, was assailed by a man, first with a club and then with an axe, swearing he meant to kill him; others shouted, "kill him! God d——n him, kill him!" and when upon the ground, struggling with his adversary, he was struck over the head with a rail, and doubtless would have been killed had he not been saved by his friends. Henry Radford received a blow upon the forehead from a rock cutting

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it very severely. The Rev. Mr. Adams received a severe blow, injuring him considerably. A young man, Nathaniel Hall, was knocked down two or three times; others received blows. I myself was struck upon the head with a club, prostrating me upon the earth, injuring my head considerably, from which I am now suffering. Although inferior in point of numbers and without weapons, we succeeded in defending ourselves so that no one was killed, though the most fiend-like efforts were make, the most horrid threats and imprecations uttered, and yells that were heard at a long distance.

"During the affray the mob were hailed from the other side to know if they wanted help, thus showing that it was a preconcerted thing.

"They dared us to hold another meeting, saying they would come over in numbers sufficient to whip the whole of us. And I am informed, that they now say that if men enough cannot be raised in Guyandotte they can be procured from the country, and that we must be put down.

"Now, why this outrage? What is our offence? Why, we have dared to claim and to exercise the right to be free men—to meet and discuss our own matters in our own way. This is our constitutional right, our common birthright, which if it be stricken down with impunity now, no man is safe. Some of our speakers have touched upon topics not pleasing to the slave power, hence the glaring outrage already committed and others threatened. Not satisfied with gagging its own people upon the subject of slavery, rendering them but *half free*, it seeks to impose the same gags upon us, to be enforced by mob violence, and if need be by murder.

"Is Ohio a free state? Is this a Christian country? Do we live among a brave and free people, and yet run such fearful hazards to exercise the rights of free men?

"On Friday, the 28th inst., at 3 o'clock p. m., there

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will be another meeting at this place, to consider 'our political relations, and what is our duty in view of past, present and probable future events.' We mean to vindicate the right of free discussion, which none but bad men and tyrants dread, or will attempt to abridge. Truth never fears investigation, never shuns the light—while error loves darkness and relies upon brute force.

"While we shall trample upon no man's rights, we shall maintain our own or die in the attempt.

"The names of the parties, so far as I have learned them, who were engaged in perpetrating the outrage, are Thos. Buffington, Wm. Buffington, Henry Milstead, L. Peters, Isaac Ong, Joseph Gardner, besides many others I do not know.

"Mr. Editor, by giving this an insertion in your paper you will greatly oblige

"Your friend and fellow-citizen,

"SALMON RICARD."

CHAPTER XIX.

KANSAS—ITS INVASION—AND LAST CHAPTER OF HER WRONGS.

NUMEROUS highway robberies have been committed by the "Law and Order" men from Platte county, under the pretext of military commands. From Judge Wakefield's farm, five miles from Lawrence, they took *five hundred bushels of corn.* The red men have suffered both in stock, produce and timber. From Dr. Cutter, of Doniphan, they took his pistol *and purse.* From Mr. G. F. Warren they took a gun, shot-pouch, powder-flask, knife, and all his private papers. Mr. Garvey,

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of Topeka, was relieved of sundry articles when arrested. Two of Sharpe's rifles and two horses were stolen from a couple of gentlemen whom they arrested *en route* to Lawrence. I might enumerate any number of similar robberies, but it is unnecessary to do so. The instances adduced are sufficient to show the character of the majority of the "Law and Order" forces. They bought a large quantity of produce, and paid for it in orders *on Gov. Shannon.* The Governor said at Lawrence that he would not honor these drafts, and there is an article in the treaty of peace which declares that on no account whatever would he make use of the forces now or that might hereafter be in the Territory from other States.

A twelve-pound howitzer was sent from New York to Lawrence. When the war broke out, it was at Kansas City, and an invading camp between the two places. How to get it to Lawrence was the question of the day. The Messrs. Buffum volunteered to bring it up. They went to Kansas City, and got the boxes in which it was packed. As they were ascending a hill, a posse of forty invaders came down upon them, and said they must examine the boxes, as they believed them to contain Sharpe's rifles.

"Oh, no, boys!" said Buffum; "it's part of a carriage. Here, hand me an axe, and I'll show you a wheel."

He took an axe, and split open part of the box in which one of the wheels of the cannon was packed. This *ruse* succeeded.

"What's the reason your horses draw so heavy?" asked another of the posse.

"Oh," said Buffum, "they're tired; won't you give us a shove up the hill, boys?"

Several of the invaders put their "shoulders to the wheels," and assisted the horses in ascending with their load.

A vote of thanks was proposed at the mass meeting held at Lawrence on Monday night, to these assistants,

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but as their names were unknown, a request was made that all newspapers favorable to freedom in Kansas would publish the circumstance, and thank them in the name of the people of "Yankeetown."

The free State ladies of Lawrence deserve to be the mothers of heroes. Their conduct during the recent alarming crisis was as admirable as the calm courage of the men. Fear never entered the breasts of either, and neither were disposed to yield one iota to the insolent demands of "old Dave" Atchinson's rabble. The wives and daughters of the free State men refused, though repeatedly urged, to leave the city. *Forty ladies of Lawrence enrolled themselves secretly, with the determination of fighting by the sides of their husbands and sons as soon as the combat commenced!* Many of them had previously practiced pistol shooting, for the purpose of giving the invaders a suitable reception if they came again, as they came on the 30th of March, to desecrate the ballot-box, and prevent the actual residents of Kansas from casting their votes. One young girl—a beauty of nineteen years—told me that she dreamed last night of shooting three invaders.

Let me give one instance of the courage of the ladies of Lawrence:—

The General feared that he would run short of powder, lead and percussion caps. A free State man on the Waukarusa had two kegs of powder and a large quantity of Sharpe's rifle cartridges. If men had been sent after it, they would have been obliged to fight, or been arrested. The thing was talked about. Two ladies, editor's wives, both of them—Mrs. G. W. Brown and Mrs. Samuel N. Wood—volunteered to go and fetch it. They were permitted to go. They reached the cabin; the powder was put in pillow cases; and "people do say,"—but they *will* talk nonsense you know,—that the pillow cases were concealed beneath petticoats, and that said petticoats were attached to other garments feminine of said ladies aforesaid. It is rumored, too, that the percussion caps were concealed

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in the ladies' stockings. I don't pretend to vouch for the truth of this rumor, for I was not present when the ladies made their toilet. One gentleman, who saw the ladies lifted out of the wagon—for they could not rise themselves—said that he thought bustles had come into fashion again!

The ladies, on returning home, were pursued by one of the enemy's scouts. On coming up to them, he politely lifted his hat and said, "Ladies, I thought you were gentlemen."

"Thank you for the compliment," said one of the ladies, smiling.

The scout looked into the wagon, and saw only a work-basket, which had purposely been filled with sewing materials.

"We were ordered," he said, "to arrest all gentlemen, but I suppose you can go."

So saying, he galloped off.

The powder and ladies reached Lawrence safely. At the mass meeting on Monday night, six loud and long protracted cheers were given for these gallant ladies.

I am informed by a gentleman who was present at the time, that Col. A. G. Boone, of the camp of the invaders, said to Col. Lane, when on the hill overlooking Lawrence, "Colonel, I am instructed to demand your rifles. I do so now."

Col. Lane, pointing to the city, said:—"Col. Boone, you see those men at work in the trenches. Not one of them, if he had ten thousand lives, but would freely sacrifice them all, rather than deliver a single gun."

I call that reply emphatic language, rather! Emphatic as it was, it was not more emphatic than the determination of the people of Lawrence.

Gov. Robinson was asked some days before, what he would do if such a demand should be made. "Why," said the General, "I would propose another Missouri Compromise. We would be willing to keep the rifles, and give the invaders their contents!"

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When the subject was hinted at by "the enemy," the General quietly said—"Well, you'll have to take them by INSTALMENTS!"

Passing through Franklin, I observed that there was now no regular camp in the village, but there were some fifty or sixty idlers from the camp below, drinking and loafing around the place for lack of something better, or worse, to do. They watched me more closely as I passed than usual, but did not molest me. Immediately below Franklin, the upland prairie breaks, and a broad, flat bottom, covered with a very luxuriant grass, stretches between the slope and the timber that skirts the Waukarusa. As I descended the slope, I saw a horseman before me. Numerous other parties were galloping across the plain in every direction, but he was traveling alone, and at a moderate pace. I overtook and saluted him. He was mounted on a powerful gray horse, had a long rifle thrown across the saddle before him, and a couple of pistol holsters. In appearance he was a cross of the gentleman and "Border Ruffian;" only a slightly sinister expression gave the latter the preponderance. He was a strongly-built man, and well equipped for travel. It was Marshal Jones.

It is not surprising that the conversation immediately turned upon the events that were occurring. He spoke with a good deal of vindictive feeling, and when I urged the danger of precipitating hostilities, and told him that it was a question of immense moment to the whole country, and might even jeopardize the safety of the Union—

"D—n the Union," he said. "We have gone in for peace long enough. We have got to fight some time or other, and may as well do it now. We have got the law and the authorities on our side, and we will take that town.

"But consider,' I urged, 'it will not end here. Even granting you can defeat the men in Lawrence, they have friends elsewhere who may resent it. If the

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Missourians are killed, their relatives will seek to avenge them, and so with the others. Civil war is a fearful thing, and, when the flame begins, none can know where it will end. I do not like to see Americans fighting with each other.

"Look, stranger," said he, "you speak too freely. I know it may all end that way: but it has got to come. Look at these outrages; houses burnt and property destroyed; the laws set at defiance, and men who were arrested for crime taken from the office of justice."

"And yet," I answered, "there is no more orderly, law-abiding people than those of Lawrence. I have been there, and have heard the statements of all the transactions made by parties cognizant of them, and all deny that the people of Lawrence or the Free State people of the Territory committed those outrages, or connived at them; they certainly deprecate them. And so far as the rescue was concerned, it was made under very peculiar circumstances, that would in all probability justify the measure before any court of law. At all events, if there are guilty parties, let the arm of the law settle it—let the guilty be punished, but do not let the innocent suffer with them."

"Are you not in favor of enforcing the law? Are you not a law and order loving man? They have resisted the laws, and there must be force to compel them."

"I am a law and order, Union-loving man I hope; but not to the extent of enforcing the laws in dispute. Why not leave it to Congress, as they are about to assemble? Common law and the United States authority, the people of Lawrence will never resist, nor willingly resist the laws of even that Legislature, by force."

"It's no use talking: these laws have got to be enforced, and we have got to fight. We have seven hundred men in the camp down there, (a falsehood, by-the-by,) there is a large reinforcement coming on, that will arrive to-night or to-morrow, and the Platte

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County people will be here. All of these troops, Sir, are enrolled and accepted by the Governor. They are here to enforce the laws, and by G——d they'll do it. We have got the law with us, and all this matter has been arranged by long heads who know what they are about. We shall insist that the people of Lawrence give up these fifteen men to us, and also that they give up their Sharpe's rifles and other arms, and we will destroy the big hotel."

"But you cannot expect compliance with those requisitions. Those men are not in Lawrence. The guns they will not give up, especially when they are menaced."

"Well, d——n them, we'll make them."

"Well, I cannot hope and pray for your success."

"What!" and his eyes lighted up more fiercely, "do you mean that you will hope and pray for the other side?" and as he spoke, he lifted his rifle a little on his arm: it might have been merely for a change of position—it might have been a menace. I, merely by chance, loosed the lower button of my overcoat, inside of which were my revolvers, and changing the subject, I pointed to the plain we were traversing, and said:—

"This is a very rich bottom—it would make a fine meadow, or would it not suit for the production of hemp? I am not much acquainted with its culture."

He did not respond to my remarks, very cheerfully, but understood me. I had told him I was an Illinoisian, and an editor, and travelling over the country. He cautioned me as a friend against speaking so freely when I went below, as there were many fellows who would trouble me. I thanked him. As we approached the camp, he said he was going there, but as I could not, he would see me over the creek. There was a guard there; I asked why, and the necessity of placing restrictions on travelers. He said they were acting under the Governor's orders, that they could let no one pass without examining him, and that he would

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go to the fort with me, and see me over. As we approached it, I observed some half a dozen armed men rummaging and searching a couple of wagons loaded with merchandize, and saw them stop and take the arms from a foot passenger. The bed of the Waukarusa is nearly dry at the ford, and very wide. At the opposite side from Lawrence, the road goes through a narrow cut in the bank, and here the sentries were posted, armed with long rifles and revolvers. As I had no intention of giving up my arms, and saw that was part of the ceremony, I merely waited until Jones said:

"This man is traveling—going down below—let him go through."

I was riding on, when the person in charge of the guard said:

"Stop, we must examine you; our orders are positive—come back, Sir."

I did not return, but reined up my pony, and looked round at him. They approached me, and two of the cut-throat-looking villains were just about to put their hands on my overcoat to feel for arms, when not approving of such familiarity, I struck my pony with my heel, and trotted out from them.

"Stop! stop!" cried the sentry in command, advancing toward me, and pointing his revolver; "stop! stop!" cried the other sentries, lowering their rifles, and I saw the sun-light gleam on the long barrels as they were brought down. "Stop! for God's sake, stop!" cried Jones, riding up, and I halted.

"You must give up your arms!"

"I am traveling—I may need them—I do not want to lose my property."

"I will guarantee its safety," said Jones.

I had an excellent six-shooter in my belt, and a small four-barreled French revolver in my pocket. I took out the latter, and handed it to Jones, saying I should hold him responsible for it.

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"You must go back to camp," was the next demand.

Not knowing but that there might be some persons there who would know my connection with *The Tribune*, I demurred to the proposal, not considering it exactly a wholesome atmosphere for such characters, especially as I was to be taken back to undergo an examination. They were as imperative in this demand as the other. My first determination was to resist it, but reflecting that this would be the only chance to go into camp now, I turned my horse around, trotted across the creek again, and rode down into camp, Jones by my side, and an ill-favored looking scoundrel behind us.

A crowd gathered around us. The captain of the guard was sent for, and some of the fellows commented on my presence, and the fact of my having been there often enough before. I also learned that they had a man confined in the camp, and concluded from their remarks that my chance of keeping him company was very fair. However, after some detention, I succeeded in getting away, Jones returned me my little French revolver, and another escort seeing me over the creek. Even then the sentries were very unwilling I should pass, and were for again questioning me, but I rode on.

Indignant at the detention, and having been told by the guards, when I demanded their authority, that they were acting under the orders of Governor Shannon, I determined to go down to the Mission, and complain. Besides, I had another motive. I knew the Governor had been a good deal in the hands of the pro-slavery men, and that he was weak and vacillating; I intended to make a true representation of the facts to him, and urge him to defer the enforcement of the few obnoxious laws until Congress met—or, if he must enforce them, to do it by officers really belonging to the Territory, or by the United States Courts.

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Night set in when I was still several miles from the Mission. Arrived there, weary and travel worn, I I learned that the Governor was in Westport. I rode on to Westport, which is some four miles distant. Not knowing where the Governor stayed, I went to several places, I took for hotels, and inquired, but when at last I found where he had been, I learned that he had started to the Mission; so I despaired of seeing him that night.

I was ignorant that in the earlier part of the same evening Gen. Pomeroy, agent of the Emigrant Aid Society, had been attacked by a party of some six or seven men between Kansas and Westport. He had driven in from Oseawattomie that day, having a fine pair of horses in a light carriage. They stopped him about 7 o'clock in the evening, and wanted to make him prisoner. He refused to go. They threatened to shoot, whereupon he drew his revolver and said—"Oh, I'm used to that; I was brought up to it; it's a game I can play at too." "Don't shoot — oh, don't shoot, General," one of them cried, when he said, "Good night, gentlemen," put the whip to his horses, and drove on to Kansas. Chafed and enraged, they returned to Westport, with the intention of raising a company of fifty men, going down to the American hotel, in Kansas city, and taking out Pomeroy, and lynching him. They did not succeed in finding quite that number willing to leave their liquor, but raised a band. So, as good or ill luck would have it, they were on the qui vive about the time I left Westport. It was then between 10 and 11 o'clock; my horse was tired, but I was anxious to go thither and send a telegraphic dispatch, not being aware that the wires were down.

I had traveled about half-way to Kansas, when, having occasion to cross a small stream, I mounted my pony, and almost immediately heard horses galloping behind. I rode on at the same steady gait (about a mile an hour,) and in a few minutes a couple of horsemen dashed up to me, and dividing, passed

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one on either side, reining in their horses about eight yards ahead. They whispered together, and I saw one of them pass something, which I took for a pistol in the dark, and then they dropped back alongside of me. I heard the rest of the party coming up behind.

"Did you see a man going along the road?" asked one of them. "No."

"Well, there was a man rode down this way, and if you have not seen him, we will hold you responsible."

"That is rather singular."

"You must go back with us."

"I believe not — my horse is tired, and I am going on to Kansas."

"That is nothing; we arrest you."

"Have you a warrant? has any crime been committed? or what do you want me for? Has any one been stealing a horse."

"No, not for that," said one of them.

"Well, I allow no man to take me without a warrant."

"We have authority for what we do."

"What is your authority?"

"The Governor."

"What Governor?"

"Governor Shannon."

"You forget, gentlemen, that we are in Missiouri."

This seemed rather to nonplus them, but they continued:

"You must go back."

"I will not."

"We will take you."

"Very good."

Here the party came to a halt. My horse was so tired that he stopped too, and would not budge, and there I was in the midst of these scoundrels. As they were fingering their weapons, I also laid my hand on mine; but I was very loth to shoot, for I knew that the chance of getting justice in a court in western

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Missouri against a band of the secret order of the Lone Star was desperate. They looked at me, and I looked at them, and there was one of those distressing pauses which are liable to occur when some one of a dozen men is expected to do something, yet no one feels exactly like assuming the responsibility. They then undertook to persuade me to go back, but did not succeed.

"Do you know General Pomeroy?" asked one.

"No, not personally; I have heard of him."

"Are you not carrying dispatches from Lawrence to him?"

"No," I replied; "I am traveling on the highway on my own business, and do not want to be molested."

Finding that I would not go back, they urged me to withdraw to a house not far off, and wait until the rest of their company came up, when, they said, we would all go to Kansas together, and if I was found "all right," I could go my way. Fearing that the scoundrels would forcibly seize me, and that the affair would end in bloodshed, and having a promise, on their honor, that I should not be molested in the house to which we were going, I went with them. The expected reinforcement did not come up, however. I learned subsequently that their intention was to go to the American hotel, and take out Pomeroy, and lynch him; but as they had expected fifty men to take a hand in it, and as they were only about fifteen, they did not attempt it. As I stood in front of the fire warming myself, and wondering what they were going to do with me, I heard them talk freely about what they had already been doing, and intended to do. They spoke of the capture of Judge Johnson with much glee, and were unanimous in deciding that he must be lynched before he got away from them. (I have been happy to learn, however, since I returned to Lawrence, that he has escaped from them without injury.) They also spoke of lynching Pomeroy, and expressed a fear that he would get out of the Territory

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before they could catch him. The majority were for hanging him at once, but one more conservative than the rest said he "did not approve of that sort of thing." He thought he ought to be only tarred and feathered, after a good beating, and set adrift on the river. Another offered an amendment to this proposition by suggesting that he should be rubbed with oil and carefully blackened, so that the color would not come off, and then be set adrift on the river. These moderate sentiments appeared to be overruled—the majority declaring that he must be hung. They also determined that the American hotel should be torn down.

But I cannot detail all the incidents of that eventful night. They bitterly assailed everything they hated, and they hated everything that was opposed to slavery extension. Among the rest, they included *The Tribune* in their maledictions—little thinking of the bird they had caught. I was subjected to the indignity of an examination for dispatches, which I was supposed to have, and had only the remedy (which I was not inclined to apply) of shooting one of these lawless scoundrels through the head. The search was instituted with some degree of courtesy, and only by two of them, who invited me into another room for the purpose. One of these, a leader among them, was a brother Odd Fellow, whom I had recognized and appealed to, and who assured me that this was the only way to save me from being seized and violently searched by the whole crowd. The search was somewhat superficial, and conducted with apologies, but sufficient even then to make me burn with anger, and feel a hearty contempt for the public sentiment and the officers of the law in western Missouri, who know the existence of these things, and yet tolerate them. I was detained until late next morning, and would not then have escaped from them so easily but for the interposition of the brother who had interested himself on my behalf; and yet they had found nothing about me that justified the detention, even by their own showing.