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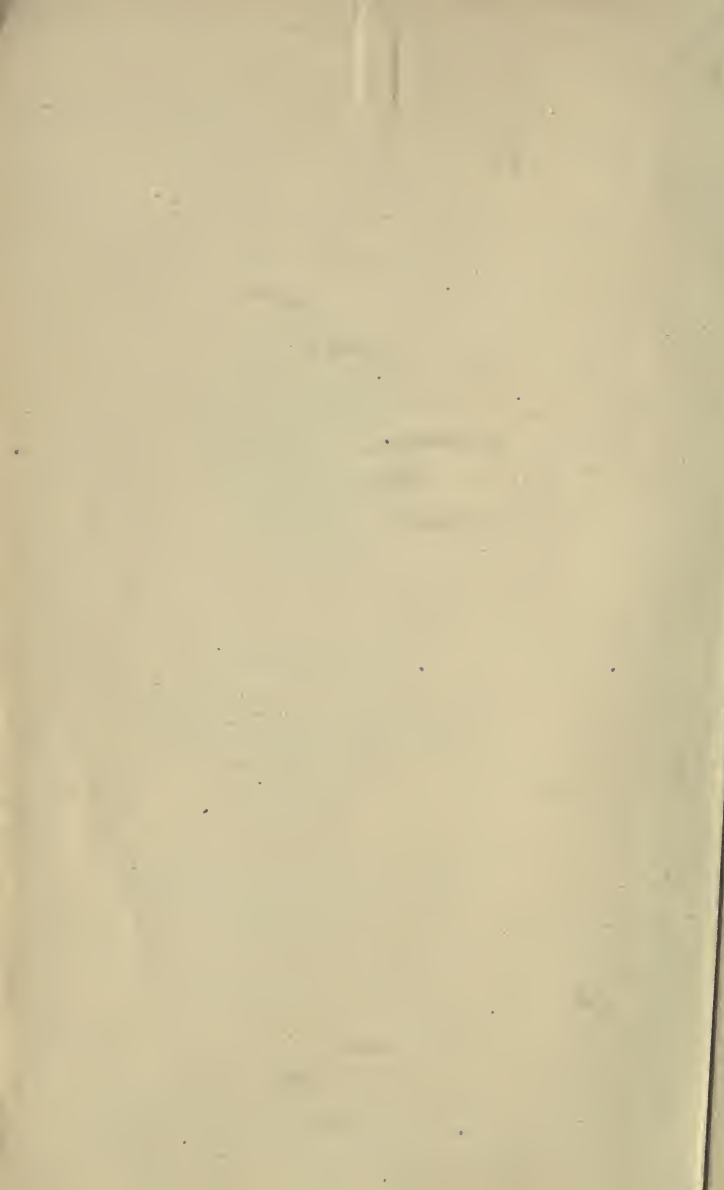
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AN ERRAND TO THE SOUTH.

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RIVER STOCKADE IN JAMES RIVER,
AT DRURY'S BLUFF, VIRGINIA.

AN

ERRAND TO THE SOUTH

IN THE

SUMMER OF 1862.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM WYNDHAM MALET.

*Extracts from Farewell Address of George Washington, President, to the
People of the United States, Sept. 17, 1796.*

“Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere?—Let experience solve it.”—*Paragraph xiv.*

“In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterising parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western.”—*Paragraph xv.*

LONDON :

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
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P R E F A C E.

AN English lady, married to an influential planter in South Carolina, had been bereaved of three of her nearest and dearest relatives in England; but as no letters could reach her, it was determined that one of her family should convey to her the sad tidings, and comfort her in her distress. The writer of these memoranda was the one selected for the errand.

Though he kept a diary, it was not with a view of publication (and he here humbly apologizes for presuming to offer such desultory matter for that purpose); but several of his friends being of opinion that interesting information might hereby be conveyed to English readers—especially as so few English travellers have visited the districts mentioned—he ventures to throw himself on the generosity of those who may honour his reminiscences with perusal; trusting

that the many imperfections and, perhaps, repetitions which will occur in a narrative made up from a source often disturbed by troubles and difficulties, and at last re-arranged amidst the many engagements which fall on a clergyman in charge of a poor and straggling parish, will meet with leniency, leading to forgiveness.

W. WYNDHAM MALET,

Vicar of Ardeley, near Buntingford, Herts.

P.S. — I have to thank the Messrs. Forsyth Brothers, of St. Ann Street, Manchester, for their kind permission to insert a copy of the music for the song “Maryland.”

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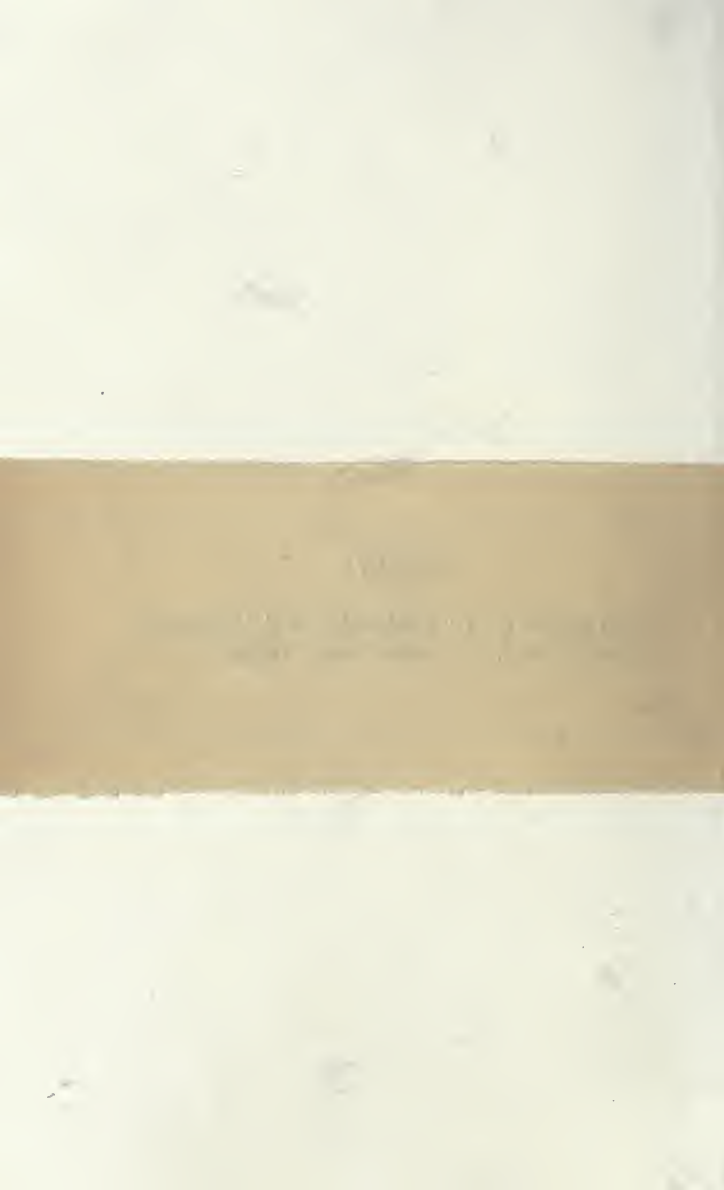
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ERRATA.

Page 280, line 3, *for* "Killokaleeka," *read* "Killekenick."

Page 301, line 4, *for* "Galena," *read* "Gallena."



AN ERRAND TO THE SOUTH

IN

THE SUMMER OF 1862.



CHAPTER I.

From England to Washington.

AMONG the inconvenient results of the war between the Federal and Confederate States of America may be reckoned the stoppage of the mails. Political animosities between "North" and "South" might in many cases render tolerable the severance of epistolary communication in the New World; but sore has the privation been to thousands of kindred hearts in England and France on one side of the Atlantic, and the Southern States on the other: so that indeed the "King of Hearts" might justly have raised his sceptre against this strife as well as "King Cotton." Though the first steamer

between England and America in 1819 went to Savannah in South Carolina, yet New York has long monopolized the mails even to beyond the precincts of the United States.

For some months after the war broke out, letters from Europe could be sent through the Consuls at the various ports, transmitted from the Foreign Office; but by the autumn of 1861 even this mode of communication was interdicted on remonstrance from the United States' Government.

A paragraph had just gone the round of the papers that Mr. Secretary Stanton had forbidden any more foreigners going South.

Many declared I could not succeed. Some advised me to run the blockade. In a note to a kind friend even Mr. Adams had said, "I fear, from the increasing severity of the war, the prospect of success is not very great."

I called on Mr. Adams, and told him the sad history of our bereavements. At once his heart was moved, and he gave me the following letter to Mr. Seward:—

" London, 5th May, 1862.

" DEAR SIR,

" You may remember that some time since I sent to your care a letter addressed by a Mr. ——

to his sister in South Carolina to apprise her of the death of a sister in this country. Since then the family have experienced another bereavement, and they have concluded to send one of their number personally to communicate this event to her. The Rev. W. W. Malet, the bearer of this note, is the person. At their solicitation I have given him this note, as they hope by means of it that his access to the disaffected region may be in a degree facilitated.

“I am very truly yours,

(Signed)

“C. F. ADAMS.

“To the Hon. W. H. Seward, Washington.”

Earl Russell was so kind as to give me a letter to Lord Lyons at the request of my brother, Her Majesty's Minister at Frankfort-on-Maine.

To these preparations was added the family uniting in prayer.

I afterwards called on Mr. Mason, Commissioner from the Confederate States, and obtained from him introductions to General Hugér (then commanding at Norfolk, Virginia), and Mr. Pickens, Governor of South Carolina.

On Saturday, 10th of May, I went on board the R.M.S. “Scotia,”—her first voyage—a splendid ship

of the Cunard line, 412 feet long, 48 feet wide, 1000 horse-power.

On the 11th, by permission of Captain Judkins, I said prayers and preached in the saloon.

On the 19th, Captain Judkins read the service; and I never heard any one read better.

On the saloon table on Sundays are placed a beautiful large Prayer-book and Bible for the reader; and prayer-books are laid down the full length for the passengers and crew. This is the good way in all these ships; and, besides, they are furnished with well-selected libraries.

On the 20th of May the pilot came on board; and that afternoon my eyes fell for the first time on America.

Great were the rejoicings of the Northerners on board on hearing of the occupation of Norfolk by the Federal troops, and of the blowing up of the "Merrimac."

The "Scotia" went up to New York by night on the 20th of May, and on the morning of the 21st we looked on the noble Hudson, the enormous ferry arks with their "walking beams," (as the top engine movement is called), and steam horns, were striding from shore to shore. The landing-place is on the Jersey-city bank of the river, where we

easily passed the Custom-house. I joined a fellow-passenger in a carriage, which was driven on to the floating platform, and a few strides of the mighty engine did the mile across to New York landing; then came the first sight of the far-famed Broadway, and a drive along it for about two miles brought us to the Clarendon, a capital hotel kept by Messrs. Kerner and Birch in the Fourth Avenue (Union Park). The people in New York seemed to be going on as if there was no war, and in conversation there was an avoidance of the topic.

On the 23rd of May I started for Washington viâ Amboy, about thirty miles down the river, two hours' steam; the train left Amboy at 4, and reached Philadelphia, sixty-three miles, at 6.30; single line, five-feet gauge, no fences, and at cross roads no gates, only notice in large letters, "Look out for the locomotive." Philadelphia, I was told, has 800,000 inhabitants. Stevens' "Continental Hotel" has 350 beds, 75 waiters, 25 baths, and screw steam-lift to go to upper stories.

The train left Philadelphia at 11 P.M. I took a berth in a sleeping-car containing sixty berths, and reached Washington on the 25th at 6 A.M. Here I was received most kindly by Lord Lyons. The

following day I saw Mr. Seward's Secretary, (his son), who took Mr. Adams' letter, and one from Lord Lyons. I was to call again: visited the Capitol, where both Senate and Congress were in Session; heard "Confiscation Bill" read in Congress, but when put to the vote it was lost; there was no excitement, no speaking on it. Senators are chosen for six years, and Congress men for two; the rooms are very fine and spacious, and ventilation perfect; each member has his desk. I observed none of those grotesque attitudes which some writers have attributed to these assemblies; and not wearing hats in the house is a decided improvement on the usage of our British Parliament. Votes are taken by a clerk calling names, which is rather tedious. Each State sends two Senators, but Congress members are according to population; Senators and Members of Congress have salaries of 600*l.* and 500*l.* a year respectively, and travelling expenses. I now began to hear the rumours of war: great excitement at Willards' Hotel; news that the Confederates had beaten Banks at Winchester, taken Fort Royal and threatened Harper's Ferry; Government take up trains for troops; the Confederates might come down on the Potomac and take Washington. Again at Mr. Seward's office on the 27th of May, when I was

informed my letters had been sent to the War Office, whence I should receive an answer.

On the 28th went on steam-boat to Mount Vernon, about sixteen miles down the Potomac. It is on the right bank of the river, in the State of Virginia, county of Fairfax: the banks are beautifully wooded. You land, and at once ascend through trees, and soon reach a step in the hill; here is the sepulchre of Washington. There was a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen from the boat. I expected to see the latter stand uncovered there. I felt a reverence for the place, and took off my hat—several gentlemen then did the same. A cloud obscured the bright May sun, and a gentle shower fell on our heads as tears from heaven weeping for the miseries which now afflict the land for which he fought.

I remembered, that not long before, the eldest son of our beloved Queen had stood uncovered on the same spot. The dust of the great republican rests in a cave in the rocky bank, with a walled front and iron grill gate, within which are two coffin-shaped tombs. On the one to the right is inscribed "Washington," and on that to the left "Martha, consort of Washington, died May 21, 1801, aged 71 years." On Washington's is this inscription: "By the permission of Lawrence Lewis, the surviving

Executor of G. Washington, this Sarcophagus was presented by J. Struthers of Philadelphia, marble mason, A.D. 1833."

Over the entrance to the vault is this text:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." St. John xi. 25, 26. He died at Mount Vernon, on the 14th Dec. 1799, aged 67 years. By direction of the president, John Adams, Major-General Henry Lee, one of the representatives from the state of Virginia, prepared and delivered the funeral oration in the city of Washington on the 26th of December. On the 28th of March, 1800, it was "resolved in Congress, that all letters and packets to and from Mrs. Martha Washington, relict of the late General George Washington, shall be received and conveyed by post free from postage for and during her life."

The house is on a beautiful site. Here the modern Cincinnatus cultivated his farm; he had some thousands of acres of land, extensive woods, wild shooting, meadows, and arable, and a capital garden. By a subscription from ladies, 200 acres have been preserved round the house, of which two ladies are in charge (two Miss Traceys), and Mr. Hubbard is the

careful steward of the spot consecrated to liberty. In the hall is hung up a large rusty key, with this inscription:—"Key of the Bastile. Presented to General Washington by General Lafayette, on the destruction of that prison, 1789."

Washington! your home on Mount Vernon seems to tell us of your modest stillness and humility in time of peace; but history tells us, that to obtain liberty for your country, you could imitate the action of the lion in time of war.

The time came when the child of Britain was no longer to be held in leading-strings, and you represented the manhood which was to be independent and to add lustre to the great Anglo-Saxo-Norman race. The Briton now coming to your country is called a "foreigner;" but is not that a misnomer? The Atlantic between us is bridged over by steam: our family names, our household words, our language, our religion, are all the same; and though we be now two peoples, yet surely we should be of one mind! By the separation we have each become stronger in ourselves, and each the more benefiting the other; just as the son, who when grown up goes out to distant parts, makes his fortune, and raises a family, adds to the strength and endurance of his house. Yes, there must be a time when the

very prosperity of a nation, increased by colonization, calls for it to add to the independencies of the earth; and cruel and impolitic was the British Government to her American son, by treating him still as a boy, and attempting to coerce him to remain dependent on the parent when he was grown up, and ready and willing to shift for himself.

While on the Potomac, I cannot resist inserting some heart-touching lines, with an extract from the "South Carolina Church Intelligencer," which were given me for my diary:—

"The following poem is so beautiful, and from all we hear has proved so acceptable to the readers of the 'Church Intelligencer' generally, that, at the request of some, we have consented to reproduce it. We first observed it in the Charleston 'Courier,' which gave it as taken from a Western paper, the original manuscript having been found in the pocket of a volunteer, who died in camp on the Potomac. Who he was, or where from, was not said. It is but fair to infer, however, from the poem having found its way into print in the West first, that the writer was from that section, and was one of the Federal army. But be that as it may, he discovers a very high degree of true poetic temperament and talent. It is doubtful whether the English language fur-

nishes anything more touching, more true to nature, or a finer specimen of word-painting. One finds himself carried away by the smooth, flowing harmony of the rhythm, and the truly poetic cast of the thought and expression; but especially, by the living picturesqueness of the scene. Like a true picture, it becomes the more life-like the oftener it is seen and the longer it is gazed upon—the objects, at every new view, standing more fairly out, and growing more distinct and impressive, till you at once see and deeply feel the whole fancy sketch before you. It is in fact the work of a master—a natural artist, in the truest sense of the words, whose name ought to be rescued from oblivion and enrolled among those of the poets of his country.

“A few very slight changes have been introduced, which, it is believed, the writer would have made if he could have given it a more leisurely review.—
ED.”

“ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTĀMAC TO-NIGHT.”

I

“All quiet along the Potōmac,” they say,
“Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.”

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

II.

All quiet along the Potōmac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
As their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night wind
Through the forest-leaves slowly is creeping:
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

III.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain:
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

IV.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closely up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

v.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footsteps are lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of a wood dark and dreary.
Hark! Was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was't the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha!—Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

vi.

All quiet along the Potōmac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket off duty for ever!

On Ascension-day, 29th May, I went early, before 7 A.M., to the church of the Epiphany, when the Churchwarden, the venerable Judge Higgins, requested me to celebrate the Holy Communion for the Rector, the Rev. Dr. Hall, who was detained at Baltimore on the Church Convention. I administered to about 250 communicants, who received the blessed Sacrament with decent and earnest devotion; and fragrant and beautiful were the flowers which the ladies of the congregation had arranged in profusion on the altar and the font. No puritanical asceticism had here curbed the zeal of those daughters of the Church, emulating that which led to the outpouring of the odoriferous ointments on the body

of her Divine Founder. The magnolias were really "grandiflora," and their perfumes floated through the sanctuary. Alas! I have heard that this church is now turned into a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers.

On this day I was honoured by an interview with Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. I was ushered into his open room, without any announcement, and was not aware that the gentleman who was standing at a high desk was the far-famed official till, in reply to my self-introduction and mention of my business, he said, "I cannot give you a pass, Mr. Malet, to go to South Carolina at present: I will give you one when Charleston is taken, and that will be very soon." In answer to my request that he would be so kind as to inform me when that event took place, he said, "You will see it in the papers." The office was full of gentlemen apparently connected with the military and contract departments, who were crowding round the desk; one of them appeared particularly anxious for an answer to his application, and the Secretary put on a hat, as if about to retire, when the importunate applicant said, "You have got my hat." The Secretary said, "I wish I had your head." The reply was: "I would not change places with you though." I record this merely to show the

utter absence of all formality in the American officials. Mr. Stanton is of short stature, strong made, with dark hair and beard, and of a determined expression of countenance—certainly a man that would not give in if he could help it: his fame as a lawyer is settled by his success in saving Sickles from the sword of justice. I found great civility in Mr. Potts, the head clerk; who the same day told me he thought Mr. Stanton would give me a pass to go by Port Royal—but this route had many objections. The letters forwarded from Mr. Seward's office had been mislaid.

After Divine service the next day, the Rev. Dr. Hall offered to go with me to Mr. Stanton, as he was a member of his congregation. Not a day was to be lost—the hot season was at hand: I found “the benefit of clergy.” We sat down all three together, Mr. Stanton smoking his cigar. I had obtained a letter from Mr. Seward's office, stating my letters from Mr. Adams and Lord Lyons had been forwarded to the War Office, and in a few minutes the far-sounded name of “Edward Stanton, Secretary of War,” was signed to the following:—

“ War Department, May 30th, 1862.

“ Mr. Malet has permission to go to Fortress

Monroe, Newbern, or Port Royal ; and, with consent of the Commanders of the respective departments, to pass through the lines."

President Lincoln and Mr. Secretary Seward were both in the next room, and at my request Mr. Stanton introduced me to them.

A slight sketch of the two men whose names are now so much before the world may here not be misplaced.

The President, who was neatly dressed in a suit of black, is full six feet two inches in height, of spare and upright figure ; his hair is black ; his eyes have a remarkably calm expression ; his features are strongly marked ; his complexion dark ; his address and manner betokening perfect self-possession ; very ready to enter into conversation, and to set you at once at your ease.

A perfect contrast is Mr. Seward : a man of small stature ; rather grey, with prominent nose and penetrating eyes ; reserved in manner. When I first saw him in the corridor he wore a broad-brimmed Mexican hat, and was smoking his cigar.

Lord Lyons soon congratulated me on my success.

Next day I paid my respects to the President at "the White House," and was most kindly received.

He told me he was born in 1809; and remarked that when employed as a lawyer to settle the French claims in Illinois he had met with my name. We pored together over a comparative chart of rivers, which showed that America had the two largest rivers in the world—Mississippi and Amazon—the former 4400 miles long! He told me they used hard, unbituminous coal in the United States navy, giving great force of fire without the slightest smoke, so that the approach of their men-of-war is not seen over the horizon or in rivers. He lamented the occurrence of the war, observing, that “if he could have foreseen it, he would not have accepted the office of President.” After I had sat in conversation with Mr. Lincoln about twenty minutes, Mr. Seward came in, when I took my leave, both shaking me cordially by the hand—Mr. Seward not speaking a word; but with an expression in his hand and look, as if he knew my errand and wished me success.

While I am writing these mems, I read in a letter of the “Times” correspondent from New York, date November 15th, 1862, “President Lincoln is pre-eminently a merciful man;” and I believe if it were not for the official pride which all earthly governments are liable to fall into, the war would

never have been begun, and would now be stopped. While dreaming of the rivalries of power, they are too often blind to the real interests of the people, whose weal they sacrifice to the glory of a flag. So it was with Lord North in the last century.

On the 1st of June, Sunday after Ascension, I preached for Dr. Hall in the church of the Epiphany on the text over Washington's tomb. Referring to that great man, his love, his self-denial, I could not but express sorrow that the country was afflicted by war, alluding to the special prayer which had just been offered, viz., "That God would judge between those engaged in the miserable strife by which this country is now rent and torn asunder." After service, Judge Higgins entered the vestry, and asked me to dine; but I took my early dinner with the worthy Rector, who had done me such a good turn.

I was surprised to find at Washington that a great number of the most respectable residents had Southern "proclivities;" but dangerous would have been any open expression of feeling; and escape would have been difficult with double mounted sentries at each corner of the streets.

Ambulances loaded with wounded were coming into Washington: though the latitude is only about that

of Naples, the heat had now become almost tropical. "Stonewall" Jackson was reported to have surprised General Casey of the Northerners, and taken three batteries of six guns each. People looked very anxious. The telegram boards at "Willards'" were empty. Rumours of dreadful carnage near Richmond, which turned out to be the battle of "Seven Pines."

I dined at the British Embassy at 8 P.M., and met the Honourable Mr. Sumner, Senator, the great abolition leader—a gentleman of imposing appearance, who has travelled much in Europe. He appeared in delicate health; and it is said has never quite recovered from the blows given him some years ago in the Capitol by Mr. Brook. Mr. Sumner seemed to feel much vexed at the reverse of the Northern army; but he declared they had had their revenge by driving the Southerners back to their lines by a bayonet charge of "a mile and a half!" I could not help observing, it must have been hot work for the chargers.

Even in the midst of war all things seemed to favour my sad but peaceful errand. Lord Lyons said, "I have good news for you. The 'Rinaldo' is going to New Orleans, is to touch at Charleston, and I will introduce you to Captain Hewett, who

will, I am sure, give you a passage South; and I have obtained from Mr. Seward permission for you to land at Charleston." Here is the pass:—

"Department of State,
Washington, June 1st, 1862.

"The Rev. W. Wyndham Malet, a British subject, having a pass from the War Department to cross the lines of the United States, permission is hereby given to any British armed vessel to land him in any port which said vessel may enter in the intervening States, under the direction of Her Majesty's Minister of this place.

(Signed) "WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

I was to have the pleasure of the company of Mr. Drury, Queen's Messenger, as far as Fortress Monroe; and on the 2nd, at 11 A.M., we left by train for Baltimore, fare one and a half dollars; called on the Consul, Mr. Bernal, brother of Bernal Osborne, M.P.; dined at Guy's Hotel; got papers at General Dix's office from Major Ludlow; and walked on to the United States chartered steam-boat at 4 P.M. Here I saw immense supplies of beef and mutton, packed with layers of ice in huge bunks, for the army.

The passage was free, only payment for meals. Reached Fortress Monroe at 6 A.M. 3rd June, 180 miles. Great confusion on the pier; heaps of cannon-balls and shells landing; battles said to be raging at Richmond; no one knows whether General Jackson who had beaten Banks won't make a dash at Washington; boat off from the "Rinaldo"; Mr. Phillimore, midshipman, brings four or five jolly British tars on board to take our luggage; mine was light enough, only a hand-valise. What happy inventions are flannel shirts, alpaca suits, wide-awake hats, and canvas shoes! In a few minutes I saluted the quarter-deck of the gallant ship which had received Messrs. Mason and Slidell from Fort Warren in December 1861; the order was to convey them to Halifax, but a continued gale forced a change of destination. The following extracts from the log will give an idea of the opposing elements on that occasion:—

"2nd Jan. 1862.—Wheel-ropes and relieving-tackle carried away; main-topsail split to pieces; thick weather with snow; ice forming rapidly on ropes and ship; at 11 split fore-trysail off Cape Sable; sounding every hour; one cutter with all her gear washed away by sea; ropes frozen into one mass of ice; heavy cross sea.

“3rd.—One whaler-boat washed away.

“4th.—Ropes and ship a mass of ice; weather very thick, and heavy sea; wind contrary.

“5th.—Hot water sent through hoses to try and thaw the ice from fore-tacks; watch employed breaking away ice from ropes; weather still thick and stormy; barometer falling; two officers and eight men frost-bitten; the ropes in coils frozen into thick blocks of ice, therefore impossible to work the ship under sail; bore up for Bermuda.”

Whence they went to St. Thomas's; and on the 14th January, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their secretaries, Messrs. M'Farland and Eustace, were placed on board the R. M. S. “La Plata,” for England. The New York papers stated that the ship was lost, the report was copied into “The Times,” and Capt. Hewett read the awful words as to himself, and his distinguished guests, and all his crew, having gone to the bottom.

My admiration and love for this noble ship and her gallant crew, will, I hope, excuse this digression; and having brought the Southern Commissioners on the tapis, I can't help indulging my admiration and friendship for Lord Lyons in recounting the able manner in which his Lordship acted in that diplomatic difficulty, and I hope he will excuse my excess

of zeal in his behalf, for I know his modesty will rebel. I got the little history over a cigar—I can't say where—and I believe it is quite true. Lord Lyons heard of the "Trent" and "San Jacinto" affair: he saw how wrongly Captain Wilkes had acted. Many ministers would have insisted at once on the deliverance of Mason and Slidell, and if refused, would have left the Legation. But he saw the excitement, and resolved to let it blow over while he wrote home for instructions. Meantime his Lordship did not trouble any of the state officials with his presence, but omitted no occasion of giving his opinion that the seizure having taken place on a neutral vessel, and in neutral waters, was contrary to the law of nations. The answer came insisting on deliverance of the prisoners. He broke this to Mr. Seward privately, and Mr. Seward to the President. The Secretary said they would be given up, but they must first sound the public through the papers; which gave Mr. Seward time to make out his plea against "right of search," which Lord Lyons gently dissented from. All through, Lord Lyons acted like a straightforward English gentleman.

On the morning after the battle of Bull Run, in 1861, Lord Lyons, while riding out, met Mr. Seward, and said: "Good-morning, Mr. Seward. I sup-

pose you will now allow that the Southerners are belligerents"—for the Northerners were flying in great numbers back to Washington. The battle sight-seers were sorely disappointed. I heard this story in the South.

CHAPTER II.

Down South.

THE "Rinaldo" had just come from Norfolk, about fifteen miles from Fort Monroe. Strange to say, the face of her gallant commander appeared quite familiar to me! Could I have seen it before? and where? Oh yes, in the Victoria Cross Gallery, in Piccadilly.

The visit of H. M. S. "Rinaldo" must have been an agreeable respite to Norfolk society from the *desagrémens* of provost-marshals and oaths of allegiance, as the following account will testify:—

"On Thursday, 28th May, H. B. M. ship 'Rinaldo,' 17 guns, Captain Hewett, was the scene of a very lively play and farce, given by the officers and crew (the former called 'The Golden Farmer,'

the latter 'The Toodles'). It was honoured by the presence of the *élite* of Norfolk. A great number of ladies graced the assembly, who seemed determined to make everything go off as agreeably as they could. The stage was rigged on the quarterdeck, which was decorated to a great extent with flags and Norfolk flowers. The whole went off better than the most sanguine could have imagined. After the acting was finished, some comic and nautical songs followed, which were greatly applauded. The party then were regaled with supper, after which they enjoyed a little dancing, and then dispersed. The weather was very propitious for the occasion; the only regret being that the 'Rinaldo' was off to sea next morning at 10 A.M. Next day, 10.30, left Norfolk for Hampton Roads."

Two pretty yachts were here, the "Gipsy" and "Haze," from New York, when we left Fortress Monroe on the 5th of June. The screw, Griffith's patent, weighing five tons, was hoisted up on deck, and we set sail with a fair wind, and we were "off for Charleston." On the 6th, in lat. $34^{\circ} 57''$ N., long. $75^{\circ} 18''$ W., opposite Cape Hatterás, the ship was suddenly caught in a cyclone, which she rode out in beautiful style. We were in the Gulf Stream. On immersion of the thermometer it showed 80°

Fahrenheit. The gale soon blew over, and we kept on our course with a fair breeze from the north-west; the screw was raised on deck in five minutes, and on sailed the ship,

“Speed in her prow and terror in her tier.”

At night some inconvenience was incurred on account of the Federal Government not having restored the light-houses, although they had recovered them from the Confederates for more than a year. Up to a late hour on Saturday night the jovial company of the fore-castle had some capital singing, “Dixie Land” and “Off for Charleston” being among the songs.

On the 8th we were off Cape Romain; and it being Whit Sunday, I performed divine service, and had the honour of being recorded in the logbook. In the afternoon we reached the blockading squadron off Charleston, and spoke the U. S. S. “Augusta;” the next day her commander, Captain Parrott, came on board, and having inspected my passports, gave me permission to go ashore; but there was such a high sea running that, anchored as we were eight miles from the harbour, it was quite impossible for me to do so until the morning of the 10th, when before sunrise, with Second-Lieutenant Turton and four

men, I set out in a small open boat, having orders to steer for Fort Sumter. The breeze was still blowing very fresh, and the waves very high, and with our one sail set we did the eight miles in little more than an hour. When opposite Fort Moultrie a shot from the Confederate battery passed just in front of the boat's bows. The officer, supposing that they did not see the British flag, bore a little towards the fort to show it, and then stood on his course. Not many minutes elapsed, however, when another shot, striking the water in a line with our boat, rebounded over the mast: this looked more serious, so, the sail being lowered, we rowed towards the shore, where an officer met us, and said that the senior officer being at Fort Moultrie, no boats were allowed to pass on to Fort Sumter, hence the two shots. After some delay, the officer commanding the fort, having seen my passport from Lord Lyons and letter from Mr. Mason (the Confederate commissioner in London), allowed me to go on board the passenger-boat between Fort Moultrie and Charleston, a distance of three miles. I regretted much being obliged to leave such kind friends and agreeable companions as I had met with on board the "Rinaldo;" and doubly was the kindness felt, since it so greatly facilitated the object of my

anxious mission. Every step in my errand seemed to bring me in contact with fresh friends: for immediately after landing at the city pier, I met the British Consul, Mr. Bunch, who kindly invited me to his house while he proceeded to the "Rinaldo."

Charleston is built on flat ground: its streets being lined with trees, and many houses having gardens attached to them, give it a very pretty appearance; but the dreadful fire which, in November, 1861, destroyed one-seventh part of the city, has sadly marred its beauty.

The beautiful esplanade, formerly so much frequented by the equipages of the wealthy inhabitants and visitors, is now quite deserted, for all the families have fled far away to places of refuge in the interior; and they have good reason to do so, for the shots from the Federal gun-boats, only four miles distant, are continually heard firing on the Confederate soldiers encamped on James Island for the protection of the city. To give an idea of the scarcity of the comforts, if not necessaries of life—tea was more than 2*l.* per lb.; coffee, salt, &c., at the same proportionately exorbitant prices; and as the extreme heat of summer was now beginning, the total want of ice was greatly felt.

The entrance to the harbour of Charleston had been long opened. Neptune had hurled the sunken "stone ships" on the shore, and had made his highway deeper than it was before.

I insert here some lines on Charleston by Colonel Hayne.

CHARLESTON.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

I

Calmly beside her tropic strand,
 An Empress, brave and loyal,
 I see the watchful City stand
 With aspect sternly royal.
 She knows her mortal foe draws near,
 Strong armed by subtlest science,
 Yet deep, majestic, and clear,
 Rings out her grand defiance!
 O! glorious is thy noble face,
 Lit up with proud emotion,
 And unsurpassed thy stately grace,
 My warrior Queen of Ocean!

II.

First from thy lips the summons came
 Which roused our South to action,
 And with the quenchless force of flame
 Consumed the demon, Faction!
 First, like a rush of mighty wind
 Which rends great waves asunder,
 Thy prescient warning struck the blind,
 And woke the deaf with thunder.

They saw as with a prophet's gaze
The awful doom before them,
And heard, with horror and amaze,
The tempest surging o'er them!

III.

Wilt thou, whose virgin banner rose,
A morning star of splendour,
Shrink, when the war-tornado blows,
And yield in base surrender?
Wilt thou, upon whose loving breast
Our noblest Chiefs are sleeping,
Give up the patriot's place of rest,
To more than Vandal keeping?*

No! while a life-pulse throbs for fame,
Thy sons will gather round thee,—
Welcome! the shot, the steel, the flame,
If Honour's hand hath crowned thee!

IV.

Then fold about thy beauteous form
The imperial robe thou wearest,
And front with regal port the storm,
Thy foe would dream thou fearest!

* Can any Charlestonian, any Carolinian, think of leaving the graves of Calhoun, of Turnbull, of Hayne, to the tender care of the miscreants who are now straining every energy to degrade us, without feeling a shudder of mingled rage and disgust? The presence of *such* a foe is enough to cause the bones of our pure Statesmen to writhe in their tombs. My countrymen! let us stand—

“Back to back, in God's name, and fight it out to the last!”

Should Faith, and Will, and Courage fail
To cope with brutal numbers,
And thou must bow thee, mute and pale
Where the last Hero slumbers,—
Lift the red torch, and light the fire
Amid those corpses gory,
And on thy self-made funeral pyre
Pass from the world to glory!

Walking out in the evening I was introduced to Mr. Hugér, author of an able pamphlet on the "Rights of the States." He asserts "that the independence of South Carolina was established two years before it entered into the Union. The power at Washington was created for the convenience of the States, not the States for the power, in fact the creature of the States is now rebelling against the power which created it." I also met an influential merchant, who said that "England and France should have opened the blockade in October 1861, when it was reported ineffectual by the Consuls, and officers of both navies. And then cotton would have come down, and the Confederates would have obtained materials for their army and navy, and the war would soon have been over. The Southern government were moreover led to expect this, as England and France had sent commissioners to them to obtain their consent to the recent treaty of

Paris regarding blockades. By omitting then to resist the blockade a golden opportunity was lost ; and it became a question whether upon these two friendly powers blame did not rest for allowing such a bloody and fruitless war to continue."

After Divine service in St. Michael's church on the 11th of June, St. Barnabas' day, I was astonished to see the bells being removed from the tower, and on inquiring the cause, was told that they were about to be sent to Columbia to be melted into cannon. This shows what a sacrifice the people are ready to make when struggling for their liberty, especially in this case, when we consider the interesting fact that these bells, during the War of Independence, were taken by the English to England, and when put up for sale were bought by a gentleman, who sent them back to Charleston and restored them to the church.

In justice to the feelings of the Southerners, I here lay before my readers their Ordinance of Secession done at Charleston.

On the 20th day of December, 1860, the Convention of South Carolina formally dissolved its connection with the Union by an Ordinance of Secession, which was passed unanimously.

“THE ORDINANCE TO DISSOLVE THE UNION BETWEEN THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND OTHER STATES UNITED WITH HER UNDER THE COMPACT ENTITLED ‘THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.’

“*We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained :*

“That the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also, all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of ‘The United States of America,’ is hereby dissolved.

“D. F. JAMISON,

“*Del. from Barnwell, and President of Convention.*”

Here follow 170 Signatures.

I had heard much of the trouble caused by the paper money which is current in the Confederate

States, but having fifty dollars in gold I was not sorry to get ninety-two and a half dollars in neat paper notes of various value. On the 12th I took leave of my kind friends, the Consul and his family, and started by the N. E. railway for Florence, distant 100 miles. The railroads in this country are all single lines. The cars are of a great length, having twenty-five seats, each holding two persons, on both sides of a passage. The doors are at the ends of the cars, which are left unlocked, so that by stepping over the couplings you may walk from one end of the train to the other through the different cars. Taking my walk in this manner I was agreeably surprised by meeting a South Carolina gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made on one of our English railroads about six years previously. With true Southern hospitality he at once invited me to stay at his summer residence on the Blue Ridge Mountains at Flat Rock, but my destination lay in an opposite direction, viz., a small town called Conwayboro', situate in the north-east corner of the State, which the lady, the object of my journey, had made her place of refuge.

Having taken some refreshment at Florence, the signal for starting (the steam-horn), was sounded, and at the guard's cry of "All aboard," I took my

seat on the Manchester and Wilmington Railway. To give an idea of travelling expenses, the fare from Florence to Fair Bluff, sixty miles, was two dollars ten cents (about 8s. 9d.); but there is only one class on American railways. There are, however, especial cars for ladies, into which their gentlemen friends are admitted. Whatever their station may be, every one is called a gentleman or lady, and the very name, however rough the exterior, seems to engender politeness. The negroes have cars for themselves at reduced fares; I with other gentlemen frequently went and sat down with them, and found them civil and amusing. I arrived at Fair Bluff on the Lumber river, North Carolina, at about 11 P.M., where I slept at a farm-house, there being no hotel.

At 7.30 in the morning the mail stage buggy was ready to take me to Conwayboro', South Carolina, a forty miles' drive through a country thickly wooded, and studded here and there with farms. In the fields the women were ploughing, for their husbands had all gone to the army: other women were anxiously waiting for letters at the various post-offices. I had been told in the North that it was only the rich planters who raised a cry for secession; but these women were from small properties, where no negroes were kept, and they all agreed that their

husbands and sons should never come home till the rights of the South were gained, and independence secured. I am speaking now of women of both North and South Carolina, for my road at first lay through the former. There was a great deal of sickness among the children: medical advice was difficult to be obtained, as nearly all the doctors had gone with the army, and medicine was not procurable on account of the blockade.

We changed horses once, at a half-way farm held by a young widow, whose husband had died in the hospital at Norfolk. She had one beautiful little fair-haired child, who was playing with a negro of its own size. This universal mingling of the two races when they are young, accounts in some measure for the friendly feeling between them when grown up. For this farm of seventy-five acres the owner had given one dollar sixty cents an acre. Several of the women said, when they heard that I was an Englishman, how they wished England would help them to end the war! I met persons who at first had been averse to secession; but from the manner in which the United States Government carried on the war, had quite changed their minds. They said the blockade was against women, and children, and negroes, as it deprived them of the necessaries

of life: they owned they had been too dependent on the North, from or through which, every article of American and foreign manufacture had come. Even hay used to be imported from New York to the Southern ports. A gentleman on the N.E. rail told me he had just, *for the first time*, sent sixteen tons of hay to Charleston. The resources of the country, he said, would now be developed: already all kinds of manufactories were springing up. The vast woods supply the demands of dyers and curriers: hickory and laurel bark each make yellow; maple and sweet gum, black; red oak, walnut, and gall-berries dye wood black; hickory and apple bark mixed dye brown; wild indigo, blue; dog fennel, growing abundantly in the plantations, and wild myrtle, which is the carpet of the woods, both beat oak bark for tanning leather; ground nuts and cotton seed produce excellent oil for lubricating machinery; fibres are found for making paper,—that of the delicious little vegetable called okra yields the finest writing-paper.

Men and boys employed in manufactories are exempt from serving in the army; but the difficulty is in keeping them from it. The cry was, "Send us out the 'Great Eastern' loaded with mechanics and machinery."

The road-side gave signs that the people in the woods had not forgotten God and the education of children. Wooden churches and school-rooms were there. Schoolmasters are paid eighty dollars per quarter by the State ; but both ministers and masters had joined the army, and the preacher was seldom heard. The various branches of Christendom all take the title of "Church" in this country. By the census of 1850, the following were the numbers of the different denominations (whites) in the whole United States :—

Methodists	4,209,333
Anabaptists	3,130,788
Presbyterians	2,040,316
Congregationalists	795,177
Roman Catholics	620,950
English Catholics (called Pro- testant Episcopalians)	615,213
Unitarians	137,367

Other denominations exist to make up the vast population of 23,663,079 whites.

There were 3,204,089 negro slaves, and 428,661 free negroes.

‘ No one can be more regular at church than the negroes. They are generally Anabaptists ; but where

the English Church reaches them, they understand its forms, and seem imbued with more humble and sincere religion.

Loud complaints sounded along my road, of marauding from the North. "Those Yankees," they said, "are acting like pirates." Two weeks ago a party of them landed at Winniaw bay, and took off 65 of Mr. Morant's negroes at the point of the bayonet. On the Wakamaw river they took 240 barrels of rice, and sheep and cattle. At another point they entered Mr. Trescott's house and took away his furniture and a very valuable library. All these gentlemen are civilians, not engaged in the war in any way; the last-named was in the United States' diplomatic service, and is the author of an able work on international law. The commanding officer whose party took the library sent to Mr. T. to say that he and his officers had found his library to be a very valuable one, and they were men who could appreciate it; but he heard that all his books and valuable furniture were sold at New York.

I was astonished at the patience with which all these injuries were taken. They counted them as nothing, so they might gain liberty; they declared they had endured tyranny long enough from the

North—the tyranny of the majority. One gentleman showed me the constitution of the thirteen States which formed the original Union (strange that the same number should now be that of the seceding States!), by which each State sent the same number of representatives, viz. seven, to Congress, irrespective of population; but afterwards it was altered to one for every 35,000; and now New York sends twenty-one members, while South Carolina only still sent seven. They said, “Look at the people they call rebels!—Senators, Members of Congress, men of highest education, of every profession, rich and poor, whites and blacks!”—adding, “We do not want to subvert the authority of the United States Government over those States who wish that system to continue—we do not want to unseat Mr. Lincoln—we only want to be let go according to our agreement, therefore it cannot be rebellion. The people of all the States have spoken unanimously by their conventions—we are no one’s ‘subjects.’ The people in their sovereign capacity have decreed for a separate confederacy of the Southern States, and opposition to that decree is the true rebellion.”

This was the kind of explanation I heard over and over again. Men and women of all degrees,

and even children, had it all by heart. I could not help feeling I was in an impregnable fortress of public opinion for the Confederacy; but I always bid for great allowance to be made for the pangs it must cost to break the grand idea of "*the United States*," and to diminish the thirty-one stars and stripes which had so long proudly floated over the world, and astonished the quiet folks of the old portion of it.

My fellow-passenger on Mr. Porter's mail buggy, in the hot and weary *two stages*, was a Presbyterian minister, who had an uncle a bishop of the Anglo-American church, and a brother a private in the army near Richmond. I found great respect was everywhere paid to all ministers of religion: the railroads passed them on with reduced fares; and Mr. Porter went so far as to say he took no fare at all from them, and tacitly offered to frank me. Mr. Gregg, my "reverend" co-voyager, did me the honour to offer me his pulpit on the next Sunday.

CHAPTER III.

The Object gained.

ON Friday the 13th of June I arrived at the place of refuge. Here was an English lady with her little maid, both from the peaceful vale of Taunton, "dwelling among her own people," the sable descendants of Canaan, as safely as if in their native land, protected by county police—yea, safer; for they slept with their doors and windows unbolted, and did not feel afraid.

The county is called Horry (after some colonial governor), in the north-east corner of the State of South Carolina, which is 500 by 450 miles. Conwayboro' is the county town, having the county courthouse and gaol, with its sheriff and mayor, &c.; the population about 350. There are two churches—

one Presbyterian, one Methodist; the houses are never more than two stories high—most of them only one—all built of wood, with brick chimneys; raised on brick or wooden piers two feet or more high. Every negro hut is built in this way, keeping the floors very dry, and free from snakes, which rather abound at Conwayboro': from the earth under every house, saltpetre is obtainable. A contractor told me he found fifteen pounds under a negro's house built ten years; and a house of that size—say thirty feet square—would yield one pound and a-half per annum. About three inches of earth is scraped up, and water percolated in casks, evaporation developing the saltpetre: by this means, and by sulphur from the north-west part of South Carolina, and charcoal which the endless woods supply, the army is provided with abundance of gunpowder. The houses are far apart, placed in their own gardens—like the compounds of our Indian bungalows—with their negro huts nearly all surrounded by neat fences. Thus Conwayboro', though of small population, is of considerable extent, fields lying between some of the houses. The court-house and gaol are of brick, the former having the usual façade of Doric pillars. Evergreen oaks cast their welcome shade in all directions; fig-trees

and vines cool the houses; peach orchards yield their delicious fruit. The treatment for these peach-trees is very simple; viz., baring the roots in winter, and just before spring covering them with a coat of ashes and then with earth: with this they beat any wall-fruit I ever saw in England. The gardens produce abundance of tomatas, okras, egg-plants, &c. Tomatas in soup and stewed are the standard dish; and they are also eaten as salads.

Every house was full; many refugees from the coast about George-Town, fifty miles distant, having obtained lodgings. The house I came to is on a bluff, looking over a "branch" of the Wakamaw river: the negroes' huts formed quite a little hamlet of itself, the number of souls being forty; these buildings being ready, besides stabling, &c. for four horses, and about fifty acres of land, made it convenient for Mrs. W——'s purpose, whose plantation too was within a drive, about forty-two miles down the river, where 350 negroes used to be employed; but a fresh estate of 800 acres was just bought about 300 miles inland, to which 150 were removed by rail. Never did I see a happier set than these negroes. For six months had this lady been left with them alone. Her husband's regiment had been ordered to the Mississippi, about 1000 miles west.

In this army the officers are all elected ; the men of each company choose the lieutenants and captains, and the captains choose the field-officers from themselves, the colonel appointing his adjutant. This gentleman had procured Enfield rifles from England for 120 men of his regiment, the 10th South Carolina, before the Queen's proclamation came out, and cloth for their clothing, but he himself served for several months as a private : he has since refused promotion beyond captain. All his ambition is with his company, which is said to be a pattern of discipline and dash—indeed the whole regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Manigault is General Bragg's "pet regiment." The negro servants watched for tidings from their master by the tri-weekly mails as anxiously as their mistress. This gentleman, and some other masters, deemed it the best policy to be open with their negroes, and let them know the real cause of the war ; and that probably the Abolitionists would try and induce them to desert. On the 30th December this Mr. W—— appointed a special prayer and fast-day at his plantation church, and after service addressed the negroes, previous to his leaving for the House of Representatives, of which he was a member (elected for George Town). Not only the women, but the men wept :

they said they would never leave him—they loved their “massa and missis:” and not one of them *has* left. Lately two Southern gentlemen, on their way to George Town, met one of them, and pretending to be Yankees, to try the man, asked him if he would go with them to the United States fleet, and be free. He asked, how he could leave his master and mistress?—“No! he would never do that!” Fifteen negroes were bringing up a “flat” (*i. e.*, a river barge) load of rice to Conwayboro’; *en route* they heard of the approach of some Yankee gunboats, when they ran the flat up a creek till they were clear away, and then continued their course. They declared they would have swamped the flat and its cargo, if the Yankees had discovered it, and would themselves have taken to the swamps, where no white man could follow them: 300 barrels of rice were thus brought up and sold by Mrs. W——, at the Boro’, for eleven and a-half dollars a barrel (the half-dollar going for commission) retail to the inhabitants; the usual price before the war being sixteen to eighteen dollars, and from four to six dollars a cwt.; for this boon the neighbourhood was most grateful.

Now I hear the sounds peculiar to this region, the land of sand, of woods, of “branches,” of creeks, and

swamps:—the hollow bark of the crocodile; the bellowing of the bull-frog, all night long—the note of summer, just as the cuckoo's is in England; also, breaking the silence of the night, the mournful cry of the “whip-poor-will.” I had feared, from this latitude being about that of Morocco, it would be too hot for singing-birds; but, on the contrary, the mocking-bird, plain to eye but charming to ear, sent forth its varied song by night and by day; the nightingale's notes at night, and the thrush and the blackbird's warble by day. Some told me they imitate caterwauling, but I was glad not to hear that phase of their song. It is a plain bird, having black, brown, and white feathers, about the size of our thrush; it is heard everywhere in North and South Carolina and Virginia, and all through the spring and summer. On the 19th June the thermometer at Conwayboro' was 80° at eleven A.M., and 76° at nine P.M.: during the day a heavy thunderstorm echoed through the forests; the wind here blowing over lofty pines, sounds like the wind at sea.

There are seven negro cottages round the bungalow. Mrs. W—— gives out supplies of food weekly, viz., corn flour, rice and bacon, and salt;—molasses, of which they are very fond, is now scarcely to be had; but they have a little, and plenty of honey

and milk, and they are well clothed. In all the houses of negroes the boys and girls have separate bed-rooms. After dark the court-yard in front of the cottages is illuminated with pine-wood bonfires, which destroy the mosquitoes, and the children dance round the blaze; never a company of negroes, but some one plays a fiddle, and often tambourine or banjo to accompany. Here the coachman, "Prince," is a capital fiddler; his favourite tunes are "Dixie Land" and country dances. Just before bed-time more solemn sounds are heard: the negro is demonstrative in his religion, and loud and musical were heard every evening the hymns, many of them meeting in one of the houses. Remarkable for correctness are their songs, and both men and women's voices mingled in soft though far-sounding harmony. Some old church tunes I recognised. Sometimes they sent forth regular "fugues;" then, after a pause, would come the prayer, offered up by "Jemmy," or some "gifted" man. I could overhear some of the words; *e. g.* "O Lord, in whose palm of his hand be the waters of the ocean—who can remove mountains—who weighs the earth in a balance—who can still the waves of the storm—who can break the pines of the forest—who givest us a land of rivers of waters—O Jesus! who died on the cross for us—O forgive us our sins;

O help us in this time of trial and need. Protect our massa far away; protect our brothers 'Hector' and 'Cæsar' with him; defend us now we are away from home; defend our friends and relatives at home, &c." All the 350 negroes (except old Pemba, about 70 years of age, who had been brought from Africa, when a little girl) were born on the estate: like Abraham's servants, "born in his own house." The smile and voice of the negroes are most agreeable, and their manners very polite. The names are curious: "Prince," the capital coachman, a regular Jehu, not afraid of any horse, drove me out; his assistant-groom is "Agrippa." Prince always has a book with him on the box, which he reads directly he stops at a visit; his favourite book is "Pilgrim's Progress." Prince has a son, "Napoleon." Talking of names, there was a fine negro in the "Rinaldo," called "Prince of Wales," as black as jet; this was his name in the "roll-call."

I found the negroes were very anxious to hear "Missus' broder" preach. There was no branch of the Anglo-American Church at Conwayboro', nor anywhere within fifty miles. My sister had "done at Rome as Rome does," *i. e.*, attended the Presbyterian and Methodist churches alternately.

Two long wooden buildings, with green venetians and lift windows (for sashes are not seen here, the window being lifted and kept up with a catch), having open seats, and negro galleries, and bell cupolas, represent the churches: their bells being small had not been sent to be melted down; and at eight A.M. on Sunday, 15th June, "the Sabbath bell" of the Presbyterians rung out. It had been agreed that I should accept Mr. Gregg's offer of his pulpit—very conservative is the Anglo-Saxon-Norman race!—here, where the thermometer was 85° in the shade at eleven, the service began, keeping the old English hour, instead of the cool of the morning. I had brought my surplice, &c., from England, and used it on board both ships; but I thought it would not do here. The service opened with a hymn, very well sung, led by the voice of an elder; then a prayer by the minister; then he read a psalm; then again a hymn; then the sermon—my text being the same which I preached on at Washington. The congregation was most attentive. It was hot work. After the sermon Mr. Gregg offered another prayer, and then a hymn was sung, and the service was over. The prayers were very impressive and suitable; but no one seemed to know when to say "Amen;" and for public worship, I feel

convinced that prayers with which the congregation are acquainted, *i. e.*, in a set form, are the most edifying and most suitable. I saw in their book of hymns they had "The Creed," "The Lord's Prayer," and "The Ten Commandments;" but I heard they were seldom or never used. A Baptist minister, whom I met afterwards in course of travel, said that, after all, none of their Churches had any "system," except the English Church; and "system" was an essential, for Divine service to be carried out properly.

On the 17th of June we drove to E. F. Graham's, at a neighbouring farm. He was hard at work, shoemaking, while his wife and daughters were spinning. She showed us heaps of both woollen and cotton cloth, homespun. They used to get their "cards" for thirty-five cents a-piece; but now, owing to the blockade, they are from fifteen to twenty dollars! He has 556 acres of land, which, with house, he bought, in 1857, for \$2000 (400*l.*); has only thirty in cultivation. Keeps a few sheep. Has no negroes. His wife and daughters tilled the land in 1861, while he was with the army. Two sons, seventeen and eighteen years of age, are still with it. He was discharged from chronic dysentery; is forty-five years of age; and hence exempt from

further service, even if health admitted. Keeps seventeen sheep, and poultry. Good garden and a range of "bee-gums,"—called "gums" instead of "hives," because the hives are made of sections of gum-tree hollowed out. Every article of clothing is made at home. He has pines in his woods, which he "hacks" for turpentine. The "hack" is a steel instrument shaped like a "drawing-knife." The bark is hacked in V shape up to ten or twelve feet; after four weeks' "hacking," about one inch a-week, turpentine begins to run down into the cavity or "box" cut in the tree, the root of which holds from one to two quarts. One thousand of these boxes full will fill four barrels, 230 lbs. weight each, in four weeks. The price at New York before the war was four dollars a barrel. One man can tend 1200 boxes. By this work the woods are getting free of snakes. The trees may be tapped ten years, and then, let alone for a while, will heal over, and may be tapped on the other side. When barked all round, if the ground is wanted for cultivation, fire and the axe come to work. Many fortunes have been made by this business both in North and South Carolina.

On the 19th of June news came of the battle of "Secessionville," on James Island, near Charleston. Between 4000 and 5000 Federal troops marched

from Stonoe River before daylight, killed or took the Confederate pickets, and surprised the garrison of the Confederate advanced redoubt, commanded by Col. Lamar, C.S.A.,* which was hardly completed: some of the enemy even got on to the breast-work. The garrison of the redoubt was composed of 400 South Carolinians, who held it against those fearful odds for nearly four hours, when a regiment of 1000 men came up and assisted them to drive the Federals back to their boats, with the loss of 1100 men killed! This victory saved Charleston. The regiments of the Federals were picked men; one was a crack "Highland regiment." They had been promised rich booty and licence in the longed-for city, which was in view. The whole besieging force was withdrawn by September; so if I had waited for Mr. Stanton's time, as first proposed, my errand would still have been unexecuted.

On the 19th of June, thermometer 76° at 9 A.M., and 80° at 11. In the evening we visited a small farm. Mrs. Anderson, the lady of the house, was there; a fine-looking, intelligent woman, with four

* This Colonel Thomas Lamar is one of that family who raised 6000 men for the army of the South. Of this family there were seven colonels, three captains, and two lieutenants in the Confederate army: one of the colonels has been killed in action.

children at home—husband and eldest son (seventeen years old) with the army, in Mississippi. She thinks General Beauregard was quite right to retreat from Corinth, and so surprise the Yankee general. Not a breath of complaint came from her. Their property is fifty acres, of which twenty are cultivated by herself and eldest boy at home, fourteen years of age.

The people seem to be very free in their religion. Very often, if you ask any one to what Church he belongs, the answer is, "Oh, I am not bigoted; I go anywhere convenient; not joined any particular Church."

If any chain of society exists where all are equal, I should say the storekeeper or merchants form a connecting link between the planters and the farmers, the planters being the great proprietors or aristocracy.

On the first Monday in the month the people come from many miles round to the market, called here "sale's day." Horses are never put in stables, but a branch is bent down, to the end of which the bridle is fastened by a slip knot.

I have met a very intelligent man here, the editor of the "Conwayboro' Gazette," and a lawyer. We had several confabs about the Confederacy. One idea was started by him, that logically no law now passed at Washington can be legal, for no new law

can, by the constitution, pass without a call of the whole house, viz., all the states present by representation. Now thirteen states cannot be thus present, as, if so, they would be imprisoned; therefore no law passed since the separation of the South can be valid. If, however, the present Congress at Washington say such law is valid, it is a virtual confession of the right of the said states to secede from the Union; it is an admission that the states represented alone form the Union. The very name "state" signifies right *per se*. The "states" are not "counties," or "departments:" a "state," in Union or out of Union, is a people with right of self-government, at liberty to act *singly* or *in union*, as it pleases.

Many of the negroes here wear in their caps a small palmetto-tree made of palmetto leaf—the South Carolina symbol being a palmetto-tree. The State of South Carolina is divided into twenty-eight "districts," (in North Carolina they are called "counties"). These districts are as follow:—Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg, York, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Marlborough, Anderson, Abbeville, Laurens, Newberg, Chester, Fairfield, Kershaw, Darlington, Marian, Horry, Edgefield Lexington, Sumter, Richmond, Orangeburg, Barnwell, Williams-

burg, George-Town, Charleston, Beaufort, Colleton. Each has its court-house, judge, magistrates, and commissioners of roads. The assizes are half-yearly. In the fall and in the spring the commissioners call out one man out of every twenty to repair the roads.

The negroes on plantations have easy work: begin at sunrise, breakfast at nine, dinner at three; by which time the task-work is usually finished. All work is done by task, looked over by the driver, who is a negro, and all are under the overseer. Overseers are white men, their salary being about \$2000 (£400 a year), with good houses, and gardens, and servants: in Mr. W——'s plantation, having 350 negroes, all were born on the estate, except one family. All have gardens, pigs, poultry, cows. No boys or girls work till they are fifteen years of age; till then they are employed tending the infants while the parents are at work. On Saturday half-tasks are set, so that they have more than a half-holiday. Here every evening some of them came into the parlour to read the New Testament to Mrs. W——. One of these, "March," is a driver, about forty years of age; he stammers much in talk, but not at all in reading. If a negro marries a woman of another plantation, she is called a "broad wife;" the children stay with her.

It is the custom for masters to arrange for man and wife to be together: the wife is often bought on purpose to be with her husband, and *vice versâ*. A man who sells a wife away from her husband, out of reach, is reckoned inhuman in society; still it is done, and none that I conversed with on the subject but agree that a law should be passed to prevent it. A master at Wilmington sold a little child away from its mother: a subscription was immediately raised to buy the mother from him to put her with the child. He dared not refuse, and he was so avoided that he was obliged to quit the place.

I here insert an extract from a Charleston paper, complaining of the manner in which the constitution has been infringed, the condition of the negroes injured, and their freedom postponed:—

“The Declaration of Independence of the 4th July, 1776, is that ‘These United Colonies are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States.’

“The very word ‘State’ presumes self-government. A State is a body separate and entire. The several States came into Union, on throwing off the British yoke, for each one’s individual benefit, and for the sake of making a nation of States, and so, as soon as any State ceased to derive that benefit, it would have perfect right to withdraw from that

Union, and either to remain *per se*, or to confederate with those, whose interests might be identical. In fact the very origin of the Union proves this, for each joined it separately as an 'Independent' State; (two expressly stipulating the right of separation at pleasure, but the rest always held it as part of the Constitution). The States were not made for the Union, but the Union for the States. The South was not joined to the North as in eternal wedlock, but only as partners in company—the partnership dissoluble, at any time, by the will of either one. Moreover, each State has the seed of Independence in itself, having its Governor or President, its officers of State, its Senate and Congress, and above all its right to call a State Convention—also each State has its own distinct legal code, that of South Carolina being a copy of the 'Common Law' of England.

“Again, the Constitution requires that ‘The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government, and *shall protect each of them against invasion.*

“Departures from these provisions—

“1st. The Executive has invaded the sovereignty, freedom, and independence of those States, which claim to be separated from the Union. See Article 2nd.

“2nd. Force has been used and attack made against the independent States of the South, on account of their asserting their right of ‘sovereignty.’ See Article 3rd.

“3rd. The Southern States have had no vote in Congress; their Representatives have been absent from the House. See Article 5th.

“4th. The so-called United States of the North engaged in war against the Southern States, when thirteen out of thirty-one States did not assent in Congress, though, according to the Constitution, war cannot be declared unless two-thirds assent. See Article 9th.

“5th. As thirteen States are not represented in Congress, therefore no question as to this war against the Southern States can have been submitted to the determination of the United States in Congress assembled, for Congress consists by the Constitution of the whole of the States in Union; and, till a new Constitution be agreed on by the Northern States, there can be no legal Congress of the United States. And these articles having been broken by the so-called United States Congress, and the Executive, they have violated the Confederation, and destroyed the perpetuity of the Union. Moreover, they have broken the guarantee of a republican form of

Government to every State, in resisting the will of the people of said thirteen* States to be independent of the Union, and, instead of protecting them from invasion, have actually invaded them themselves. See Article 13.

“Thus the so-called United States, through their Congress and Executive, are in open disobedience to the Constitution, which constitutes rebellion.

“It is remarkable too, that they (*i.e.* the so-called United States and Executive) have been and are perpetrating the very same grievances that caused the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Among the grievances against the King of England, causing the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, it is said that ‘he combined with others’ ‘for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world.’ ‘He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.’ ‘He has excited domestic insurrections against us.’ By the Navigation Acts, the Congress shut out the South from carrying freight by any except Northern vessels, and, by protective tariffs taxed them heavily

* It is a remarkable coincidence that this number agrees with the number of States who at first conquered independence.

for goods manufactured from our own produce, in spite of the great founder of the Constitution, who said, 'Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. Our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences, consulting the natural course of things, diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing.' (See Washington's Farewell Address, September 17, 1796.)

“Again, by the blockade the Northern States have cut off the trade of the South from all parts of the world: not only this, in spite of commercial treaties with England and France, they have shut out their commerce from numerous ports, which they still claim to be ports of the United States, and so have broken faith with, and insulted and injured, those nations, and it is only wonderful that they have permitted such violation of their rights; for it is not as though some especial port besieged was interdicted,* but the whole sea-board, for thousands of miles, is

* By Article I., Section 8, Par. 1, of the Constitution of the Confederate States, the principle of free trade is established: “No bounties shall be granted by the Treasury; nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry.”

blockaded, and peaceable and fighting citizens are included in the one fell swoop of the rapacious eagle. Truly may the people of the Southern States complain of the Northern oligarchy as the Colonies did of George III. 'It has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.' Nay, more, though we might have looked for progress in civilization, after nearly a century, this new tyrant has insulted our women and driven us from our hearths and our altars. Again, they may say, 'It has excited domestic insurrection amongst us,' for Congress allows intemperate abolitionist attacks on the institution of slavery, which is part of the Constitution of the Southern States. It encouraged moral incendiaries to stir up the servants against their masters. It passed a 'fugitive slave law,'* and then upset its own law; and now the Executive of the United States has consummated this evil, by allowing his myrmidons to entice, if not force, the servants away from their homes illegally, promising them freedom in many

* This law is part of the original Constitution: "Article IV., Section 2, Par 3.—No person held to labour in one State, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due."

instances, yet increasing their bondage and arming them against their masters, and it is even stated that hundreds have been sent to Cuba for sale. O! for the spirit of Washington to rise up and turn their hearts! He looked to 'the *talents*, the *rectitude* and the *patriotism*' of the first minds of the Senate and Representatives, as 'the surest pledges' against 'local prejudices, separate views and party animosities,' which, he said, would 'misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye, which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests.' In these honourable qualifications—'talents, rectitude and patriotism,' he saw a guarantee that the 'pre-eminence of free government would be exemplified, by all the attributes, which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world.' He said: 'The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right.' His prayer was, that since it 'had pleased the benign Parent of the human race to favour the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity in a form of Government for the security of their Union and the advancement of their happiness; so His divine blessing might be equally

conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this Government must depend.'—*Washington's Inaugural Address, April 30, 1789.*

“He warned the people of the United States ‘indignantly to frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which linked together the various parts.’ Yet the abolitionists were encouraged in alienating the affections of the South.

“In this remarkable address of Washington there is an ominous doubt of the perpetuity of the Union. He calls it an ‘experiment.’ He says: ‘Let experience solve the doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere.’ He contemplates the causes which may disturb the Union. ‘Designing men may endeavour to excite a belief, from parties being designated by geographical discriminations, such as Northern or Southern, that there is a real difference of local interests and views.’* Now, who are the designing men but those Northern politicians, who, by violent or underhand ‘abolition’ speeches and by cruel tariffs, protecting themselves and laying heavy burdens on the South, have not

* Washington's Farewell Address, September 17, 1796.

only excited the belief, but forced the fact on the world.

“The law against openly teaching negroes to read and write, dates about fifteen or twenty years ago, and was caused by the Northern abolitionists circulating incendiary papers among the slaves, and thus putting back the light of that improvement for the negroes full fifty years. Before the designs of the abolitionists assumed such a dangerous form, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, had seriously contemplated gradual emancipation.

“John Randolph, Senator for Virginia, 1825-27, said—

““I am persuaded that the cause of humanity to the slaves has been put back a century, certainly a generation, by the unprincipled conduct of ambitious men, availing themselves of a good as well as a fanatical spirit in the nation.

““There can be no doubt that, if the agitation of the slavery question had not been commenced and fermented, by men, who had no possible connection with it, and who, from the nature of the case, could have no other motive but political ambition and a spirit of aggression; had the subject been left, as found, under the compromises of the Constitution and the laws of God and conscience, aided by an en-

lightened understanding of their true interests, to work a silent yet irresistible influence on the minds of men, there can be no doubt that, long ere this, measures would have been adopted for the final, the gradual extinguishment of slavery within our borders.'—*Randolph's Life*.

“Let the exposure of this mischievous system of misrepresentation, followed by designing men of the abolitionist sect, be closed with the following facts: The Rev. Mr. Beecher, it is well known, keeps up his sister's ‘frivolous imposture’* of ‘Uncle Tom's Cabin’ from the pulpit and the platform. In a recent sermon, preached at New York, he is reported to have said: ‘The new Government of the Confederate States has the development of slavery for its avowed object, and the encouragement of the slave-trade as a suppressed motive.’ Whereas it is provided by Section IX., Article 1, of the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, that ‘The importation of negroes of the African race, from any foreign countries, other than the slaveholding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden, and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same. Congress

* “I find a number of books of fabulous experiments and frivolous impostures, for pleasure and strangeness.”—*Bacon*.

shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or territory not belonging to this Confederacy."

On Mr. W.'s plantation there are nine women and four men superannuated, all comfortably housed and cared for: several of the boys and men can read and write; the girls when young can get over the rudiments of reading, but have a most extraordinary inability to proceed; yet by vivâ-voce teaching they get up their catechism very tolerably, and also Scripture history; and many answered my questions better than our poor children do in most places.

The negroes have family names, but you never hear them used except among themselves, they call them "titles;" *e.g.*, Mrs. W.'s second footman is Gabriel, his family name Knox; Mary, the housemaid's title, is Green. Their weddings are kept with good cheer; wedding cards are sent out to all their friends; the master gives them cake, turkeys, hams, molasses, coffee, &c., and they are always allowed three days' holiday.

Each plantation has its hospital, and a good woman nurse, strong and healthy, instructed in medicine and treatment of wounds. The common punishment on plantations is shutting up for a certain time; but generally it is shortened on ex-

pression of contrition ; whipping is only resorted to for theft, and then with clothes on.

The stoppage of mails and supplies has caused much feeling against the North. People said, "the Northerners say they have many Unionists still in the South. Why then punish them? Why not be content to guard the coast and seize 'contraband of war.' Suppose (they say) any Unionists are in distress, there is no appeal by letter; if any violence done by the Northern soldiers, no redress; all appeal to friends, shut up; is this like a paternal Government? In the North it is said Union feeling in the South is smothered by politicians: but if epistolary communication be cut off, how shall it be kept alive at all?—all Union feeling will be extinguished." I met many who had parents, children, brothers, sisters, &c., in the North, for whom they had not heard for more than a year, and could not hear. They called it barbarous, cruel, and foolish to stop the mails; many who were once hot for the Union were now just as hot against it. One lady was in a dangerous illness; great interest was made to procure a pass for her mother to come to her; but though her mother had intelligence conveyed by the greatest difficulty, she was not allowed by the Union authorities to pass from North to South, and the

daughter died from grief of mind added to illness of body.

On the 22nd of June we had the church "in our house;" it was too hot to go out, and the borough is near half a mile distant. The tintinnabulum of the Methodist Episcopal "Church" sounded; but the minister who lived twelve miles off did not appear, and his assistant was a private with the army.

About sixteen negroes, boys and girls, came into the piazza to be catechized by Mr. W——; they answered very well, and then sung hymns and chants. The adults went to the Methodist church at 3 P.M.: they frequently have meetings of their own for worship; but the service must be opened by a white man, who stays with them, and they say they were never disappointed, always some one in the South to help the poor negro in the work of his soul: one of the negroes preached. They would be very unhappy if they passed a Sunday without Divine service. I heard of an act of the Confederate Government which contrasted favourably with the conduct of the Federals—viz., just after the fall of Fort Sumter a proclamation was issued by the Government, that all who were unfavourable to the Confederate cause might go North, and time was given for them to arrange their affairs, whereupon a

great many left the South unmolested. A visit to a venerable old farmer gave me an idea of the Southern yeomen: he was seventy years of age, six feet high, strong and healthy; he had four sons, three of whom were gone to the war. Early in life this man taking a religious turn became preacher in the Methodist church; he still preaches twice every Sunday, going four miles and more. On my way home I visited another farm, whose owner was rather too fond of his whiskey, which militated against his military propensities; so having joined the army he was soon obliged to quit it (no drunkenness is allowed in the Southern army): his only two sons fit to work are in the army; out of the rest of his family two are blind. Some idea may be formed of the warlike propensities of the youths in this district, when it is stated that the number of voters, whose age must be twenty-one years, barely exceeded 800, and those who volunteered for the army were 1200. I was surprised at hearing several of the farmers saying that "the war would do good, observing that, *for a long time*, they had been too careless in religion, and unthankful for the many blessings they enjoyed. The war, they thought, would tend to correct these failings: moreover, for a long time they had no energy to provide for their

own wants, being dependent on the North for everything in the shape of manufacturing goods; now they would be taught by necessity to exert themselves, and develop the resources which God had given to them. It would also unite the various religious sects, and bring them to work together for their country's rights."

On visiting a neighbour who had been bedridden fourteen years, I saw a book entitled "Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*," printed 1855. Here was a religious secession; it recommended to "all Methodists the book called 'Doctrine and Discipline of the M. E. C. S.,' which contains the articles of religion maintained more or less, in part or whole, by every Reformed Church in the world." On the 1st of May, 1845, a conference met at Louisville, Kentucky, which declared by solemn resolution that "The jurisdiction hitherto exercised by the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the slave-holding States entirely dissolved and erected the annual conference into a separate ecclesiastical connection, under the style and title of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*. The first general conference of which was held at Petersburg, Virginia, 1st May, 1846. They declared this was occasioned by the long and continued agitation of

the subject of slavery and abolition in the annual conferences, the frequent action on that subject in the general conference, and especially the proceedings of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 1844, in the case of the Rev. James O. Andrew, D.D., one of the bishops, having been connected with slavery by marriage." The wife of this afflicted man showed me her three girls, and said, with tears in her eyes, "See how we give up everything for our liberty. Here am I, left with my sick husband and these three girls; we have sent our only son to fight for the holy cause far away. The cruellest thing was stopping letters from South to North between friends and relations; the stoppage was all on one side: the South did not wish it to be so. Bad enough to bear privations of things needful for the body; the actual necessaries of life not to be had, or too dear to be got by people of small means, such as we are. Butter \$1 a pound; no ice—no tea—no coffee—no sugar. Cottons used to be 5 cents a yard, now they are 40; boots used to be \$3 a pair, now 30 to 40; Mrs. L. and daughters make their own shoes, and make their medicines from herbs in woods and gardens."

On the 24th June, Mr. W.'s river flat "Charles-

ton" came up to Conwayborough from the plantation. We were on the bank. Captain Charlie and his crew, in all eight, fine, strong, good-natured fellows, jumped ashore. All shook hands with and made low bows to Mrs. W., and then, as a thing of course, with me. I asked, "Well, Charlie, what would you have done if the gunboats had come across you?" Answer: "Sunk de flat, and cleared selves in de swamp." In the evening the crew and all met together in one of the houses, and joined in thanksgiving for safe arrival and not being hindered by the enemy.

Negro labourers have generally family prayers and hymns. In this plantation they are all of the Anglican Church, and they can give an account of their faith too; but they are ready to go anywhere to hear preaching and to join in prayer and psalms. This day the thermometer rose to 88°—too hot to be pleasant! A thunder-storm at night lowered it to 85° next day.

Met a gentleman who had left the army from bad health. He declared that at the battle of Williamsburg the Hampton brigade was in a wood, and came suddenly on a New York regiment, when it was halted, and the order given to fix bayonets, on hearing the noise of which the latter regiment ran off. He served a year on the Potomac. His

regiment, the 2nd S. C., covered the retreat to Richmond. He tells me of fine iron mines at Pendleton, in South Carolina, of which iron Colonel Colt said it was the best for fire-arms; also, that at Walhalla, near the Alleghanny Mountains, the Germans had set up potteries. Cotton and woollen manufactories had sprung up at Spartanburg, in the same region. The latitude is 34: the locality is found to be healthy for white people. About the same latitude in North Carolina coal is found seven feet under the surface, the bed being about ten feet deep, extending over a space of 30 by 10 miles, and by rail only two days from Charleston. This man's father grew sugar-cane on two acres in South Carolina, and got six barrels of syrup and four of sugar.

In 1860 a company was started to get up a steam line between Charleston and England. Two-thirds of the shares were taken in England, and one-third in South Carolina. This will be resumed when the war is over.

On the 26th of June, after the "hot," we have a "cool spell;" delightful summer weather, thermometer at 76° at 9 A.M., and at 9 P.M. 77°.

Now I see another grade. We drive about six miles, and visit Mr. Anderson's farm, which some call a "plantation." He has 2,500 acres, but only

100 in cultivation. What a country for grapes! Fancy one vine in his garden, five years old, trained on a trellis, covering fifteen yards square, from which he makes two barrels of wine of forty gallons each. His house is covered with shingles, made of the heart of the black cypress. He has seventeen negroes: he heard one of his men was married, found out where his wife was, and bought her on purpose to keep them together: he believes that one of the first measures of the Southern Legislature when peace is made, will be to make it illegal to separate man and wife by sale, or parents and children till the latter be grown up. He has seventy sheep; all their clothes are now of home manufacture. He grows sugar-canes, which get up to twelve feet high. He says the farmers who keep no slaves are more resolute in the fight for liberty than the slaveholders: they feel that the monopolizing spirit of the Northerners has prevented the due progress of the Southerners.

Mr. L——, the bedridden invalid, was anxious to receive the holy communion; it was four years since he had been visited by the Methodist minister; and on the 27th of June I administered it to him in his house. The people here were quite ignorant of our Prayer-book; when they saw it they were quite

taken with it. Many said they wished my church was there; and it certainly seems the branch of the English Church in America called "the Protestant Episcopal Church" (a very indefinite denomination, in my opinion) has been very unprogressive. Often in travelling, when I saw the various churches in small places, I asked if there was an Episcopal church, and the answer would be, "O no, they are only in the towns." The want of system both in the ministry and services of the other "churches" not requiring a belief in Apostolical succession, was very evident. The order and decency essential to the Anglo-Catholic Church would be hailed, by many in those villages and farms, as a great spiritual comfort, and from the spirit of toleration which exists, no hostility would be raised. The fields are white to the harvest; there is a noble opening for the ministry of the Church. Come, not in the spirit of opposition but of love—on the principle that those who are not against Christ are for him. If the old Church be "Apostolic," it should surely go to the *villages* as well as the *towns*—it should visit every homestead through the forests. Many said, they have their Bibles, but they felt a want of something more, viz., a form of prayer according to the Bible, and discipline according to that of the Apostles.

CHAPTER IV.

*A Move to the Sea, and First Visit to the
Plantation.*

CONWAYBOROUGH is waxing warm; and besides the heat, if you walk out, there are little ticks which crawl upon your skin from top to toe, and you must undress to get rid of them. As for mosquitoes, the muslin curtains keep them out at night.

I determined on a trip to the sea. Mrs. W——'s plantation rested on both sides of the Wakamah river, which runs from north to south parallel with the sea, leaving a strip of about three miles, and then a creek of the sea runs behind a sand island, called "Pawley." Here about fifteen wealthy planters have selected portions of land, and covered the island with neat marine villas. I left in the buggy and pair at 5 A.M.; at twenty-six miles rested half an hour, at a farm of a Mr. Macklin, who gave good entertainment for man and horse, and would take no payment. In spite of the blockade these

farmers have abundance of good things. Here you are in a "foreign land," and meet with a regular old English reception and hearty welcome: corn bread—milk—butter—honey—cider—wine—all home-made; orchards filled with peach-trees and apples—the fruit not yet ripe. Mr. Macklin's eldest son is called "Lafayette." Talking of the United States blockaders, Mrs. M. said, "they could not reckon them anything less than pirates; they invaded unoffending citizens on the coasts, insulted the women, destroyed their property, and took away their servants and cattle."

The road was rough: often when a tree had fallen across it, a detour had to be made some yards through the forest. The woods were beautiful in all variety of foliage: oaks, cypress, cedar, pine, magnolias, azaleas, &c. I passed ten fine plantations with their negro villages; the houses are built in streets, and generally in *échelons*. The forty miles were done in seven hours. "Prince" never touched the horses once with the whip—only spoke to them; the voice is much used in the management of horses in the South. Though the sun was hot, and flies were numerous, yet the horses went along unmolested, being protected from flies by the "horse guards," which are immense black and yellow hornets; two or three of

them keep continually hovering round each horse, devouring the flies and scaring them away; they are also constant attendants on cattle, to their great relief and comfort. Some miles of the road were deep with sand. It was sad to see the plantation called Hagley—its empty mansion being kept by a faithful negro and his wife. I entered under a raised portico, and walking on through a passage, came to a domestic chapel, where daily morning and evening service used to be said by the master. A three-miles drive further brought us to the hospitable house of Mr. Rosa, Captain W——'s catechist—now acting overseer. Mandeville is shaded by a grove of ilexes—the tide coming to the foot of the garden; I felt at once the reviving influence of the sea air.

On St. Peter's day, 29th June, I served in St. Mary's, Weehawka, on the Wakamah river; a pretty wooden church with lancet windows; for coolness, the walls are double, and thus made about three feet wide. In the tower there is a capital clock, the moral influence of which among the negroes is said to be wonderful and indescribable. Mr. Rosa is appointed a "lay reader." This is an excellent addition to the ministry of the Church; and our bishops would do well to have it in England. He reads Prayers and Lessons; and if the rector be

absent, he reads a sermon of his approval. The congregation (consisting of 250 negroes, men, women, and children) was very attentive. About a dozen of the men had prayer-books, and joined audibly in the service, all saying the "Amens" much better than many of our congregations in England. The "Selections" of the psalms and the hymns are a great improvement on our Prayer-book; many negroes who cannot read, know the "Selections" by heart, as also they do many of the hymns, in the singing of which they join heartily and correctly. After service a great many of them came up to the chancel steps, and shook hands with me.

Next day I saw the rice fields on the south bank of the Wakamah: these fields are reclaimed from swamps: a high embankment is made along the river, through which at intervals are placed immense sluices, which are the means of keeping the fields flooded from seed-time till harvest. On the 30th of June the crops were about half grown; the harvest would be in September, nearly half the blade being under water continually till the ear ripens. Out of 300 acres this year, owing to the 150 negroes having gone to the new plantation, more than 100 were doomed to destruction. This is executed by drown-

ing the crop, and then letting off the water suddenly, which lays it flat and dry for the sun to kill. However, the clever Mr. Rosa, who makes as good an overseer as he is Catechist, hit upon the idea of cutting the half-ripe rice, and making it into hay for the mules and oxen; and I doubt not it answered his expectations. In the garden of the overseer's house he raises two crops of "Irish potatoes," yearly; first in June, second in October: they are sown in trenches with layers of straw: they are called "Irish potatoes" because the "sweet potato" or yam, the staple vegetable (vast fields being full of it everywhere) has usurped the old name. The gardens here produce delicious figs, grapes, and melons, okra (what we call quash in India), egg plant, tomata—all in abundance. The negroes have all these in their gardens too. The woods produce whortleberries finer than any I ever saw in Germany or England, and carry their grateful shade down to the sea: they are mostly of second growth here, as about 200 years ago the whole ground was taken up by indigo fields. When the original planters took up land, it was all for indigo, while the swamps on the river margins were thrown in as worthless; but now these swamps, as just stated, give all the wealth of the planters; and indigo is left to grow wild in the second-

growth woods. But how beautiful are those woods! The roads are drives through groves abounding with magnolias, bays, rhododendra, and azaleas: the aromatic scents by night, when your path is lit up by innumerable fire-flies, is delicious.

On the 1st July I left the sea-washed and forest-shaded Mandeville, at 3 A.M.; the Virginia steeds, Saratoga and Equity, dashing through the scented woods lighted by fire-flies and stars. These light buggies, with their slender wheels, are the traps to fly through a country in; when you pull at the horses they dash onwards—when you slacken your hold, they slacken their pace; and their eyes are free to gaze about—no blinkers to disfigure their beautiful heads; their “hoofs that iron never shod,” uncontracted, spurn the earth: for the roads are all sandy in these parts; there is no “breeching” to hide their muscular, well-turned quarters: so away they go, with nothing but collars and traces and a tight girth. The whole affair is the acme of lightness and strength combined. We soon got over the thirty-six miles to the Wakamah ferry. “Prince” drove the carriage into the boat; luckily I got out; the “young man” of the ferry was gone to the war, so we only had a negro woman to manage it. In half an hour we reached the opposite bank. Our

dusky propeller held on her pole at the stern, and I seized the iron ring at the prow; "Prince" gave a pull, and out sprung the steeds—but, alas! back went the boat, in spite of my pull and her push. Nobly the horses struggled up the slippery bank, their hind feet in and out of the water: the bank was steep, the water deep; in a moment the boat had slipped away, and the carriage was in the river, and poor "Prince" in a very uncomfortable position. I kicked and thumped the near horse, and urged them with my voice, telling "Prince" to let go the reins; and just as the horses made a last desperate effort to escape being dragged back into the stream with the floating buggy, both splinter bars broke, and away they sprang with the pole and reins. I rushed to the near fore-wheel, which was just disappearing, and by unexpected strength held it up to the edge of the bank. The moment the horse broke loose, "Prince" scrambled over the splash-board, sprung to the bank, and held the other wheel. The poor negro woman stood aghast; the horses began eating grass. We looked down to the ferry head—how lucky! It was conscript-day at Conwayboro', and three planters' overseers had just arrived, and were getting into another boat to pass over. As soon as possible they came to the rescue, and by all our united efforts we

pulled the vehicle on to *terra firma*, and with bits of wood and cords, splinter bars were extemporized, and in a few minutes we were off again for the Boro' with no more damage than my valise, with all its contents, my white surplice, my books and journal, stained with the dark-brown waters of the Wakamah.

On returning to Conwayboro' I hear the news of the Federal forces being driven from near Richmond several miles down the James River; but there are no flags flying, no outward signs of rejoicing—only the people seem, individually, as if a weight were removed from their minds, by gloom being exchanged for smiles.

A warm retreat is Conwayboro'. At midday, July 2nd, thermometer 86°, and little relief at night; yet people seem to live to a good old age here. I met a lady to-day, aged seventy, strong in mind and body; has a son who has been wounded four times; her residence is North Carolina. A friend of hers, a widow, had a plantation at Pollocksville: part of General Newbern's force went up the river and took away by force 100 of her negroes. She stated as a known fact, that four ship-loads of negroes had been taken from Port Royal to Cuba, and sold to pay expenses of the war.

CHAPTER V.

Off to Columbia and the Refuge Plantation.

ON 3rd July I started for Columbia and Winsboro'. The train from Wilmington arrived at Fairbluff at 12.30 night; cars full of wounded men from Richmond, reached Kingsville, 100 miles, at 7 A.M. Near this place the Wateree River and its tributaries and swamps are traversed by a viaduct raised on timber tressel-work for five miles. Kingsville is the junction of the branches to Augusta and Columbia; therefore many of the poor wounded soldiers got out. It was sad to see them. The station hotel, by no means adequate to the demand now put upon it by the war, did not meet their wants; the hot fries and beefsteaks of the American breakfast they could not taste. I asked "mine host" if there was nothing else. "No—only pay 75 cents, and sit down." Several of them said, "We only want a little milk and water and a biscuit,"—which were

not to be had; water was indeed scarce! They covered the station, some on stretchers, some on crutches—no one to attend to them. It was twenty miles to Columbia, which we did in the luggage-car of a freight train. On 4th July I arrived at Columbia, capital of South Carolina, a very pretty city, called the “Garden City.” Every street has an avenue of trees and one long street, a double one. I was provided with a letter to the Governor, Mr. Pickens, by the kindness of Mr. Mason; and I lost no time in making use of it. Found him at his office, and, luckily, the general of the district with him. I reported the state of things at Kingsville, and orders were issued then and there for an assistant surgeon to be stationed there, and a wayside hospital erected, with all the needments for the sick and wounded. I avoided the crowded hotels, and put up at Mrs. McMahan’s boarding-house. These houses are to be found in every town, and very nice they are, having the *table-d’hôte* system well carried out; the drawing-room, pianoforte, &c. Never was there a cleaner house than Mrs. McMahan’s; and most agreeable society. She had Colonel Hayne, aide-de-camp to the general, a poet and a friend of poets; Mrs. Bartow, the widow of one of the brave men

who fell at the battle of Bull Run, 1861; and Colonel Chesnut (one of the State Council), with his lady, and several others. Our good hostess gave us a great treat in real tea and coffee; but her supply was nearly out.

On the 5th of July, Governor Pickens took me a drive round and through the city. It stands high, looking down South on the Congeree River, which runs from west to east; the Congeree and Wateree meeting a few miles off make the Santee. The country is pretty, healthy, and undulating; they call it a "rolling" country. The soil is good; substratum rocky. The gardens and fields are very productive. The water is excellent.

The Governor was for three years United States Minister at St. Petersburg. He showed his determination to stand up for state rights in the affair of Fort Sumter in April, 1861. Of course we talked about that. In March, 1861, it was given out, and confidently reported in the newspapers, that Fort Sumter was to be evacuated by the Federal forces; but on the 8th of April, simultaneously with the appearance of a Federal fleet in the offing of Charleston harbour, an official message was conveyed to Governor Pickens by Lieutenant Talbot, an authorized agent of Mr. Lincoln's government, announcing

the determination of Government to send provisions to Fort Sumter, "peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must." The message was telegraphed by General Beauregard to Montgomery, capital of the state of Alabama, and the instructions of the Government asked. He was answered by a telegram from Mr. Walker, the Secretary of War of the Confederate Government, instructing him to demand the evacuation of the fort; and, if that were refused, to proceed to reduce it. The demand was refused by Major Anderson, commandant. Fort Sumter is three and a half miles from Charleston, at the entrance of its harbour. The most intense excitement prevailed in the city. Seven guns were fired from the Capitol Square—the signal for assembling all the reserves ten minutes afterwards.

On the 12th of April, at half-past four in the morning, fire was opened by the Confederates upon Fort Sumter from Fort Moultrie in the north, Fort Cumming in the south, and Fort Pickens in the west. Shells were thrown into the fort every twenty minutes. Sumter, from its awful, wave-washed pentagon, sixty feet high, twelve feet thick, built of solid brick and concrete, with three tiers of guns, furiously responded all day and all night: shells crossing in the air flashed over the waters.

At seven next morning the Sumter barracks were on fire, and the besieged were silent. General Beauregard ceased his fire, and chivalrously sent a boat with offers of assistance to quench the flames; but, ere it could reach, a flag of truce was run up in token of unconditional surrender. But the generous Beauregard returned Major Anderson his sword, and gave permission to him and his garrison to take passage at their convenience for New York. On leaving the fort, Anderson's request to be permitted to salute the national flag with fifty guns was granted: in the performance of this, two cannon burst, and killed four of his men.

“Keen were thy pangs, but keener far to feel
’Twas thine own pinion wing’d the fatal steel.”

During the two days' engagement, as by a miracle, not a life had been lost, nor a limb injured. Was the “Star-Spangled Banner,” the Moloch, greedy of a sacrifice? Was this catastrophe a sign, at the very outset, of a war urged on by national pride versus life and liberty?

An extract, regarding Beauregard, from a book called the “First Year of the War,” by Mr. E. A. Pollard of Richmond, will come well in here:—

“On the day succeeding the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, General P. G. Toussant Beaufort

gard was put in command of the Confederate troops besieging Fort Sumter. His military record was slight, but gave evidence of genius. He was the son of a wealthy and influential Louisiana planter. He had graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, taking the second honours in his class, and had served in the Mexican war with distinction, being twice breveted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field—the first time as Captain, for the battles of Contreras and Chernbusco, and again as Major, for the battle of Chapultepec. He was subsequently placed by the Federal Government in charge of the construction of the Mint and Custom-house at New Orleans. He had been ordered by Mr. Buchanan to West Point as Superintendent of the Military Academy. The appointment was revoked within forty-eight hours, for a spiteful reason—the family connection of the nominee with Mr. Slidell of Louisiana; and Major Beauregard, resigning his commission at once, received higher rank in the army of the Southern Confederacy.

“Beauregard is forty years of age. He is small, brown, thin, extremely vigorous, although his features wear a dead expression, and his hair has whitened prematurely. Face, physiognomy, accent—everything about him is French. He is quick, a

little abrupt, but well educated, and distinguished in his manners. He does not care to express the manifestation of an ardent personality which knows its worth. He is extremely impassioned in the defence of the cause which he serves; at least, he takes less pains to conceal his passion under a calm and cold exterior than do most of his comrades in the army. The South found in him a man of an uncommon ardour, a ceaseless activity, and an indomitable power of will."

The hanging gardens and public park of Columbia, with fountains playing among beautiful shrubberies, slope down towards the rapid and winding Congeree. Every evening they were crowded with the promenaders and beautiful children, enjoying the cool vesper breeze. Many are the gardens here, but for elegance and beauty, and sweetness of flowers, I suppose Colonel Preston's is equal to any in the world. It is a land redolent with fruit and flowers, and milk and honey abound.

In the evening, at a *veritable* tea, I was introduced to Mrs. Pickens, one of the fairest of the fair daughters of Louisiana. Great was the luxury of high-flavoured tea from Russia, and coffee from Mocha, after weeks of burnt rye for coffee, and water bewitched with short supply of tea; and, while tra-

velling, only sassafras, or holly tea at the best. In these warm latitudes the custom of paying visits in the evening is most agreeable, and this is the thing to do. Dinner is done from two to four; then I daresay many a siesta is taken, to string the bow for the *soirée* quivers of conversation.

Many were the tales of war I heard, *inter alia*. Capt. —, A.D.C. to General —, a friend of the Governor's, was rather a reckless cavalier: he said he would get a Bible the first opportunity, for he had heard say a Bible would stop a bullet; so after a battle he found one on a dead Yankee, and put it in his breast-pocket, and in the next battle a ball hit the Bible, but did not penetrate to his body. All the reports of the complete victory of the South over the North, at Richmond, were now confirmed. The telegrams came that evening that Hill and Longstreet were pursuing the enemy to Malvern Hill, far down the James River.*

Mrs. Pickens' sister had just arrived, having travelled night and day for six days, escaping with her child through General Butler's lines: she looked like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler.

* The saying was, M'Clellan will find tough work to get to Richmond, for he has to cross a deep branch (Gen. Branch); get over two hills (two Gen. Hills); march along a lea (General Lee); pass up a long street (Gen. Longstreet), and at the end of it jump over a stone wall (Jackson.)

Here I insert statements bearing on this man Butler, voted in the Confederate Congress to be "*hostis humani generis.*"

The plain honest bearing of our tars raised the spleen of Butler, for one day when a boat went ashore from H. M. S. "Rinaldo" at New Orleans, the men sung "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and other Secession songs; whereupon the commandant sent word to Capt. Hewett that he did not allow Secession songs to be sung in New Orleans harbour; to which the captain replied—"That a British boat was part of the British soil, which was a free country, and British sailors might sing what songs they liked." After this, Butler sent word to the captain that the "Rinaldo" was not to leave New Orleans harbour without his permission. To which he replied that he was under the command of the British admiral, by whose instructions he had come to New Orleans, which he should leave whenever the Admiral ordered him to do so, and if he met with any opposition he should force his way.

The Southern papers applauded the spirited bearing of the British officer in their report of the circumstance.

It was stated in the Richmond papers that a lady who was insulted by a Yankee officer in the streets of New Orleans, shot him with a revolver. Three

or four officers were together, and one of them stepped forth and said, "Madam, you are my prisoner," handed her into a vehicle, and drove off as if to the Provost Marshal. But on the way he directed the driver to leave the town, and going several miles out, delivered her up to the Confederate authorities within their lines.

I was rejoiced to hear, that of the hundreds of bells which had been sent to the Columbian depôt from churches and plantations, to be made into cannon, not one had been melted. "How so?" said I. The answer was, "We are foundering our own cannon from our own iron mines, and we have taken a great many from the enemy."

On the 6th July I had the honour of preaching in Trinity Church for the Rev. Mr. Shand, the excellent rector, at eleven: it was very hot. The singing was, as I have generally found it, too showy, too studied, got up by ladies and gentlemen in such style that the good intention of our Church for congregational Psalmody is impracticable; even the chants are Americanized. Eighty communicants came up for the blessed Sacrament. P.M.—Confirmation was celebrated by Dr. Davies, Bishop of South Carolina, quite blind, but most perfectly and impressively did he go through it with his remarkable clear voice. One

young lady was baptized after the 2nd Lesson, and confirmed with the rest. An excellent sermon was preached by a young clergyman named Lance, on the text—"As thy day is so shall thy strength be." Again, looking at the venerable afflicted bishop, and then the crowded and devout congregation, methought, Can these be "rebels?"

On the 7th July, at 1 A.M., off for Winsborough by the Charlotte railroad; forty miles there at 10.30. This plantation had been purchased, at Mrs. W—'s discretion, as a harbour of refuge, in case the negroes should be attacked by the Yankees on the plantation near the sea. I found the overseer's buggy ready to take me four miles to the new plantation to see how the negroes were getting on. It consisted of 856 acres, bought with crops standing. Corn, 240 acres; potatoes, 140 acres; wheat, 10 acres; cotton, 20 acres; sugar-cane, 10 acres; peas, 10 acres; oats, 10 acres; the rest wood and grass: a residence, houses for negroes, homestead with cotton gin-house, eight head of cattle, twenty pigs, and farm implements, all for \$20,000, about £4400. I found the house pleasantly sited, with a grove of oaks to the west, which shaded the negroes' huts and homestead; the road to it very rough, over granite rocks, and down deep gullies, across several clear streams.

Standing on the piazza the whole of the estate is in view: here were 156 negroes, brought about 250 miles from where they were "born and raised," as the saying is here, having left their cows, and poultry, and pigs behind, and deprived of many little comforts, yet not a word of murmur. As for work, all their daily tasks were finished by 3 P.M., and then they had the rest of the day to themselves; boys and girls between fifteen and twenty-one years of age doing half-tasks. As there were not enough huts for all, the single men had tents, and each man his tent. The white canvas tents, pitched among the trees, had a pretty effect, like a little encampment. In a few hours the object of my journey (viz., to give an account of the estate and of the welfare of the negroes thereon to my sister at Conwayboro') was accomplished, and amid cries of "much huddy"* to massa, "much huddy" to missus, much huddy to the people all, I bid farewell to the warm-hearted colony at "The Retreat." On my return to Winsboro' Station I found every car was crowded with wounded officers and soldiers going home on furlough from Richmond, and I was obliged to put up with a *stand* in a baggage car. I find in my diary, on returning to Columbia, I wrote a reverie on the unity

* "Huddy" is, I fancy, derived from "How-do-ye."

of Christendom without unity of denomination, but it is too long to insert here. I was led into it by seeing here people in high position, united in business and friendship, attending various churches, and then again their families subdivided *ad infinitum*, and no controversy dividing their "peace" or hindering their "good-will."

The Anabaptists, so called from *ava*, thoroughly, or baptizing by immersion, generally claim the negroes as of their denomination, they having a great inclination to outward visible signs, and especially the forcible one of immersion; but I heard of clergy of the Anglo-American Church not hesitating to carry out this form, as indeed it is ordered in our Liturgy. One of the negro carpenters on —— plantation was asked by a Baptist minister why he joined the so-called Episcopal Church: his answer was, "Why, sir, I am a carpenter, and like to see all things done by rule, and here I find in the Episcopal Church it is so." It is to be remarked, while on this subject, that the Roman, the Anglican, and the Scotch modes of worship are all represented by the great chiefs of the Confederate army; *e.g.*, Beauregard of the Roman Church, Lee of the English, and Jackson of the (Scotch) Presbyterian, and all devout members of their several churches. It was by the summons of the

first-named general that the church bells of all denominations were martyred in will, though not in deed, to the cause of liberty.

I met several at Columbia who thought the blockade was "not only cruel and impolitic to the South, showing the Northerners in their true character, reckless and cruel—driving Unionists to be disunionists—but downright bullying to England and France, who they said could break it up in a week with no more ships than they had now on their stations; for the blockading squadron was only composed of old passenger-ships, with a few guns placed on them."

Although it is warmish here I sleep without dropping the mosquito curtains. A clergyman called who was bound for the mountains, his description of which made me long to breathe their air; but they lay in a contrary direction to the devoirs of my errand, and I felt I had no business there, little thinking how soon I was to be obliged to visit them.

How diversified are the notes of the Muse! Colonel Paul Hayne gave me a copy of his lines, first on Morgan, the Cavalier of the South, and then on Butler, the enemy to the human race. I know he will allow me to reprint them for my

English friends ; so here they are to enliven my prosy dullness :—

THE KENTUCKY PARTISAN.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

I.

Hath the wily swamp fox
 Come again to earth ?
 Hath the soul of SUMTER
 Owned a second birth ?
 From the Western hill-slopes
 Starts a hero-form,
 Stalwart, like the oak-tree,
 Tameless, like the storm !
 His, an eye of lightning !
 His, a heart of steel !
 Flashing deadly vengeance,
 Thrilled with fiery zeal !
 Hound him down, ye minions !
 Seize him—if ye can !
 But woe worth the hireling knave
 Who meets him, man to man !

II.

Well done, gallant MORGAN !
 Strike with might and main,
 'Till the fair fields redden
 With a gory rain ;
 Smite them by the roadside,
 Smite them in the wood,
 By the lonely valley,
 And the purpling flood :

'Neath the mystic starlight,
'Neath the glare of day,
Harass, sting, affright them,
Scatter them, and slay :
Beard, who durst, our chieftain !
Bind him—if ye can !
But woe worth the Hessian thief
Who meets him, man to man !

III.

There's a lurid purpose
Brooding in his breast,
Born of solemn passion,
And a deep unrest :
For our ruined homesteads,
And our ravaged land,
For our women outraged
By the dastard hand,
For our thousand sorrows
And our untold shame,
For our blighted harvests,
For our towns aflame —
He has sworn (and recks not
Who may cross his path)
That the foe shall feel him
In his torrid wrath—
That, while will and spirit
Hold one spark of life,
Blood shall stain his broadsword,
Blood shall wet his knife.
On, ye Hessian horsemen !
Crush him—if ye can !
But woe worth your stanchest slave
Who meets him, man to man !

IV.

'Tis no time for pleasure,
 Doff the silken vest!
 Up, my men, and follow
 MARION of the West!
 Strike with him for freedom,
 Strike with main and might,
 'Neath the noonday splendour,
 'Neath the gloom of night!
 Strike by rock and roadside,
 Strike in wold and wood,
 By the shadowy valley,
 By the purpling flood!
 On, where MORGAN'S war-horse
 Thunders in the van!
 God! who would not gladly die
 Beside that glorious man?

V.

Hath the wily swamp fox
 Come again to earth?
 Hath the soul of SUMTER
 Owned a second birth?
 From the Western hill-slopes
 Starts a hero-form,
 Stalwart, like the oak-tree,
 Restless, like the storm!
 His, an eye of lightning!
 His, a heart of steel!
 Flashing deadly vengeance,
 Thrilled with fiery zeal!
 Hound him down, ye robbers!
 Slay him—if ye can!
 But woe worth the hireling knave
 Who meets him, man to man!

BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

“ It is ordered that, hereafter, when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, *she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.*”—*Butler's Order at New Orleans.*

I.

Ay ! drop the treacherous mask ; throw by
The cloak, which veiled thine instincts fell ;
Stand forth thou base, incarnate lie,
Stamped with the signet brand of hell !
At last we view thee as thou art,
A trickster with a demon's heart.

II.

Off with disguise ! no quarter now
To rebel honour ! thou wouldst strike
Hot blushes up the anguished brow,
And murder Fame and Strength alike :
Beware ! ten million hearts aflame
Will burn with hate thou canst not tame !

III.

We know thee now ! we know thy race !
Thy dreadful purpose stands revealed,
Naked, before the nation's face !—
Comrades ! let mercy's fount be sealed,
While the black banner courts the wind,
And cursed be he who lags behind !

IV.

Oh! soldiers, husbands, brethren, sires!
 Think that each stalwart blow ye give
 Shall quench the rage of lustful fires,
 And bid your glorious women live
 Pure from a wrong whose tainted breath
 Were fouler than the foulest death.

V.

Oh! soldiers, lovers, Christians, men!
 Think that each breeze that floats and dies
 O'er the red field, from mount or glen,
 Is burdened with a maiden's sighs—
 And each false soul that turns to flee
 Consigns his love to infamy!

VI.

Think! and strike home!—the fabled might
 Of Titans were a feeble power
 To that with which YOUR arms should smite
 In the next awful battle-hour!
 And deadlier than the bolts of Heaven
 Should flash your fury's fatal levin!

VII.

No pity! let your thirsty brands
 Drink their warm fill at caitiff veins;
 Dip deep in blood your wrathful hands,
 Nor pause to wipe those crimson stains.
 Slay! slay! with ruthless sword and will—
 The God of vengeance bids you “kill!”

VIII.

Yea! but there's *One who shall not die*
In battle harness! One for whom
Lurks in the darkness silently
Another, and a sterner doom:
A warrior's end should crown the brave—
For *him*, swift cord and felon grave!

IX.

As loathsome charnel vapours melt,
Swept by invisible winds to nought,
So may this fiend of lust and guilt
Die like a nightmare's hideous thought!
Nought left to mark the monster's name
Save—immortality of shame!

Colonel Hayne boasts of the friendship of a British poet, who gave him locks of the hair of Byron, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley, which he had most carefully cherished.

I was taking a farewell evening pipe in the piazza of Mrs. McMahan's house, listening to tales of war, to accounts of Yankee violence and cruelty, to Mr. Simmons, of his two sons who fought in the desperate fight at Secessionville, and to his explanation of Mr. Russell's report that South Carolina was ready to have a monarchy. It was in a boating party, where Mr. Simmons was in company with Mr. Russell, when the former observed, that, rather than again submit to

the tyranny of the North, they would have a Prince of England to be their king. He spoke of such a measure as only a "dernier ressort," or rather an impossible alternative.

Among the passengers by train this evening was Colonel Chesnut, who had been acting as aide-de-camp to General Lee, but was now obliged to attend his duties here as member of the Executive Council. When those five days' battle began, President Davis was with the General, to whom he had given command of the Confederate forces: they were advancing over the Chickahominy, the shells and balls falling thick among them, when General Lee, addressing the President, said, "Sir, it is getting too warm for you; you must not go forward, your presence will be needed elsewhere—I must command you to retire;" on which the President said, it was his duty to obey.

On the 9th of July I met an officer fresh from Richmond, who stated that the Yankees had lost 30,000 men, fifty pieces of cannon, and 12,000 rifles in the fight near Richmond; the Confederate loss being 8,000 men. He heard a prisoner taken from the Yankees, an Irishman, say, it was not a fair fight, as the Confederates did not stop to fire, but came on to them with bayonets.

On the 10th of July, *en route* East, at Kingsville, three long boxes on the railway depôt platform, containing the bodies of soldiers from Richmond. A poor mother was bending over one, flicking off the flies: she had gone 450 miles to nurse him and dress his wounds, and now had brought the body of the loved one to lay it by his father's at Camden, and go on by next train. How many of these long boxes I saw afterwards in my travels—all-powerful tradition—"gathered unto his people!"—watched over by some fond relative, in whom patience, resignation, and resolve had conquered mourning! I was glad to find improvement already, in the care of the wounded at Kingsville junction.

In the tangled woods on the Wateree the mocking-bird cheered the weary hours, as I waited six hours for the P.M. train, the morning train being full of soldiers hastening back to the army in Virginia, yelling with delight as they entered and left the depot, six cars full—300 men, at least, who were returning after recovery from wounds and sickness. Thus it seems an inexhaustible well of the chalybeate spring of war is ever supplying the Southern soul thirsting for freedom. The suffering and haggard warrior goes down from Virginia to the distant home, ere long to come up again sound and strong,

eager for the fight: as he lay in his quiet homestead, and some dear one daily read of the horrors of the coast—the violations in Kentucky—the rapacious cruelties of Butler at New Orleans; the tenderness of her eyes converted to fierce indignation, came as fresh springs to his recovery.

The implement, too, for drawing up the full buckets grows stronger by the work,—the cars and engines formerly made in Philadelphia are now made in the newly-erected factories of the several companies better and stronger; the iron from the mines of North Carolina is found to be more durable for rails than the imported iron. Negroes withdrawn from the plantations are set to work; among them there are excellent mechanics. This rail, South Carolina and Columbia, I was told paid nine per cent.

CHAPTER VI.

*Back at the Refuge, and then to the Wakamah
and the Blockaders.*

WHEN I arrived at Conwayboro', 185 miles east of Columbia, on the 11th of July, I found that the thermometer in my sister's sitting-room had been 93° all yesterday, but a thunder-storm this afternoon cooled the air—mocking-birds were singing all day close to the house. A negro nurse came to-day with a beautiful child, son of Mr. Emanuel; its name was "Plowden Weston," a name celebrated in South Carolina for true and unostentatious patriotism. The Emanuels were refugees from George Town; for which borough Mr. P. Weston is member in the House of Commons of the State, called the House of Representatives. Two of the young men are in his company in the 10th Regiment, South Carolina, fine handsome fellows of six feet each; and if ever Walter Scott's Rebecca was personified, she is in Miss Emanuel of Conwayboro'. Mr. Weston

was invited to the "circumcision" of this infant named after him. How many Christians have had this mark of Jewish tolerance? but this is the land of toleration and mingling of creeds. When I looked on these beautiful forms, and heard of the Jews, of whom there are many in the South in high position and highly educated (for their colleges are excellent, even so good that many Christian youths attend them); when I heard of their joining the Christians in all works of charity which are now called to life in this struggle for liberty, I could not but long for them to see the truth of the 22nd Psalm, &c.—to look to the true Christ, the Messiah on the Cross—to give up their hopeless waiting for that atonement which has been perfected; and offered up a prayer for them to come to the true light.

Some ladies and gentlemen called, all handsome, all cheerful; neat carriage and horses. The features and figures of both sexes in these parts of the world are remarkable for correctness and beauty; there is often a want of colour in the cheek, no doubt arising from the heat of these latitudes, but the eyes are very brilliant, and the mouths are not slow to utter the thoughts of the minds which those eyes seem to reflect. The ladies are aware of their influence; yet without any pride or affectation, but with perfect

good-breeding, do they accept the great deference, almost homage, which is always paid them by the stronger sex in the South. Perhaps this spirit of devotion has made Butler's insulting proclamations more irritating, and roused the ire with which, when the Southern regiments charge bayonets, amid their yell, they shout out, "*Butler and New Orleans!*"

Snowhill — *nix a non nigendo*—was a scene of rejoicing from my bringing a good account of the friends and relations of the negroes from Winsboro'. The fiddle and banjo sounded for the merry dance on the Saturday half-holiday, and bonfires blazed at night; and on Sunday morning, before daylight, I was awoke by the sound of hymns from the negroes' court.

After I had preached in the Presbyterian church I was asked to preach in the Methodist, but was prevented doing so by absence till to-day, the 13th of July. Two venerable-looking yeomen, elders of the "Methodist Episcopal Church," offered prayers, and I preached on Isaiah liii., 2nd verse: "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him"—which I took to foreshow the shame of the cross, on which his beautiful form was marred and all his comeliness spoilt, and even his own disciples

forsook him and fled from him; for while he was young "He grew in stature and in favour with God and man;" and when he went about doing good, and it was said of him "Blessed is the womb that bare thee," and multitudes hung on his words, there can be no doubt that his form was perfect and his countenance beaming with love. One of the Elders gave me the hymn-book, and I selected the well-known hymns, "Lord, we come before thee now," "Rock of Ages," and "When I survey the wondrous cross,"—from which I showed—that the shame of the cross was changed to glory now, to all the faithful—that we were not ashamed of the cross, and to look on the crucified Saviour; Christians used the pictures and crucifixes not as objects of worship, but as mementos of him who once was despised and rejected—that St. Paul's expression in his Epistle to the Galatians, chap. iii. ver. 1, "before whose eyes," &c., I took to mean that the Apostles used pictures or figures of Christ on the cross to illustrate their teaching, pictures being, as it were, a book to the unlearned. I told them that their founder, J. Wesley, never meant his followers to leave the Church; that their having bishops and imposition of hands was an acknowledgment of the apostolic order, and that perhaps ere long they would see that the laying on

of hands is utterly meaningless without faith in the apostolic succession. I mentioned my having lately seen a cross on the gable of a Methodist church; and indeed during my short stay in America I had seen many signs of agreement among various denominations of Christians, that are not seen in the Eastern Continent. How singular that I should be asked to preach for both Presbyterians and Methodists, when I had been for years past praying for and urging, in sermons and pamphlets, the unity of Christendom! Old Beatty's prayer was good and reverential: with tears and trembling he alluded to the war: he had just lost a son, who died of his wounds, received at the battle of Secessionville, in James Island; he has three more sons in the 10th S. C. Regiment, now in the Far West. Both congregations requested me to preach again to them, but I was prevented doing so.

In the afternoon I met a negro who had just been officiating at a negro funeral. Henry Wallace, a negro class-leader, preached in the Methodist church in the afternoon: having our family service at Snowhill, I could not attend. One thing is certain, that the four million negroes in the Southern States are all professing Christians, and all have spiritual as well as temporal provision. Bondservice has its

evils ; but have all the Missionary Societies together, in Africa and Asia, brought such a number to the knowledge of our Saviour? This is a question I was often asked in my intercourse with Southerners ; and even where negroes are hired for town work—*e.g.* in hotels and stables—they arrange for attending Divine service some time every Sunday, and the masters never think of refusing to let them go ; but on inquiring of white waiters at hotels in America and London, I have generally had for answer, “O no, we have no time for that. Our work is from early morning till late at night, Sundays as well as other days.”

The boat’s crew from Hagley were again up at “The Refuge,” and in the evening all met together, and I heard them singing a fine solemn hymn, several women’s voices mingling. Then they sang a kind of epic hymn, improvised by one of the boatmen, going on for at least ten minutes. I marked down the following words :—

“ The Jews killed my Jesus. (*Chorus*)—Hallelujah !
 Upon the cross they stretched Him—Hallelujah !
 They laid Him in the Sepulchre—Hallelujah !
 Then early in the morning—Hallelujah !
 Came Mary and Joanna—Hallelujah !
 And asked for Master Jesus—Hallelujah !
 Two angels were a-sitting—Hallelujah !

Where He had been lying—Hallelujah!
Jesus was a-standing—Hallelujah!
Hard by in the garden—Hallelujah!
Mary did not know Him—Hallelujah!
And said, ‘Where hast thou laid Him?’—Hallelujah!
‘Mary, don’t you know me?’—Hallelujah!
Then said she ‘Rabboni’—Hallelujah!”

The hallelujah is prolonged so as to give the singer time to remember or improvise the next line.

The Voluntary system reigns throughout, and will not allow its ministers to want for necessaries of life, as, sad to say, is the case in hundreds of instances in the Church in England, where the “livings” are turned into “starvings,” by the robbery of the tithes, mildly termed “alienation,” and the lords of the soil take no steps to make up for the loss—muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn. The clergy of the Anglo-American branch of the American Church whom I met receive from \$1,500 to \$1,800 per annum, besides residence, and glebe of five acres or so, or in a town a house, rent \$400; if he has a family, the Elders pay him \$200’ per annum for each child. Methodist and Presbyterian ministers had from \$500 to \$1,500 per annum, and allowance for children, and funds for superannuated ministers, widows, and orphans. In the Episcopal Church there is such a fund also, the clergy themselves

paying an insurance rate, which is very light, as the laity subscribe largely to the fund.

I met a clergyman who had a negro man and his wife, who had ten children, and one of them had married, and had four children, amounting to seventeen. The attachment between master and negroes was so strong that he could not bear to sell any of them: this is one of the difficulties in "the institution;" he must feed and clothe them all! If they were set free they would be helpless. Generally I found great reluctance to sell the negroes. Often it was observed to me, "See what a system we have had handed down to us, in which many difficulties arise," and this was an instance. It was often remarked to me, "We would gladly have free labourers, but the negroes are not fit for it, they are so dependent, like children; in fact, slavery is a curse to the white, but a blessing to the black man." I knew of an instance where, by the will of a proprietor, 150 slaves were obliged to be sold. The inheritor could not bear to put them in the market, so he looked out for some friend to take them, and was after a while successful; they were sold for much less than he might have got, to go 800 miles away. At the parting of master and negroes there was a scene of sorrow and weeping, and so they went

on to the steamer in the river; but the negro is a light-hearted creature: music and refreshments for them were provided on board, and their sighs and tears were soon changed to laughter and merriment.

The Abolitionists are not always so humane to the negro, if it be true what was told me, viz., that among some property in South Carolina left to Mr. Sumner, the Senator, was a remarkably fine, intelligent servant. Some friends wrote to him in the North, saying, that if sold by private contract a good place could be insured for the man, though the price would be less than if put up for competition; the answer was, that he was to be sold for as high a price as he could fetch. Certainly, this was all fair; but what an opportunity was lost of practising the principle! I met a gentleman to-day on furlough from the 10th Regiment from Missouri: he declared that thousands of negroes in Missouri said they would rather help "massas" than strangers.

The heat of the middle of July at Conwayboro' is no joke: thermometer 89°. One of the Georgetown refugees, Mr. Porter, was going down the river in a "four-oar," and kindly offered to give me a passage to Hagley. I was up at 2.30, but we did not start till past four. The negro captain of the

boat was a jolly fellow: he blew a loud blast on his "conch" to call his men together: not an easy thing is it to sound the conch, but when once attained, it gives a far-resounding call. Captain Charlie had his wife on board to give her a trip to their dearly beloved home, from which they wished the Yankees far away.

The Wakamaw is a very winding river. There was no wind for sailing: the sun was extremely hot, and there being no awning to protect us, its effects were felt severely; but the negroes rowed merrily, every now and then singing their boat songs. Instead of reaching my destination at the expected time, 2 P.M., it was 9 o'clock and pitch dark when I landed: the tide was for some way dead against us. The sea-side residence was more than three miles distant, which, on account of the darkness through the woods, the only light being the fireflies, I did not reach till eleven. On the next day I found the cool sea-breeze and bathing in the surf of the Atlantic very refreshing.

As I was walking along the beach, I saw some curious tracks in the sand, going to the foot of the high sand-banks by which the beach is bounded. The old negro who had charge of the house told me that they were turtle tracks, and that it must have

made its nest there: after digging a few inches under the surface we found a heap of turtle eggs in a perfectly round hole about eight inches in diameter, each egg being the size of a small fives-ball. We took them all out, and counted 115. The most extraordinary thing is that though they will bear no pressure of the fingers without indenture, yet none are hurt by lying one on the other. The discovery delighted the negro, who said that they were "first-rate" eating, which, on having some for breakfast, I found to be the case. They have a delicate flavour, and must be very nutritious: their coating is tough instead of brittle. The usual time for laying these eggs is at the full moon, and they are hatched by the heat of the sun operating on the sand. Turtles abound on this coast.

On the 20th July, I preached at the plantation church, St. Mary's, Weehawka. Mr. Rosa, the catechist, is a "lay reader;" which office enables him to read the greater part of the service: thus he greatly helps the minister. The following prayer was used:—

"O God, King of kings, Lord of lords, the Ruler of sovereigns, who dost from thy throne behold all dwellers upon the earth: behold with thy favour and pity the people of this State; give unto them the

spirit of courage and of holy fear, the spirit of faith and wisdom ; so that all their counsels may be governed by thy word, and be under the guidance of thy inspiration. Give to all their rulers grace to execute justice with impartiality, and to maintain the laws and rights of the commonwealth. Give to all masters grace to keep order and discipline in their families, and to treat their servants with mercy, kindness, gentleness, and discretion ; knowing that thou hast made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. Give to all servants grace to obey their masters, and please them well in all things ; knowing that in thus doing they shall please thee who art the Master over all. Give to our enemies grace to cease from their evil designs against us. Assuage their malice, and bring to nought their wicked devices. Give to all thy people here and elsewhere, grace to live in amity, harmony, and peace. But more especially we pray thee to give thy special grace to this our State of South Carolina ; that under thy care she may long flourish and endure, giving her victory over all her enemies ; so that truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. All these things we ask for in and through thy dear Son Jesus Christ our Lord.”

The next day, as I was quietly reading in the

house, several shots were fired from some Federal gunboats over the end of the island to the mainland. Some of the shells passed not far from the house where Mr. Rosa, the overseer lived: his wife being very much alarmed, I thought I would try the experiment of a flag of truce, and hoisted my white handkerchief on a fishing-rod. The firing immediately ceased, and a boat put off from one of the gunboats. Mr. Rosa and myself went down to meet it. A sailor waded through the surf, and said the captain wished to see me, and I said I wished to see the captain; so I rode pickaback on the Yankee sailor to the boat, and in a short time was alongside the smallest of the gunboats, on board of which I introduced myself to Captain Baxter, the officer in command of the United States blockading squadron off Georgetown. They were miserable-looking specimens of their navy, one being a huge troop-ship of four guns; the other a small river tug, which had been taken from the Confederates, having one brass rifled gun. I explained to Captain Baxter my reason for hoisting the white flag; told him that I was a British subject, and wished to know what he was firing at. He replied, that his orders were not to molest private individuals or property, but only to destroy all the gunpowder and salt works along the coasts, and that

he had come there to destroy some salt-works which he saw on the mainland. He asked me who they belonged to. I did not know the gentleman's name, but told him I had heard they were private property. He replied that he had information that salt was being made there for the Confederate army. He said that he had 700 negroes who had come off to him from the shore; that he had put them on an island a few miles south, where he had a hard matter to feed them; and asked me if I knew where he could get provisions for them. I said I thought negroes were "private property;" to which he replied that "they came to the ships, complaining of desertion and bad treatment on the part of their masters—what could he do but receive them?—it would have been much better for the masters to have remained on their plantations," &c. I observed, that the treatment which had been practised down the coast was not much encouragement for them to do that; if all commanders had acted up to Captain Baxter's professions doubtless it would have been different. He asked me also if I was an "Abolitionist;" to which I replied, "Certainly not, if abolition was to be had by force, or hastily; for I had heard enough of that in Jamaica and Hayti." In a short time Lieutenant Gregory came from the big ship,

and joined in the conversation. I showed them my passport from Lord Lyons, and the passes from Messrs. Seward and Stanton; after reading which they asked me several questions about the person at whose house I was staying. When I told them, they asked me what "Catechist" meant. The two senior officers then began to consult about tendering the oath of allegiance to Mr. Rosa. I heard them say that if he refused it they would take him prisoner. They asked me if he was a Southerner; I said I supposed so, since he lived in South Carolina. They also asked if I thought he would take the oath of allegiance. I observed that it would be very unfair to force him to it, placed as he was as Catechist among the negroes. They were quite ignorant of the course of the creeks, and thought Pawley's Island was part of the mainland. They asked me various questions about the Church of England, and said they found the services of our Prayer-book very useful, and always used it in funerals at sea. They expressed surprise that I, as a clergyman, should come out at such a time of war and tumults; and when I explained the object of my errand to the South, they professed entire ignorance of the stoppage of the inland mails. After an hour's conversation in a broiling sun, I thought it time to take my departure,

and on making a motion to leave, the captain politely ordered the boat alongside, and put me ashore from where I started. The shells were soon again bursting through the woods; and two boats, containing about twenty-four men, proceeded up the creek which formed the island, and landed at the salt-works. We could distinctly hear across the estuary the sounds of destruction of boilers and barrels, &c. On their return, an officer and about twelve marines, all armed with cutlasses and rifles, debarked and marched up towards Mr. Rosa's house. Fearing Mrs. Rosa would be alarmed, I met them, and requested he would keep his men at a distance if he wanted to go up the sandhill to the house. So they remained on the beach, while he with a sergeant walked up to the house. This officer had asked me, when on board, if there was any furniture in the sea-side houses; and I was ready with a protest, on the strength of Captain Baxter's words. I stayed with the men: they said they were thirsty, and Mr. Rosa and myself gave them water. Having seen several British sailors in the blockaders off Charleston, I asked if any of them were British; and one of them said, "No, we are all Yankees." They were fine-looking men, and well-accoutred, in blue uniform. They kept on asking if

there were no soldiers near—looking into the bushes. Some two months previous there had been a troop of cavalry quartered in these houses, which doubtless they had heard of. After a time, the captain's boat pulled into the creek, and the two boats immediately returned with him. It seemed as if he was not satisfied with the work of destruction, as more went on before him.

Next morning at eight o'clock, when I went to Mr. Rosa's house to breakfast, I found the captain and his lieutenant, supported by several officers and men, parleying with him on the bridge which spanned a sand ditch leading to his house: they seemed very anxious to find out where Mr. Le Bruce and Mr. Ward were, who, they heard, were owners of the salt-works. The lieutenant said they would have the former, dead or alive, as he had supplied the army with provisions (I heard afterwards he had been in the commissariat, but was now out of it). They evidently thought he was concealed somewhere near. A cart, with his portmanteau, pistols, and some money, had been taken by the sailors the night before: his house was next to Mr. Rosa's, but, strangely enough, they never went to search it. His negro groom, with horses, &c., had come a few days before the boats came, but he sent to stop

his master coming, and return his horses and baggage—the latter being seized as related ; for the negro who was driving the cart, hearing the cannon-balls crashing through the woods where the road lay, unharnessed the mule and rode away as hard as he could, leaving the cart at the salt-works. The groom, called Robert, complained to me that all his clothes were taken with his master's ; so when I found Captain Baxter at the house, I said, “ I thought you did not take private property, and now your men have taken a private gentleman's baggage, and also a negro's kit ;—won't you give it up ? ” “ Oh no,” said he, “ I shall want it all to help to clothe the poor niggers I have in South Island.” While we were talking, several of the men went round the house to the negroes, and tried to persuade them to go to the ship with them, to be free, but one and all refused. The sailors wanted to force them ; but the sub-officer would not allow it—he had heard what Captain Baxter said to me. It was said that the sailors received some reward for each negro ; it looked very like it—and it was not hard to guess how the 700 negroes had been collected. Some of them had swum ashore, and stated that the rest were starving, and that boat-loads had been taken over at night. On one occasion, a child had

cried, and the officer being afraid that the noise would bring an attack from the shore, threw it overboard, as the mother could not silence it. As for Robert, he told them "he was just as free as they were; he had a good master, who gave him everything he wanted, and he would never leave him; they could not leave their captain, so they were not free." In short, Robert is a "right-smart" fellow. I was very glad that the captain said nothing about the oath of allegiance to Mr. Rosa. He told me if England interfered, the United States would certainly declare war against her. I said, "How about 'mediation' in a friendly way?" "Oh," he said, "there would be no harm in that." He accused England of supplying arms to the South. I said, "England had free trade, and her merchants would take arms and other things to the market, wherever it might be; and that in our war with the Hottentots, we found they got muskets from Birmingham." The lieutenant said the United States could beat England out and out; but when I asked him to explain, he said he meant they would soon have fifty iron-clads, and England and France only had thirty-seven! I observed, it was not always numbers that had the best of it. The lieutenant said, Christianity and war were opposed to each other. "True,"

I observed ; “ yet as long as this world lasts there will be wars ; but those who fought were told to be content with their wages, and to do violence to no one ; ” whereupon Captain Baxter gave me a nod. In about half an hour they departed for the salt-works, three boats-full up the creek, and Mr. Rosa and I to breakfast. Before it was over, crack, crack ! from the shore ; and on running out, we saw puffs of smoke from the wood, and about two dozen Yankees running as hard as they could. But suddenly they stopped, fired into the wood, and then jumped into the boats and pulled away down the creek back to the ships. Having no spy-glass, I could not distinguish ; but I certainly saw some dark things lying on the shore. The firing from the ships now became more frequent (as if to dislodge the enemy from his ambush) ; and at about one o’clock, under it, the three boats, fully armed, returned to the salt-works. As far as we could see, it was to take something away ; and they carried what we thought were dead and wounded men into the boats, unmolested by the enemy : a party of men lined the sides of the creek as they retired, firing into the wood at intervals, and practising at a poor old mule, which, after several shots, fell. Directly after they had reached the ships they weighed anchors, took the little steam-tug on board

the large troop-ship, and steamed out to sea. Not going south to George-Town, I guessed they went out to consign their dead to the deep. In the evening a lieutenant and six of the cavalry came across to the island: they said their whole force was twelve men; that they had wounded several Yankees, and certainly killed three, and had got an officer's sword, which was left on the shore; that they had been out watching all night; they did not come out of the wood after firing, but went back about a mile to where their horses were tied, to get some food; that not one of them was touched, though the shells burst all round them; that while they were refreshing themselves the Yankees must have come and taken off the dead. They said the enemy did not destroy the boilers; they were too strong for them, but they broke up the pump, and emptied about fourteen bushels of salt into the mud—an act for which the wild Arabs of the desert would have branded the perpetrators with barbarism. The salt was not for the army; and Mr. Rosa had assured the captain that it was for the sole use of the negroes in Mr. Le Bruce's plantation—yet Captain Baxter had only acted under orders. Who were the barbarians? I felt grateful to him for listening to my remonstrances about the oath of allegiance being

tendered to Mr. Rosa, and for firing wider of the house, after I had requested him. We shook hands at parting, and he said he should be glad to meet me again, in quieter times. He had been in England, and knew it well. Perhaps that very hand had dropped the sword on the beach!

In the evening all was still. I had had my bathe in the surf; and six cavaliers, with slouching hats and Cossack horses, under command of Lieutenant McDonald, rode up to Mr. Rosa. I was introduced. They were all men of education and fortune. I have already mentioned their report. Shaking hands with one is an introduction. Within twelve hours I had shaken hands with North and South! O that they would shake hands together, and end this horrid, unreasonable war! Mr. Rosa felt convinced that if he could have had an hour's confab with Captain Baxter he would have convinced him of the injustice and folly of the cause of Unionism *versus* Independence.

While I was indulging the relaxation of the island fanned by the breezes of the Atlantic, and washed by its waves, I had the luxury of part of Captain ——'s excellent library; and for light reading, I met with one of Charles Reade's novels, "Love me Little, Love me Long." His works seem to be great favourites in America.

On the 23rd of July I rode over the sands to the scene of destruction. Broken barrels lay around; bits of boilers, pump, timbers cut in half, &c.; a hole just eight inches diameter through an overseer's house, so as to fit a ventilator over the door; two or three more through the roof; trees splintered in all directions. About 300 yards further up the shore an old negro had kept on salt-burning for Mr. Duncan, a planter, at the overseer's house, all the time, but his boilers were concealed by trees. I saw where a shot had torn up the ground about a foot from the chimney of the kitchen where he was sitting. He had two caldrons, each having a large conch in it to catch the dirt: he made three bushels a week: the water was brought to the boilers from the creek, instead of having a pump. Here was no want of courage. Another servant, a mulatto, had stayed in the house aforementioned to see what the Yankees did, till the shot went through it, just over where he was, when he went into the rushes and hid himself all the time they were on land.

A negro came over from North Island, having swum across to the main: he told us the Yankees gave them only a pint of rough rice each per day, and no means of pounding it—so they were obliged to rub it between shingles. All would have got

away again to their masters if possible ; but they are guarded by sentries all day, and it was a long way to swim at night. There were many women and children. He confirmed the story of the child being thrown overboard. Hundreds had been decoyed away from their homes, he said, by promises of freedom and rewards, but they found they were "*gulled*."

We have potatoes here as fine as any I ever saw in England, and no disease among them ; they are ash-leaved kidneys. Mr. Rosa is now planting fresh seed to take up in November. Before he came the people hereabouts thought the soil would not grow "Irish" potatoes, and depended on importation from the North ! The fruit-trees and vegetables are of the first order.

July 24th.—The thermometer is steady at about 80° for day and 78° for night, when we sleep with windows open, and always a breeze from the sea. The latitude is 32½° N., longitude 79° W., from Greenwich. Though our kindred in America have taken many of their ways from the French, yet they keep the old English measurement of the world, counting from Greenwich.

Mr. Rosa is a clever overseer as well as catechist. He saw a field at Spartanburg, *i. e.*, in the

north part of the State, which only yielded five bushels of wheat per acre; he told the farmer to drain: he did so, and got forty bushels per acre. Another field was "worn out," and the custom is then to let it lie waste: the only tillage had been with what they call a "bull's tongue," a wooden plough. He said, "Soil it," *i. e.*, put a regular plough in with two mules. It was done, and a crop of thirty bushels per acre was produced the first year. The draining is done with fir poles, one placed on two, three feet under the surface.

Met a gentleman to-day who had given \$600 for a substitute for the draught. This same gentleman blamed the masters for leaving their plantations and negroes. Captain Baxter declared he did not wish to keep the negroes; if masters would take them back they might have them. Certainly the Northerners interfering with the negroes seems a great mistake. By "the Constitution" they are private property, and inviolable; but the whole moral atmosphere seems to have been tainted with false ideas about the negroes. While the Northerners will not sit in the same carriage with a free coloured person, they will violate the law to break his bondage; and a State has done this by its own State *law!*—*e. g.* Massachusetts years ago made it penal to deliver up

a fugitive slave, the penalty being \$6000 fine and eight years in prison! How can the Union go on with such anomalies? If this war was waged for the sake of the negro, he, poor fellow, has had no benefit, and never will have benefit from it. If he gives himself up to the Northerners he is half starved. The Northerners are burthened with keeping them, and the masters are at a loss for their labour; so that three parties are injured and none benefited.

On the 25th of July, St. James, we had Divine service in St. Mary's Church, and I baptized seven children, viz., one, the catechist's, and six of the negroes'.

July 26th.—In my upper chamber, looking over the Atlantic, the negro boy Frank, about sixteen years of age, who is appointed to wait on me and take care of my horse, reads the alternate verses of the Psalms with me, and the 2nd Lesson, daily.

From all I hear, I have no doubt that if the South were "let alone," as they say, *i. e.*, allowed to have self-government, not only would its vast resources be developed for the benefit of itself and the rest of mankind, but there would be schools for the negro children, marriages would be held binding, and children would not be sold away from parents. Gladly would employers of labour pay

wages instead of hiring slaves. Many are the inconveniences to them from this kind of labour which are not found in the other. But the negro must first be led to understand the free position; and I believe the two above-named reforms are essential to such an understanding, viz., education and domestic ties. Then, when they are in a condition to feel they have something more than mere existence to work for, they will appreciate free labour.

On the 26th of July, sixth Sunday after Trinity, there was again a full congregation, and baptism of two white children, whose father had suffered from the Yankees taking his boat and nets, by which he earned his living.

Pawley's Island is about three miles long and 300 yards wide: the estuary dividing it from the mainland is covered with marsh grass, which is good fodder for cattle. This sand-hill island is covered with wild orange, dwarf cedar, and holly. There are no snakes, and it is a most healthy spot.

After service I met some negroes who had come from another plantation. They said they did not want to go to the Yankees, and they wished they would let them alone: by the blockade they made food and clothing so scarce that their masters could hardly provide for them. Salt had risen to

from seven to ten dollars per bushel on the coast, while before the war it was only half a dollar; molasses from twenty cents to four and five dollars a gallon. They said they were not *slaves*, but *servants*; that if a negro became free he must have a white man appointed by law to be his "guardian," because he did not know how to manage for himself. They pitied "poor free negroes," as they had not the constant protection that "servants" have. I read to them the words of Genesis xiv. 14, proving that Abraham had the same kind of servants; and they seemed quite pleased.

I could not administer the Holy Communion at St. Mary's, Weehawkah, as the Sacrament plate had been taken away for safety. It would have been well if all the planters had done as Captain W—— did, *i. e.*, openly explaining, "the situation" to the negroes, and arranging for some known minister to officiate among them. Seeing how on each side of his estate raids had been committed, I felt as if St. Mary's, with its regular Divine service, was a guardian angel to Hagley, and kept the intruders off and the negroes true.

From what I have seen and heard, I think it is a pity the United States Government did not intrust the command on the coast to naval men; the mili-

tary generals seem to have been more without mercy and without *esprit de corps*, caught up from some other occupation, many of them lawyers or in trade —no soldiers.

Mr. Rosa was baptized in the Dutch Reformed Church, which has no bishops, but presbyters. In this church (which sprung up from reforms passing from England to Holland in the 16th century), before sermon the preacher stretches forth his hands over the congregation, saying, "Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied unto you, my hearers. Amen." He was married by an Anabaptist minister (on account of there being no Episcopalian one), who readily consented to use the marriage service of the Prayer-book — which service, by-the-by, is considerably shorter than in ours, and much improved by certain sentences at the beginning being omitted; though I cannot think the omission of the Psalm, and of the order to proceed "from the body of the church" and "to kneel before the Lord's Table," for the blessing, is an improvement.

CHAPTER VII.

Back to Conwayboro'.

ON the 30th of July up at 2.40 ; breakfast of bread, stewed peaches, and "claber." This claber is quite a godsend in the absence of tea. It is simply "curds and whey:" a bowl of milk is put by in the evening, and by atmospheric operation becomes *claber* in the morning.

How fresh and beautiful it was to dash along the winding, noiseless road, the day gradually breaking forth, the dewdrops hanging on the varied and tangled woods of pine, oaks, maple, arbutus, cedar, magnolia, rhododendron, cypress, gum-tree, and bay! As we passed near the river we saw the masts of a Yankee gun-boat which was at anchor opposite a plantation belonging to Dr. McGill. One of his men told me five servants had gone on board: he said "they were fools; they would soon be sorry for it; they were house servants," and, as he said, "foot to foot

with massa," who treated them "too well;" they had every thing they wanted; but they had been misled by his head servant, who was a "traitor."

July 31st.—To-day at Conwayboro' the sun rises at 5.10 and sets at 6.50, but in England it rises at 4.10 and sets at 7.50; thus we have two hours more night to cool us here: there is no twilight.

I read in a newspaper some remarks on the boundary between the United States and Canada, alleging that in 1842 Lord Ashburton had been outdone by the Yankee; for the true boundary, as agreed on at the peace between Britain and the United States, was the watershed from the Western Mountains to Mars' Hill in Maine.

A chaplain of the Confederate army writes from Richmond that the estimated loss of the Confederate army during the five days' fight near Richmond was 15,000 killed and wounded, that of the Federals 20,000. The prisoners taken by the Confederates, sick, wounded, and well, 10,000; cannon, 80; muskets and rifles, 13,000.

August 1st.—Thermometer at 7.30 A.M. 76°; rose to 80° at noon. Saw in a paper an order from Stanton, authorising commanders to pillage and destroy private property. I see the dry pine points are now being collected in the woods; the ground

is covered with this, which is called "trash;" it is used for bedding for horses and cattle, and makes good manure.

August 6th.—Took tea at Mr. Beatty's. To see how hospitably these kind people entertain, one would not suppose war was raging. How well the negro women bake and cook!

Mr. B—— explained Stonewall Jackson's great strategy to get to Richmond and reinforce Lee with 50,000 men: he marched day and night 120 miles. Banks, Sheil, Fremont, and McDowell had all joined to give him battle in the Shenandoah valley. He left videttes and three or four regiments as a feint, marched to co-operate with Lee, and got up just in time on the 25th of June. I find, all praise General McClellan for the way in which he managed his retreat. General Hugér, who had under him General Magruder, was ordered to intercept the retreat of the Yankees, and got within sound of them; but they slipt away in the night, and next day Magruder's division of 40,000 men came on their position, strengthened by fifty siege guns and twelve batteries of field guns placed in shape of a funnel, by the fire of which his attacks were three times repulsed, and time gained by the enemy to get off to the James River. By Tuesday, the 29th

of July, the whole Northern army had retreated thirty miles, and got under cover of gun-boats.

This State of South Carolina has wonderful soil: to look at its sand you would think it sterile, but now we have dishes of delicious peaches and figs; the latitude is about the same as Algiers. The soil must be good, for, slightly manured, it produces all fruits and vegetables: excellent apples, pears, figs, peaches, greengages, plums, grapes, strawberries, potatoes (sweet and Irish), peas, beans, okra, egg-plants, tomata, rice, wheat, oats, maize, barley, rye, tea, coffee, flax, honey in abundance.

Thermometer rises now to 90°. I observed, "It will be hot for the soldiers." An old man replied, "It is usual at this time of the year; we are about the latitude of Fez: our men don't mind it, they are used to it; if they were not in the army they would be out in the corn-fields all day at work; a fine hardy race they are!" And looking at a boy twelve years old, he continued, "All these boys are longing to be soldiers: at nine years old they all handle a gun, go into the woods and shoot squirrels, and many of them shoot better than their fathers." Then, as an instance of courage, it was told me a family at George-Town were roused up at night by a fire raging next-door: the grandmother went to

wake up a boy ten years old (and a dear, clever little fellow is Tommy Morgan), and saw him kneeling down in his bed. She asked him what he was doing. "Praying," said he, "that God Almighty would spare our house." The house burnt down was only separated by a space of two feet, and this house was not injured; the family were Roman Catholic, half Irish and half French.

On the 10th of August, the 8th Sunday after Trinity, thermometer 96° by day and 91° by night; had Divine service in the Piazza at 7 A.M. and 7 P.M.—hot work; at 3, Mrs. W——'s class up for catechism, six boys and five girls. Several of the Methodists and Presbyterians came to our service.

The negroes sung out the hymns more heartily than the whites: there is no reserve in the negro in his worship. The Nonconformists evidently like the decency and order of the Church service; and as I have long preached unwritten sermons, they could not say the teaching was as that of "the Scribes."

Sermones scriptæ would no more do for the black labourers than they do for the white. It seems strange that, while in France and America members of Parliament are allowed to read their speeches, but not so in England, the reverse is held as to pulpit discourses. I do not mean to advocate

extempore, or *unprepared*, preaching as a custom; indeed, I find much more thought is engaged in preparing sermons unwritten than written. I would call them spoken, or *vivâ voce* sermons, instead of written ones. The pulpits in these churches are like platforms, in which two or three chairs are placed. A young man was preaching once in South Carolina, and a learned Anabaptist minister was sitting by him. When he began his sermon with the confession that he was quite "unprepared," "More shame for you," said the doctor.

Then he went on to say, "As I was coming along the text struck me."

"Pity it had not struck you down," said the doctor.

In a pamphlet on Church Extension, which in 1840 I dedicated to Sir R. Inglis, I suggested to our English bishops that they should establish in each diocese a theological college, where candidates for orders should be obliged to study at least a year under the bishop's ken, so that he would know the character and qualities of his men; and that there, practice should be had in speaking sermons, exemplifying the excellent system in that respect which prevails in the college at Geneva. If colleges be required for the temporal army, surely they are

for the spiritual, and it is proved that Oxford and Cambridge do not fully supply the need. As for the cures of souls, it would be well to take a hint from the Church in America, where every congregation has a committee for the church, something like "le conseil d'église" in France, composed of proprietors and chief men all belonging to the congregation, who should have the election of the incumbent under sanction of the bishop; thus putting an end to the iniquitous traffic in livings, whether for pecuniary or political motives. It is only wonder that when Englishmen have combined for many excellent purposes, they have never yet combined to get rid of this shameful and sacrilegious abuse. It would be well too if our Church in England would take a hint from her sister in America, and make good provision for the clergy and their families: surely our bishops might fairly bring this subject before the laity.

I baptized the infant daughter of Captain W.'s builder; he is called Renty, and his wife Josephine; their "title" is Tucker. Of course, when the negro domestic system, as advocated above, is adopted, these "titles" will all come out and be registered. The infant was called Dido. I can't account for the propensity for old classic names among them; is it that

the masters have been men of education, and put these names into their heads? They have also Venus, Juno, Chloe, Hector, Horace, and even Jupiter!

August 12th.—Thermometer at 10, 88°; at 3, 91°; at 9, 86°. The negroes delight in this: the children go to sleep under the mid-day sun. The fine crops of corn, sugar-cane, and sweet potato, flourish under it and the heavy dews at night. The Charleston papers have the debates in our Parliament of the 18th of July, on Mr. Lindsay's motion, concerning the Confederate States. Regrets are expressed that he did not postpone it till full particulars of the Federal defeat at Richmond were known, as then the power of the South would, they think, have made such impression that "Recognition" would have followed. Mr. Whiteside's speech is greatly admired. To-day we drove to a real farm, *i.e.*, occupied by a tenant of a landlord, so that such tenure is already beginning in this new country.

August 13th.—Thermometer at 5.30 A.M., 81°; at 6 P.M., 89½°. The papers report the heat as unusual, and not remembered so great by any living person. Notwithstanding the heat we take our drives after sunset; and whirled along in the light "buggy" by Saratoga and Equity, who trot about twelve miles an hour, we make a breeze as we go from house to house

in the borough; for this is the time of visiting here, and the lady of the house sets before you a trayful of peaches, or an immense water-melon, green without and pink within, and a decanter of water fresh from the well. The papers state that in Georgia, on the 23rd of July, at 4 P.M., a sword was seen in the heavens, having its hilt silver-white and blade red; size to the eye twenty feet long, pointing north-east. It is asserted here that last year, in July, before the battle of Bull Run, a similar sign was seen—an arm stretched out near the moon, holding a sword.

I determine to go to Richmond while the Senate and Congress are in session. On account of the heat Mr. Porter works his mail stage "buggy" by night. We left the borough at 10 P.M., the 14th of August, and a weary night it was in our cramped position; but the companionship of a South Carolinian country squire (every one is an esquire here) passed the time away, by his narrating how he hunted the red deer in the woods and swamps of the Wakamaw in the fall and spring of the year; how the wild turkeys were hunted (for they never talk about "going out shooting"—it is all *hunting*), the hunter imitating their call, and enticing them to him; and how, now and then, they come across a bear in the swamps.

My companion's name was Session, and he was a member of the "State Convention;" an assembly, as he explained to me, only called out on grand emergencies, at the call of the House of Representatives, or State Legislature, who are to judge of the need of "the sovereign voice" of the people being heard through this their chosen organ. By this means each State is enabled to act in its "sovereign and independent character." It was this Convention that passed the Act of Secession from the Union in April, 1861, as above stated; and this body, I was informed, so far amended the State Legislature of South Carolina as to appoint members of Council to assist the Governor of this State on account of the great press of business arising from the war.

At 10 P.M., the 15th of August, the train left Fair Bluff, and reached Wilmington at 2 A.M.: the cars being full of soldiers, there was no seat to be got. The conductor walks up the centre passage and takes the tickets, or you can pay him without a ticket, showing the perfect trust which is placed in these officials.

An immense number of passengers bundled into the great steam ferry-boat over Wilmington River (Cape Fear River). There is no delay, the cry is "On to Richmond." We breakfast at Goldsborough,

North Carolina, at 7 ; capital clean hotel, and good fare for seventy-five cents, and delicious cold water from a deep well. Reached Weldon, North Carolina, at 2 ; dinner.

Near Weldon the steam-horn sent forth tremendous blasts. "Cows on the line," said the soldiers near me, and on looking out we saw three had been killed ; the head of one taken clean off. The cow-scraper in front of the engine is an immense iron beak made of open bars, projecting about nine feet, sloping down from the top, running out to a point, and returning to guard the engine-wheels beyond the breadth of the rails. The extraordinary noise of the horn, if it fail to scare the beasts, is sure to give notice to some labourers, who come to pick up the beef, or drive home the "beeves." By-the-way, you never hear of *cattle* ; they are always "*beeves*."

The young men in the train had all been wounded in the Richmond battles, and were returning from Alabama. One looked like a girl dressed up ; so young and fair, only just seventeen. He had already been raised from private to lieutenant, had been in two pitched battles—shot through the arm and a graze in the leg ; would not let his sister mend the hole in his coat-sleeve. His father was with him, a member of Congress.

Weldon is a grand junction station, the rails branching north to Richmond, south to Charleston, east to Norfolk, west to Raleigh, Clarkesville, &c.; close to it flows the beautiful and rapid Roanoke River, over which the road runs on a wooden bridge, a quarter of a mile long. For the destruction of this bridge it is said the Northerners have offered \$20,000: it is strictly guarded at each end, and in the middle where it rests on an island. We reached Petersburg, Virginia, at 4. Every step in Virginia betokens moderation of temperature; the sand is changed for loam on rock, clay and gravel, and fine fields of clover and larger cattle appear. At Petersburg, omnibuses are ready to convey passengers through the town to the depôt for Richmond. I preferred entering Richmond by daylight, so put up at the "Bolingbroke," a comfortable hotel. Petersburg is finely situated for factories, on the River Appomattock; it has 20,000 inhabitants: several factories in cotton, cloth, and tobacco were at work. I was at the market at daylight: it put me in mind of a French market; and was supplied with abundance of meat, butter, fowls, eggs, vegetables and fruit, and so crowded with people I could hardly get along; and both whites and blacks all looked so cheerful that you would not have thought the enemy was at their

doors, for Norfolk is only eighty miles distant, and water communication. I had seen a fine battery of artillery pass through towards Suffolk the evening before. Leaving Petersburg at nine, the road passed through a fine fertile country, twenty-two miles to Manchester, on the south side of the James River. Here was a beautiful sight all at once! After a cutting, you came in view of the James River, and the seven-hill city of Richmond on the other side. Manchester is a small town with some factories; the road leaves it on the right, then the train dashes on to the long wooden bridge. The bridges over the smaller rivers are all covered ways, the rails being secured by wooden and iron braces; but the long tressel-works over swamps, and the long bridges over rivers like this over the James and that over the Roanoke, bear the rails on the top, and there being no parapet and no visible road under you, the look down the giddy height to the river rushing below is rather fearful at first. Here the rapids run between immense grey granite rocks; and a little way up the stream is a pretty wooded island, covered with tents for acres, which tents are the residence of thousands of Federal prisoners of war, and a very pretty healthy spot it looked.

On the 17th August I put up at Spottswood's, an

immense hotel : only one room to be had after waiting several hours, and that five stories high.

I had letters of introduction to the President, and Dr. Woodbridge, rector of the Monumental Church ; so called because it stands on the site of a theatre which was burnt some years ago, when forty persons perished in the flames ; a monument to whose memory stands in the entrance of the church. The Methodist, Presbyterian, and Anabaptist churches here have all towers or spires. Passing by one of the latter on Saturday, I saw several persons going in and out, and heard they had daily Divine service there. On the 9th Sunday after Trinity I assisted at both morning and evening service in the Monumental Church. I thought Dr. Woodbridge had a martial air about him, and found that he was a graduate from West Point, and had been two years in the army, and that he had been solicited to take a commission in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war, but declined, sending his son, a lad of seventeen, instead, who is in General Stuart's cavalry. In the evening I paid my respects, by appointment, to the President of the Confederate States, Mr. Jefferson Davis. Governor Pickens, in his letter of introduction, had kindly mentioned my having had a letter from Mr. Mason, and the object of my errand to the South.

CHAPTER VIII.

First Visit to Richmond—President Davis.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S house is situated on the brink of one of the Richmond hills, looking to the north, a small stream running at its foot, and the rail to Gordonsville winding through the valley. There are two porticoes ; the entrance one to the north, and the lawn and garden one to the south. The house is granted by the State. The negro servant ushered me into a lofty and cool dining-room, and in a few minutes in walked his Excellency ; his height about 5 ft. 10 in., and shoulders broad, as they need be to bear his awful responsibilities ; calm his eye, smooth his voice, measured his words ; his whole demeanour making you feel at once at home : his dress of the plainest, being a suit of blue Virginia manufacture, a sort of light flannel-cloth. We sat down *tête-à-tête*, and I enjoyed a cup of excellent tea. Mrs. Davis and the children were at Raleigh in North Carolina.

“ When M. Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, came to Richmond, he had no interview with Mr. Davis. Gratitude to Britain was felt by the Confederate States for her conduct in the Mason and Slidell affair; but it would have been more dignified, they thought, if the British ship of war had received them at Fort Warren, instead of their being sent down the river to her in a tug. The United States they considered dissolved; therefore, the so-called ambassadors from the United States were really not so, since thirteen States had left the Union—and it was remarkable that this was the original number of those who entered it. This accounts for the United States’ national flag in the navy and army having only thirteen stars in it; the secession of these States had broken up the United States’ Government, and the remains of it were crumbling to pieces. The United States broke commercial treaties by the Morell and such like tariffs; but the Confederate States kept faith, and offered the principles of free trade to all the world, under an established, a *de facto* Government. The States are independent sovereignties of each one’s people; and every people has the right of regulating its own existence. If any number of States chose to combine together for their common weal, they were

free to do so, and free to separate whenever the separation might be required *pro bono publico*. When the colonies became so strong and full grown as to be able to govern themselves, it was impolitic and tyrannical of Britain to endeavour to stop their separation by force. With such a Sovereign, such a Parliament, such a Government as England has now, it would never have been attempted; but still the colonies were dependencies—the States are independencies, and therefore have much more right of self-government the moment they desire it. After the Revolution it was like one son come of age and enjoying his inheritance; in course of time other sons spring up to age and demand their rights. If the English Government understood the circumstances, they could not do otherwise than recognize the Southern Confederacy. To call the Southern States ‘rebels’ was a misnomer and unjust: they merely asserted their rights; they had no idea of upsetting the Government which existed in the Northern States—they did not want to turn out Mr. Lincoln. The people of the States are no one’s ‘subjects,’—they are sovereign people: how can a sovereign rebel against himself? England by treaty acknowledged the States as sovereign States before the union took place, therefore it would only be

consistent in her now to recognize the confederacy of those who had settled it for themselves by their unanimous will. Canada would not be invaded by the North if England were to assert her rights of commerce, and break the blockade (which was contrary to all commercial treaties with Europe). The South would be a bar to such invasion; but if peace was achieved by the Confederate States without sympathy from England, the United States' army would not disband till it had attacked Canada, and how then could England expect the Confederate States to help them? whereas, if now recognized, they would gain the alliance of a nation already proved too strong for the United States, having beaten them in numerous battles. The question is not one of slavery: the negroes are 'the peasantry' of the Confederate States; let them alone; let the mischievous designs of Abolitionists be stopped by separation; then the condition of the negro will be improved. The State of Maine is ready to secede, and if the South was recognized would join Canada. This would be retribution for falsifying the charts and misleading Lord Ashburton in 1846, in settling the boundary line. As for Liberia, it is known that the free negroes take or buy negroes from the interior of Africa. The 'Confederate States' have

passed a law, in Article I. Section ix. of the Constitution, forbidding the importation of negroes; the 'United States' never did this. If the Anti-Slavery Society of England knew the condition of the negroes in the South, their principles would not stand in the way of recognition. No labourers in the world are so well treated. The Yankees have no feeling for negroes. You never see a negro beggar in the South: if a master has only one half ration he shares it with his negro servant. Many think the 'institution' a burden; but it cannot be helped at present: it is handed down—the British mother bequeathed it—it can only be abolished by course of time and free will, not by force or interference."

A lady in Richmond gave me her ideas on the war. "As for the negroes," she said, "their condition was much improved of late, and the bishops and clergy in convention were exerting themselves to prevent the ties of matrimony being broken by sale: public feeling was against the separation, but that was not enough—a law must be passed. O do," she said, "get England to *recognize* us as a nation; we want no more; they would only be recognizing a fact. See how we get on in spite of the blockade! No tea or coffee—no sugar—no ice—no salt—no soap; yet we bear it all, and have plenty of food

and clothing, and we are content. We in Virginia suffer far more than South Carolina, though she was the first to rise for secession. We did not rise till forced to do so by Lincoln, for he called on us to give our quota to make up an army to fight against South Carolina; and we could not fight against our sister State, you know, so we were forced into the war."

Talking of soap—washing at Richmond was no joke; the price asked at Spottswood's hotel was \$4 per dozen articles! The spacious *salle à manger* there is fitted with dozens of tables laid for parties of from six to twelve; a negro waiter to about every four persons. My waiter's name was Albert, who belonged to a storekeeper in the town, and lets him out to the hotel for \$10 a month. He gets plenty of food and clothing and comfortable lodging: thus his hire is 25*l.* a year, the keep would be 25*l.* more = 50*l.* a year. A very merry set of fellows are these hotel waiters; if slavery is a curse, it sits easy on them; and if you stick to the same table and make friends with your man, he will take care of you.

I insert the bill of fare; and, in contrast, the one furnished at Willards' hotel, Washington:—

EXCHANGE HOTEL, RICHMOND.

BILL OF FARE.

SOUP.

Vegetable.

BOILED.

Ham and Turnip Salad.
Corned Beef.

Leg of Mutton, Parsley Sauce.
Bouille Beef.
Pork and Turnips.

ROAST.

Rib of Beef.
Pork, Apple Sauce.

Saddle of Mutton.
Shoat.

Ham.

COLD DISHES.

Corned Beef.

Ham.

Mutton.

ENTREES.

Broiled Kidneys, Butter Sauce.
Lamb's Cutlets, with Creamed Potatoes.
Green Tongue, Pickle Sauce.
Beef Heart, Stuffed and Baked.
Pork Steak, Hot Sauce.
Ox Liver, Royal Sauce.
Tripe, fried in Batter.
Rice Fritters.

VEGETABLES.

Rice.
Creamed Potatoes.
Butter Beans.
Sweet Potatoes.

Irish Potatoes.
Peas.
Turnips.

Beets.
Carrots.

PASTRY.

Peach Pie.

Rice Pudding.

Apple Shapes.

The beverage was water—no beer or wine could be had ; the coffee was made from parched rye or wheat.

WILLARDS' HOTEL, WASHINGTON.

BILL OF FARE.

SOUP.

Clam Chowder. Macaroni.

FISH.

Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce. Baked Sea-Bass, stuffed, Claret Sauce.

BOILED.

Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce. Chicken and Pork, Egg Sauce.
Roll of Beef, with Onions. Corned Beef, with Cabbage Sprouts.
Beef Tongue. Smoked Jowl and Spinach.
Ham.

COLD DISHES.

Roast Beef. Spiced Pressed Beef. Ham. Pressed Corn Beef.
Beef Tongue. Roast Mutton. A la Mode Beef.
Hog's Head Cheese.

SIDE DISHES.

Stewed Beef, with small Potatoes.
Lamb Chops, Sauté à la Jardinière.
Tame Duck, Braised, with Olives.
Calf's Head, Madeira Sauce.
Fried Liver, à la Maître d'Hôtel.
Haricot of Mutton, à la Macedoin.
Codfish Cake, fried in Batter.
Queen Fritters, Lemon flavour.
Macaroni, à la Italien.
Broiled Spring Chicken, Cream Sauce.

ROAST.

Beef. Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce. Chicken.
Geo. Cassard's Ham, Champagne Sauce. Leg of Veal, Stuffed.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Potatoes. Rice. Asparagus.
Mashed Potatoes. Beets. Hominy.
Fried Parsnips. Onions. Cabbage Sprouts.
Spinach. Leeks.

RELISHES.

French Mustard. Lettuce. Worcestershire Sauce.
Olives. Pickles. Horseradish.

PASTRY.

Apple Pies. Bird Nest Pudding. Cream Pies.
Plum Pies. French Kisses. Madison Cake.

DESSERT.

Lemon Water Ice. English Walnuts. Pecan Nuts
Filberts. Oranges. Apples. Figs.
Almonds. Raisins.

COFFEE.

WINE LIST (WILLARDS').

In this department we have employed every care and exertion which long experience and a desire to meet the taste of the community can suggest, to supply our table with the purest, most rare, and distinguished Wines.

MADEIRA.	Dollars.
Old South Side	2 00
Oliviera (very old).....	3 00
Reserve (very choice).....	3 50
Gratz Grape Juice	4 00
Howard (very delicate)	5 00
Harriet, 1810	10 00

SHERRY.	
Romano (fine table).....	1 50
Topaz (pale and delicate).....	2 00
Vino de Pasto.....	3 00
Rain Drop (thirty years old) ...	4 00
Hidalgo Senr(pale,light,& delicate)	5 00

BURGUNDY.	
<i>From C. Marey and Liger, Belair, of the finest vintages extant.</i>	
Burgundy.....	2 00
Chambertin...quarts	3 00
Clos Vougeot	3 00

HOCK.	
Niersteiner	2 00
Hockheimer	3 00
Rudisheimer	3 00

Also, from the Stock of Prince Metternich, Schloss Johannisburg Cabinet Wines.

Yellow Seal	4 00
Green Seal	5 00
Gold Seal	7 00
Silver Seal.....	10 00

CLARET.
These Wines, from the house of Barton and Guestier, have been selected with much care, and of the best vintages.

Superior Table Claret...quarts...	75
" " " pints ...	50
Floirac...quarts	1 00
" " " pints	75
St. Julien...quarts	1 50
" " " pints	75
Pontet Canet...quarts	2 00
" " " pints.....	1 00
Chateau Margaux.....	3 00
" Lafitte	3 00

CHAMPAGNE	Dollars.
Green Seal, Moet & Chandon, qts.	3 00
" " " " pts.	1 50
Charles Heidsick...quarts.....	2 00
" " " " pints	1 25
Widow Cliquot...quarts	3 00
" " " " pints.....	1 50
Mumms Verzeney...quarts	2 00
" " " " pints.....	1 25
Neckar	2 00

PORT.	
Sanderson's.....	2 00
Hunt & Co.	2 00

BRANDY.	
Old Q Pale	2 00
" Alpha.....	2 50
Imperial (thirty-five years old) .	3 50
Private Stock (very old and fine)	5 00
Martell, from Cochran & Co., Philadelphia, vintage 1800 ...	5 00
Old Pale Paulding, vintage 1812, (very fine)	5 00
Old London Dock, vintage 1822 .	4 00

WHITE WINES (OF FRANCE).
From the eminent house of Messrs. Barton and Guestier.

Sauterne...quarts	1 50
" " " " pints	75
Haute Sauterne.....	2 50
Chateau d'Yquem	3 00

MOSELLE.	
Sparkling Moselle, Cabinet	3 00
" " " " pints.....	1 50
" Muscatel	2 50

LIQUEURS.	
Curaçoa (Dutch) Red	2 00
" " White.....	1 00
Maraschino (Italian).....	1 50
Kirschwässer	1 50
Seltzer Water.....	38

PORTER AND ALE.	
Younger's (Scotch)...pints.....	38
" " " " pints.....	38
Hibbert's London Brown Stout...	38

The easy and gentlemanly manners of the guests at these Southern hotels, Senators, M.P.'s, Government officials, generals, officers, privates, doctors, clergy, all together, at once engender conversation; and in this respect there was a marked contrast to the society I met at the hotel at Washington. A very able Senator, Mr. Swan, from Tennessee, remarked that "All the foreign missionaries had not made so many Christians as 'the Institution' had. The tribes of Indians had melted away as snow before the sun, but those individual Indians who were slave-owners became civilized and imbibed self-respect; they felt no longer debased by having none below them; and as for the negro race, they were improved morally, physically, and numerically. The moral condition of man is improved and exalted by having something to take care of; he feels his responsibility if it be even a dog or a horse—how much more then if it be a fellow-creature dependent on him! The word 'slave' is unknown here; we call them 'servants,' or treat them with confidence as friends. Look at our house servants, look at our field servants; we call them 'hands;' so do your manufacturers call their workmen 'hands,' but they can turn them adrift to shift for themselves; they do not generally provide for their souls (as the ancient barons had their

parish churches built for their serfs, so we provide churches for our plantations, which are like villages); they allow millions of them to go after the imagination of their own hearts—plenty of gin-houses, but too few houses of God; here every servant is provided for, in his religious wants; and to prove how it has been handed down, they now look for it as a thing of course on every plantation.”

On the 20th August, walking along Broad Street, I saw a brigade of artillery of 36 guns pass *en route* for Gordonsville; a little while after, eighteen more guns; almost all had six horses to draw them: they were chiefly brass guns, and had all been taken from the enemy. Each battery, consisting of six guns, had its battle flag—a red St. Andrew's cross on a blue ground; one I saw borne on a branch fresh cut from the wood. The 2nd Regiment of North Carolina cavalry also passed: they halted in the street while the band played some tunes: they must have been full 800 strong. Colonel Baker looked for all like one of the old Cavaliers, with his slouched hat and feather, his eagle eye, jet black hair, and splendid moustache. The next day four infantry regiments passed through to the same point—the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, and 8th South Carolinas; all eager for the fight; all wiry fellows; all gentlemen or yeomen: each regiment had a drum

which beat time for the march. The arms were good and bright, but the clothes were the worse for wear. The battle flag was suggested by Mr. Miles, M. C., to General Beauregard, as the stars and bars were not enough distinguished from the stars and stripes. It is the "Saltire" in heraldry, signifying "progress." One regiment, the 42nd North Carolina, came in late and bivouacked in the Capitol gardens. Through some mistake of the quartermaster they had no supper; and it rained in torrents all night. I walked among them as they rose from their wet earthen beds: they had no breakfast; but they were patient and in good spirits, and not a murmur was heard. I called at the President's to mention this, and immediately he sent to inquire into it, and by noon the men got some food. At 4 P.M. they turned up a thousand strong to dress parade; the light company was composed of boys of sixteen to eighteen years of age, who had sword-bayonets: there was not a speck of rust on the arms, and I never saw a steadier double line of men—not uniform in dress, but uniform in height—and going through their platoon exercise with the utmost precision, as they stood on the fine gravel parade reaching from the Washington equestrian statue to the Governor's house. At Mr. Myers' there is a beautiful portrait by Stewart; also

he possesses pictures of Sir Matthew and Lady Hale, by Vandyke. Met a senator—talk about slaves. He, like the rest, had left his wife and children with only negroes about them. This was in Texas, hundreds of miles away. He had no fear for them; the negroes loved them. I met one or two Senators who did not wish for recognition from England till the South had fully achieved its independence. One gentleman observed, that capital and labour usually conflict; but here, by slave labour, they go hand in hand: in England the capitalist usually tries how little he could get his labour done for, hence grinding down of the labourer; here there never was that feeling. He advised no emigrants to come to the South except with capital or as master workmen—*i.e.*, not to the south of North Carolina.

The Southern Parliament is in session. The Congress consists of 110: a majority must be present to form a quorum; there was only one over the number. I heard the names called over: many from a distance had been detained owing to the trains being taken up for the army. Mr. Miles, of Charleston, introduced me to several members, and I had the *entrée* daily to the floor of the house. The Session each day was opened with prayer; the Speaker, Mr. Boccock, asking some minister to officiate. A

venerable-looking "bishop" of the Methodist persuasion, Dr. Early, officiated to-day, offering up a prayer for the occasion. Congress sat in a large room on the ground-floor of the Capitol, the room of the Virginia State Legislative Assembly; everything was conducted with the strictest decorum. Mr. Foote, from Tennessee, was the principal orator; rather exciting in style.

In Congress to-day I heard a difference of opinion as to the conscription in Texas. One representative, with excitement, spoke of the "lone star" of Texas; but his colleague quietly observed, that the time was not come for Texas to be alone; she was true to the Confederacy, and this was her true policy.

23rd August.—General Hugér (pronounced Hugée), who is now over the Arsenal at Richmond, accompanied me in a ride over the Chickahominy valley, in a north-west direction from Richmond to Mechanicsville, about five miles. Near this the famous five days' battle began on the 26th June. I saw the ground on which for seven long winter months the opposing armies had gazed on each other; the Confederates on the ridge of the valley to the south, guarding Richmond; the Federals on that to the north. The valley is nearly a mile wide. Muddy and sluggish was the stream in August, winding

through reedy meadows and swamps in two or three divisions. Across this valley the Southern army dashed, and stormed the Northern breastworks, made of pine poles laid horizontally between immense piles, the earth thrown from the ditch outside forming a glacis inside; their breastworks were from six to eight feet high; they ran all along the ridge for miles. We had only time to go as far as Madison's Mill and Beaver Dam Creek. The whole space was dotted with sites of encampments; thousands of pine stumps which supported beds and tables; remains of pork-barrels, bits of old coats, and broken pieces of carriages; here and there a row of soldiers' graves. I was assured that 27,000 rifles and muskets had been taken, 50 cannon with all their appurtenances, uninjured; and ten more at the battle of Seven Pines, some days previous; besides, several cannon were found buried, and earth heaped over them to appear like graves, and even bits of wood at the head, with some name written, to prevent discovery. The Southerners had an easy dodge to detect this ruse, viz., sticking the ramrod into the earth; quantities of ammunition, too, were disinterred from the swamps.

24th August.—Fine and cool. Sunday and St. Bartholomew's-day. Attended St. Paul's church; Rev. Dr. Minnegröde the rector. The President and

his family were among the congregation, which was crowded. The building is spacious; style Grecian; pews so constructed as to render kneeling difficult: this is a general fault in the churches here and at Columbia. The singing here and elsewhere is so elaborate that the congregation cannot join the choir. The altar, of marble, is under the reading-desk, and pulpit over that, like three altars! The Doctor's sermon was earnest and ingenious, on 103rd Psalm, 16th verse:—" 'The place thereof shall know it no more.' The natural and social world will vanish away. So let it be with all pride and sin, and let goodness and righteousness, enduring for ever, prevail; dwelling on the moral structures of man, one after the other falling to the ground, and known no more but in the pages of history." He slightly referred to the vast sphere of the United States as only a temporary expedient, but to be known "no more." "Other structures fitted to the growing wants of men in the new world would arise, to the glory of God and the weal of his people."

Dined to-day with a citizen who is a civil engineer, who spoke of the vast resources of the South. "The talent would now no longer be buried in the earth." One of the Northern papers had astonished the quiet minds of the South by a parody on the

40th of Isaiah, in favour of McClellan preparing the way for Lincoln to pass over to the South! In the afternoon I gave a Divine service at a military hospital, viz., Mr. Kent's store in Main Street. My text was the last verse of the 16th chapter of St. Luke. There were 150 beds, all of which were occupied by wounded men; many of them had their sisters or mothers attending them. The merchant's office was turned into a dispensary, and a kitchen was close by. The head surgeon was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and extremely polite. I had, three days before, arranged with the ladies as to the service, and got Prayer-books for them. I believe all were Methodists or Presbyterians. There had been no public service on any previous Sunday. As I said before, the chaplains are soldiers fighting in the ranks, or officers. These men and women had never heard our Church prayers; they said they liked them much, and many thanked me, and asked me to come again next Sunday. A few days before, I had been at Mr. Norwood's, of St. John's church, the original parish church, on the easternmost hill of Richmond. He told me that while the lines were near the city, one Sunday morning, his clerico-military friend Pendleton walked into the church. He called him into the vestry, and asked him to preach; he made objections—

“unprepared”—“general’s uniform,” “spurs,” &c. ; but “no” was not taken for an answer—so the rev. general was obliged to hold forth ; and, much to the gratification of the congregation, he preached a stirring sermon on St. Luke xvi. 31—the general’s stars on the collar showing above the surplice. I told them at the hospital I took the same text as their gallant general did. In the evening I went to the negroes’ Baptist church, in Broad Street, holding about 1500 ; it was full to overflowing. The sermon was on “Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.” The style was quite didactic. The preacher seemed to have witnessed the very spots he described, and the attention was drawn completely. The sexes sat separately. Not a single person was badly dressed ; their singing was wonderful, and entirely congregational. Go through the streets, and into the negroes’ church of Richmond, and you will say, happy is the “coloured race.”

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Davis at Home.

ON this Sunday evening I dropped in at the President's with Mr. Miles, M.C. for Charleston, and had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Davis, who, by her *tout ensemble* and affability, is "the right lady in the right place." The President thanked me for my representations about the supperless regiment, and for my ministrations at the hospital; and Mrs. Davis asked me to breakfast next morning, to consult with their clergyman, Dr. Minnegröde, about organizing some system for Divine service in the hospitals. The breakfast hour came, and I sat down with the great man of the South, and next to the Lady President; and there were two great generals, Pendleton and Gustavus Smith, both going that day to the army. Pendleton had a parish in Alabama (I think it was), where was a military college. Having

been a graduate at West Point, he used to give the boys hints as to elevation of the guns ; so when the war grew inevitable, his congregation besought him to join the army. It is said that his practice at the first battle of Manassas was terrific. The story is that he would stand by a gun, which he would himself point, and say, "Now, boys, are you ready?"—"Yes." "May the Lord have mercy on the miserable sinners!—Fire!" Another rector, who was, by-the-by, in an infantry company, where before an action all the men knelt down, and a prayer was offered up, told me that he went to Pendleton after the battle, and found him lying down quite exhausted ; he had had a point of view which fell on the line of march of the enemy as they advanced by thousands to their fruitless attack. Now as for the clergy taking up arms, when England was threatened with invasion by France, many of the English clergy did so ;—and these people look on this as an invasion from a foreign foe.

Here was I sitting at a breakfast-table, with certainly very good fare upon it, in company with the ruler of ten millions of people, and commander-in-chief of 400,000 soldiers—the President of a Senate and a Congress—the chosen chief of thirteen States, each one more extensive than England—and no

more formality than at a squire's table in England. Everything was in order—nothing extravagant; and last, not least, Mrs. Davis had good but loving rule over her fine, healthy children, whom I had the pleasure of seeing.

Dr. Minnegröde, at breakfast, spoke strongly and ably in favour of a national church connected with the Government. The Church in England was too much secularised, and so much State interference was bad. The Church should appoint her own bishops, the State, as a “nursing father,” consenting thereto. The bishops should not vote in secular parliaments, and livings should not be conferred for political purposes or for money; but these abuses were not essential for the happy union of “Church and State,” which was the only way to maintain a religious system in the world. This led to mention of the advantage of chaplains as part of the corps of every army and navy, which was so insisted on by General Washington.

The two generals were off to the army at Gordonsville soon after breakfast, Mrs. Davis disappearing for a time to order sandwiches, &c., to be put up for them on their journey. When they were off, we two clergymen sat talking with Mrs. Davis, and arranging for the Divine service in the military

hospitals ; and before we left, the President held out two cigars, one for the doctor and one for myself, which we smoked in the garden portico. His Excellency called me "doctor": I said I could not lay claim to such an honourable distinction, on which he replied, "Oh, they must make you a doctor on your return to England, after this visit you have paid us."

A brief memoir of the precedents of this remarkable man may well be entered here.

The Mexican war took place in 1846, on account of the annexation of Texas.

Mr. Jefferson Davis was a Senator, and in session for Mississippi.

The 1st Mississippi Regiment elected him Colonel ; he resigned his seat.

In September, 1846, he was engaged in storming Monte Rea, and was one of the Commissioners appointed by General Taylor for arranging the terms of capitulation of that city and fortress.

But he was mostly distinguished at the battle of Buena Vista, on the 23d February, 1847.

On a charge of the Mexican cavalry, the Illinois Regiment on one of the flanks of the United States army broke and fell into disorder, and a New York Regiment near it rushed confusedly behind some

houses. Colonel Davis brought up his Mississippians through the flying men, and forming his regiment in the shape of a V, stood firm within rifle range, and opened fire on the Mexicans, who were thrown into confusion. He thus held his ground for a long time unsupported. Colonel Davis, though severely wounded, remained in the saddle during the whole engagement. Brigadier-General Lane, who was present, said he saw a shudder pass through Davis, which was the only indication he gave of being wounded; he was nearly dying of lock-jaw in consequence, and suffered many years from his wound, and is still at times severely affected by it in his health.

This account was kindly read to me while making up my diary, by Colonel L. Q. C. Lamar, who was Member of Congress for Mississippi at the same time.

On the 25th August, furnished with an introduction from General Hugér to Captain Lee, Confederate States Navy, commanding the fortress at Drury's Bluff, Fort Darling, about ten miles south of Richmond, on the James River, I embarked on the Government passenger gun-boat, on which free passage is given. Captain Lee, who received me most courteously, is a fine, sailor-like looking man,

about sixty years of age, and six feet high ; he is a brother of the famous General Lee, commanding the Confederate army on the Potomac. One of his officers accompanied me round the works : several guns of immense calibre command the James River. When the attack was made by the "Monitor" and "Gallina," in June, 1862, there were only two guns in position. There was an obstruction across the river, composed of some piles and a sunken steamer, the paddleboxes of which appear above water in the frontispiece. The stronger range of piles across the river have been placed since that attack. The "Monitor" was anchored close to the left bank, where a tree stretches over the water, as will be seen in the sketch ; the "Gallina" opposite. The river at this point is about 150 yards wide : the sketch was taken from the embrasure of a gun, about 300 yards from the pilade. The officers and men of the numerous naval brigade quartered at this tremendous fortress were a thoroughly fine set of fellows, just like our own blue-jackets, all of them wishing for nothing better than a combined attack from all the Monitors and gunboats of the Federal navy. The tents which are seen in the sketch peeping through the wood about a mile down the river, show where a battery is held by a detachment of the force

under Captain Lee. Richmond is well protected here, indeed!

Not being at first aware that my hasty sketch (taken by the kind permission of Captain Lee) was destined to figure as a frontispiece to the journal of my "Errand to the South" (which it now does at Mr. Bentley's suggestion), I have added these few remarks to help my readers to a clearer understanding of the localities therein represented.

On my return I went over the Merrimac No. 2, called the "Richmond." Her iron plates, or rather "bars," were on, and her ram was being ironed; none of her eight guns or engine were on board. She has no *sides*, but "knuckles" is the name given to the long iron line close to the water forming the apex of the angle which presents itself to the outsiders, and is so sharp that no impression could be made on it; while shot striking the sloping ribbed roof above, or the sloping bottom, would glance innocuous into the air or the water. She is 172 feet and 42 feet in beam.

Talking of words, that of Yankee was explained to me as being derived from the Indians in the north asking the first settlers who they were, and when they said English, they pronounced it Yan-geesh—hence Yankee—these English being totally

different from the Southern settlers, who came out afterwards, and were Royalists.

Talking of negroes, one of the Secretaries of State told me he had just seen an officer lately exchanged, who, when in the prisoners' exchange office at Baltimore, heard a negro who entered ask for a pass to go South; the General who gave the passes said he could not give it, he must stay; and he observed, "That is the thousandth application from these fellows I have been obliged to refuse." Mr. Myers told me he knew of many slaves in Virginia before the war who had been emancipated and gone North, but voluntarily came back to slavery.

Saw to-day a lad of eighteen, from Texas, who had been wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill on the 1st of July: leg taken off above the knee, and was nearly well already! If, as is pretty evident, the finger of God is with the Southern hosts in the wonderful successes which they have gained in so many battles, surely it is also seen in the wonderful recovery of the wounded.

The Texan says, "We achieved our independence. Santa Anna called the Government of Mexico, under which we were, 'a republic,' but he was a dictator; so now the Executive of the United States Government calls it a republican government,

but in reality it is an oligarchy of abolitionists, and its chief is a dictator."

On the 27th of August, having an introduction to some Senators, I was allowed to go on the floor of the Senate House, which is also in the capitol of the State Senate House, upstairs. Mr. Stevens was President, a man of small, delicate figure, but of great mind. Here also business was conducted as gravely as in our House of Peers. The Rev. Dr. Early, Methodist Bishop, offered up the prayer: meeting him in the lobby, I introduced myself to him. I observed I had seen the Articles of the Church of England in the Book of Discipline of the Methodist Church; he said, "Yes, but we have cut out the 17th." He told me of a negro girl having chopped off the hand of a soldier, who was forcing himself into a house where there were only ladies.

CHAPTER X.

*Mr. Mason a Friend to England.—Visit to
Roanoke River, &c.*

THERE are some relatives of Mr. Mason at Richmond with whom I have become acquainted; they inform me that he is descended from Colonel G. Mason, who was in the Royalist army at the battle of Worcester, after which, the cause being gone, he emigrated to America and settled in Virginia. They deny that Mr. Mason ever wrote against England as was alleged by some of the English press.

I had brushed up my diary so far when I was gratified by receiving the following letter from Mr. Mason's secretary:—

February 26, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—In regard to Mr. Mason's ancestry, and the circumstances attending their emigration to, and settlement in America—

His first ancestor, George Mason, Esq., of Staffordshire, England, was a member of Parliament for that county; and though opposed to the policy

of the Stuarts, was warmly attached to the Crown, to whose falling fortunes he attached himself during the wars of the Protectorate, and as a colonel of cavalry in the army of Charles Stuart, fought under his banner at the battle of Worcester. After that defeat, he emigrated to America in 1651, landed at Norfolk, Virginia, and subsequently established a plantation on the banks of the Potomac River, where he was afterwards joined by his family: from this gentleman Mr. Mason derives his descent in a direct line; his family having always remained in Virginia.

In the case of one whose antecedents are so purely and traditionally *English*, these genealogical facts would alone seem a sufficient refutation of a calumny as unjust as it is unnatural. But if other evidence were wanting to disprove an assertion which has its origin only in a distempered or prejudiced imagination, I need but recall to your recollection one of those rare acts of international courtesy so pre-eminently graceful that they must ever endure as the typical landmarks of an elevated and enlightened statesmanship. I allude to the restitution of Her Majesty's ship the "Resolute" to the British Government, under circumstances which are yet fresh in the recollection of all.

The "Resolute," as you are aware, while engaged in a voyage of exploration of the Arctic Seas, about the year 1856, became imbedded in the ice, and having been abandoned by her crew, remained thus ice-bound until, released by the periodical thaw, she floated off several hundred miles to the south, was discovered by a New England whaler, boarded, and brought into the harbour of New London, Connecticut. The usual claim for salvage having been filed by the claimants in a Court of Admiralty, she was duly condemned under a decree of that Court, the British Government generously relinquishing its title to the salvors; upon which a Senator from Connecticut offered a resolution in the Senate of the United States to have an American register granted her. At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Mason, then a Senator from Virginia, came forward with a counter-resolution that she should be purchased by the Government of the United States, and by that Government restored to the British navy. The resolution was unanimously adopted; and under an order of the Secretary of the Navy (embraced in the Act) the ship was thoroughly refitted, placed under the command of Commander Hartstene, United States navy, with a full complement of naval officers and men, and by him restored to her original flag and ownership.

With this striking incident, which in its inception and execution reflects so much honour upon all connected with it, Mr. Mason's name stands permanently identified in the archives of the United States Government—a fact, probably, not generally known to the people of this country.

In conclusion, I beg to advert to an error, through which a few aspiring negrophilists in Exeter Hall and elsewhere, taking advantage of the popular prejudice in this country against the institutions of the South, have denounced Mr. Mason as “the infamous author of the Fugitive Slave Law.” It is thus sought to fix upon the honoured subject of this notice the popular odium here, against slavery as the originator of this act of Federal legislation, under a misconception or misrepresentation of the true circumstances attending its adoption.

A proper regard for truth and historic accuracy will excuse, I am sure, a brief reference to this most important and equitable measure.

The so-called Fugitive Slave Law was really enacted during the administration of Washington in 1793, and approved by him in pursuance of that provision of the Constitution of the United States which it recites, and which reads thus:—

“No person held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.”—Art. iv. Sect. 2, Constitution of United States.

Such persons are placed upon identically the same footing as fugitives from justice escaping beyond the jurisdiction of one State into another, with whom they are associated in the same Article and Section. In both these cases, it is enjoined that the parties so escaping shall be delivered up to the State from whence they originally fled, and in the latter case having jurisdiction of the crime.

The provisions of this Act having been found insufficient to carry out its requirements, in consequence of the lawless interference of organized bands in the Northern States (encouraged, in some instances, by State legislation) to prevent its execution, the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, of which Mr. Mason *was* the author, entitled “An Act to amend and supplementary to the Act entitled ‘An Act respecting fugitives from justice and persons escaping from the service of their masters,’ approved February the twelfth, One thousand seven hundred and ninety-

three," was passed by Congress, and is, as you will see, emendatory; and was enacted with a view to the more perfect execution of the law upon which it was founded, and the terms of which it rehearses.

I trust you will excuse, my dear sir, the rather voluminous proportions of this communication, essential to the correction of misrepresentations.

Awaiting with much interest, and anticipating much pleasure from the perusal of your forthcoming work,

I am,

My dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. E. MACFARLAND.

24, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square.

I dined out at Richmond; but here, as at the hotel, there was no wine or beer. At breakfast and tea (with no tea) there is everywhere a plentiful supply of bread in all varieties, milk and eggs, rice and hominy; eggs are usually turned out into tumblers; two or three are thus taken for breakfast. The pastures of Virginia are rich in grass and clover, and the cows yield abundance of excellent milk. The flowers are numerous and odoriferous, and the bees

give abundance of delicious honey in their *gum-tree* hives. It is verily a rich land, "flowing with milk and honey;" while wild grapes hang clustering in the woods. Most days I found a pleasant refuge from the hot sun in the library of the Capitol. There is a fine marble statue of Washington, standing in the entrance of the Capitol, and said to be the most perfect representation of him; beneath is the following inscription:—

"The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia have caused this Statue to be erected as a monument of affection and gratitude to George Washington, who, uniting to the endowments of a Hero the virtues of the Patriot, and exerting both, in establishing the liberties of his Country, has rendered his name dear to his fellow-citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true glory. Done in the year of Christ One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth the twelfth.

"Fait par Houdon, citoyen Français, 1786."

He stands uncovered, dressed in a general's uniform, his right hand resting on a stick, his left on a pillar on which hangs his sword; and a plough stands on the ground close behind him.

Here is to be seen the immense flag, 36 feet by 24 feet, which the ladies of Boston are said to have presented to General McClellan, to put on the top of the Capitol, for the stars and stripes to float over Richmond. It now hangs along the front of the library gallery; here also is the flag which floated over General McClellan's tent. I was told that General Lee found the large flag packed up ready to go on to Richmond. There were several other regimental flags and guidons—all these were taken in one of the five days' battles which drove the Northern army back from Richmond; but no account of the capture ever appeared in the Southern papers, in which the absence of vaunting is remarkable: there were also several secret cuirasses found on the killed, worn under the coat, called "steel vests;" some had dents of bullets on them. A feeling of contempt was raised among the Southerners for an enemy wearing concealed armour. In one of these the advertisement runs thus:—"Smith, Cook, and Co.'s patent bullet-proof vest, New Haven, Conn. Size No. 2;" inscribed thus:—"Taken from Captain Lee of New Jersey, prisoner in battle near Williamsburg, 5th May, 1862."

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Vizetelly, the accomplished sketcher for the "Illustrated London

News ;” he was lamenting over the loss of some sketches, from the bearer having to throw them with other papers into the Potomac, to avoid seizure by the enemy.

On the 28th of August off from Richmond at 4 A.M. Great rush for seats by a crowd of passengers ; sentries stationed to inspect passes ; no one allowed to enter without tickets ; but I pleaded precedent, and “foreigner,” and got into a good seat. It was a beautiful morn, so cool after rain, and birds singing in the woods. I had determined to stop at Weldon, to see the Roanoke River ; it is about eighty miles due south, and in North Carolina. We reached it at 10.30. At Petersburg passes were viséd. My passport from Lord Lyons was sufficient. While the officer inspected it several gathered round to see the British pass : looking over it, one man remarked, “Oh, he is a ‘*subject* !’ ”—evidently congratulating himself that he was one of the *sovereign* people, and “subject” to no one. From Petersburg I got seated next to a young soldier with his leg off. He said he had been very “successful,” as he had never been sick since the beginning of the war, and only wounded seven times ; but all the rest were flesh wounds, and he never stopped for them. The railroad timber bridge over the Roanoke at Weldon is a

fine specimen of American engineering. There are guards at each end, and in the island in the middle. A reward of \$20,000 has been offered by the Yankees for its destruction.

I felt quite knocked up by my sojourn at Richmond, which I attributed partly to the five-story access to my room, and the water at Spottswood's, which was strong of alum. At Happer's hotel we had broiled sturgeon for breakfast, which, served up with Mr. Happer's peculiar sauce, was excellent food. The dinner here began at twelve and went on till two. Two hungry-looking soldiers came in, and asked the waiter the price of dinner. "Seventy-five cents a head," was the reply. Not having enough cash, the poor fellows were leaving the room, when I interceded for them (as I was staying at the hotel). How thankful they were! One was a "Baptist;" the other said he was of no Church, but believed in Christ the Son of God. The master of the hotel also said he belonged to no Church. There must be thousands of persons in this unhappy position: most of those I questioned professed to be of no Church, though Christians. Does not this prove the need of a national Church?—and what can we have to be effective and permanent, but the form of "the Catholic and Apostolic Church?" That of England

being the one suited to all of English origin; but alas! sadly short of the extension due to her people. I offered to baptize him, then and there, in the Roanoke River; but he declined, and promised to obtain baptism when he joined his regiment; adding, the captain of his company was the chaplain, and of the Baptist sect. His father, he said, was a Methodist, and a preacher! I told him the Church of our nation, which had spread to his, was the true original and Catholic Baptist Church; for it received both little children and adults, who were brought to Christ, and administered baptism both by immersion and sprinkling.

Here are some Episcopalians; yet no effort is made to give them Divine services. In my evening stroll I called at some houses inhabited by railway officials: all expressed themselves anxious to have services on the Lord's day; so, after a talk with Mr. Happer and Mr. Roberts (a Confederate Government agent stationed here), it was agreed that I should perform service in the library of the "Institute" on the ensuing Sunday.

August 29th.—Met a soldier named Allen, of the 20th Georgia: "On Monday, 30th June, in the five days' battle, shot through the chest; fell into a 'branch' (*i.e.*, a brook leading to a swamp); water

up to the arms; head on bank; insensible for two days; then he saw a little girl, six years old, looking for things on the field of battle; called to her for water; she ran and filled his can. The 'branch' being full of dead bodies, he could not drink its water. He had a Bible in his knapsack, in which were pretty markers of silk, which he gave her. She went and told her father of him, who took him to his house. He is now returning to his regiment in Virginia, quite well; he is a Roman Catholic." Met a boy-soldier of sixteen, from Tallahassee, Florida; *member of no Church*. Father a Methodist preacher, blacksmith, and farmer; he ran away from home to join his two brothers in the army. Met another soldier, *member of no Church!*

30th.—By an order from Captain Venables I was allowed to pass the sentries, and walk on the wooden rail bridge stretching across the Roanoke, more than a quarter of a mile. The rail is the single line of five-foot gauge; every fifty yards or so, an open barrel full of water. After every train a man passes over to extinguish any sparks that may fall from the furnace. The yellow river rushing between huge rocks about thirty feet below; the island half-way, with beautiful trees; the high, woody banks either side, especially on the left bank, was a sight worthy of view. Met

a negro with a wheelbarrow loaded with a sturgeon about five feet long, just caught in a trap. The sturgeon-trap is made of piles driven into a frame at the bottom of the river : these piles, spreading out on either side against the stream, support planks which slope gently from about three feet from the water to the bottom ; strong wattle-work making a hedge on each side of the piles, about two feet high, encloses the slope-form from top to bottom. The slope-form is about ten feet wide on the top, has a slope of about twelve feet high and dry, runs down between the hedges with a very gradual spread till some two feet under the torrent, when the spread becomes almost a curve, making the entrance of the decoy at the bottom about thirty feet wide, or perhaps more. The fish, drawn by the flow of water and the rise of planks, twist and flounder in vain on the planks above the water, and are soon exhausted ; the canoe is moved off from the shore (the one I saw was about twenty yards off it), and the fish is tumbled into it. Sometimes six or seven are caught in one night. There is so little market for them, that they sell for \$2 a side. Sturgeon has no bones—nothing but gristle and flesh.

On account of some misunderstanding with the railway company (as I heard), the drainage round

the hotel was very bad. The heat was so great I could not sleep with the windows shut; and one night I was actually awoke with putrid smells, which decidedly disagreed with me, though those who were used to them seemed none the worse. I felt so unwell that I would have pursued my route on Saturday, but I could not break my faith as to the Divine service, which I had to perform in a room as hot as a furnace: the thermometer must have been up to 100° at least. I preached on St. John, chap. xviii., showing that all Christians ought to be joined in one body—the Church, “the body of Christ.” Mr. Happer’s pretty daughters led the singing, especially Miss “Pocohontas.” They are all members of the Episcopalian Church, *i. e.*, the Anglo-Catholic branch, and therefore had their Prayer-books; and here I may remark the American has decidedly improved on our Prayer-book in one respect, *i. e.*, having an authorized set of hymns besides the metrical Psalms, which also are arranged much more conveniently than ours for song. When “Pocohontas,” the daughter of Powhattan, was baptized, her heathen name was changed to Rebecca, but now Christians receive the heathen name! The gratitude with which a full congregation received my poor services (which I tried to render as church-

like as possible, wearing my surplice and covering the lecture-desk with cloth) was ample compensation for the pain it caused me in body.

There are no trains on Sunday, so I could not get on that night; but Monday morning, 1st of September, I got into a car at 11, reached Goldsboro' at 3; a pretty place, with avenues of trees and a good hotel: got a capital dinner for one dollar. At Wilmington, North Carolina, at 8, 320 miles from Richmond; twenty-five "depôts" between Weldon and Wilmington; crowds of people at all the depôts; fine crops of "corn" in the fields. At the Weldon junction depôt there were hundreds of bales of cotton, and also at most of the depôts; some under sheds, some exposed. "See," observed a fellow-traveller, "the United States Government is blockading the whole world, and stopping up the highway given to all nations by the Creator. He has given this supply of cotton for the use of mankind beyond the seas, and the United States' self-willed Executive—not *the people* of the United States—deny it to them. How long will the nations suffer this tyranny?" Very few acres of land were growing cotton, and people said it was only enough for seed—the seed-time being the end of April.

At Weldon I had learnt the name of the principal

clergyman at Wilmington, the Rev. Dr. Drane; so, feeling too unwell to stand the bustle of an hotel, I wrote to him beforehand, requesting his hospitality, and the Rev. the Rector of St. James (here every incumbent is rightly styled "Rector") received me most kindly. He was a fine specimen of the Anglo-American both in body and mind; had been rector twenty-six years. I found Dr. Thomas, his son-in-law, with him; conversation never flagged. "The people in the South are a finer race than the North; which, in their opinion, arises from their being of pure English blood, not a mixed race, as in the North. There is a feeling against kindred marriages. As to religion in New England, and in all the North, it is for the most part Puritan, *i. e.*, not objective, but subjective; not having the Supreme Being for its *object*, but placing His word *subject* to their will and prejudice—hence no principle of action, no object, no love. It is a known fact that negroes, if freed, do not multiply as they do in a state of so-called slavery."

Dr. Thomas, M.D. (in America all medical practitioners are M.D's., no so-called surgeons), drove me a long round to see the breastworks and batteries erected for the defence of Wilmington (so called after the Duke of Wilmington in the colonial age):

these are well constructed and very formidable, and so placed that every access is defended. Wilmington is founded on coral rocks, which are found everywhere just below the top soil, which is sandy.

Again I hear of the United States blockading the ports against England and France, contrary to all commercial treaties. They say "in this army every man feels interested to defend his country against an enemy of his family."

For beautiful scenery and health springs, they say, go from Richmond to Charlottesville (where is a University), then on to Staunton, where you get into the hill country, with many springs, *e. g.*, "sweet springs," "all-healing springs," which have wonderful restorative effects, and where you can live for \$1½ a day, bed and board.

Heard of double victory of South over the North, viz., General Lee in Virginia, and General Kirby Smith at Richmond, in Kentucky.

In St. James's Church, Wilmington, there is a weekly offertory, which averages \$300 towards Bishop's maintenance; \$350, Diocesan Home Mission; \$90, widows and orphans of clergy; \$300, foreign mission; and the rest, out of an average of \$8000 a year, for poor. The vestrymen number six. Here and elsewhere the vestry says to the

minister, "You want change of air; go to the hills for two or three months; we pay your expenses;" and then the lay reader performs the service (some neighbouring priest coming for Holy Communion) from the reading-desk, reading sermons authorized by the rector. By my kind friends' good care I got better at Wilmington, but not well.

On the 4th up at 4; at 5 on board the steam ferry-boat, across the Cape Fear River, to the depôt for train at 6 to Fair Bluff, sixty-three miles; breakfast at Flemington, near the Wakamaw Lake, which is seven miles long and five broad. This fine space of water is the source of the Wakamaw River, and is beautifully wooded all round. It is the only water worthy of the name of lake in either of the Carolinas; indeed, though there are magnificent rivers and beautiful mountains in the Southern States, this seems to be the only lake besides those in Arkansas, Louisiana, and Florida. At Fair Bluff I was kindly received by a family who were refugees from Wilmington. On account of the difficulty in making salt it has now risen to \$14 a bushel; Liverpool salt, which they reckon necessary for curing meat, is \$75; it used to be 75 cents: tea is \$14; coffee, \$1 75 cents per pound.

People had read the speeches on Mr. Lindsay's

motion; and I heard observations made on Lord Palmerston's expression of hope that at last "charity would prevail in the councils of the North and bring peace." They seemed to think this a new thing in civil war, and that the best charity would be for England to say, "Hold, enough!" to demand open ports, and the cotton now wasted set free to feed the looms and support the suffering manufacturers. If England and France knew the unanimity of the South, they said, it would be done. They asked, "Why don't they send out commissioners to the South, and get acquainted with the truth, which the North hides from them?" They asked, "Why do not England and France send out joint commissioners to inquire into the state of our Government and the condition of our labourers? Have the Northern Government told them that one of our first measures was to pass a law against importing slaves from Africa or any foreign country? No! Go home, sir, and tell them that it is only the unconstitutional proceedings of the North that have hindered us from carrying out more measures for bettering the condition of these people, committed to our charge by our English ancestors; and assure them that, as you see, our principles are those of humanity and political freedom." They were North Carolinians who held this language.

CHAPTER XI.

Again to Winsboro'.

SEPT. 4TH.—A letter from Mrs. W——, concerning the new plantation at Winsboro', induced me to continue my course on the rail by the midnight train. At 7 in the morning we arrived at Sumterville, when several ladies brought food and coffee for the soldiers in the train, and water and towels to refresh their wounds. "Florence Nightingales" are not wanting here. Wherever we stopped for meals there were tables spread with clean white cloths and the best of food for the soldiers *en route* to and from the armies, free of all charge. Nor were their souls forgotten. Agents of Christian Knowledge Societies traversed the cars, distributing books and tracts, which I never saw refused; and many read them, and when the agent returned, many officers and men gave him contributions—his printed notice stating the object of the Society and the means of its support.

On the 5th September I left Kingsville Junction Station for Columbia at 8.30, in a freight train, which was three hours doing the twenty-two miles. At one incline we actually retrograded ; the rails were covered with grass, driven by a high wind from the surrounding prairie. This is called petticoat grass ; it breaks off into bits like spiders' legs, which creep up your legs if you walk in it, and is exceedingly unpleasant for the softer sex, who avoid it as much as possible ; *ergo*, petticoat, from no petticoats going into it—" *lucus a non lucendo*"—lying on the iron rails, it makes them very slippery.

The more I see of this people the more convinced I am of the superiority of race ; so calm, so polite. Men, women, and children I see perfect in face and figure, like the old Vandyke pictures ; and I say the true Carolina blood is here. They are kind and friendly, too, towards the negroes, who are respectful without slavish fear ; indeed, I hear it often remarked that they are more respectful than they were before the war. Old Jack, the negro watchman, when I visited at Fair Bluff, said he was quite content ; he was up all night, but slept all day. As for any negroes going to the Yankees, he said it was all folly ; they should stay at home and be quiet, and look for home in the life to come. I was very fortu-

nate, being still unwell, to get a room at Mrs. M'Mahon's boarding-house. I left Columbia on the 6th Sept., at 8 A.M., for Winsboro' again. I met with a most hospitable reception from Mr. Bacot, a refugee from Charleston. Mrs. B.'s aunt was the wife of Prince Murat. They drove me over to the Weston Retreat, where I was to be entertained by the overseer. The 7th, being Sunday, I gave the people here Divine service at 8.30 in a grove of oaks. Several negroes had Prayer-books, and joined with the overseer's family in singing hymns. I gave evening service at 4, catechised the children, and both boys and girls answered well, though it was three months since they had said their Catechism at the plantation. The overseer, not being a member of the Church, had not taken up this edifying teaching. I suppose old Rowland Hill's dying words hold good, wherever the Apostolic order is let go—"The whole thing is Antinomian;" in fact, the Bible without the Creed and "sound doctrine" will not do. Also on Sunday I baptized Pemba, daughter of Neptune and Poona, eight days old. I found it was not usual to note the name of the father in the record of negroes' baptism, but I insisted on doing so, much to the delight of both the parents. I hope and trust that the Bishops will see to this being done with the blacks as

well as the whites: as their souls are reckoned of equal value, there is no reason why in all matters of religion they should not have equal privileges. The negroes are by nature gentle and polite, and are quite alive to these marks of respect for humanity. I was asked to do what was to me quite a new thing, but not unfrequent in this country among the negroes, *i.e.*, to "funeralise" three graves of children who had died of whooping-cough a short time ago, and on account of no minister being present, were buried without the regular service. The graves were in a grove of oaks. I was to read the portion of funeral service said at the grave, which I willingly did, (using the past tense,) and at the special words one of the negroes threw earth and dust on the graves. All behaved with great reverence, and one old "Joseph" acted as clerk, with his book in hand, and all joined in the Amens. The names of the children were "Sal," "Frank," and "Sanders." I ordered a fence to be made round a good space in the grove for a cemetery. I also said the Visitation of the Sick over a sick child.

On the 8th of September I was in the saddle at nine, and rode with the overseer to Mr. Hawthorne's (the adjoining plantation); the path led along some cotton and clover fields; the cotton was just bursting

forth from the round pods, and was of such height on the plants that I could easily gather it from the saddle.

A very pretty sight is a cotton field with its flowers still remaining and some of the white ones not yet turned red. The country here is what they call "rolling," which means undulating, and is covered with copses, and fields, and little streams in the valleys: a crystal fountain close to the house supplies water to all, and sends its rill down to the Congeree River, which flows by Columbia. Mr. Hawthorne has lived here twenty years, raised a family, has three sons in the army, and never had a doctor in the house. The air is so pure and cool that white people can work in the fields all the year round. His family being grown up, and one living at Greenville, he wishes to go and dwell with him, and to sell this estate of 300 acres for \$20 an acre. His cotton and Saugor-cane looked splendid, and he himself looks like a British yeoman. On part of his estate I saw immense monoliths of grey granite full fifty feet long, all round which the soil was most productive. Saugor-cane was growing there. The little black seed of this sugar-cane makes bread, and is excellent food for poultry.

Mr. Hawthorne had sent his cotton to Winsboro',

to the Government cotton loan, which gives 17 cents per lb. ($8\frac{1}{2}d.$), to be invested in South Carolina bonds, at 8 per cent. interest, for twenty years; he had sent several bales of 400 lbs. each. The same interest is given for money lent. He showed me his wheat, which he had threshed out in June; he grew from 30 to 40 bushels the acre, weight 60 lbs. the bushel; it is called "Giles wheat," white.

The Saugor sugar-cane has only lately been introduced from China; it was growing eight to ten feet high. He had a peach orchard; his hogs were fed on the peaches. He has deer, turkey, and partridge shooting.

After a ride of about a mile and a half, we visited the mansion of the Hon. W. W. Boyce, situated in very pretty grounds, and an old-fashioned garden in front. Miss Boyce kindly gave evidence of the singing powers of the ladies of the South. Though the sun was hot for the ride, yet a fresh breeze was blowing all the time. Every one, both black and white, was longing for recognition by England. "Oh, that it may come, and then peace will come!" The ladies say, "In April next year the cotton-sowing time comes—won't it come before then?"

There had been some disturbance between the overseer and the negroes at the Retreat. I first took

down the overseer's deposition, and then I had a gathering of the negroes under an oak-tree by torch-light. The overseer had certainly been in fault—arising, as I believe, not from any cruel feeling towards the negroes, but from want of judgment. Having had to deal as a magistrate for many years with the natives of India, I was struck with the similarity of nature of the two people as to clearness of evidence. The customary use of the possessive pronoun had been put in *practice* in respect to the rations, which had been curtailed, as a punishment; and several of them had broken into the storehouse. A young negress had thrown herself between her brother and the overseer, when she thought the former was going to be punished unjustly. The pervading superintendence of enlightened and humane masters through the States worked by negroes has rendered them quite alive to a sense of wrong; and even when the masters may be absent, this feeling runs from one plantation to another: then there are always white advocates ready to redress the wrongs of the black, and to insist on justice; but I believe, generally speaking, the overseers are a very respectable, right-judging, and humane set of men.

In this case, the driver, Anthony, had sent word

to his mistress what was going on, in a letter written by himself, well written and well expressed. He had stood by the overseer from a sense of duty, though he saw he was wrong; and in the scuffle that ensued from that bright-eyed and determined young negro woman defending her brother his watch had been broken.

That evening a pretty little negro girl, six years old, called "Celia," daughter of Neptune and Poona, died of whooping-cough. As I felt still very unwell, and had arranged to leave before sunrise next morning, I could not bury her; but they said it would suffice if I would "funeralise" her little body, which I did at eleven o'clock at night. The cottage was full of friends comforting the parents. Joseph, who had acted for me as clerk on Sunday, was preaching; and then a hymn was sung. I waited till it was over. When I entered all made way for me, and were very reverent in their behaviour. When I came to that part, "We commit her body to the ground," &c., one of them presented some earth and dust and ashes to me, on a board, meaning that I should lay my hand upon it, which I did, and it was then laid by to be taken to the grave and thrown on the coffin. After I left, the prayers, hymns, and preaching continued till about three o'clock in the morning. I was

glad to hear that all that could be done was resorted to for these poor children. A doctor had been in daily attendance, and a very superior man he seemed to be; and the overseer's wife and daughters had been very attentive. I engaged the offices of these young ladies in the teaching of the children for the future, though they were Methodists, promising to hear their Catechisms; and I have reason to believe that all misunderstanding between overseer and people has been set right by the simple intervention of a third party; and henceforth all will go well, till the welcome supervision of the master is restored to these devoted servants. When I determined on my intervention, I foresaw difficulties: firstly, being so ill from dysentery I could hardly move; secondly, I could only be looked on as an evanescent visitor, and perhaps an intruder, and might raise the anger of the overseer.

Misunderstandings require third parties to step in. If the Powers of England and France had stepped in with mediation, through well-chosen spokesmen sent to Washington and Richmond, after the Confederate army had left Maryland, I verily believe the Northerners would have inwardly rejoiced, and fallen into the opportunity to get out of the "mess."

On the plantation I found the following children

who were fifteen years of age, able to work half-time, viz., Juba, Sibia, Harriett. Seven men had been drafted to leave for Charleston, to work at the fortifications. Once a week the negroes could go to Winsboro', and were allowed to sell what they could save from their allowance of corn. When I left they all came around to wish me good-bye—each one saying their messages of “much huddy!” “heaps of huddy!” &c., to mistress and their friends.

I again partook of the hospitality of my refugee friends the Bacots. Mr. Bacot's family is of French origin—the first settler having come over to Charleston at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1694, when thirty more French families came over. The families never forget their origin, and keep up their arms and mottoes: *e. g.*, Mr. Lance, whose family had an estate in Kent, which was lost in Chancery, emigrated hither about 1700; their crest is a bull's head, and lance through the neck: both their families, as well as all I meet, have members in the army, privates or officers.

In Mr. Bacot's house I saw a print of John C. Calhoun, with a globe by his side and the United States flag of stars and stripes trailing on the ground—one hand resting on a table, and holding a roll thus inscribed:—

“Sovereignty of States.

“Free trade.

“Strict construction of the Constitution of the United States.

“Died 1850.”

It was remarked on as prophetic of the present struggle of the South, whose object is free trade with all the world, and whose victories have lowered the Union flag.

The office of Postmaster at Charleston was perhaps the most important of all, next to that of New York; and as these officials often changed with the change of President, it is remarkable that Mr. Bacot's father was appointed Postmaster by Washington, and was succeeded by the present accomplished and able official, Mr. Hugér—making only two since the “Revolution.” The South Carolinians seem always to have resisted the abuse of official changes, which was first brought in by President Jackson. Under the system adopted by the Confederate Government possession of office is to be continued without reference to the change of President—“*Quamdiu se bene gesserint.*”

On the 9th of September at Winsboro'. The train left at two, and we were three hours doing the thirty-nine miles to Columbia, the level of which, I was assured, is 300 feet lower than Winsboro'.

The State Convention was in session, and every hotel and boarding-house was full ; so I threw myself on the hospitality of the kind Mr. and Mrs. Shand—who were verily good Samaritans to me. I needed medical aid at once ; and fortunate I was to find such an able practitioner as Dr. Gibbs, who had drank of the Æsculapian fountains of Paris, and Dublin, and Edinburgh. I was utterly prostrated by the weakening malady, which had lasted so many days ; but in three days, after constant attendance, the good Doctor gave me over to the cook, and took his leave—refusing all remuneration, as he said they never took fees from ministers of religion !

On Sunday, 14th September, refreshing rain had cooled the air. Mr. Shand's church, holding about 1200, was full, and I was edified by hearing him preach two excellent sermons : A.M., on "Blessed are they who have not seen, yet believe ;" P.M., "How can ye believe who seek honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh of God only ?" "How charming is Divine philosophy !"—How charming to feel at home even in the utmost limits of the earth, by means of our greatest national blessing, our holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of England ! The very same holy words in prayer and praise offered up, on the same day, in all quarters of

the globe! Standing up, like a lighthouse on a rock, ever firm though the cyclones of various doctrines rage around, and the cold, foaming waves of opposition and lukewarmness dash against it!

The font in this church, dedicated to Holy Trinity, was chiselled by the sculptor Power, in Italy, from the quarry of Michael Angelo, and offered to the church by Mrs. Hampton, Colonel Preston's mother-in-law. It is now many years since Colonel Preston of Columbia, whose gardens are of a high order, saw a figure modelled by a boy of Tennessee, and was so struck with the talent displayed in it, that he sent for him, educated him, and took him to Italy. This was Power—whose statue of the "Greek Slave" is the admiration of the world. The altar, of solid white marble, was also brought from Italy.

On the 15th of September I was allowed to sit in the body of the House of Convention of South Carolina, which met at eleven o'clock. I heard the member for Marion district, also Colonel Chesnut, and Mr. Middleton, speak on the conscription question, all agreeing that the measure was favourably received by the people, and willingly responded to. I heard a good speech from Judge English, on obedience being true patriotism; General Harlee spoke on the coast defences. There are 125 members

in this Convention, which is in fact the voice of the People, in its capacity of Sovereign; and if all people were endued with such reverence, sense of order, and good common-sense as this people in their established sovereign body—sitting without a throne and without a crown—Justice might sheathe her sword, and lay down her sceptre. Here was a body of Anglo-American gentlemen, endued with reverence of God, unanimity of purpose, and common-sense, the chosen “sovereign” of the Palmetto State—having stability without a throne, and power without a crown. News had come that the Confederate forces were threatening Philadelphia; but there was no excitement or boasting in consequence. After a few days, the Convention, having accomplished the object for which it was called into existence (*viz.*, deciding on and upholding secession from the Union), again merged into its kindred millions. The members sat in the room used by the State Legislature or House of Representatives. I could not resist a feeling of national pride, thinking of this people, claiming to be of the genuine English stock, exemplifying in a wonderful manner some of the finest features of the character of man in self-government. I spoke to them of conscription, of the new taxation even to taxing a watch—of the double postage, &c., but every-

where there was willing submission. It was as the submission to Joshua : " All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us we will go."

There are, I heard, 12,000 people at Columbia, but no police are seen, and people sleep with their doors and windows unbolted. There are no beggars. I questioned many negroes, and all were contented and happy. During the whole of my six months' stay in the South I never saw a beggar.

The High Street of Columbia is of great length and width, and at the east end of it is the new Capitol, not nearly finished ; indeed, not roofed in : it is of white marble, and will be a very handsome building. I was told the architect is a German, to whom the State allows a salary of 4000 dollars per annum till it be finished, and now the work is stopped on account of the war (except the polishing of some beautiful Tennessee marble) he still receives it. In the court stands a curious and clever piece of iron-work, in the shape of a palmetto-tree, the emblem of South Carolina, of natural size, and till you touch it you would suppose it to be a real tree, with its sprouting stem and long, fibrous, pointed leaves. Under it, on an iron plate, are written the words : " Columbia, South Carolina, to her sons of the Palmetto State who fell in the war with Mexico, A. D. 1847."

CHAPTER XII.

Off to the Mountains.

ON Tuesday, the 16th September, according to the advice of Dr. Gibbs, instead of returning eastward to Conwayboro', 185 miles, I took the train to Greenville, South Carolina, 160 miles west, in order to ascend the mountains called the "Blue Ridge," part of the Alleghany range: there were crowds of people at the principal depôts. The Greenville and Columbia railroad joins the Blue Ridge railroad at Belton, and there are two branches, one to Laurenceville, one to Greenville. At one place, Williamstown, there are chalybeate springs: many refugees from Charleston were here. At one depôt, a negro, with whom I had had some conversation, got out; he had on a coat which much amused the passengers; it was of white cotton, and on the back were, not badly drawn, the Union eagle and stars and stripes, and Abraham Lincoln flooring Jefferson Davis. This

man had been taken prisoner in the first battle of Bull Run, 1861, and had escaped in the second on the 30th August, 1862. He said the Yankees told him he was free, but he had been bound to service for his food and clothing: several more were trying to get away from the Yankees. He was quite rejoiced when he arrived at his station, and was talking how he would surprise massa when he got home again. We reached Greenville about 4 P.M.: omnibuses and all kinds of vehicles were ready to take the passengers into the town, about a mile and a half. On the outside platform an elderly gentleman immediately opened a Richmond newspaper, and read with a fine clear voice the latest news to a crowd of people. I was told this was done here every afternoon, and is usual in many places. The rail approaching Greenville runs through a very pretty country, often over or along the Saleuda River, with its high wooded banks enclosing its winding stream.

The stage was to leave Greenville for Flat Rock, the mountain resort, at 1 A.M. In these journeys I often experienced the advantage of subjecting the body to the will, finding that if I lay down to sleep, determined to wake at a particular time, I did so; thus avoiding the uncertainty of being "called" by others. Greenville is of considerable elevation, and

the night air was cool. Our vehicle was something between a stage-coach and diligence: the coachman drove four-in-hand in good style. There was only room for two passengers outside; the inside was fitted with three seats: the middle one for four, the two others for three each. Precious close packing it was, ten inside! One of the ten was an immense fat negro woman, the washerwoman of no less a person than the Secretary of the Treasury at Richmond, Mr. Memmenger, whose family were at Flat Rock. It was rather an uncomfortable proof of the greater freedom for the negroes in the South than in the North, where she would not have been tolerated. The mountain ascent was awful; the road of the roughest part of it was called "The Corkscrew." The coachman often begged the passengers to walk, and so ease his horses to get up the steep ascents. I was too weak to aid in this merciful work. We reached halfway-house and got breakfast at 5 o'clock, and went on with fresh horses, and reached Flat Rock about 3 P.M. on the 17th September; a rather tedious forty miles. What wisdom there is in the Persians' expression for climate "Ab o howa," "water and air!" I drank of the sparkling fountains from the rocks, I breathed the fresh mountain air, and every mile I felt recovering health and strength. The stage went rolling on to Hender-

sonville, the capital of Henderson, a county of North Carolina, wherein this charming refuge from the hot plains of the lowlands is situated ; and it was to go on to Ashville, capital of Buncombe County, about thirty miles further north. I had not been long at the hotel kept by Mr. Farmer before my kind friend, Mr. Andrew Johnstone, drove up with his pretty grey horses and offered me his hospitality, which I gratefully accepted. The road was excellent, winding between rocks, wooded hills, along the sides of well-drained meadows, over streams, with villas in their little parks and grounds all the way for four miles. We met several carriages with ladies taking their evening drive ; and on a curve we pulled up to greet a cavalcade of pretty girls and boys on beautiful horses and ponies. Three of the twelve were Mr. Johnstone's two daughters and son, bright with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes ; two more were daughters of Mr. Memmenger, Secretary of State, whose pretty mansion looked down upon us. All looked kindly on the poor invalid stranger. The woods are beautiful : splendid oaks, with vines mysteriously rising from twenty to thirty feet to catch hold of the mighty branches, and large clusters of grapes were hanging from them. We drove some way along a stream which the early white settlers called "Muddy

Creek;" but my friend has the taste to prefer the ancient American name, Okhleewaha, which means the same. Two miles of road and the bridge over this stream are his own making. He had bought some 800 acres from the first settlers about twenty years ago, for about one dollar an acre, and the name of his pretty gabled home, "Beaumont," is worthy of the beauty of the scene and of the sunny spirit of harmony, and love which pervades his numerous, accomplished family. The day after my arrival was Thursday, the 18th of September, appointed by President Davis for thanksgiving for the simultaneous victories gained by General Lee, at Manassas, in Virginia, and General Kirby Smith, at Richmond, in Kentucky, on the 30th August. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Reed, the rector of the church at Flat Rock, who politely allowed me to have it, and Mrs. Johnstone kindly copied it; and here it is for the edification of those who are interested in this wonderful country and people, sprung up as it were by the enchanter's wand from wild mountains, forests, and swamps: —

“The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”—Psalm cxxvi. 3.

“This Psalm seems, from its internal evidence, to have been composed after the return of the Jews

from the Babylonish captivity. It was consequently not written by David, but by some other inspired author. It is not, however, on that account, the less a part of that Holy Scripture which God has caused to be written for our learning. It is an inspired song of praise for the deliverance vouchsafed to the people in their rescue from the hand of their enemies, and being allowed to return to their own land after a seventy years' exile. The language in which, by direction of the Holy Ghost, they expressed their sense of the Divine mercies is not less suited to the occasion which calls us together than to that on which the words were originally uttered. We are assembled, by invitation of the chief magistrate of the nation, to render thanks to Almighty God, for the signal mercy granted us in the recent success of our arms. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then were we like them that dream; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' It will not be necessary to use any arguments to prove that those things in our affairs, which inspire us with joy, and encourage us to hope for a successful issue of the struggle in which we are engaged, are the result of God's merciful action in our behalf. It is true they have come by

the agency of secondary causes. But all events in this world come in the same way. Even in miracles these causes probably work, though with greater intensity, and in modes unknown to us. In all occurrences not miraculous they are the sole causes distinguishable by us, and yet none of us doubt that the course of this world is ordered by God's governance, and that his secret influence is in all that is done, moulding every event into the precise form it assumes, and making it take its precise place, and do its exact work, in that great plan by which God is finally to illustrate his own glory, and perfect the happiness of those who obey him.

“With regard to nations, St. Paul tells us expressly that he has appointed before both the times and the bounds of their habitations : when they shall be born, when they shall die, what part of the earth shall be assigned them, and what shall be their career, has all been determined in the counsels of God, and each successive stage of their history is simply a development of a Divine purpose and plan. With whatever of human passion or human virtue it may be connected, by whatever manifest natural agencies it may be brought about, God is still the efficient cause, and the movements of nations in their orbits is not less fixed than the movements of planets. In the one

case the movement is the result of purely physical causes, with which man can in no way interfere; in the other, it is the result of the voluntary action of beings endowed with will and choice: but the mysterious wisdom of God rules equally in each. All combine to a common end; and we are under the same obligation to acknowledge God, and to praise him in what befalls us of good, when it comes through what we have done, or what others have done in our behalf, as when it comes through natural agents only. Revelation teaches us to look to one source alone; to make everything a matter of prayer and thanksgiving. Our meeting together this morning is, on our part, a confession of this truth. We say, by our assembling to render thanks, that the great things of which we are glad have been done for us by the Lord. We confess his hand, we recognize his interposition, we adore his mercy. Without therefore occupying your time in enforcing what is acknowledged already, let us briefly review some of the circumstances in our past history, and our present position, which call for peculiar gratitude to God, and encourage us to firm and cheerful trust in his providence for the future.

“In the enumeration of the mercies which call for gratitude, every Christian mind will agree with me

in assigning a prominent place to the fact that, as a people, we have had grace given us to make that acknowledgment of Divine providence of which I have spoken. This has been so remarkable, that it deserves more than a passing notice. The effort to achieve the independence of the Southern States began in South Carolina. There the Legislature which called the Convention appointed a day of fasting and prayer to supplicate the blessing of God on the deliberations of that body; to acknowledge God's ruling in the affairs of men; to ask from him unity to our people, and success to our cause. Since that time, the people of the Confederate States have been repeatedly called upon by the Government to humble themselves before God, and to implore his mercy; and these calls have been responded to by the whole population with a unanimity and an earnestness which showed a most gratifying sense of dependence on his providence, and a disposition to leave our cause to his decision.

“After the first battle of Manassas, our Congress, then in session, assembled immediately to return thanks to God, and adjourned without proceeding to its usual business; turning its Hall of Legislation into a temple, and the day into a Sabbath, in token of its sense of Divine interposition in behalf of the

nation. The Executive issued an address to the people of the country, inviting them to meet in their churches and praise God for his goodness: an invitation, I believe, nowhere disregarded. Our houses of worship were filled then, as I trust they are everywhere to day, with men and women gratefully acknowledging the hand of Jehovah, and pouring out their praise for his wonderful interposition. Among our military commanders the same acknowledgment of God has been conspicuous. So far as I am aware, no despatch has been sent by any general officer, announcing an important success, in which was not embodied a distinct recognition of the hand of God. In the recent victory in Kentucky, as after a victory under another of our pious leaders in Virginia, military operations were suspended, and the army rested for a day for the express purpose of giving an opportunity for formal worship and thanks to God, to whose power the victory was ascribed; while the tone of humble and fervent piety which characterises all the despatches of our great military commander, as well as the proclamations and messages of our chief magistrate, has been remarked by all.

“Now, I do not mean to say that we are more religious than other people, for we have sins enough to

make us fear the just judgments of Almighty God, nor do I mean to attribute everything in our successes to these public acknowledgments of a Divine power and providence. But the fact is evident, that we, as a nation, have been moved to cast ourselves upon the arm of God; to confess him in good and evil, to a degree not probably witnessed in the history of other nations. The fact may be explained, perhaps, by our conscious weakness, as compared with our enemies; but the fact itself remains that, under whatever impulse, we have been moved earnestly and repeatedly to seek God: and whatever may be said of secondary causes, the fact is also evident that we have experienced a remarkable degree of protection and success; and while God's own declaration remains, 'Them that honour me I will honour,' and 'they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed,' a Christian will not doubt that the measure of prosperity which has attended us has a most important connection with our acknowledgment of him.

“Another cause of gratitude is the fact that we are to-day, after nearly a year and a half of war, continuing the contest, with a good hope of finally convincing our enemies of the impossibility of subjugation. If we consider the circumstances, we shall not under-estimate this fact—in the beginning of

the war our enemies called out 75,000 men for three months. We take it for granted they thought the army large enough, and the time long enough, to secure the object in view. After the rout at Manassas, the magnitude of the undertaking had greatly increased in their apprehension, and the army was swelled from 75,000 to 600,000: the object being to render all resistance hopeless, and to bring the rebellious States into immediate and complete subjection; and certainly the expectation was not unreasonable. According to recently published statements of their Secretary of State, their available population is nearly five times greater than our own. They have access to the markets of the world for supplies, while from the very beginning of the war we have been almost cut off from the sea. They have manufactories of every description, while we have almost none. Every material necessary for the vigorous and successful prosecution of war is easily accessible to them, and almost inaccessible to us. Yet, what so far has been the issue? In spite of numbers, in spite of wealth, in spite of resources, we are no nearer being conquered than at the beginning.

“Only four months ago, they called out 60,000 additional troops, for three months, to insure the immediate conclusion of the war. This delusion has

wholly passed away, and the Government has since asked for 600,000 more for an indefinite period. Yet God has enabled us to arm, clothe, and feed men enough to meet all these hosts, and at this moment there is no point where they are willing to meet us in the field. God has fought against them; their huge armies have been wasted by disease and battle; the insolent boastings of their generals and their people have been rebuked by defeat; and by their own confession they have now the whole war to begin again. What the future may bring forth we cannot tell, but we can at least say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' We have met the whole strength of the enemy, and we are not exterminated, we are not disarmed, we are not despondent.

"Our career, however, has not been one of unflinching success. We have had many and serious disasters. But has not God so overruled these disasters as to make us esteem them mercies, for which we should give thanks? Has he not dealt with us as he deals with individuals when he makes chastening the instrument of blessings, which could have come in no other way?

"Several very important results have followed the reverses we have sustained. One has been a demonstration to the enemy of the extreme difficulty of conquering the country. Wherever they have taken

possession they have extended their authority so far as they extended their military lines, and no farther. Everything without these has remained in armed hostility, and everything within has remained hostile in spirit; and the question cannot but arise in their minds, 'What will be the cost of holding such a country, even if we should succeed in overrunning it?' In this aspect of matters their successes have been as discouraging as their defeats.

“ Another effect of our reverses has been to exhibit the falsehood of the pretext under which the war was commenced—that there was a large portion of the population of the Confederate States favourable to a continued union with the Northern people! Every State of the Confederacy has been at some point invaded. The temper of our whole people has been fairly tried; but the invaders have still to seek for their friends. None have been found as yet. Everywhere they are received with the same bitter hatred, everywhere treated with the same undisguised contempt; until the fact has at last penetrated the unwilling minds of the Northern people that the separation between the sections in feeling is total and eternal. All pretext of relieving oppressed friends within our borders is taken away, and if the war is to be continued, it is not under the show of restoring union, but for

the avowed purpose of exterminating our whole population, or reducing them to a state of ignominious subjection to a government and people which they abhor. Whether a nation calling itself Christian, and embodying the principles of civil liberty in its written constitution, will wage such a war, remains to be seen; though there is, unfortunately, only the smallest possible ground for any hope that the contest will terminate, except from the sheer physical inability of the enemy to continue it. The past forbids us to look for such principles as religion, justice, and humanity.

“But the most marked and beneficial results of the enemy’s successes have been on our own people. It has illustrated their unconquerable spirit. From the fall of Port Royal in our own State, in the beginning of November last, up to the 1st of June, was one almost uninterrupted series of disasters to our arms. The capture of New Orleans, of Nashville, and Memphis; the evacuation of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Fredericksburg; the occupation of important points on our whole seaboard; the retreat of our armies from Manassas, Yorktown, and Corinth, followed each other in long and close succession. The effect of these reverses abroad was such that some foreign journals spoke of the war as already brought to an

end. But what was the effect upon our own people? Their courage rose with every catastrophe, until it has become evident to the world that no calamity can extort submission, and that our people will never yield while a living man remains to defend the soil of his country. A more determined and heroic temper has never been seen than that displayed by our people in this contest. Even in the districts overrun, no man has despaired of the Republic. Submission has been thought of nowhere; not an energy was relaxed. The strength of the Government was put forth as resolutely and vigorously as if there had been nothing to dishearten. The people everywhere have continued to hope. They have borne severe privations not only without a murmur, but with a cheerful alacrity which calls out the liveliest admiration. We are exciting the wonder and praise of the world; and this is another thing for which we have to thank God, and which should do much to sustain us under the heavy burdens of the war.

“The nations of Europe, deriving their information through Northern sources, had come to look on us as almost a race of barbarians. They regarded us as debased and weakened by our institutions, as well as endangered; without education, without refinement, without wealth, without resources; possessing

scarcely any virtue but that of mere brute courage. The last year has wrought a marvellous revolution in their opinions. They have seen the spirit of our people rising with every emergency, a development of resources under circumstances of extreme difficulty, sufficient to enable us to meet successfully the largest armies ever brought into the field in modern times, and the full power of one of the strongest nations of the world lying immediately on our borders. They have seen statesmanship, moderation, courage, military talent of the highest order—all the virtues which characterize a people destined to take a high place among nations. At this day the sympathies of all Europe are with us, and we have already achieved a reputation which will be worth to us in the future all the war has cost us. The slanders of fanatics have been confuted, and we occupy to-day a proud position before the world. We have shown ourselves to be a brave, determined, united, energetic people; capable of any sacrifices, of any efforts. Our domestic institutions have not proved a source of danger or weakness. We enjoy as complete domestic security as in the midst of profound peace, and the false prophecies of those who spoke after the imagination of their hearts, where the wish was father to the thought, have proved themselves a lie. The truth is at last

becoming known, and we are about to be vindicated before our fellow-men from some of the aspersions under which we have so long laboured; and as we have gained position, our enemies have lost it. By the madness of their designs, by the growing ferocity with which they attempt to execute them, by the frightful mendacity of their Government, their generals, and their public journals; by their perpetual boastings and perpetual failures, they have rendered themselves in the eyes of other nations one of the basest of kingdoms, and have justified our determination to be separated from them.

“Another cause of gratitude is, that God has raised up able leaders for our armies, and has given them great successes. No braver soldiers ever went forth to meet an enemy than those who are now fighting for us. Never was higher courage shown than has been shown by our troops on the battle-fields of Virginia and the West. Never did men endure hardships with more cheerful firmness, accustomed as most of them were to comfortable, if not luxurious homes: they have borne hunger, exposure, fatigue, and want of clothing, with such a spirit of heroism as entitles them to the everlasting gratitude and admiration of their countrymen. But whatever may be the character of the men of an army, their virtues

will be of very little avail without leaders. Success depends essentially upon the commanders. Without skilful generals no army will achieve victories : such generals God has mercifully given to us. Many whose names are familiar, and almost as dear as the names of our children, have displayed the highest qualities as military commanders. The men have been raised up for us as they were wanted ; and that honoured name which stands at the head of our armies, adorned with genius, modesty, and piety, is surrounded by a galaxy of lesser names, which shine with a lustre only less brilliant than that of the central star. And the same merciful God who has qualified them for their stations has given success to their plans. Victory has followed victory, until these last two crowning triumphs, in one day, have driven the enemy from the soil of one State, and opened another to our arms, preparatory, as we hope, to receiving it permanently into our Confederacy. The united forces of the enemy have been met and defeated on the very field where the first battle of the war was fought. Their troops are now no farther advanced, after the loss of a quarter of million of men, and the squandering of a thousand millions of dollars, than they were when our subjugation was first determined on. Truly, my brethren, 'God hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

“ We look to the future with hope ; we feel assured that all that skill and courage can do will be done ; and if we are finally overborne, it will be because God does not will us to be a nation. Let us heartily ascribe to him the glory of what has been accomplished, and let us pray to him for a continuance of his mercies, and for a speedy end of this insane and devilish war.

“ We do not know what is in the future. Neither the power nor the spirit of our persecutors is broken. They have been defeated and disgraced, but they have millions of men still behind, and treasure yet to spend. If they persevere in the war, they may still inflict on us terrible injury and suffering. We will commit ourselves to God in prayer. He has broken once the coil of the serpent by which we were to be crushed to death. He can break it again. The prodigious combination for our destruction will probably be renewed. He can disappoint them again as he has disappointed them in the past. Again their locust swarms can be wasted by sickness and slaughter. Again the snare can be broken and we can be delivered. Our duty is trust, and a spirit of prayerful dependence and obedient acknowledgment of God. What he has done already is a token of his favour and goodness. We were never so strong as now. If we look to God, if we try to obey him, if we put our

whole trust in him, then we may expect his aid to the end. He may visit us with renewed disaster, but he will not give us over to destruction. He may try us, but he will bring us forth as gold. Or, if it should be his pleasure to subject us to final overthrow, we shall leave to the world another legacy of heroic endurance that will animate another generation in the eternal contest of right with power.

“But let us pray against such an issue. Let us beseech God, who hears prayer, to interpose his own arm to stay the shedding of blood, to put a stop to this horrible and useless carnage, to change the heart of our enemies, and open their ears to the voice of justice and humanity. If he wills it, not another drop of blood will flow. Who can tell whether your prayers and mine may not move him to say to the mad passions of men, ‘Peace, be still!’”

My kind host had a party and three clergymen to meet me. There was no boasting, no fault-finding against the North, only firm, conscious expression of State right.

I find here a page of my diary occupied by sketches of the “Sugar Loaf Mountain,” peeping up from snowy clouds—of the “Black Monk,” with his dark peak, rising from distant ranges of the “Bear-

walla" and forest fringes—intermingled with such disjointed words as these — *Sept. 19th*—Delightful cool bedroom, with French window opening on to leads over drawing-room bow-window—up before the sun—splendid view—cannot dress for gazing on it—nothing done all day but staring on the beautiful woods and hills on the Alleghannie range and Blue Ridge. In the evening a juvenile réunion; boys from the Ashville School, twenty-five miles distant. A quadrille formed of ten couples; capital dancers; all girls and boys; good-looking and good figures, and good dancers, and manners easy and polite. Elliott Johnstone, a boy of thirteen, a capital pianist, assisted with his sister Annie and his mother in music. Nor is music kept from its highest object; at family prayers every morning it is delightful to hear them all join in the hearty hymns, led by the fine, manly tone of Paterfamilias, with his long grey beard, and then praying for the eldest son far away in the army, and for peace to be restored.

How can these people be rebels!

On Sunday, the 21st of September, the church being four miles off, two carriages are put in requisition; one drawn by grey horses, the other by fine white mules. How charming it was to be in a

cool church! and all nice low open benches, except one square pew, which is excusable, seeing it is occupied by "an old English gentleman" who could not get over his *pewseyite* ideas to suit the open-seat movement. All the congregation seemed musical, for all joined heartily in the pretty hymns of the American Church. Mr. Johnstone, as one of the church committee (a great improvement by-the-by on our vestry system), has the care of the churchyard, which he keeps in first-rate order. A new grave told of the deadly war; it was that of Lieut.-Colonel St. Quentin, a fine, gallant officer, aide-de-camp, killed at the first battle of Manassas (I think); and every Sunday bouquets of fresh flowers, consisting of the national colours, *red, white, and blue*, are placed upon it by his two bereaved sisters, who live in a beautiful cottage built by him.

On the 22nd we paid a visit to Mr. Baring, who came out to Charleston in 1792. He is ninety years of age, hearty, good sight and hearing; walks about his grounds. Has erected three houses on the hills; declares it is the most healthy place on the face of the earth. Married second time, when seventy-five years of age, Miss Dent, by whom he has a son just admitted into the British navy; came to the hills to settle thirty-three years ago. Called

on Judge King, eighty years of age, who came here before Mr. Baring; both of them possess thousands of acres up here. Mr. King has seen one of the white mountaineers, a hundred years old, carry a bag of peaches on his back. The peaches here grow to thirteen inches in circumference. They grow on standards against the houses—how delicious! By the entrance you see a long pole with a bag at the end: just touch the rosy fruit with the circle, and it drops into the bag, and the melting flavour tells your palate such a tale as never any peaches did before; and as for apples, they are as superior, the best tasted weighing up to one pound each: strawberries and grapes, of great size and delicious flavour, abound also. Mr. King told me the Blue Ridge was 200 miles from east to west, and 100 miles north to south. What a merciful provision of Nature for man! quite accessible from Charleston, about 300 miles (260 of which are rail). It would well repay a trip from England. Fancy a line of fine steamers from Southampton, “off to Charleston,” *viâ* the Azores; no icebergs in the way; no “Newfoundland fogs;” no frowning “Cape Race,” or “Sable Island” breakers—a charming steam and sail of about seven days! Charleston to Greenville one day, and then the Blue Ridge, with its wonderful climate

and beautiful scenery. The whole vast plateau was once in Bunkum County, but being found too large for the ends of justice, it was divided into Henderson and Bunkum. It was when the wild settlers were few and far between in Bunkum, that one of the representatives in Congress, being called to order for being wide of his subject, replied, "Oh, sir, I was not talking to the House, I was talking to Bunkum;" hence the proverb! There are tracts of unreclaimed forest, beautiful sites for building, to be had in all directions for about five dollars an acre. I saw a small farm in cultivation, and bearing good crops, sold for ten dollars an acre.

Mr. Baring told me he would sell his third place if he could, and build another house! Such is the nomadic taste imbibed by a residence in a land where they think no more of going 500 miles than we do of fifty.

The materials for building are everywhere close by—capital stone, beautiful timber, streams for saw-mills. In a very short space I saw three powerful overshot mills. Mr. Baring's is of immense power; his furniture, all made on the hills, would compete with Gillow's. Some of his doors are of maple, some of oak, and book-cases of cherry; all the produce of his woods close by. He is now

draining a fine slope for grass from his residence down to a river.

When Judge King first came to the hills several Indians were here, but they are all now gone to the Cherokee district. Mr. Pettigrew, the Judge's son-in-law, one of the first lawyers in Charleston, is an avowed Unionist; but in the South, freedom of opinion is allowed; they seem perfectly confident in the pervading feeling for independence and State rights.

Mr. Pettigrew, though, is not an Abolitionist; he thinks the possession of negroes by whites has induced a high feeling of honour among the possessors, on account of the responsibility incurred. Judge King had all the treasures of conversation peculiar to our own great lawyers. He had been in friendship with Sir J. Shore and Sir G. Grey, the British Governors of Jamaica. Like all the gentlemen of the South, he spoke of the old country as still dear to them, and as a pattern for them, not in its monarchy, which would not do for America, but in its order, and its law, and its commercial freedom.

He lamented the war. I spoke of it as a sad result of our fallen state. All countries had their civil wars; this was their first. England had been purified by civil war as London by fire. I told him my great-grandfather had lost his two eldest sons

fighting for their king, and he remembered the name of Sir Thomas Malet in the record of State trials; for he was a judge on the bench at Maidstone, and was imprisoned for refusing a summons against a clergyman who would not give up the Prayer-book in church, and on the Restoration he judged the regicides. One evening we ascended the peak called Teneriffe, and enjoyed a splendid view. There are winding paths cut through the woods to many points of view. On the 22nd of September news came of two Confederate victories in Maryland, viz., Jackson's at Harper's Ferry, and Hill's at Boonsville.

It was stated that when fording the Potomac, the Confederate soldiers halted, Stonewall Jackson uncovered, offered up a prayer, and then the soldiers went on singing

MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland! My Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That fleck'd the streets of Baltimore,
And be the Battle Queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!
Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland! My Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

An Errand to the South

For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in thé dust,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 Come! with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Montesey,
 With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 Come to thine own heroic throng,
 That stalks with Liberty along,
 And give a new *Key* to thy song,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain—
“ Sic semper, ”* 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
 Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
 Maryland! My Maryland!

* Virginia's motto, “ Sic semper tyrannis. ”

On the 23rd of September we dined at the pretty residence of the Rev. Mr. Drayton, whose terrace gardens will make his place a little paradise. The mutton, the poultry, the vegetables, and the fruit were all first-rate, but the cellar had not outlived the blockade.

On the 24th I drove fourteen miles through Hendersonville to a beautiful place called "The Meadows," the property of Mr. Blake. The road crossed several streams. He has 7000 acres of forest, and 700 acres of rich meadow, alluvial soil; all now drained, and most productive in all kinds of grain and grass; sixteen cows were in milk: he had about sixteen horses in his stable. He has several teams of mules, splendid animals, about sixteen hands high. Justly are the sable drivers proud of their teams of six mules each. Mr. Blake's entire donkey is valued at 200*l*.

On the 25th we dined at Mr. Robertson's, about two miles from The Meadows. He gave us Smyrna mutton and excellent old Madeira. Mr. Blake lives in baronial style. He has built a very pretty church, and entertains the clergyman. His immense tracts of mountain forests abound in red deer and pheasants; he has his own mills and tan-yards, curriers and shoemakers. I was introduced to my

room by my kind friend the British Consul, Mr. Bunch, whose wife is sister to Mrs. Blake, who is the first Unionist lady I met in the South, she having come from Philadelphia. Mr. Blake is the very *beau-idéal* of an English country gentleman; hearty, hospitable, full of information, straightforward, and patriotic. His eldest son, a fine young man, was aide-de-camp in several battles at Richmond. He complained of the maraudings of the Yankees, who had taken away about 300 of his brother's negroes, and robbed and destroyed his plantation, his brother all the while being in England, and taking no part whatever in the war.

On the 26th September the laird of the meadows and mountains, another gentleman, and myself were on horseback from ten till three, riding through forests of oak and hickory, sassafras and vines, and open glades and valleys, and over granite rocks, on a bright sunny day, with a cool breeze blowing, so that no heat was felt; some places so steep we were obliged to lead our horses. I was mounted on a beautiful brown mare, thoroughbred, from the rich pastures of Kentucky, and nearly suffered from keeping on her by the side of a deep chasm, for one of her hind feet slipped over the brink, when, with wonderful activity, she turned to the chasm,

and bounded over it, but, lighting on slippery clay, she came down, and then, thanks to my light weight, sprang up again, and all was safe. The immense exertion caused her nostrils to expand and opened every pore. A few minutes after, we gained our object, viz., a granite cairn in the midst of a large corn-field, where a fine North Carolinian yeoman, with three beautiful girls and two boys, were gathering fodder from the tall corn-stalks—for the leaves of the corn are gathered some days before the cobs. We stood on the pinnacle, and gazed in admiration on the splendid mountain scenery in all directions. Below us, far away, lay the comfortable mansion in the meadows, with its ilices, and gardens, and homestalls, like a village, and pretty church spire; immediately under us, snug, humble farms, and water-mills, and orchards; to the north, the “Black Mountain,” 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; to the west, the “Sugar Loaf;” to the south, Hendersonville and Flat Rock, studded with dwellings sparkling in the sun, and the Pinnacle Mountain; to the east, Cæsar’s Head, and the Shenanooah River, and French Broad River, and Mount Pisgah, beyond which stretched the interminable Alleghannies, which seemed to mingle with the Cumberland ridge of Tennessee.

Every farmer we met had his hardy mountaineer sons with the army: they had all joined in a gathering of about 300 men in an oak-grove near the church at the first rush of volunteers. I saw the remains of the "barbecue," as they called it—meaning, I suppose, an Arab feast; it was given in companies of about fifty; the pines cut down close by, formed the benches, long ditches with stone slabs over them made the fireplaces, and clay made the ovens; the laird gave his beeves and mutton; and as for potatoes, I never saw such as grow on these hills; and crystal streams gave the drink.

The Southern army was, indeed, a good deal made up of men raised by influential families—*e. g.*, 6,000 men (raised by one family, as before mentioned), among whom were many whole companies composed of the sons of men of wealth: by this means, and by the readiness to meet taxation for their independence, and all over a vast country rich in the gifts of nature, the resources of the South are inexhaustible.

In ten days, from not being able to walk a hundred yards, I had regained my health and strength, so that these five hours' riding and climbing gave me no fatigue. Such is the effect of the water and air of the Blue Ridge! I was glad to see our excellent

consul, Mr. Bunch, had much recovered his health, too, which the anxieties and detention at Charleston had, no doubt, impaired.

The fare of the hospitable board at The Meadows, where open house is kept, was of the substantial kind, both in meat and drink, as you see at a squire's table in England. Here was the first cheese I had seen—a regular “North Wiltshire”—here was champagne, Allsopp's pale ale, &c.

On the 27th, Mr. Blake drove me back, *viâ* Mr. Molyneux's, the British consul of Savannah, who has a pretty house, garden, and model farm near Hendersonville. On Sunday, 28th, I was sufficiently recovered to read Divine service and preach. So in the evening we had our “evensong” under a grove of white pines which Mr. Johnstone had planted close to his house. Several ladies and gentlemen from neighbouring villas attended, and a good many negroes, men, women, and children. I managed to have singing hymns five times, as this is the delight of the negroes, and I got the negro coachman, Jackson, to raise the tunes such as they all knew. It was so cool that the warmth of a bonfire which the negroes made was most acceptable. They held pine torches in their hands, and my

lectern and faldstool were decked with the Confederate flags. The singing seemed to echo through the grove, and hearty were the Amens from Christians, white and black. The women and children were dressed out in their "Sunday best," far smarter than our poor people can dress, and the interesting topic of the Gospel of the day, St. Matt. vi. 28, on which I preached, was evidently not lost upon my congregation. When it was over, all the negroes passed me, making their bows and curtsies, and thanked me.

One evening, at 8 o'clock, I married two young couples of Mr. J.'s negroes in his drawing-room. The brides were very cleanly and prettily dressed, and their heads were crowned with beautiful wreaths of flowers made by Miss Johnstone.

On Michaelmas-day we celebrated my 58th birthday by ascending Mount Pinnacle, one of the highest points, which rise innumeraibly over this vast plateau, and from each one you look down on fresh plains beyond. The expedition took us from ten till half-past three; the horses could go to the very top, when we dismounted to step on to the Pinnacle, which is a pile of granite, put up like a succession of obelisks as if planted by giants. To reach the small table of the highest was more than any of our

heads could stand; but I was assured that two young ladies of South Carolina had, some years ago, danced a polka on that table! three sides of which were at least 300 feet perpendicular rock, and then rugged foliage to a rich valley below.

Here indeed, as a friend of mine wrote of the Indian Ghats, "Nature has in strangest fancy flung crag upon crag." Mr. Johnstone, from his broad Scottish chest, sent forth loud halloos to give the echo, which was wonderful, running along the mountain side, then over the valley to the opposing hills. Splendid was the view from all points of the compass. On the south, the vapoury lowlands like the ocean, Mount Paris, near Greenville; on the south-west, Cæsar's Head and Balsam Mountains; beyond the French Broad River; on the west, Pisgah, 50 miles, and the Paint Mountains beyond; on the north, Black Mountain—60 miles—Bearwalla, and Ashville on the Shenanoah; on the north-west, Mount Pilate, in Virginia, 120 miles: extent of plateau, covered with hills, and woods, and vales, and rivers, a vast *coup d'œil* of 30 miles west to east, and 60 north to south—a mountain kingdom! We were 4,000 feet above the level of the sea—the plateau varies from 2,000 to 2,500. Here it is contemplated to place the capital city of the Southern

Confederacy, having its seat of government within 100 miles of the capitals of six other States.

On the 30th of September we dined in great style at Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux's. Here was everything you could have at a first-rate English table. Before dinner we walked through Mr. Molyneux's beautiful flower-garden, where I saw, in a bed of red salvias, about twenty humming-birds, who hide their beautiful forms in the red cups, whence they suck their food. These little beauties take their flight to Cuba in the fall. In April they leave Cuba for Canada, taking these mountains in their way, where they rest some days or weeks both to and fro. They seem too frail and beautiful for this rough world. A gentleman one day, in this garden, found one caught in a spider's web, and the very act of rescuing it with his fingers caused its death. Mr. Molyneux has been a very successful merchant at Savannah; looks like an English country gentleman; has a son in one of our Dragoon Regiments, and several daughters in France, in the favoured south of which he contemplates residing; so that this pretty and productive mountain home will be for sale when the war is over.

On the 1st of October we went about twenty miles to the "French Broad," riding through fertile val-

leys, farms all the way, to visit Mr. McKune Johnstone, whose house is also on a capital site, and whose farm, of some 400 acres, is most productive in grain and stock. Another brother, Mr. Frank Johnstone, lives about four miles up the river; he counts his domain by miles, not by acres. He is one of the handsomest and finest-grown men I ever saw; and I heard his sons and daughters were as fine as he. He raised a whole regiment of North Carolina, and some time served with it; but either from wounds or illness he was forced to take furlough. He is going to turn the river from its windings by a cut of a quarter of a mile, so as to make it shoot over an immense wheel for his mill. The American name for this river is "Zalika." I asked Mr. Johnstone how he did for a market? "Oh," he said, "the dealers come to me." He sells his corn at $\$1\frac{1}{4}$ per bushel; an acre yields from sixty to eighty bushels. I never saw neater fencing or better draining than at the farms at "French Broad." It is the garden of the mountains. A beautiful farm was offered to me for $\$15$ an acre.

As we rode along we saw them making cider at all the farms; one large press was worked by a water-mill. Many of them make brandy of the apples and peaches. Midway on our return we met Mr. John-

stone's son and another officer, who had just driven up from Tennessee over the Blue Ridge, going about forty miles a day. Farewell "Zalika," with your beautiful mountains, and river, and fertile fields! What a land is yours for the settler from England!

On the 23rd of October the Rev. Mr. Reed's son, a fine youth of eighteen, six feet high, dined with us. He is just come home on furlough, having been in twelve battles as a private. At the last battle at Manassas his blanket was in a roll over his left shoulder, across his breast, when a Minié ball entered it and stuck in the last fold. His great friend, son of the Rev. Dr. Hanckle of Charleston, aged twenty-two, had just been killed after being in eighteen battles untouched. Such is the wheel of war!

Before leaving Beaumont I had the pleasure to baptize Sarah, daughter of Cartwright, the gardener; he had been gardener at Savannah, which nearly stopped the flow of his Yorkshire blood; but up here, working all day, at all seasons, he is again a sound Yorkshireman and capital gardener. I also baptized at the same time three negro children, Kate, Caroline, and West.

The Beaumont water-wheel was now at work, crushing saugum-cane, the juice of which was abundant, and passed at once into the caldrons to pro-

duce molasses and sugar. The products of the farms all over this plateau are wheat, corn, oats, barley, saugum-cane, vetches, clover, rye, grass, turnips, and mangold wurzel: beeves, sheep, and pigs thrive. The woods have red deer, rabbits, and pheasants: the cock bird makes a noise with his wings just like a drum. There are no snakes up here.

What with the equable climate of these regions, where the thermometer never gets above 80°, and where in winter the frosts are only just enough to fill the ice-houses, and where the rains are moderate, and bright, and sunny days prevail—what with ever varying views, truly applicable were the words—

“ Fair Nature * * * *

Thine are the joys that never never sate,
But still remain, through all the storms of fate.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Down to the Plains.

ON the 4th of October I reluctantly left these scenes of health and hospitality; and never did I experience greater regret in declining any invitation than in that of the kind Mr. and Mrs. Molyneux to stay some days at their highland home; but the moment I felt well enough it was my duty to be at Conway-boro' again,—my errand was to be fulfilled.

Mrs. W—— might have been here, enjoying the cool breezes and lovely scenery; but she was true to her duties—an English wife of a patriot American. While he was enduring all the hardships of war she would not flinch from her duties, and devotedly did she perform them. Oh, ye Northerners! if you could behold how the hearts of the negroes are twined round their protectors in the South, you would not think of a servile war! but, the fact is,

the Southerners went North, but the Northerners never went South.

I insert here a Southerner's account of the country near the hills.

“Spartanburg Court-house is one hundred miles from Columbia (the capital of South Carolina), in a direction about north-west. Spartanburg is the terminus of the Spartanburg and Union Railroad. The general outline of the country is pleasant and agreeable to the eye; the variety is peculiarly abundant, and the climate adapted to almost every kind of vegetation. The peculiar staple of this section of the country is corn (or Indian maize), wheat, rye, Irish potatoes, and cotton. Many farms are in a high state of cultivation, and the yield is bountiful. The soil is a red clay land, and some farmers have found it profitable to turn fields into clover and grass for pasturage. The best improved breed of cattle and sheep is found in this part of the State, of direct importation from England. There are six cotton factories in this district (it is to be regretted, however, that they are on a small scale); there are in the district two rolling-mills, and several furnaces for smelting iron. The quantity of iron ore in this part of the State is considered inexhaustible, and of the best quality; the Ordnance Committee, in the

war of 1776, reported that the ore of Spartanburg and King's Mountain was the best for cannon that could be found in all the States. There is abundance of water privileges for driving machinery for the most extensive operations (not very highly appreciated). Labour is scarce; crops of wheat could not be harvested for want of labour. Before the war provisions were cheap: corn, 45 cents per bushel; bacon, 9 and 10 cents per pound; wheat, 75 cents per bushel. Now, these prices are more than doubled. In the summer months the thermometer ranges from 70° to 95° at meridian. The water is good and the country healthy.

“Wofford College is situated in the town. Limestone Female Institute, a school of high order, is twenty-three miles from the town; schools of the best order are abundant. Religious privileges are good, consisting of churches of all denominations.

“Cæsar's Head and Table Rock are near Hendersonville, in North Carolina, and about forty miles from Spartanburg; these are celebrated peaks in the Blue Ridge, and places of summer resort. Near here is the French Broad, said to be the most delightful section of all the Southern States.

“Many Englishmen of great wealth are settled near Henderson, North Carolina—Messrs. Molyneux,

Baring, Blake, and others: their improvements and mode of farming, together with their improved breeds of stock of all kinds, are attracting much attention, and quite instructive to our people.

“Lands can be readily purchased in Spartanburg: the prices for up, or hill lands, together with the improvements, range from \$8 to \$20 per acre; river bottom lands command \$40 to \$100 per acre.”

As we descended to Greenville, I got out at a shoe manufactory: the shoes were cut out by hand, but the stitching was done by machinery, turned by a water-wheel: 400 pairs are made per diem, at \$4 a pair; and very good shoes they appeared.

This time I put up in Greenville at the hotel kept by Mr. Goodlett, who had still three sons in the army: one had died from fatigue and exposure after burying the dead on the battle-field.

In the morning, being Sunday, I went betimes to my brother clergyman, Mr. Arthur, Rector of the “Episcopal” church here, a very pretty edifice, in Gothic style. The Rev. Dr. Davis, Bishop of South Carolina, preached on the words, “But we have the mind of Christ.”

We were 150 communicants at Holy Communion; and as a receiver I was struck, just as I was when

a celebrant, at the superiority, in its beauty of holiness, in its devotion, and its evangelical and apostolical meaning, of the office used in this Church (following the Scottish) over that which is in our English Prayer-book—how much more comforting, more edifying, to have a direct invocation to the Holy Ghost! Was it this which caused, as I observed, a greater reverence among all, both white and black, in receiving the first holy element in the palm of the right hand, with the left crossed under it, thus not only avoiding spilling any particle (which may be done if taken as a common piece of bread), but, as it were, testifying that here it was, through the palms, the cruel nails entered His blessed hands!

The Bishop was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Arthur. This gentleman had been engaged as a soldier in the first battle at Manassas. He is a friend of the Rev. General Pendleton.

In the afternoon the funeral of a venerable minister of the Anabaptists, Dr. Johnson, took place. He died in old age, was a learned man, and much respected. Mr. Arthur attended his funeral: neither the Bishop nor any one else seemed surprised at this—was it not a fresh proof of “On earth peace, good will toward men?”

In the evening I had the honour of saying prayers and reading the lessons in the church. The Bishop confirmed 150 young persons, both white and black; and the Rev. Mr. Howe, of Charleston, preached the sermon, on Christ asleep in the boat and rising to still the storm. I took the opportunity to discuss a few ecclesiastical questions. Some alterations in our Liturgy I thought not improvements, viz., 1st. The colons in the Psalms, which were intended as points for chanting, are omitted; 2nd. The 1st lessons, which bear reference to the Gospel of the day, had been changed; 3rd. The "Gloria Patri" at the end of each Psalm is omitted, and it is only said at the end: the omission, too, is contrary to the intention of the American Church (see rubric at the end of the "Venite"); 4th. The shortening of the "Benedictus," and the omission of the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in "Even-song"; 5th. The omission of the "Nicene Creed" in the Holy Communion, if either creed has been said before at prayers; 6th. The "Gloria in Excelsis" at the end of the Psalms, and optional omission of it in Holy Communion. The changing the last two verses of the "Venite" is rather an improvement. None of the alterations in the Liturgy can be said to alter the doctrines of our holy Catholic Apostolic

Church. Decided improvements, are, the shortening of the lessons both for Sundays and daily prayer ; 2nd. The " Selections of Psalms " for daily use, or even for Sundays ; 3rd. The appointed " Hymns and Spiritual Songs ; " 4th. The office of Harvest Thanksgiving ; 5th. The Family Prayer ; 6th. The prayer for persons going to sea—prayer for sick persons—for a sick child—for the afflicted—for prisoners condemned—for the convention of the Church (but why is the prayer for the whole Church Catholic omitted?). The corresponding thanksgivings are also good. The shortening the marriage service, and omission of the first sentence, is a great improvement ; though a psalm or hymn for such an occasion, on procession from the body of the church up the choir to the altar, should have been inserted, and the injunction about Holy Communion should not have been omitted. Some verbal alterations, such as " who " for " which," and " those " for " them," in the Lord's Prayer, are harmless ; and so is the alteration in the " Te Deum," " Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a pure virgin." As they are not entrammelled with " Acts of Uniformity," it is surprising they have not altered some objectionable phrases in the Bible translation.

I observed that one of their first measures must

be, to do away with the idea that each State was only to have one bishop, and to entitle their bishops after the names of their sees; thus Bishop Davies of South Carolina would be Bishop of Camden; Bishop Atkinson of North Carolina would be Bishop of Wilmington. The time is come, owing to the spread and increase of population, when these States should each have three bishops at least; and bishops should no longer be "rectors:" a bishop should be the man to work for and see into the peace and spiritual prosperity of every parish, and hamlet, and plantation, just as the rector or parson has to do so for every family. Neither of them has a sinecure if he do his duty.

I was glad to hear it is the intention of the Southern Convention to urge the passing of a law as soon as possible for rendering the marriage and family ties of the negroes as binding as those of the white population. And I would humbly recommend that the members of the so-called Episcopal Church do so arrange their accommodation in their churches that kneeling in worship be more easy—that pews be abolished, and so God's house no longer made "a house of merchandize" (it is, alas! too often so in England), and that the black people be more encouraged to come and join in "the old

way"—which, if restored to its full beauty of holy worship, as intended and long practised by our Church of England (and which would have been still universal if the Puritans had not broken down all "the carved work thereof"), would undoubtedly be the most acceptable form of worship to the negroes, as it is proved to be of the white race.

The train left Greenville at 6 A.M., and reached Columbia at 4 P.M. I had the pleasure of meeting in the train the accomplished Mr. W. H. Trescott. I was sorry to be obliged to decline taking to England a copy of his book on International Law. His opinion is that "a blockade should only be held at besieged ports; but England holds the doctrine of blockading a whole coast. England does this on account of her great naval power, as, in case of war, it would give her great advantage. It is a cruel and ungenerous doctrine: her island position naturally engenders naval prowess, but her religion and her freedom ought to banish the pride of 'mistress of the seas;' her free-trade system, to be beneficial, ought to have banished such a boast, which keeps up the cruel doctrine. Her cruelty now recoils on herself: she is obliged to confess the right of this coast blockade, which shuts out the supply of cotton, and causes distress to her people. Alas, the curse

of 'Statesmen' who have not charity in their vocabulary! Oh for the pen of Sydney Smith, to chastise them as he did in 1814, in 'Peter Plymley's Letters,' when the poor sick French people were shut out of rhubarb and jalap!" Mr. Trescott was travelling about 200 miles to Columbia, to get blankets, warm clothing, and shoes, from the newly-raised manufactories there, for his negro labourers.

6th October.—An evening at Columbia, and again at the table d'hôte of my good hostess Mrs. M'Mahon. My friend Mr. Shand had a little tea left, and with him I enjoyed "the pipe of peace" in the fragrant "Killokaleeka" tobacco: this is the mildest and finest-flavoured production of Virginia, and is sold in solid lumps, like a very thick tile, of about 2 lbs. each; though it is dry, it smokes long; the name is real American, meaning "a mixture," and a right good innocent one it is.

7th October.—The weather has become nice and cool all day, and nights cold. Leaving Columbia at six, I had to wait about seven hours at Kingsville. I never saw such immense hogs as mine host Mr. Kennedy has here. I met several wounded men. The wayside hospital was beautifully kept, and a very intelligent assistant-surgeon is here. One man had been wounded soon after the battle

of Harper's Ferry, where he saw 10,000 men march out and lay down their arms and colours, and go on parole, before Stonewall Jackson; and he said he saw, in a battle soon after that, several hundreds of the same men were taken prisoners with the parole on them, and he saw 300 of them shot by order of General Jackson.

In the train I met Sergeant Sykes and Private Ellis, of the 3rd N. C. Regiment, both farmers, one of 2,000 acres, the other of 100. The regiment marched through Richmond in August 700 strong, and now there were only 75 fit for duty. In the battle where Sykes was wounded he shot 37 rounds: he is a dead shot—he is certain to hit a man every shot—they all fell. They charged bayonets, and the Yankees ran: this was at "Sharpsburg" on the 17th September; the Yankees call it "Antietam." "But," I said, "was it not a drawn battle?" "So *they* call it, sir; only we killed four to one, and we held our ground till next day, when we retreated to the Potomac, as Maryland was not ready for us; yet 800 Marylanders came to us at Frederick." These men could not get out at Florence, the refreshment place, so I went to the wayside hospital, and got the attendant to bring them a plentiful supper for nothing.

On the 8th October I was again *en route de sable*, with my friend Mr. Porter, mail stage coachman. Well, Mr. Porter, many passengers lately? Answer: Yes, sir, "right smart." It was a warm day, yet a greyheaded man, aged 60, walked from Fair Bluff to within five miles of the Boro', carrying full saddlebags and a can; he is a farmer on the coast, a regular tough-looking Englishman. He said the white people do all this sort of thing; they never get "sun-stroke" in the South, but there is plenty of it in New York. In the summer they take bark—the bark of the willow or hickory—to keep off fever.

On arriving at Conwayboro' I found the thermometer had sunk to 76° by day. A letter was received from Captain W——, giving an account of the taking of a fort from the Yankees; the name was Mumfordsville, in Kentucky. He commanded four companies of skirmishers, who received a long and heavy fire of canister, but none were hurt; the place capitulated, and 4,500 men were paroled, and their arms were on the same day handed over to 4,500 Kentuckians.

At Conwayboro' I found a letter for me from the negro driver at Winsboro'. Here it is:—

“ Winsboro’, Sunday, September 21, 1862.

“ DEAR MR. MALLET,

“ I have not got any directions from the men since you left, and I thought I would write and let you know a bout it.* I was trying to find out, but I cannot find out anything a bout it. All is well since you left heare.”

“ MY DEAR MISTRESS,

“ I take this opportunity of writting you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present, and I hope when this reaches you it will find you and all the rest in the enjoyment of good health. We stand very much in need of salt, as we are out. Mr. Callcutt says there isent any to be had. the Meat which you sent on to us we have not received as yet. We are very thankfull to you for allowing us more meat for our allowance when we receive it. We expect to commence picking cotton to-morrow, if the wether permit. I will be very glad to heare from you as soon as you heare from Master. I received the 8 dollars from Mr. Mallet which you sent me, and am very thankful to you for it. We

* Referring to some of the negroes being charged with helping themselves to bacon.

are all getting on very well at present, but I don't know how long it will continue to be so, but I trust it will be all the time. I am very sorry that they did not make a confession to Mr. Mallet when he was here, and I cannot get any satisfaction from them myselfe. I hope, dear Mistress, I hope to heare from you very soon. No more at present. I am your ever faithfull servant,

“ ANTHONY WESTUN.”

Mrs. W—— and myself went to tea with Mr. Morgan and his family, refugees from George Town. He is an Irishman, and a very enterprising merchant. He says, the South wants emigrants from Europe to set up factories and open mines; there is abundance of iron in North Carolina and Tennessee, but the mines are rudely worked; scientific workmen are wanted. Twenty-eight miles north of Charlotte, in North Carolina, there are mines of iron, copper, and lead, provisions abundant and climate good.

The 11th October, being Saturday, Mrs. W—— gives out grain, &c., to the “field hands.” The women carry by toting (*i. e.* on the head) $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushel. No doubt, this “toting” accounts for their remarkably upright figures; each adult male and female

had one peck of clean rice, and half a peck to each child ; sometimes cornflour is given instead. As soon as a child is born, the mother has half a peck a week for it ; they can lay by plenty for their poultry and pigs. Meat is given out to the field labourers three times a week, in such quantities that every family may have meat daily ; honey, sugar, and salt were also given out.

This 11th October we have a gale of wind ; the pine forests all around roar like the sea ; lightning, thunder, and rain—what they call here “ battle rain.” It is the day the Northern fleet departs from Hilton Head. Where is it bound ?—no one knows.

Conwayboro' has now a pleasant climate ; we have no daisies in the grass, but, just as in June, we have the thrush, the blackbird, and the nightingale's song in the woods, and all from the mocking-bird. Was it to cheer the Saxon emigrant in his hard-earned log hut that Dame Nature provided this wonderful bird ? and while our birds are mute the mocking-bird still sings, and the Anglo-American race sit in their piazzas cheered by the varied song.

October 12th, 17th Sunday after Trinity.—Heavy rain ; several of the Boro' families had agreed to attend our house Divine Service, and among them some Roman Catholics ; but the weather kept all at

home. The Holy Communion was administered to the family; several negroes received with great devotion. I preached to them on Solomon's Song, viii. 7: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Dr. Harrill, the medical man here, has much ability; he considers that the Confederates driving back the Federals from Richmond warrants recognition from Foreign Powers. The Government has shown its stability. Dr. H—— studied medicine in the North. In 1854 he was at Castleton.

"Judge Howe was there, and a Mr. Hall was at Prospect Hill, near White Hill. These gentlemen were friends of the family of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who was left badly off. This lady had travelled in the South, where few Northerners ever go, except it be to settle there; she had written notes about the slaves. Judge Howe concluded, as an abolitionist and universalist, to make out a book, and employed Hall, a clever hand, to write it. He called it '*Uncle Tom's Cabin*,' a fiction on the said notes: it was agreed to bring it out under Mrs. Beecher Stowe's name. Hall was to be paid for writing, and Judge Howe was to give Mrs. Beecher Stowe part of the profits, which immensely exceeded all their expectations, and proved fortunes to them both. A

conscientious Methodist minister in the same district, feeling that false impressions would be made by the book, wrote a pamphlet to counteract it; but he was threatened with dismissal from his congregation, and the pamphlet was quashed.

“The teaching of ministers and of Sabbath-school scholars all through the North was forced to include anti-slavery; also setting forth the Southern States as in a miserable state of ignorance, darkness, and destitution, all owing to the ‘awful’ and ‘cursed institution.’ No minister was reckoned fit for a call to a flock except he would bring this into public prayer; it was also lugged into the prayer at all public religious meetings. In these prayers they were openly to denounce slavery, and pray that the eyes of the South might be opened to see their sin and emancipate their slaves; yet all the while these people were totally ignorant of the condition of the black people, for the Northern people never come to travel in the South, only to settle and invest, and then they become zealous pro-slavery Southerners. The only travellers south are the English, and they have been very few. Those who have written of the South have shown that the condition of the slaves is good, *e.g.*, Mr. Surtees, in the ‘Monthly Magazine;’ Messrs. Oliphant and Fergusson, in ‘Blackwood;’

Mackay, in 'The Western World;' Featherstonehaugh, and the Honourable Miss Murray."

October 15th.—We are glad to have fires. Thermometer 66° to 68°. Here is the old hearth with its brass-headed dogs and blazing wood fire. The negroes have all got their supply of warm clothing, shoes and blankets. I baptized Carietta, the infant daughter of Curtis and Elvina Clewis. These people had only been with Baptists. I read portions of the Scriptures concerning baptism. They were anxious for their child to be baptized: like many others here, they wished to become acquainted with the Church of England, and were well disposed to join it as a Scriptural institution.

The uncle, Syllas Todd, is a blacksmith and farmer; he is growing an acre of rice on upland, dry; the crop will be full thirty-five bushels. He considers the rice grown on the upland is, if carefully cultivated, fuller in grain than on wet land.

Though rice is such a staple food of this country, and a food so much depending on its preparation by "the cooking animal," it is strange that the more approved East Indian mode of cooking it has not superseded the insipid long-boil-mash operation, and in the hopes of in some measure improving on this, and enhancing the value of one

of the most nutritious of grain, I here transcribe the recipe:—

“Into a saucepan of two quarts of water, when boiling, throw a table-spoonful of salt, then throw in one pint of rice after it has been well washed with cold water; let it boil twenty minutes; throw it out on to a colander, and strain off the water; when the water is well drained off put the rice back into the same saucepan dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire some minutes, or till required to be dished up.” Thus the grains will appear separate, and not mashed into a pudding.

The least bit of fresh butter mixed up with it in your plate makes it most acceptable to the palate without accessories, and very wholesome and nourishing. I have seen how the hammals running dák in India work on it, and in my hog-hunting expeditions there, I always “stocked the garrison” with *rice*.

Cotton yields in South Carolina about 400 lbs. picked, per acre, *i. e.*, one bale, for which Government gives 17 cents per lb.= \$ 68 for an acre=14l. 3s. 4d.; but in Mississippi cotton grows twelve feet high, and yields 8000 lbs. an acre.

Dr. Harrill informs me the Wakamah Belt, *i. e.*, the space between the river, which runs almost

parallel to the sea for many miles, is sixty miles wide. There is never any typhoid fever: quinine is needed against ague, or, as they call it, "chill and fever." They now use barks of willow, &c. Quinine comes from Peru; its discovery is curious. In a certain district the people never had ague, and it was found they drank water from cisterns where the chinchona-trees grew. Some doctor then had the leaves prepared, and hence quinine—a blessing to the human race.

September 17th.—A letter from Captain W—— told us that General Bragg's army had marched 300 miles in seventeen days (in twelve marching days), from Harrison's Landing, on the Tennessee River, to Bardstone, in Kentucky, thirty miles from Louisville.

Through the kindness of Mr. Molyneux, I had ascertained the sailing days of the Cunard steamers, and I fixed on the 5th of November, the "Australasian," reckoning to return to my flock at Ardeley after six months' absence. From all I saw around me a blessing had been on my "Errand to the South." The lady who had been cast down with anxiety and sadness was now buoyant with hope. Her husband had been chosen M.P. for George Town, which would entitle him to furlough. Yet

painful was my leave-taking—the negroes were much affected—the feeling was mutual.

On the 18th of October my *compagnons de voyage* were Mr. Swinnie, a shoemaker, who had left Ireland in 1848, and was settled at Marion, and a coach-builder of Charlotte, who had been on the coast burning salt—it took 300 gallons of sea-water to make one barrel of salt. Land about Charlotte in North Carolina is very productive; their cows are kept as horses in stalls. At Fair Bluff met Dr. Frincke, who has a plantation near Little River, South Carolina, in All Saints parish; he agrees with me that the parish is too large. Here is work for the Church Convention of the South, who has no need to wait for an Act of Parliament to “lengthen her cords, strengthen her stakes, and spread out her curtains.” Hundreds of thousands are fighting for their country; let the Convention move “*pro Ecclesiâ Dei.*” The doctrines and discipline of the holy Apostolic Church only want to be known among these people. Hundreds of young men are now at home, and more will come who from their wounds will be unfit for hard work, but who could work in the ministry of the church, and many a heart has been touched with religious impulses. There are still many plantations where the negroes go their

own ways and want guidance; there are many farms where the white people want the ministry of the Word.

On Sunday, the 19th of October, the people of Fair Bluff begged me to give them a service in their Methodist church; just as I was going to which, I met a gentleman, who told me my brother-in-law had come from Kentucky on sick furlough, and was gone from Marion to the Boro', and offered me a seat in his carriage; but I had promised the service, and it went on. I had a full and attentive congregation, and in the afternoon several ladies held a Sunday-school of white and black children mixed together. I determined to return to Conway-boro', if only just to say to the aged parent in England I have now seen both your daughter and her husband. So for the seventh time the weary way was traversed.

After a hunt through the Boro' the gallant and abnegatory Captain W——, of Bragg's pet regiment, the 10th South Carolina, turned up at the refuge of one of his constituents, the enterprising Mr. Morgan of George Town, whose kind and agreeable wife insisted on our celebrating the meeting with a bottle of sparkling champagne. The rough handling of Mars had made sad inroads on my relative's

appearance ; but the great improvement in the cause of the South cheered his heart, which will be the best guarantee for restoration to health. Nothing could exceed the joy of the negro servants at the safe return of their beloved Massa.

Brief was my interview with him ; my time was to be kept. A parson is not his own master ; my flock at Ardeley could not be forgotten.

CHAPTER XIV.

Off for Richmond, en route to New York.

ON my return to Fair Bluff I found that, on account of the yellow fever raging at Wilmington, I must take the longer route to Richmond, *viâ* Columbia, Charlotte, and Raleigh. From Columbia I proceeded by an evening train; every car was full. The ticket clerk only laughed at the request of myself and others to put on another car. So I stood on the platform and hollaed out as loud as I could, "Another car!" After a bit, some gentlemen joined me in the demand, and at last a conductor came up and said a car would be provided; but, *quel horreur!* when we entered it, just at starting time, we found all the windows broken; the darkness had just come on, and a sharp frost was setting in. I never spent a more uncomfortable night, for, having intended to return in summer, I had only a thin Scotch plaid with me. We reached Charlotte, 130

miles, fare \$5, at 2 A.M.; breakfasted at Hartford; passed by Salisbury (which out of a population of 4500 had sent 2500 to the war), Lexington, and Greensboro', all populous towns, and well situated. At Lexington I got out, seeing the ground covered with pieces of white marble. What marble quarries might be here! A rail is laying down between Greensboro' and Danville, North Carolina, which will shorten the road between Columbia and Richmond about 100 miles; it was to be opened in April, 1863.

Lexington is in Davidson county, North Carolina; beautiful country, oak woods and clumps, open fields, glades, meadows, and streams. Not far from Lexington I hear there are gold and copper mines. Land here is sold at \$50 per acre. We breakfasted at Franklyn, benefiting by opposition hotels. I got a breakfast of coffee and bread for 25 cents; the bread was excellent, and the coffee was the best I had tasted, made of parched wheat.

Reached Raleigh, capital of North Carolina, fare \$9, 175 miles from Charlotte, at 5.30 P.M., where I determined to sleep: the train to Weldon, ninety-seven miles, was to start at four in the morning. Luckily there was a roaring fire in the waiting-room, round which soldiers had gathered; but when two

ladies came in they all rose and made way for them to come to the fire: the train was late, and we did not start till past five. The road lay through a country like England—no forests, no monotonous pine woods, but coppices, and hills, and valleys, and rivers all the way, and farms and villages.

We reached Weldon at twelve; in this journey I was much struck with the handsome appearance of a soldier. He told me that he had been a saddler in Jamaica, and had served his time in England; that when the war broke out his father, who was a ship captain, told him and his three brothers that the cause of the South was a righteous one, so they all went over and joined the Confederate army; 800 came over from Jamaica, and there were thousands of British subjects in the Southern army all fighting for the freedom of the South. He had been invalided on account of a ball through his breast. His name is Dean; he served his apprenticeship with Mr. Baldwin of Walsall; his regiment was the 18th Virginia. At the first battle of Manassas his regiment lost 360 killed and wounded out of 1300, in which regiment there were 180 British subjects. He gave up a business in Jamaica worth \$25 a day. He is now receiving \$10 a day for working at the Government saddle factory, which he now gives up to go

and fight again in the cavalry. The wound in his chest prevents him marching, but he can ride.

The sturgeon, which abound in all the large rivers, seem to have been of great service formerly, for Smith, in his "History of Virginia," says, "If it had not been for the sturgeon the revolutionary army would have been starved."

At all the stations there were vast quantities of cotton, most of the bales being exposed to the weather.

The stoves in the cars, these frosty nights, give great comfort.

We reached Petersburg at about 4 P.M. Great was the scramble for vehicles to get through the town. I had just time to go to a tobacconist's and get some of that tobacco which my good friend Mr. Shand had introduced me to. The American (Indian) word "Killokaleeka" is said to mean really a mixture of red shumach and red willow, which is mixed with their tobacco,—something like the Indian "Chillum" for the hookah. This that I got at Petersburg is the most delicate and finest flavoured tobacco I ever smoked. I could only stow away 1 lb. in my bag, for which I gave \$1. It is a *brick* in shape and *brick* in quality, and I advise our tobacconists to look it up. The transit from Petersburg

to England is water all the way, and I hope it will soon be opened; and may the pipe of peace, filled with Killokaleeka, be smoked by the Anglo-American brethren of Old England and of North and South together!

As I stepped on the platform of the car for Richmond, cross bayonets stopped my progress, the sentry saying, "Your pass, sir." As heretofore, I showed Lord Lyons' passport. He said it would not do; I must have one from the Provost-Marshal. "Nonsense!" said I, "it has done, and it must do now. Call your officer." A crowd gathered round. Some seemed angry at the Lyons' name. "Who is Lord Lyons? We don't know him; he don't know us. England won't recognize us, and so she is against us," &c. The officer soon came, and a very handsome, gentlemanly man stepped from the car platform to that of the station, and spoke to him, while he read the passport. "That will do," said the officer; and up went the bayonets. The sentries seemed quite relieved, and helped me on; they were both gentlemen; indeed, the whole Southern army are gentlemen. One of the chief anti-Lyonsites observed, "If I had been the officer I would not have let you pass." "Lucky you were not," said I; at which all laughed, and he said no more. But

who was my friend? He was a lover of England; asked me my county; knew it well; knew Hatfield House, Blenheim, Chatsworth, Windsor, &c., Winchester College, Oxford, Cambridge, &c. "Why, when were you in England?" "Never! but we have books, and we read of all these places; and they are dear to us as the source of our life-blood." We soon found out each other's names. He was Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of the C.S.A., Lieut.-Colonel of the 42nd Virginia Regiment: his family had emigrated from Warwickshire some generations ago: his father had been Commissioner from Virginia to South Carolina in 1834 on the Nullification Question.

"This, what the Northerners call a 'rebellion,'" he observed, "is not a revolution: revolution is changing of government; this is restoration of government from the usurpation and oppression of the Executive and of the majority of the United States. We speak of the *king-dom* of Great Britain; but this was a system of 'United States,' *i. e.*, severally and separately independent, each *allied* with all the other States for mutual defence and benefit, which alliance might be separated at any time, just as the alliance between England and France may be."

As for recognition, he put forth a good simile:—

“Two brothers are fighting in a field; a relation sees them—should he not interfere? should he not unbiassed, recognize each one’s right?”

I asked Colonel Leigh as to General Lee’s connection with Washington, and he kindly wrote this note:—

“General Robert E. Lee, C.S.A., married the only child of George Washington Parke Curtis, grandson of Mrs. Washington, and adopted son of General Washington. Mr. Curtis was a descendant of Colonel Daniel Parke, a Virginian, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim.”

I saw too little of this superior young man at Richmond, where he left Mrs. Leigh. The way he got his promotion was curious. He had been, I think, at Westpoint, but had practised law at San Francisco. At the beginning of the war he was in an Irish battalion; in a battle he was brigaded with several regiments, all of whom suffered much: he was a captain, and, by chance of war, at the end of the battle he was senior officer in the brigade, and, therefore, in command. His own battalion was entirely cut up in killed and wounded, except a few men: he found himself at the end, with the 42nd

Virginia, who, seeing he was only attached to a provisional battalion, asked him to join them; and when he did so the captains and major gave way for him to take the command of the regiment; and well will he serve his country!

I heard the attack of the Confederate army on the Federals compared to a pack of hungry wolves on a pack of sleek, well-fed dogs.

It seems as if the doctrine of majority of numbers clashing with differing interests is the *fons et origo mali*; hence arose, in 1834, resistance of the tariffs, set on by the Northern majority. As laws are equally made for the few as for the many, and as a State is a State, whether great or small, it would have been far better to have kept the first rule of all states—being equally represented.

During my journey, feeling very fatigued one day, and seeing a gentleman had bought a seat for half a dollar, I thought I would try my luck with a negro, who was comfortably seated by an officer; but he declined.

Being obliged to travel *viâ* Charlotte, instead of *viâ* Wilmington, the route was 672 miles from Conwayboro' to Richmond, instead of 423. It was done in eighty-two hours, twelve of which were taken up by stopping at Raleigh. The variety of

scene amply repaid the *détour*; the days were bright, but cool, and each night the frost was slight.

I was informed that the infantry pay in the Confederate army is, for a private, \$12 a month, with rations, clothes, and shoes; sergeant, \$21; there are no ensigns; lieutenant, \$70; captain, \$120; lieutenant-colonel, \$300; general, \$1000.

Arriving in the evening at Mr. Myers', where our excellent Consul, Mr. Cridland, had his office, I was taken for an Indian. My costume would certainly have astonished the bishop who turned back an unfortunate candidate for ordination on account of his dress; and, as for my beard, tell it at Danbury Palace, that, by not shaving, the clergy would scare away many a sore throat, and save 60 hours 50 min. in a year (reckoning ten minutes a day for shaving).

In a walk with Lieut.-Colonel Leigh, he showed me a house which belonged to George IV.'s coachman.

This time I put up at the "Exchange" Hotel, kept by Mr. Ballard, where I was much better off both for air, water, and bed, than at Spottswood's. Mr. Ballard showed me the rooms occupied by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during his visit to Richmond; everything was as when he was in them: very neat rosewood furniture both in the sitting and

bedroom. Mr. Ballard's *ménage* is first-rate, and his hotel, with its passage-bridge over Franklyn Street, its drawing-rooms, and fine dining-rooms, and hall, all very nice; but it is sad to see the marble floors of the halls spattered over with tobacco juice, and all the steps and stairs. Why won't the Southerners be content to blow the cloud without spitting the offensive juice? It is the great blot of the South. May they wipe it out! At supper I sat opposite a young man with his left hand shattered; he was going to join his regiment on the morrow.

A cavalry soldier told me there were 20,000 cavalry in General Lee's army alone.

I asked another if they had any lancers in the Southern army? He said, "They had at first, but they found they were no use, as they could never get near enough to the enemy's cavalry to use them."

A negro was reading a paper with Mr. Lincoln's proclamation in it; he spoke out, saying, "Why, massa, Mr. Lincoln say negro people all free; no use he tink to gull us like dat."

October 25th.—This is now a delightful climate: fine all day, and cool. Failed to meet the object of my search at Spottswood's, viz., Mr. Wood, the "United States'" agent for exchange of prisoners—

for I found the only plan was for me to get away by the "truce-boat."

On the 26th, before Sunday morning service, I thought I might catch him; and sure enough I did, as he was busy talking in the hall. I had time to resort to my aid in all difficulties; and my aspirations were fully answered. I caught his sharp, Northern eye, and introduced myself, having left my card the day before. He began with objections, saying it was impossible without a pass from Mr. Stanton. I showed him that gentleman's pass to go South. "Yes, but that is not to go back." "Oh," I said, "I suppose they would not force me to be a Southerner; the return is a natural consequence; and of course Mr. Stanton would have specified it if it had not been so." "Well, sir," said Mr. Wood, "if you will get the British Consul's certificate that you have not aided and abetted in the rebellion, I will get you a passage in the truce-boat to Fortress Monroe." Thus again all was favourable.

In the evening, at ten, I met Mr. Fearn, secretary to Mr. Yancey. He thinks that as the independence of Texas was recognized *versus* Mexico, so ought that of the South to be *versus* the Northern States; for the United States he considered at an end.

On the 26th, found Mr. Wood at home, with his

room full, talking over old times, as he said. It was impossible to tell when the prisoners would come in. My papers were all right.

On the 27th I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of "the special correspondent of the 'Times,'" and of introducing him to the President. I felt extremely sorry that my stipulations with the Consul precluded the possibility of my being useful to this gentleman in conveyance of his important intelligence; I say, important, because, for the sake of humanity and honesty, truth concerning nations ought to be known as well as concerning individuals. How can any cause prosper if it be bolstered up by hiding the truth! The feeling of the people of the South, and the condition of the negroes, being known in Europe, would give friendly governments a plea to put in "a word in season," and show that no degradation would ensue to the powerful Northern States by giving up the vain attempt at subjugation, and putting an end to this cruel and bloody strife. And well will the "Times" deserve of its country, if the truthful and able letters from this gentleman tend towards this happy end.

In reading, in the excellent library at the Capitol one day, a book which was kindly pointed out to me by the fine, gentlemanly librarian, Colonel Mumford,

viz., Beverley's "History of Virginia," I saw an instance of the value of truth. In 1703 he went to England: "A bookseller was publishing an account of the colonies in America, and asked Mr. B—— to look over it: and he found great misstatements as to the country, even to make people believe that the servants in Virginia are made to draw in carts and ploughs, as horses and oxen in England."

It is a wonder America has not been more of a wine country, but the reason is, they are too go-ahead; the return is not quick enough. J. Fontaine, son of a Huguenot refugee, visited Beverley in 1715, in Virginia, and he saw that Beverley cultivated several varieties of grapes in a vineyard of three acres, on the side of a hill, from which he made in the year 400 gallons of wine.

The romance of history is not wanting in this new world. Beverley mentions how that, in 1612, "Capt. Argill went to Patowmeck to buy corn, and met with Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhattan. He detained her prisoner, and took her to James Town. Powhattan made war against the white people, but in two years' time Pocahontas was married to Mr. J. Rolfe, when, as before stated, she was christened Rebecca, and then Powhattan was reconciled.

Queen Anne was petitioned to receive Mrs. Rolfe

at Court, which Her Majesty agreed to do. Powhattan sent with her Uttamaccomac to count the people of England ; and as he could not write, he took a stick to notch, of which he soon got tired ; and when he returned he told the chief that it would be more easy to count the stars of heaven, or the trees, or the sand of the earth. The James River was called the Powhattan.

On the 28th I found General Winder, the Quartermaster-general—refused to give me a pass—no more were to be given, &c. : so I applied to the fountain-head, and as soon as said 'twas done—no red tape here. His Excellency turned to his aide-de-camp, Colonel Johnstone, a fine young man, the son of the gallant General Johnstone who fell at the victory of Bull Run in 1861, issued his commands, and we walked together to the venerable official, who after some time gave in, and gave me a pass through the cordon. That evening the British Consul and myself passed most agreeably at Mr. and Mrs. M'Farland's ; he is President of the Farmer's Bank at Richmond, uncle of Mr. M'Farland, secretary to Mr. Mason. Here we were regaled with veritable tea and coffee, and among the pleasant party was Mr. Reeves, *ci-devant* United States Minister at Paris ; a most superior man. Nor did the hospitality end here ; I was to

breakfast there next morning. With such men, with all the land of one heart and soul, how can the rebel bubble keep up? It is an absurdity, to say the least of it—surely too absurd to last much longer!

To show how plain is the right of independence of States, I here transcribe the ratification of the Constitution by Virginia in the Convention of the 17th September, 1787 :—

“ Virginia to wit : We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, duly elected and met in Convention, having fully discussed the proceedings of the Federal Convention, and being prepared to decide thereon, do in the name and in the behalf of the people of Virginia declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be renounced by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remain with them, at their will ; and that among other essential rights, liberty of conscience, and of the press, cannot be cancelled or abridged, restrained or modified, by any authority of the United States. . . . That therefore no rights of any denomination can be cancelled, abridged, restrained, or modified by the Congress, by the Senate, by the President, or any department or officer of the

United States, except in those instances in which power is given by the Constitution for those purposes.”
—Code of Virginia, p. 28.

This State being called “The Old Dominion” betokens her nationality, and her symbol, which is the virgin goddess of liberty trampling on the neck of a tyrant, with the motto, “*Sic semper tyrannis*,” shows jealousy of power. Every State having a symbol may indeed be said to signify the individual allegiance of each to its original rights, and there is an *esprit de corps* which attaches to the citizens of each wherever they may wander in the world. Among the other symbols, I may mention, besides those before noticed, the pelican of Louisiana, and the masonic temple of Georgia.

One day, with an English friend, I was fortunate to come across a sale by auction, of negroes. The sign of such an auction is a red flag hung out from the house: there are two of these auction-rooms just below the “Exchange” Hotel. The negroes sit on benches round a large room. There are side rooms for the two sexes to be examined separately, and women to wait on the women. I questioned the negroes of both sexes and all ages: there was no compunction; they answered freely all questions as to their capacities. They were all in good health

and well clad. Each in turn is conducted to a platform; the men jumping on to it as if to show their activity.

A woman and child fetched (<i>albinos</i>)	\$1830
A very sturdy young woman . . .	1250
A man about thirty	1275
Another man	1100
A boy about fifteen	800
A youth about eighteen . . .	950
A woman and child	1580

There was no rough handling or speaking, but all was conducted decently; as for the body examination, it is only what is done to every recruit for our army. I must say I had deprecated sales of human beings by auction, and asked why the transfer could not be made by private contract; but all assured me that the negroes did not revolt against it, and the excitement rather pleased them than otherwise; and so indeed it appeared. Is there not some affinity to this mode in our "Statute fairs," where farmers and tradesmen attend the place, and parents bring their children to be apprenticed out to new masters and mistresses? My friend thought there should be a line drawn against *albinos*, such as we saw, being sold as slaves.

On the 28th, met Mr. Holt of Waterloo, Virginia,

a British subject, putting in a claim for indemnity for the destruction of his cloth factory, which was on part of the field of battle of the Rappahannock on the 17th of July. He came out from Yorkshire twelve years ago ; estimates his loss at \$45,000. He employed twenty to thirty young people and children. He was making a clear profit of \$20,000 a year. The Yankees burnt his factory on the plea that he made cloth for the Southern army, which was not the case. He felt no doubt of getting indemnified for his loss. He declared there was no such country in the world as Virginia for climate and market ; any one coming to settle there with something to begin with, and with skill and industrious habits, would be sure to make a fortune. There is now great demand for woollen goods, and will be more. Sheep thrive well ; the favourite breed for wool is a mixed one between Merino and Cottswold. If capitalists come out they should bring hands to work, as labour is and will be scarce. The climate of Virginia suits Europeans. Mechanics work all the summer, and many of them in winter get so well off that they can go and hunt for two or three months. Machinery also should be brought out. There is plenty of water-fall and wood fuel, and coal is cheap.

Mr. Holt said the Southern soldiers behaved like

gentlemen; but I refrain from recording the many tales I heard against the Northerners, for they are a mercenary army, and what can one expect? Is it right, is it the part of a Government, to employ such a force against the Southern States? Through all its fortunes, the Southern army is said to be now stronger than it was last year. They have gained immensely in provisions and munitions of war. In Kentucky, Kirby Smith took waggons which extended forty miles, 15,000 horses and mules, 8,000 beeves, one million yards of jeans, boots and shoes, 6,000 barrels of pork, and 200 waggon loads of bacon.

Mr. M'Farland has a mountain residence called Glencoe, in Greenbrier County, Virginia; the Yankees took it, took his sheep, cows, &c.; they offered money to his negroes to go, but they refused: the Yankees were driven out, and when he returned in September, 1861, it was like a patriarch returning to his home—they embraced him.

Mr. Reeves is well known to Lord Palmerston, having been Minister in Paris in Jackson's presidency. He declares that delay in recognition is alienating the Confederate States from England, who is understood to be holding France back.

We were talking of the generals, and I asked for the true version of "Stonewall" Jackson's *nom-de-*

guerre. At the first battle of Manassas, General Bee's brigade had been repulsed ; so he said to his men, " Look at General Jackson : there he stands with his brigade like a stone wall : rally behind him ! "

One of the coolest generals is the Right Rev. Bishop Polk, who commands a division of the Confederate army in Tennessee, commanded now by General Bragg ; he is a venerable-looking man, with a grey beard—the soldiers call him " Grannie ; " and in a charge he says, " Now, boys, follow your Grannie ! " At Perryville, at dusk, he suddenly found himself in front of a regiment of the enemy who were still firing, when he went up to them as if he were their general, and commanded them to cease firing, which was instantly obeyed, and he rode on ; the same evening he took four staff officers prisoners. He was requested by his whole diocese to join the army, from his well-known military knowledge.

CHAPTER XV.

Off for New York, en route for Home.

30TH OCTOBER.—My passes had been approved of, but I could not hear of the prisoners having arrived: about 150 were to reach Richmond from long distances before Mr. Wood could take them on board at Aikin's Landing, about fourteen miles from Richmond: that gentleman had promised to let me know when they arrived. I had dined at two, as usual, on Mr. Ballard's good fare, but instead of, as customary, taking a cigar, I took a stroll into Main Street, where I met Mr. Wood, evidently occupied about more important affairs than mine. "Well, Mr. Wood?" A. "If you want to go you must be quick; the prisoners are on the way, and I am just going to the boat." This was a close shave, thought I; but it was no use talking: I had to pack up, to pay my bills, and get a vehicle. Oh, the luxury of Sir C. Napier's solo valise doctrine for travellers,

and every man his own porter! It was all done in an hour, and I bade farewell to mine host Ballard, and the host of warriors crowding the hotels and streets, and mounted the gig, behind a good nag, coachy'd by "Sambo." I saw the mysterious iron-barred "Richmond" lying under the road, in the Powhattan, crouching like a lion—no doubt, her gallant commander, Evans, and her skilful engineer, Mr. Meades, longing to let her go.

It was a sharp, clear, frosty evening; the watch-fires of the lines were blazing: in a deep defile we heard a rumbling; this was the slow roll of about twenty omnibuses, coaches, &c., charged with the poor prisoners. Sambo could not brook the delay, so he dashed through the thickets and mud, making a road for himself, and we soon distanced the heavy train.

The pass of the Quartermaster-General, counter-signed by the Adjutant-General, was read by the sentry by the light of a blazing fire, and in about a mile after we were at the landing called Varina. Here again I had to show my pass. Mr. Wood had arrived *en avant*; he kindly spoke to the major commanding the escort, who directed me to a saloon. I witnessed the calling of names of the Southerners who had come down from the North. How rejoiced

they were to land! but some were so weak they could hardly get on shore; and then they stood on the shore, and when all were collected, how they yelled and cheered out the name of Jefferson Davis, marching along by torchlight and singing! All was done quietly and in order as to the other prisoners coming down to the boat, on which they embarked without the slightest demonstration; and about eleven o'clock I was glad to lay down on the floor and fall asleep.

When I got up and looked out, I saw that the homestead of Mr. Aikin had been turned into a military post. Close by the landing platform two Southern sentries, with slouched hats and grey blankets (each with a large U. S. stamped on it, showing whence they got their covering), crossed each other to and fro: bright, sharp bayonets were fixed on their long Enfield rifles, which had also come from the United States' army. A large white flag was the only ensign floating from the mast—no "stars and stripes" were here.

Soon after the sun was up, the truce steamer was loosed from her moorings on the bank of the James River, and we were off for Fort Monroe and Hampton Roads, about 130 miles. Captain Platt commanded the boat, and Major Schenke had charge

of the released prisoners. The cartel for exchange of prisoners called it an exchange between the generals commanding the United States and those of the "Confederate States:" thus there was official governmental recognition of the Southern Power. The whole was conducted as if between two belligerent powers of equal respectability. Why then, I thought, should not other Powers as well as the United States recognize the Government of the Confederates?

On we went by Harrison's Landing, where the fields showed marks of long encampments. Millions of wild fowl covered the lagoons on the left bank of the river, whose course is extremely winding and margin low and swampy for some distance on the left bank, but higher on the right. We passed James Island, and saw a wonderful sight for America—the ruins of a church! It is said to have been built about 200 years ago. The habitations are now moved to more healthy spots.

I met a very gentlemanly man, a Captain Robinson, who had been exchanged. In his conversation, I observed, he generously used the term Confederates instead of rebels; he was in the 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and resides at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, which he described as a beautiful country, and abounding in coal.

Major Schenke was commanding the escort, about 100 men of the 135th Pennsylvania Regiment, or Bucktails: this State, they said, had no less than 172 regiments! Captain Robinson bore witness to the good treatment of prisoners by the Confederates. When he was taken he was allowed to choose to whom he would give up his horse, and he gave it to a gentleman he had been acquainted with. Some of the soldiers complained that when young sentries were put over them they jeered at them, but the older soldiers treated them respectfully, and they all had plenty of food. I saw the surgeon was very busy about one man who was very weak: the poor fellow seemed glad when I spoke to him and when I read to him; so I went in from time to time, using our office for the Visitation of the Sick. The space was covered with men sitting or lying on their blankets and knapsacks; others who were sick received attention too. This man Bush was "ill" (which means in America seriously sick); he was from Ohio. Poor fellow! he was thinking of his far-distant home, but he could scarcely talk: he was evidently dying, and I knelt over him, offering up the prayers of our holy Church, when he breathed his soul away. Some time after, the major came up

and thanked me, in the name of the soldiers, for my ministrations.

We reached Hampton Roads about 3 P.M. There was the little "Galena" gunboat, with dents in her side, which shook her so much at the above-mentioned affair at Drury's Bluff. There was also the formidable steam-ram frigate "Ironsides," commanded by Captain Turner; a splendid ship, with sides sloping in, from the water's edge to the hammock nets, with no rigging on the sides; round stern; she has a far projecting solid ram prow; the smooth, iron-plated sides are pierced with eight oval portholes of a side, from which looked guns of heavy calibre. This ship looked like a regular sea-going vessel, and of enormous strength.

We waited about three hours before the order came to land the prisoners, and no one was allowed to land before them; but when the time came, the major kindly arranged everything for my passing over the quay to the chartered steamer for Baltimore. The soldiers marched ashore, silent and indifferent: some of them had told me they would never fight for emancipation of the negroes, but they would for the Constitution.

My passage from Varina had been free, and so was this to be to Baltimore. In a few minutes we

were off up the Chesapeake, in one of those splendid striding arks which walk over the mighty floods of America. And now comes the supper of all the varieties—tea, coffee, wine, beer, &c. We reached Baltimore early; and soon after 8 A.M. the train started for New York.

How different was the scene in the North to the South! Here the rivers covered with sails wafting rich stores of provisions to a thriving people; but the South shut out from the rest of the world—no sails on her waters, but hearts filled with zeal to defend their altars and their hearths.

Beautiful was the River Susquehana, which the train crossed at Havre de Grace at 10.30. The cars run on to the boats, of which there are three abreast, each carrying trains of any length, and forced across by steam. We reached Philadelphia at 1; here flags were flying from the houses.

Route from Richmond to New York:— Miles.

Richmond to Varina on James River 13

Varina to Fortress Monroe . . . 126

Fortress Monroe to Baltimore . . . 120

Baltimore to Philadelphia . . . 100

Philadelphia to New York . . . 94

453

Thirty-five hours from Varina to New York.

The country from Baltimore to Philadelphia is very beautiful on the left hand, which is well wooded and undulating, and studded with houses, and farms, and villages. On both sides are rich pastures, divided by posts and rails. The cattle are of a fine breed; few sheep. Immense crops of corn, now being gathered in; fine turnip-fields. It was market-day, Saturday, at a place called "Wilmington" (for this is one of the American inconveniences, the same names of places are repeated in the various States), and I saw a very long street lined each side with the covered carts, "four-wheels," &c., of the farmers; there must have been some hundreds of them.

From Philadelphia to Amboy the country is not so pretty. To pass in the steamer from Amboy to New York, it took 1 hour 46 min., passing by Staten Island, sixteen miles long. Perth-Amboy is one of the earliest settlements. Again I observe people here don't talk of the war. Here, in the villages, you don't see the church spires pointing to heaven as in the South, but plenty of them in the towns. The people appear strong, and healthy, and ruddy, "fat and well-liking;" but the fire of the eye, the ready talk, the open look, the freedom and ease of manner of the South, are wanting. One great

advantage is the less spitting of tobacco juice. One man on the steamer got a crowd round him to listen to his harangue. He said to the soldiers, if they were fighting for reconstruction of the Union they were fighting for a phantom. This man was contractor for Government, and praised the Government up to the skies, and declared McClellan was a Napoleon!

On Sunday, the 2nd of November, I attended the Trinity church, which is the principal one in New York. Instead of a sermon the rector read a long letter from the bishops, passing judgment against the rebellion: it took just half an hour, and sent a great many people to sleep. The choir of this church is surpliced and the psalms are chanted. Several shopkeepers whom I conversed with in New York deprecated the continuance of the war; said it was no use going on. One young man told me he and several more were at the first battle of Manassas; but when they found the Government were fighting for abolition they would fight no longer. A stationer told me he and many were disgusted with the Government, for they had just promoted Colonel Davies who shot General Nelson—and so committed a cold-blooded murder—to the rank of general. He showed me the picture of the murder in the New

York illustrated paper: Davies shooting the General on a staircase in a hotel in Kentucky.

The whole length of Broadway was strung with flags, representing Northern soldiers vanquishing the Southerners, and offering large bounties on enlistment.

The marble-fronted stores, the spacious hotels, the varied scenes on the Broadway, make it one of the wonders of the world. And such is the supply that, in a few hours, you may rig yourself out either for a voyage to the polar regions or to the sunny hills of Peru.

A November voyage across the Atlantic requires its protection, and never did I find such punctuality and such aptness in my demands for "toggerly," suited to the deck of the flying steamer, from the "dreadnought" overcoat to the soft flannel shirt, &c., than I did at the splendid store of Messrs. Brooks; and never did I don more comfortable boots, both for dress and walking, than those I procured at Mr. Brooks', a little lower down. And the things you order are sent to the very moment to your hotel. I kept constant to the quiet, comfortable "Clarendon" and my worthy hosts, Messrs. Kerner and Birch; but by way of a wondrous hotel, go and look over Mr. Stevens' "Fifth Avenue Hotel—" its

steam screw ascender, with cosy divans, to lift you up to your landing, its marble *salle-à-manger*, its luxurious saloons! This same enterprising gentleman is landlord of the same kind of monster hotels at Boston and Philadelphia. Take a drive out along to the end of Broadway, which is about six miles long, and then you come upon the "*central park*"—though where the primal and final parks are I could not discover. But O, you free Americans, you must come to England to enjoy the freedom of parks! woe betide you, little children, if you fly from the gritty gravel of the footpath alongside of the carriage drive, to gambol on the sward!

On the 5th of November the Royal Mail Steamer "*Australasian*," Captain Cook, dropped down the Hudson, between the varied and varying beauties of the autumnal tints of the gently rising wooded banks, and we soon said good-bye to the land of——it used to be liberty, but now, alas! of bastiles and bayonets.

On the 6th, in lat. $40^{\circ} 48'$, long. $68^{\circ} 56'$, we met the "*Scotia*," with Lord Lyons on board. The "*Australasian*" had a full cargo of hops (freight *2d.* a lb.), cheese, bacon, &c.

Some of the Yankee gentlemen on board believed that the English Government had paid for

the "Alabama" out of "the privy purse," and also for arms for the South; but, said they, the North will pay you off soon! They considered Butler just the man for New Orleans!

Captain Cook is a capital sailor, most attentive to his ship, and a gentleman.

The cabins of the "Australasian" (a ship built for the Australian Steam Company, which failed) are more roomy than those of the "Scotia:" she was built in 1857, by Mr. Thompson of Glasgow: she is 370 feet long, 40 beam, screw of 600 horse-power, 30 furnaces, and burns 130 tons of coal a day. On the 11th we ran 338 miles. We reached Queenstown on the 15th of November, nine and a half days from New York. On the 16th, Sunday, we landed at Liverpool, and that evening I found at Chester several shipmates who had landed at Queenstown, expecting to be at London the sooner; but so it was not to be; and we, who stuck to the ship, had the best of it, not only in purse, but in comfort. On the 18th of November I had the pleasure of reporting to my aged father-in-law that, by God's blessing, my "Errand to the South" had not been in vain.

APPENDIX.

WHEN "Corn" is mentioned it means Indian Corn or "Maize." The grits of this corn are commonly used as a vegetable, being boiled, and served up in a mash, and then called "Hominy;" the corn meal is used as the staple food for bread in the shape of soft cakes—eaten cold or hot.

MARYLAND. (See p. 239.)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The des - pot's heel is on thy shore,

Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! His touch is at thy

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! His touch is at thy". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

tem - ple door, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! A-
8va. ~~~~~

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "tem - ple door, Ma - ry - land, my Ma - ry - land! A-". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line, which is marked "8va." with a wavy line indicating an octave rise.

venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That fleck'd the streets of

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That fleck'd the streets of". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The system ends with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

Bal-ti-more, And be the Bat-tle Queen of yore,
loco.
p

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are "Bal-ti-more, And be the Bat-tle Queen of yore," with a wavy line above the text indicating a *loco.* (ad libitum) section. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land.
 8va.
ff

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land." and ends with a wavy line above the text indicating an *8va.* (octave) section. The piano accompaniment continues with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking.

loco.

The third system of the musical score shows the final part of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a wavy line above it indicating a *loco.* section. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord and a double bar line.

Hark to a wand'ring Son's ap-peal, Ma-ry-land, my

p *f*

Ma - ry-land! My Mo-ther State! to thee I kneel,

f

Ma - ry-land, my Ma - ry-land! For life and death, for
8va. ~~~~~

f *ff*

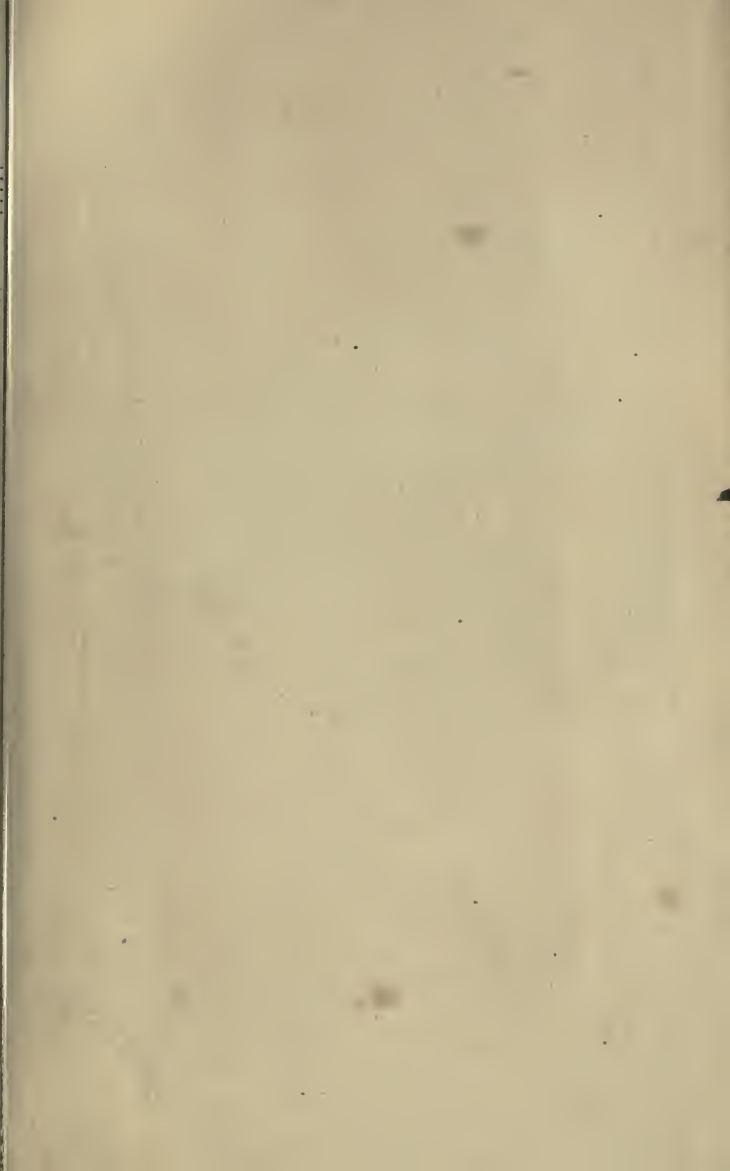
woe and weal, Thy peer-less chiv - al - ry re-veal, And
8va. ~~~~~ loco.

gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry-land, my

p

Ma-ry-land!

ff





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