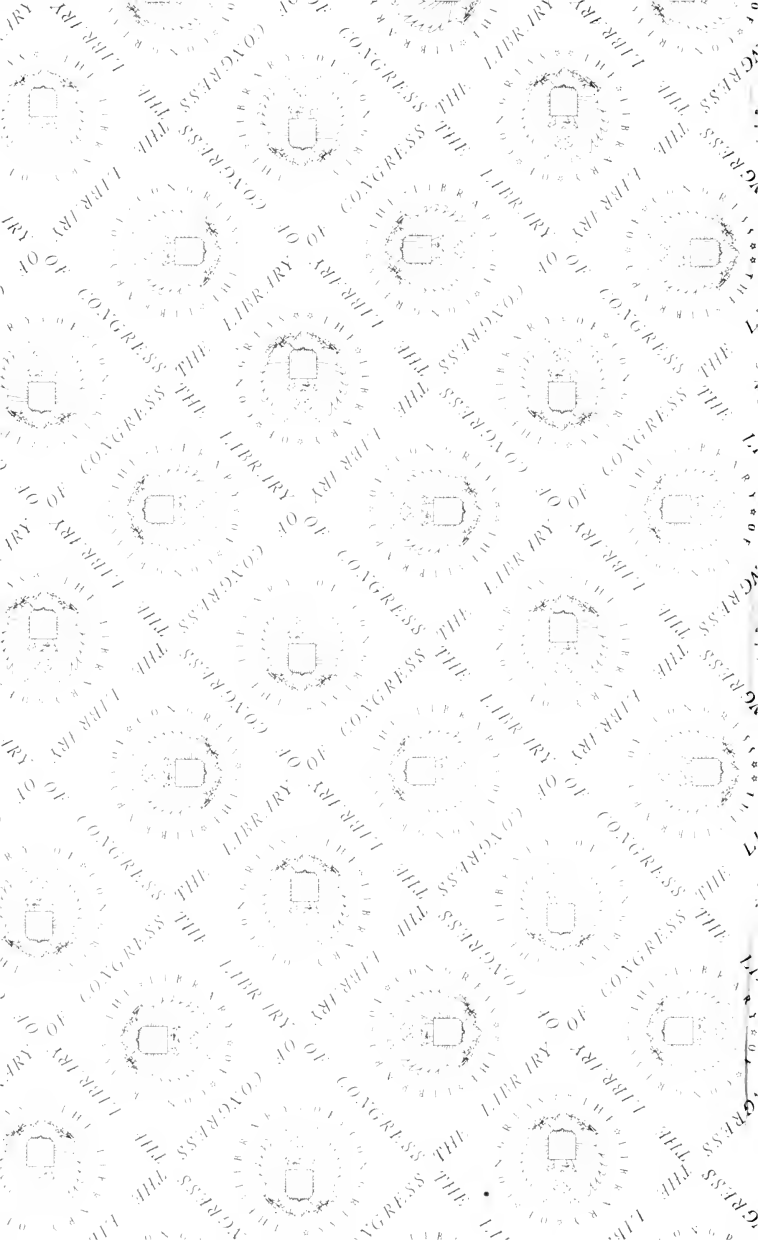
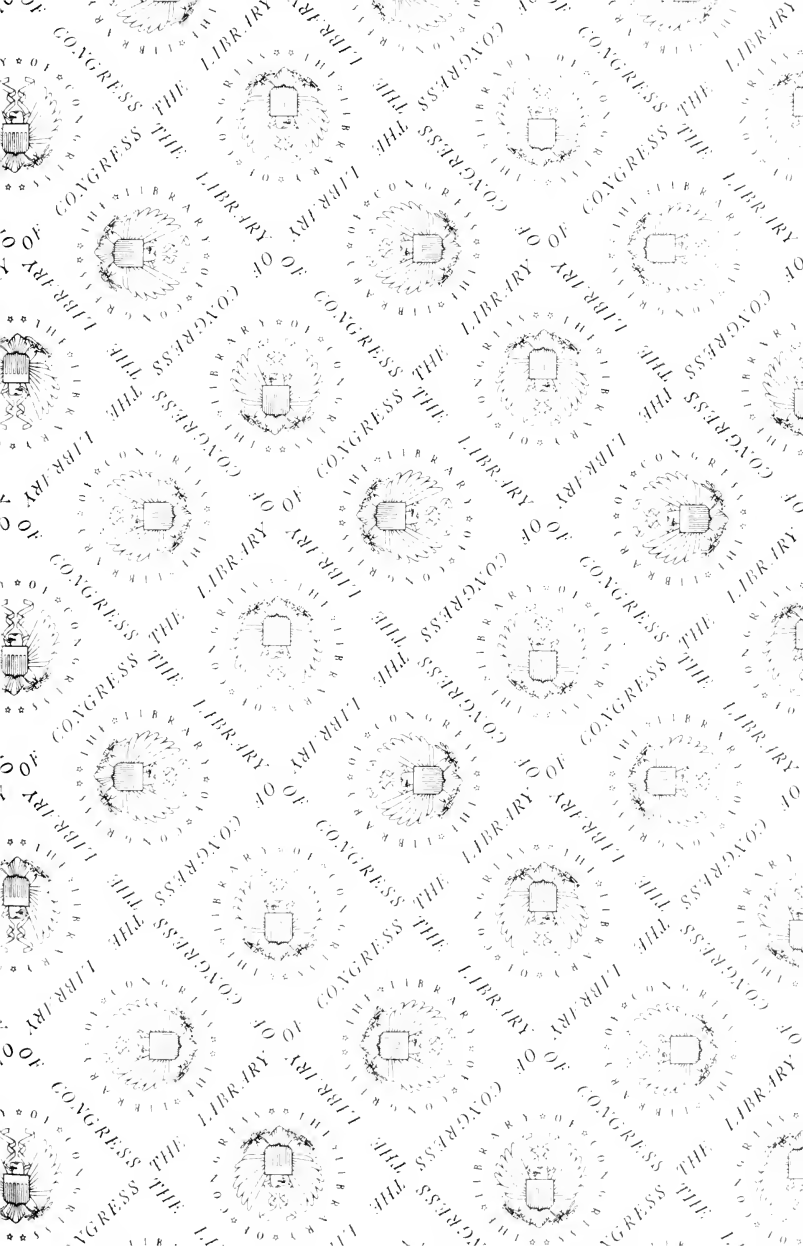


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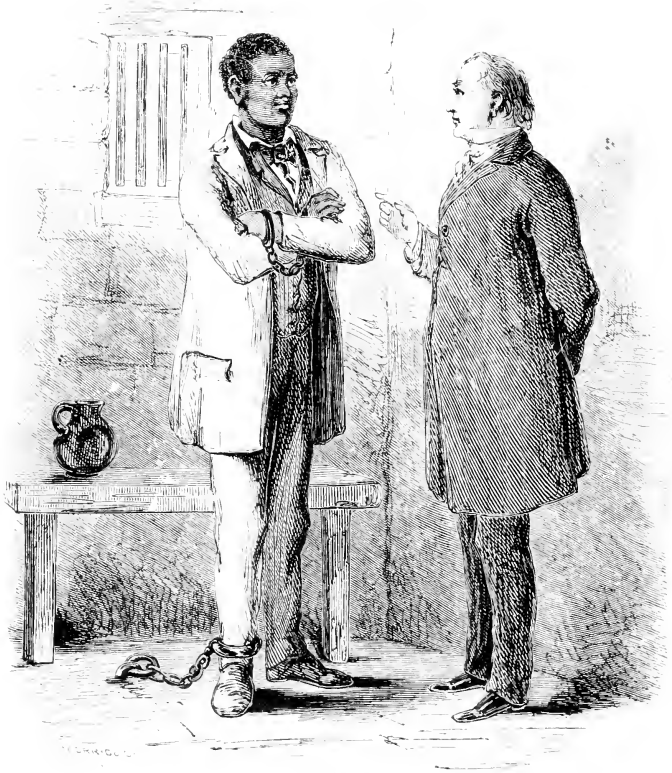




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“He went to the cell. The slave-felon and the man of God confronted each other.” *See page 275.*

THE

ROVING EDITOR:

OR,

TALKS WITH SLAVES

IN

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BY

JAMES REDPATH.

"With the strong arm and giant grasp, 'tis wrong
To crush the feeble, unresisting throng.
Who pities not the fallen, let him fear,
Lest, if he fall, no friendly hand be near:
Who sows ill actions and of blessing dreams,
Fosters vain phantasies and idly schemes.
Unstop thy ears! thy people's wants relieve!
If not, a day shall come when all their rights receive."
Sadl.

New York:

A. B. BURDICK, PUBLISHER,

8 SPRUCE STREET.

1859.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by

J A M E S K E D P A T H,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

GEO. RUSSELL & Co., Printers.

DEDICATION.



TO CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, Senior, of Kansas :

To you, Old Hero, I dedicate this record of my Talks with the Slaves in the Southern States.

To you is due our homage for first showing how, and how alone, the gigantic crime of our age and nation can be effectually blotted out from our soil forever. You have proven that the slaver has a soul as cowardly as his own "domestic institution;" you have shown how contemptible he is as a foe before the rifle of the earnest freeman. With your sword of the Lord and of Gideon you met him face to face; with a few ill-clad and ill-armed footmen, you routed his well-mounted and well-armed hosts.

I admire you for your dauntless bravery on the field; but more for your religious integrity of character and resolute energy of anti-slavery zeal. Rifle in hand, you put the brave young men of Kansas to shame; truth in heart, you rendered insignificant the puerile programmes of anti-slavery politicians.

You have no confidence in any man, plan or party that ignores moral principle as the soul of its action. You well know that an Organized Iniquity can never be destroyed by any programme of action which overlooks the fact that it is a crime, and is therefore to be eradicated without compromise, commiseration or delay. This, also, is my belief. Hence do I doubt the ultimate efficacy of any politi-

cal anti-slavery action which is founded on Expediency—the morals of the counting-room—and hence, also, I do not hesitate to urge the friends of the slave to incite insurrections, and encourage, in the North, a spirit which shall ultimate in civil and servile wars. I think it unfair that the American bondman should have no generous Lafayette. What France was to us in our hour of trial, let the North be to the slave to-day. The oppressions of which the men of '76 complained through the muzzles of their guns and with the points of their bayonets, were trifling—unworthy of a moment's discussion—as compared with the cruel and innumerable wrongs which the negroes of the South now endure. If the fathers were justified in *their* rebellion, how much more will the slaves be justifiable in *their* insurrection? You, Old Hero! believe that the slave should be aided and urged to insurrection, and hence do I lay this tribute at your feet.

You are unwilling to ignore the rights of the slave for any reason—any “constitutional guarantees”—any plea of vested rights—any argument of inferiority of race—any sophistry of Providential overrulings, or pitiable appeals for party success. You are willing to recognize the negro as a brother, however inferior in intellectual endowments; as having rights, which, to take away, or withhold, is a crime that should be punished without mercy—surely—promptly—by law, if we can do it; *over* it, if more speedily by such action; peacefully if we can, but forcibly and by bloodshed if we must! So am I.

You went to Kansas, when the troubles broke out there—not to “settle” or “speculate”—or from idle curiosity: but for one stern, solitary purpose—to *have a shot at the South*. So did I.

To you, therefore, my senior in years as in services to the slave, I dedicate this work.

JAMES REDPATH.

MALDEN, *Massachusetts*.

M Y C R E E D .



IN order that no man, or body of men, may be injured or misrepresented by unfair presentations or perversions of my creed, or induced to peruse the pages that follow, under false impressions or pretences, I will here briefly state my political, or rather my revolutionary Faith :

I am a Republican—and something more. I am inflexibly opposed to the extension of slavery ; but equally do I oppose the doctrine of its protection in States where it already exists. Non-intervention and protection are practically synonymous. Let slavery alone, and it lives a century. Fight it, and it dies. Any weapons will kill it, if kept ever active : fire or water—bayonets or bullion—the soldier's arm or the writer's pen. To prevent its extension merely, will never destroy it. If it is right that slavery should exist in Georgia, it is equally right to extend it into Kansas. If the inter-state traffic in human beings is right, equally just is the demand for re-opening the slave trade.

I am an Emancipationist—and something more. I believe slavery to be a curse, which it is desirable to speedily abolish. But to Gradual Emancipation I am resolutely antagonistic. For I regard property in man as robbery of man ; and I am not willing that our robbers should give notes on time—for freedom and justice at thirty days, or thirty years, or any other period : rather let them be smit-

ten down where they stand, and the rights that they have wrested from their slaves, be wrested—if necessary—with bloodshed and violence, with the torch and the rifle, from them.

I am an American—and something more. I think it wrong to give to foreigners the rights that we deny to native-born Americans. I think it wrong and tyrannical for one class of persons—sometimes citizens of foreign birth—to vote for, disfranchise, whip, sell, buy, breed for market, and otherwise degrade the colored natives of our Southern soil. I regard the decision of Judge Taney, and his brethren, as not infamous only, but insulting to our national character. I would extend to all Americans, without distinction of color or creed, the inalienable birthright of whistling Yankee Doodle, and hurrahing, with heart-felt emphasis, on the Fourth of July, and after every presidential election—unless Buchanan is again a successful candidate.

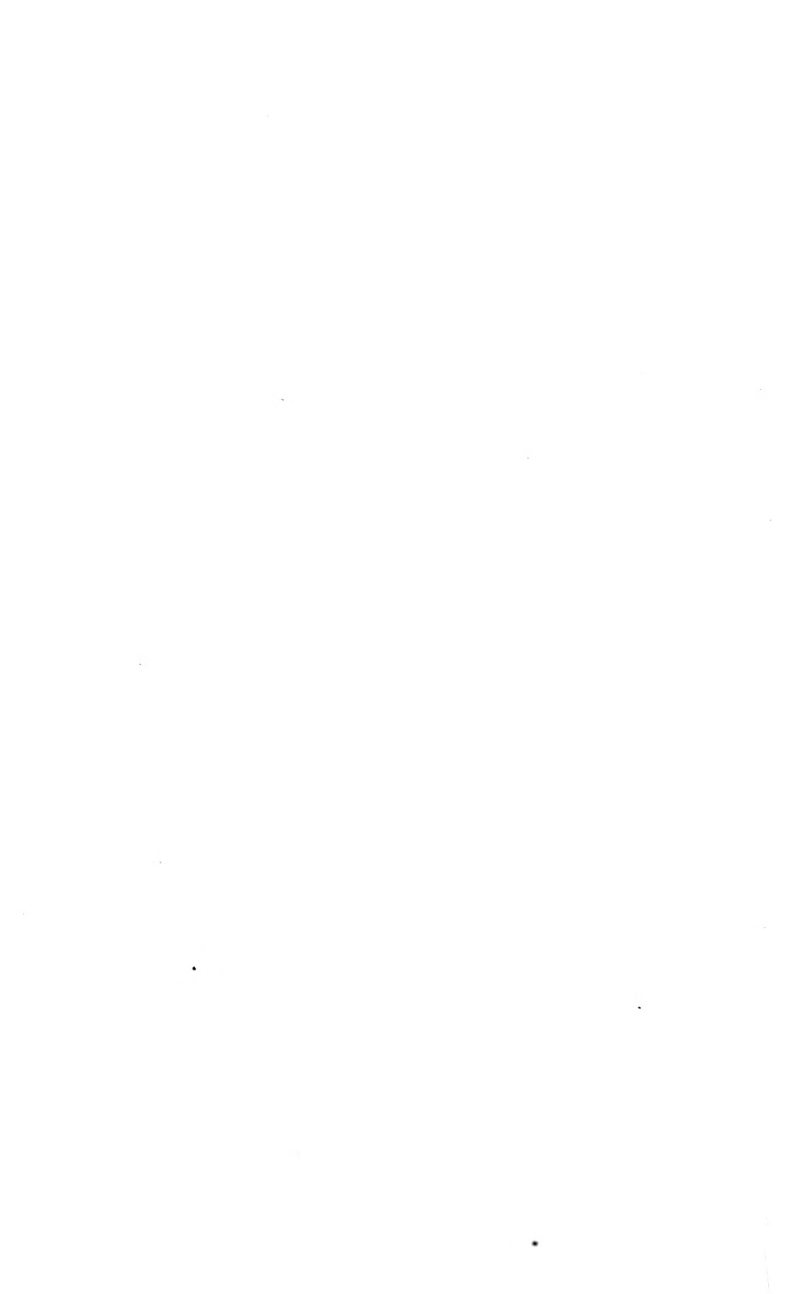
I am an Abolitionist—and something more. I am in favor, not only of *abolishing* the Curse, but of making *reparation* for the Crime. Not an Abolitionist only, but a Reparationist. The negroes, I hold, have not merely the inalienable right to be free, but the legal right of compensation for their hitherto unrequited services to the South. I more than agree with the Disunion Abolitionists. They are in favor of a free Northern Republic. So am I. But as to boundary lines we differ. While they would fix the Southern boundary of their free Republic at the dividing line between Ohio and Kentucky, Virginia and the Keystone State, I would wash it with the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. “But what shall we do with the slaves?” Make free men of them. “And with the slaveholding class?” Abolish them. “And with the Legrees of the plantations?” Them, annihilate! Drive them into the sea, as Christ once drove the swine; or chase them into the dismal swamps and black morasses of the South. “Anywhere—anywhere—out of the world!”

I am a Peace-Man—and something more. I would fight and kill for the sake of peace. Now, slavery is a state of perpetual war.

I am a Non-Resistant—and something more. I would slay every man who attempted to resist the liberation of the slave.

I am a Democrat—and nothing more. I believe in humanity and human rights. I recognize nothing as so sacred on earth. Rather than consent to the infringement of the most insignificant or seemingly unimportant of human rights, let races be swept from the face of the earth—let nations be dismembered—let dynasties be dethroned—let laws and governments, religions and reputations be cast out and trodden under feet of men !

This is my creed. For myself, I am an earnest man. If you think proper, now, to accompany me—come on ; if not, *au revoir*—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul !



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MY FIRST TRIP.



I.

A WORD BEFORE STARTING.

I HAVE visited the Slave States several times—thrice on an anti-slavery errand. First, in 1854. I sailed to Richmond, Virginia, from New York city; travelled by railroad to Wilmington, North Carolina; and from that port by sea to the city of Charleston. I remained there two weeks—during the session of the Southern Commercial Convention. I then sailed to Savannah, where I resided three months, when I returned direct to New York city.

My second journey was performed in the autumn of the same year. It was rather an extended pedestrian tour—reaching from Richmond, Virginia, to Montgomery, Alabama.

My third journey was performed last spring, and was confined to Virginia. My letters, descriptive of this journey were published in the *Boston Daily Traveller*. They are somewhat different from my previous sketches, relating chiefly to the influence of

slavery on the agriculture, education, and material prosperity of a State. Reports of my talks with the slaves occupy in them a subordinate position.

In this volume alone, of all American anti-slavery or other books, the bondman has been enabled, in his own language, (if I may employ the familiar phrase of political essayists and orators), to "define his position on the all-engrossing question of the day." Almost everybody has done it. Why, then, should not he? Surely *he* has some interest in it, even if it be "subject to the Constitution;" even if his interest is unfortunately in conflict with "the sacred compromises of the federal Compact!"

My object in travelling was, in part, to recruit my health, but chiefly to see slavery with my own eyes, and personally to learn what the bondmen said and thought of their condition.

My conversations with the slaves were written down as soon after they occurred as was convenient; occasionally, indeed, in stenographic notes, as the negroes spoke to me.

It will be seen that I do not aim at a literary reputation. I have only plain truths to tell—only plain words to tell them in. My mission was a humble one—to report. I claim no other merit than fidelity to that duty.

I most solemnly declare here, that in no one instance have I sought either to darken or embellish the truth—to add to, subtract from, or pervert a single statement of the slaves. There may be, scattered throughout these pages, a few minor inaccuracies; but I assure the reader, on my honor as a gentleman, that if there *are* any errors of fact, or other errors, I am totally unconscious of them. I believe this book,

as it leaves my hand, to be a volume of truths, undeformed by a single falsehood, or even the most trivial mis-statement.

Let these few words suffice for a preface.

I START—MY VOYAGE.

The good steamship Roanoke, after a very pleasant voyage, in the month of March, 1854, arrived at Richmond early in the morning.

I landed and strolled about the city. Of the voyage and of the city I intend to say nothing. There are books enough that treat of such themes. I shall write of the slave class only, or of subjects that relate to their condition.

THOUGHTS IN A GRAVEYARD.

Therefore, one word on the cemetery, which was the first public place I visited. I wondered at the absence of all headstones to colored persons deceased. Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, George Washington and Pompey, had no representatives among the citizens interred—none, at least, whose monuments proclaimed and preserved their names.

I inquired where the "slave quarter" was.

"Why," I was told, "in the nigger burying-ground. You don't suppose we allow slaves to be buried here?"

I did suppose so, in my ignorance of southern customs, but soon discovered that I greatly erred. In every southern city that I have visited since (and I believe the rule universally prevails), the whites and the slaves and free people of color have separate places of interment.

Cemeteries are separated ; churches are pewed off ; theatres are galleried off : I wonder now, (between ourselves and in strictest confidence), if Heaven, likewise, is constructed and arranged with special reference to this hostility of races and conditions of life ? In the many mansions of the Heavenly Father, will there be sets of apartments for Africans exclusively—in the parlance of the play-bills, “for respectable colored persons?” If there are not, and if the Southern proslavery divines ever get there, we may expect a second Satanic rebellion against Authority so indifferent to the finer feelings—the refined sensibilities—of the slaveholding saints. With such a doughty champion as Mr. Parson Brownlow, in the character of Beelzebub, the coming conflict must be terrible indeed, and will require as its historian, a genius more exalted by far than the author of *Paradise Lost*. “May I be there to see !”

A SHERIFF'S ADVERTISEMENT.

I walked from the cemetery to the Court House, accompanied some distance by a slave, who was whistling, as he drove along, a popular line, which faithfully describes his lot in life :

“Jordan am a hard road to trabble !”

Undoubtedly, I mused ; and so, too, was the Red Sea to the Egyptians !

I intended to attend the Mayor's Court, but when I reached the hall his honor had not yet arrived.

On the outer door of the hall, was posted a manuscript advertisement. of which I have preserved a verbatim copy. Here it is :

"SHERIFF'S SALE."

"Will be sold, to the Highest Bidder, on the 2d Monday in April, next, at the City Hall, commencing at 12 o'clock noon, a Negro Boy, named Willis, to satisfy two Executions, in my hands, against Aaron T. Burton."

"PHILLIP BLOMSTON, S. D."

After transcribing this atrocious advertisement, I walked to the auction rooms in Wall street and that vicinity.

A SLAVE SALE.

The first apartment that I entered was an old, long, low, whitewashed, damp-looking room, of which the ceiling was supported by three wooden pillars. There were between thirty and forty white persons present. Seven or eight living chattels were "on sale, for cash, to the highest bidder."

The sale commenced almost immediately after I made my appearance in the shambles. The first Article offered was a girl twelve years of age. She was dressed in a small-checked tartan frock, a white apron and a light-colored handkerchief. She was mounted with the auctioneer on a wooden stand, four steps high. The audience was standing or sitting on forms in different parts of the room.

The auctioneer was a middle-aged, fair-complexioned man, with light-blue, lazy-looking eyes, who drawled out, rather than uttered his words, and chewed an enormous quid of tobacco with a patient and persevering industry that was worthy of a nobler cause.

"Gentlemen," said the body-seller, "here's a girl twelve years old, warranted sound and strong—what d'ye bid to start her?"

For at least ten minutes, notwithstanding all the lazily-uttered laudations of the auctioneer, the "gentlemen" who composed the audience did not bid a single cent to start her.

"Come here," said a dark-complexioned man of thirty, whose face mirrored a hard, grasping, unsympathetic nature, "come here, gal."

"Get down," drawled the auctioneer.

The girl descended and went to the dark man, who was sitting with his face toward the back of his chair.

"How old are you?" said the fellow, as he felt beneath the young girl's chin and pinched her arms, for the purpose probably of ascertaining for himself whether she was as sound and strong as she was warranted to be.

"I don't know how old I'm," replied the chattel.*

"Can you count yer fingers?" demanded the dark man.

"Yes," returned the chattel, as she took hold, first of her thumb, then of her forefinger, and lastly of her ring-finger, "one—three—two—five."

"You're wrong! Tut. Take care," interposed a mulatto, the slave or servant of the auctioneer, as he accompanied her hand from finger to finger. "Now try agin—one—two"——

"One," began the girl, "two—three—four—five."

"She'll do—she'll do," said the dark man, who appeared perfectly satisfied with her educational attainments.

* Slaves shall be deemed sold, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators and assigns, to all intent and purpose whatsoever.—*Code of South Carolina.*

“Gentlemen! will none o’ ye make a bid to start this gal?” asked the auctioneer, in an indolently imploring tone.

“Four-fifty,” said the dark man.

“Four-fifty’s bid, gentlemen, for this gal—four-fifty—four hundred and fifty dollars—four-fifty—four-fifty—four-fifty—four-fifty—four hundred and fifty—four hundred *end* fifty dollars—four hundred and fifty dollars bid—going at four hundred *end* fifty dollars”——

“Sixty,” said a dirty-looking, unshaven man, with a narrow-brimmed hat on, who looked so tall and slim as to induce the belief that he must be the celebrated son of A Gun so often spoken of in the quarrels of the Bowery boys.

“Sixty!” repeated the auctioneer; “four-sixty—four-sixty—four-sixty—four hundred and sixty—four hundred *end* sixty dollars bid—going at four hundred and sixty dollars, and gone—if—there is no—other bid—four h-u-u-n-dred *end* é”——

“Seventy!” said the dark man.

I need not continue the report.

To induce the buyers present to purchase her, the girl was ordered to go down a second time, to walk about, and to hold up her head. She was finally knocked down to Mr. Philorifle, of the narrow-brimmed hat, for five hundred *end* fifty dollars.

The second lot consisted of a young man, who was started at seven hundred dollars, and sold for eight hundred and ninety-five dollars.

“A thousand dollar nigger”—so the auctioneer styled a strong, healthy, athletic specimen of Southern flesh-goods, was the next piece of merchandise

offered for sale; but as not more than eight hundred dollars were bid for him, he was reserved for a more convenient season.

A mulatto—a kind-looking man of forty-five—was next put up; but no bids were made for him.

“That’s all, gentlemen,” said the auctioneer, as he descended from his Southern platform—this truly “national” and “democratic platform”—“I don’t think I can offer you any *thing* else to-day.”

“This way—over the way, gentlemen!” tolled a strong, iron-toned voice at the door.

We went over the way into another auction-room (at the corner of the streets), and saw two young female children sold into life-long slavery; doomed to forego, whenever and as often as their masters willed it, all true domestic happiness in this world; condemned to total ignorance of the pleasures of knowledge, of home, of liberty; sentenced to be whipped, imprisoned, or corrupted, as the anger, the caprice, or the lust of their buyers deemed proper; forced to see their husbands lashed, their daughters polluted, their sons sold into distant States. “God bless you, Mrs. Stowe!” I involuntarily ejaculated in the slave shambles, as I saw these children sold, and thought of their sad prospective fate.

I entered a third room. One man, about twenty-five years of age, “warranted sound and strong,” was sold for seven hundred dollars. He was a captured runaway. The owner, or rather the trustee of this slave, cut quite a conspicuous figure in the room. A little, Dutch-built, blue-eyed man, very limber indeed both of limb and tongue. He strutted about, with a little stick in his hand, now here, now there; talking incessantly and to everybody: his light-

colored overcoat, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, always visible in the thickest of the crowd.

It would express but a faint idea of his state of mind, were I to say that he was somewhat agitated. Very faint, indeed. Angry is equally inexpressive. "Mad to the bung and biling over," although it has not the sanction of classical usage, is the only phrase which is at all appropriate to the little man's mental condition.

"Would you believe it, sir!" he snapped at me; "he actually ran away; I offered one hundred dollars reward, too, and I didn't hear tell of him for two years and three months!"

I could hardly suppress a smile at the little man's ludicrously angry expression, as I thought of the very virtuous offence that the cause of his indignation had committed. As I saw that he expected me to say something, I exclaimed:

"Really! Two years and three months. Where did you find him finally?"

"In a saloon at Petersburg!" he said; "where"—here he raised his voice so that every one could hear him—"where, I dare say, the fellow made as good mint juleps as anybody need drink!"

I saw that the slave was standing behind the platform—which in *this* room was about five feet high—and that he was surrounded by a crowd of spectators. I left the little man angry and went up to the crowd.

Perhaps, my readers, you may be disposed to doubt what I am about to add—but it is a God's truth, notwithstanding its obstinate non-conformity with some Northern "South-side" views of Slavery.

The slave was dressed in his pantaloons, shirt and

vest. His vest was removed and his breast and neck exposed. His shoes and stockings were next taken off and his legs beneath the knees examined. His other garment was then loosened, and his naked body, from the upper part of the abdomen to the knees, was shamelessly exhibited to the view of the spectators.

“Turn round!” said the body-seller.

The negro obeyed, and his uncovered body from the shoulders to the calves of his legs was laid bare to criticism.

Not a word, not a look of disgust condemned this degrading, demoralizing and cowardly exhibition.

“You see, gentlemen,” said the auctioneer, “he’s perfectly sound and a very finely formed nigger.”

He was sold for \$700—about two-thirds only of the price he would have brought, if his masters could have given him that certificate of soulless manhood which the Southrons style, when they refer to the existence of the passive-obedience spirit in a slave, “a good character.”

A good name is a very unfortunate thing for a negro to possess. I determined, then and there, in my future intercourse with slaves, to urge them to cultivate as a religious duty all the habits which would speedily brand them as men of bad morals!

These scenes occurred on the 30th of March, 1854.

II.

TALK WITH A FREE NEGRO.

IN walking along one of the streets of Richmond, I was suddenly overtaken by a shower. I went into the store of a fruiterer and confectioner. He was a free man of color. I soon entered into a conversation with him, ascertained his history, and learned many valuable facts of the condition of the slaves of Richmond and vicinity.

A COLORED LIBERATOR.

He was a mulatto of about thirty-five years of age. His eyes and his conversation showed him to be a person kind hearted yet resolute of purpose. The tone of his voice, the expression of his face, bespoke a man familiar with sorrow and cares. He was very intelligent and used exceedingly few negro phrases. He had been a slave, but had bought his freedom ; and since that time had purchased his wife, brother, sister-in-law, with *her* husband and their two young children. He had been rather favored as a slave. He had had a kind proprietor, who had permitted him to hire himself—that is to say, to pay to his master a certain sum monthly for the use of his own bodily strength and mental faculties, retaining as his own funds whatever he might make “over and above”

the sum thus agreed upon between them. He had been a porter at a popular hotel, and was lucky enough to soon save sufficient with which to purchase his freedom from his owner. The next money he got was expended on articles of traffic. He prospered in his small retail trade, and with its earliest profits he purchased his wife.

What a low state of morals, by the way, does it indicate, when a robber, *in fact*, of the lion's share of a poor man's wages is spoken of as a kind and indulgent master! How unspeakably mean, too, to live on money thus ungenerously taken from the hard hands of lowly, unprotected toil!

"You have acted nobly," I said to him, "in buying seven persons from slavery, and you must have been very lucky to be able to do it, as well as to buy this house." (He had told me that he owned the house and shop we were in.)

"Ah, sir!" said the good man, in a sad tone, "I wish I could do something more effectual. It's all I live for. No one," he added, "can have any idea of how our people are persecuted here, only on account of their color."

OPPRESSIVE LAWS AND ORDINANCES.

"Indeed!" I said, "I wish you would tell me some of the methods employed by the whites in persecuting your people. I will publish them."

He named a host of them, from which I selected at the time the following particulars:

1. The oath of a colored man, whether free or a slave, is not admissible in courts of justice. Therefore,

If a white man owes a debt to a person of color, and refuses to pay it, it is impossible for the creditor to resort to legal remedies in order to collect it.

If a white man, from any cause or motive—for the purpose, for example, of extorting money—chooses to swear before a court that any colored person, whether free or slave, has been insolent to him, he can cause the unfortunate object of his malice to be whipped by the public officers.

If a worthless vagabond, with a white skin, however black his heart may be, enters the store of a free man of color, and steals, *even before the owner's eyes*, any articles from it, the unfortunate merchant has no legal remedy, unless a white man saw the property thus feloniously appropriated—for the fear of the municipal lash restrains him from entering a public complaint or resenting the robbery on the spot.

Thus the blacks are always at the mercy of the whites—a position which no *uncolored* person, I am sure, would be willing to occupy.

In stating these facts, my informant related an incident which I shall narrate here, as it is at once a most striking illustration of the injustice sometimes practised by “our Southern brethren” toward their colored fellow creatures, and serves to show the practical workings of the laws relating to the oaths of persons of the subjugated race.

A few weeks before this interview, a white man went to the green market and was putting some vegetable—parsley, I believe—in his basket, when the colored woman in attendance asked him if he had measured it? He turned round fiercely and asked what she meant by insulting him! Next day he

took out a warrant, had the market woman brought before the mayor, and swore positively, as did his son also, that she had used insolent and abusive language to him. She would have been whipped, as usual, and had her sentence chronicled in the papers as the punishment of a "worthless free negro," if several white persons, who were present at the time and knew her to be an honest inoffensive soul, had not promptly stepped up and swore that she was innocent of the offence charged by the plaintiff. She was therefore discharged; but the cowardly perjurers were not even reprimanded.

2. Although free men of color pay the same municipal taxes levied on white citizens, they are not only prohibited from exercising any influence in elections, but from entering the public square or the white man's cemetery.

3. They are prohibited from carrying any offensive or defensive weapons.

4. They are not allowed to go abroad after sunset, without a written permit from their owners or carrying their papers of freedom.

5. If they violate these regulations they are imprisoned until claimed by their masters, if slaves, or visited and liberated by their friends, if free. If they are free but without friends to attend to their interests—hear this and defend it if ye can, ye "Northern men with Southern principles"—they are kept in jail for a certain time, and then—God help them—they are sold into slavery to pay the expenses incurred by the city by keeping them incarcerated. Not many years ago, a *free* girl from the opposite side of the river, incautiously entered the city of Richmond without her certificate of freedom. She was arrested,

kept in prison forty days, and then sold into perpetual bondage, for the Southern crime known as "being at large!" "How long, O Lord, how long?" How long, O North, how long?

6. All assemblages of colored men, consisting of more than five persons, are illegal, and severely punished by the administrators of Southern *in*-justice. This ordinance is strictly enforced.

7. Women of color are compelled to endure every species of insult. White boys often spit on their dresses as they are going to chapel; and when they meet a colored female out of doors after sunset, they conduct themselves still more grossly.

These are a few—a very few—of the outrages which the colored freeman is expected to endure and does submit to in the civilized, theologized, church-studded city of Richmond, in the middle of the nineteenth century. Strange—is it not? Yet, in the free States of the North, the name of Abolitionist is frequently used as a by-word of reproach. Stranger still—is it not?

HOW VERY CONTENTED THE SLAVES ARE.

In the course of the conversation in which these facts were mentioned, I stated to my companion that I had frequently heard the defenders and apologists of Southern crime in the Northern States, confidently declare that the slaves were perfectly contented with their lot, and would not willingly exchange it for freedom. I asked him if the slaves of Richmond were contented with their condition?

"No, sir," said the merchant with unusual energy, "they are *not*. I know the most of them. I've lived here for thirty years. First, in a hotel where

I used to meet dozens of them every day, and in my store, here, where I see hundreds from every part of the city and the country all the time. *They are as discontented as they can be.* There's a few of them, though, who are poor ignorant creatures, and have good masters, don't care anything about freedom."

"How many do you suppose?" I asked; "one quarter of them?"

"No, sir," said the storekeeper, energetically; "not more than one-tenth."

"What! you don't mean to say that not more than over one-tenth of the slaves have good masters?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I do say that *those who have good masters are as little contented as those who have bad masters.*"

"Why so?"

"Kind treatment is a good thing, but it isn't liberty, sir; and *colored people don't want that kind of privileges; they want their rights.*"

"Do you think," I asked, "that this feeling of discontent is as strong in the country as in the city?"

"No; not so strong," he returned. "In the city they are more intelligent, and the discontented sentiment is stronger, because the colored people have more chance of talking to one another about their hardships."

"Do you think," I inquired, "that the feelings of discontent have increased during your recollection?"

ABOUT RUNAWAYS.

"Oh, yes, sir," he rejoined, "it has increased a hundred times, especially within the last eight years. When I was a boy, the colored people didn't think

much about freedom, because they were allowed a great deal of liberty; but now it seems as if the laws were becoming worse and worse for us every day; we can't enjoy anything now; we can't have the social meetings as we used to have; and now I tell you, sir, the colored people do think about it a good deal. They run away every good chance they can get. I know about a hundred that's gone North since last New Year; most of them got away altogether, and plenty's ready to follow them."

"Do any of them return?"

"No, sir," said the freeman, "they've too much sense for that! You can't tell anything at all about the colored people from what the papers say. Whenever one comes back any whar', they make a string of remarks about it *so long*." He measured about half a yard with his right hand on his left arm. "But," he added, "they don't say nothing about them that run away—hundreds—and never come back agin! And jist look at the paragraphs about the trials at the courts here. It's always 'a worthless negro,' or 'a worthless free negro.' They allers say that, no difference what his character is, or what the character of the white man who appears against him is."

He pointed to a paragraph of this kind in the *Dispatch*, and gave me a proof that the white accuser of the "worthless free negro" named in it, was a man of the most disreputable character.

THE AFRICAN CHURCH.

"I was advised," I said, "by a pro-slavery man to visit the African Church. Is it a splendid concern?"

“Yes, sir,” he rejoined, “it’s a very fine church. I thought they would tell you to go there! They allus do. That’s an old game of theirs—‘Go to the African Church’ they allus say to strangers, ‘and see how happy our slaves are, and how well they dress.’ When I was living at the hotel, I’ve of’en heerd them say so to strangers. Once a gentleman from the North said to me, ‘Well, you people of color seem very happy. I was at your church to-day, and I really never did see a better dressed, or a happier-looking congregation.’ Them was his words.

“‘Yes, massa,’ I said, ‘but appearances is deceitful. You don’t see their hearts. Many of them that you saw there with happy-looking faces had *heavy hearts and raw backs*. They’re not all slaves either, as they tell you they are; one half of them’s free people.’

“‘But they look happy,’ the gentleman said.

“‘Very true massa,’ says I, ‘so they do; Sunday’s the only happy day they have. That’s the only time they have a chance of being all together. They’re not allowed to ’sociate on any other day.’”

“By whom,” I asked, “is this African Church supported?”

“By the colored people.”

“You have a colored preacher, of course?”

“Oh, no;” said the storekeeper, “colored people are not allowed to enter the pulpit in Virginia. — — (I have forgotten the name), a colored clergyman, once attempted it, but they put him in jail.”

“How much do you pay your preacher?”

DEITY VINDICATED AGAINST A DIVINE.

“Six hundred dollars a year,” he replied; “but we don’t elect him. We have nothing to do with the church but to go there, pay all the taxes, and listen to sermons ’bout submission to the will of God.”

“Does he often expatiate on that duty?”

“Very often—very often. One day I heard him say that God had given all this continent to the white man, and that it was our duty to submit.”

“Do the colored people,” I inquired, “believe all that sort of thing?”

“Oh, no, sir,” he returned; “one man whispered to me as the minister said that,

“‘*He be d—d! God am not sich a fool!*’”

“Who elects your minister?”

He explained at considerable length, but I lost the greater part of his answer in thinking about the skeptical negro’s vindication of the ways of Providence in its dealings with the colored children of men. I understood him to say that the church was governed by a board of trustees elected by all the churches in the city. Certain it is, that the people who pay the church expenses have neither part nor lot in the government of the church.

“Some time since,” said the storekeeper, “they told us we might have the church for —— thousand dollars. (I have forgotten the sum he named.) Well, we raised it somehow or other, and got the building; but then we didn’t get the right of choosing our own minister, as we expected.”

“Does your white minister *always* preach to suit the slaveholders?”

“ Yes, sir,” he said, “ *always*. He wouldn’t be allowed to preach at all if he didn’t.”

HOW DO UNTO OTHERS, ETC., FARED.

The wife of the storekeeper hitherto had taken no part in the conversation. She interrupted her husband, and told me the history of a Northern preacher at present officiating in the city of New York, who was forced to leave Richmond because he once selected as a text, “ Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.” He is devotedly loved by the colored people of the city, and has cause to be proud of the hatred of the traffickers in human kind. When this clergyman first came to Richmond, he said nothing offensive to the human-property-holders. He paid a visit to New England, and came back what hitherto he had only nominally been—a Christian minister. The first text he selected, after his return to the city, was the Golden Rule. He commenced his sermon by saying that he had recently visited the scenes of his childhood and his early love ; had knelt once more in the Christian church where he first experienced the spirit of religion ; had looked upon the walls of the college where he had been trained to fight the good fight of faith ; and had stood at the grave of his sainted mother. He had felt there, he said, that hitherto he had not done his duty as a Christian clergyman, but he was determined now, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, to atone, by his future zeal, for his shortcomings in by-gone days. He then spoke of the free colored girl who had been sold into slavery for having unfortunately forgotten to carry her certificate of freedom : (the instance that

I have already cited). It had just occurred. "Brethren," he exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of his newly-awakened zeal, "*that* was not 'doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us!'" Before retiring to rest that night, he received *forty* letters of remonstrance from as many different members of his congregation. He was obliged to leave the city. Richmond, with true old Virginia pluck, would not submit to be reprov'd for her "peculiar" sins by a Northern Christian preacher.

The wife asked me if I was acquainted with the minister.

"I am not," I said, "but perhaps I may have seen him in New York."

She went up stairs, and brought down a lithographic portrait of him, which she handled with a loving care, and looked at with an admiring regard, of which any public man might well have been proud.

"Such a testimonial," I said, "oh! Douglas, prince of demagogues—breaker of sacred compacts for the sake of slavery—is more to be desired than ten thousand Presidencies. Such a testimonial—nay thousands of the like—you, during your life-time, might easily have earned, if, regardless of morality, duty, self-respect, you had not basely sold your soul for the chance of an office!"

THE POOR WHITES AND SLAVERY.

I asked the storekeeper whether the poorer white population of Richmond were in favor of slavery or against it?

"That's a question," he replied, "that can't be answered very easily. Hundreds have said to me,

when they came into the store, that they detested slavery; but they never talk about it to white people: *they're afraid to do so!*"

"*Afraid to do so!*" Think of that, ye New England sons of revolutionary sires! In America, "the land of the free and home of the brave;" free white men of the haughty Saxon race are "afraid" to express their opinions. Ah! Southern rights are human wrongs!

NORTH AND SOUTH—RECIPROCAL AMENITIES.

The abolitionists of the North are often accused of malignantly misrepresenting the sentiments and the character of the people of the South. I was informed by the storekeeper, whose conversation I have been reporting, that the citizens of Richmond very zealously inculcate on the minds of their slaves that all that the Northern abolitionists want with them is to sell and cruelly treat them. The North is pictured to them as a place of punishment—a terrestrial hell—where negroes are abused, starved, and kicked about for the amusement of the white race. Abolitionist with them is the synonym for all that is vile and odious in human nature.

The freeman then asked me the true character of the people of the North?

I answered as an admirer of her character, principles and institutions might be expected to reply.

He asked if there was any disrespect shown to people of color?

I love the North, but I worship truth. Why will you, men of the North, seal the lips of your southern friends by your conduct to the free men of color among you? Ah! if you knew what affectionate

natures, what noble aspirations, what warm, pure, loving hearts beat beneath the bosoms of the negroes of the North, you would not, you could not harbor much longer the disgraceful and relentless prejudices that now keep you aloof like national enemies during the prevalence of a temporary truce.

I will not extend this report of our conversation any further. I will merely mention that I was advised by my colored friend to associate as much as possible with the free colored people, if I wished to ascertain the real sentiments of the slave population on the subject of slavery.

"Some of the slaves," he said, "will distrust you; so will some of the free people; but don't form your opinion until you ask lots of them. You'll soon see, sir, how discontented they all are."

I have followed his advice: with what result will be seen.

Of this man, let me add all that I now know. The next time that I visited Richmond, I found him in great distress: he had recently lost his wife. On my third visit, I found that he had sold out and gone to Philadelphia.

THE CONTENTED SLAVE.

In Richmond I found *one* contented slave. As I was going to the theatre (as I was ascending Monument street), I overtook a negro boy of about eight years of age.

"Come here, Bob," I said.

I had almost passed him. As he did not come immediately I turned round. He was leaning on the

rails of the public park, grinning from ear to ear—looking, in fact, like an incarnate grin.

“He-he-he-e-e-he-eh-eee!” grinned Bob.

“Come here, Bob,” I repeated.

Bobby approached and took hold of my extended hand.

“What’s your name, Bob?”

“Bill,” he grinned.

“What’s your other name?”

“Hain’t got none!” said Bill.

“Are you a free boy?”

“No, I’se a slave.”

“Have you a father and a mother?”

“Yes, he-he-e-e-he!” grinned Bill.

“Who do you belong to?”

“Mrs. Snooks,” said Bill.

“Would you like to be free and go North?”

“No!” he said, “I wouldn’t go North; I don’t want to be free; he-he-he-ee-e!”

“Were you ever sold?” I asked.

“No,” he returned, “Mrs. Snooks* never sold her slaves all her life. *I don’t see what good sellin’ slaves does,*” he added.

“Nor I! . . . ‘Never sold a slave in her life’ . . . Bill?” I asked with appropriate solemnity; “will you tell your mistress that a Northerner said she was a trump?”

“Yes,” grinned Bill, “I’ll tell her: he-he-he-e-e-e,” and he ran away trilling off his grins as he went along.

So much for the Old Dominion.

* He gave her real name: of course, I adopt instead a generic title.

A CORROBORATION.—“They (the blacks) invariably give way to the white people they meet. Once, when two of them, engaged in conversation, and looking at each other, had not noticed his approach, I saw a Virginian gentleman lift his cane and push a woman aside with it. In the evening I saw three rowdies, arm in arm, taking the whole of the sidewalk, hustle a black man off it, giving him a blow as they passed that sent him staggering into the middle of the street. As he recovered himself he began to call out to, and threaten them—‘Can’t you find anything else to do than to be knockin’ quiet people round? You jus’ come back here, will you? Here! you! don’t care if you is white. You jus’ come back here and I’ll teach you how to behave—knockin’ people round!—don’t care if I does hab to go to der watch house.’ They passed on without noticing him further, only laughing jeeringly. . . I observe in the newspapers complaints of growing insolence and insubordination among the negroes, arising, it is thought, from too many privileges being permitted them by their masters (!) and from too merciful administration of the police laws with regard to them. Except in this instance, however, I have not seen the slightest evidence of any independent manliness on the part of the negroes towards the whites. . . Their manner to white people is invariably either sullen, jocose or fawning.”

Dec. 3, 1854.

T. L. OLMSTED.

III.

NORTH CAROLINA.

My next communication is dated from Charleston, April 4. I transcribe as much of it as relates to the North Carolina slaves.

I left Richmond on Friday morning, and arrived at Wilmington about nine in the evening. On Saturday forenoon I took a stroll into the pine-tree forests by which the city is surrounded. After walking a few miles I came upon a rice plantation. About half a dozen old wooden shanties, a neat frame house, recently erected, and a large barn in the yard, formed what in the free States would be termed the homestead, but probably has another name here, as the buildings were all intended to hold the owner's property—to wit: rice and negroes.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

I was extremely thirsty, and extremely curious to know something about the place, too; and so, to satisfy both cravings, I climbed over the fence—a rather disagreeable task as well as dangerous, in the present style of gents' nether garments—and then knocked at the door of the new wooden cabin. It was of no use knocking at the door. Dar was no one in.

“Massa, you needn’t knock dar: open it.”

I turned round and saw—let me see (I am a judge of the price of colored Christians now)—say ‘a ’leven hundred dollar nigger’—standing between me and the fence, with his hat in his hand, and a very obsequious face on his shoulders.

“Look’e here, old boy,” I said, suiting my language to my company—the way to get into favor with it—“what d’ye take me for: a woman?”

“Oh-eh-eh! Oh! No, no, no, no, massa! Oh! no!” said the chattel timorously.

“You don’t, eh? Then put your hat on as quick as a mice. Never lift your hat to any one but a lady, and never do that if your wool isn’t all fixed slick.”

The slave at once dismissed his dismal expression of countenance, and grinned rather than laughed aloud:

Ah! massa! he! he! he! you isn’t a *slave*; you kin do as you like; but ah can’t do dat,” said Sambo.

“Are you a married man?”

“Oh, yes! massa; ah was married, but ah didn’t like my old woman, and ah lives wid anoder now.”

“Is your wife living?”

“Yes, oh, yes, massa.”

“You believe in the sovereignty of the individual—eh? old boy?”

“Dusseno, massa, what dat am,” rejoined the black.

(Stephen Pearl Andrews! do you hear that? Here is a colored personator of your doctrine of individual sovereignty, who “dusseno what dat mean, massa” Stephen. Enlighten him, pray!)

CONTENT OR NOT?

“Have you ever been at the North?” I asked.

The eye that had looked frivolous but a moment before, now suddenly flashed with earnestness—it paid, I thought, a very eloquent eulogium on the institutions of the North.

“No, massa, no!” he responded in a sad tone of voice, “neber, and I neber ’specks to be dar.”

“You would like to go there?” I remarked.

It is very easy to ascertain the opinions of simple people, from the peculiar expression of their eyes: I saw at once that my colored companion was struggling with the suspicion that he might be speaking to a spy.

“You come from de North?” he asked cautiously.

“I am a Northern abolitionist: do you know what that means?”

“Oh, yes, massa,” said Sambo, “you’s for the slave. Do you tink, massa, dat we’ll all get out of bondage yet?”

“I hope you will, my boy—very soon.”

“Dunno, massa; I’s feared not. I’s allus heerd dem talking ’bout freedom comin’, but it amn’t comed yet.”

“*You* wish you were free?”

“Oh, yes, massa—*we all does.*”

“Do all the colored people you know wish to be free?”

“*Yes, massa, they all does indecd.*”

I spoke with him a little longer; looked into the barn where about a dozen persons, of both sexes, were thrashing rice with cudgels, and then I addressed another man of color.

“This man,” I soliloquized, as I cast my eyes upon the mulatto, “if he were an educated gentleman, would be a secret skeptic in religion but an orthodox professor; he would naturally prefer the practice of the law as a profession; but if he took to politics he would be as non-committal as our democratic aspirants to the presidential chair, or even, perhaps, as the editor of a northern national religious paper on the crime of slavery, and its numerous brood of lesser sins.

“How do you do?” I began.

He instantly took off his hat. All colored persons “away down South,” excepting in large cities, do so when addressed by a white man.

He was very well!

I was very glad to hear it—and how did his folks do?

I forget how he answered—you’re not particular I hope? I talked irrelevantly for a time, for I knew it would be useless to throw away my frankness on him. So I put him through a course of Socratic questions.

He admitted dat freedom am a great blessin’; dat de collud pop’lation in general—in fact, nine-tenths of those whom he knew—would like berry much to be free; but as for himself *he* allus had had good masters; *he* didn’t see how he could better himself by being free. No—no—no—he didn’t car about freedom, he didn’t. He admitted, however, with ludicrously hasty expression of it, his willingness to accept freedom for himself if he were offered the boon.

“My friend,” I said, “will you tell me *why* you would take it if freedom would not ‘better you’ as you call it?”

He was puzzled. Burton's acting never afforded me one-half so much amusement as I derived from watching the bewildered and cunning expression of this non-committal negro's eyes.

"Why, massa," he stuttered, "I meant that—a. If—I *had* to take my freedom—eh—if I'se 'bleeged to, why, I'd—I'd—*have to take it!*"

I offered him my hat in token of my admiration of this truly resplendent feat of logic.

"Your answer is perfectly satisfactory," said I; "I only beg pardon for having caused you to act against your principles by telling the truth."

I left him amazed at my answer. As I shook hands with the other negro on departing, he said:

"I's a slave, massa; that's what I is, and I neber 'specks to be free."

"Keep up your heart, my boy," I answered, "I hope I shall see you in the North yet."

"Feared not, massa," he returned, "feared not. I only hope to be free when I gets to Heaben."

THE MULATTO.

In returning to my hotel I met a mulatto—an intelligent looking man with a piercing dark eye. I saw that he had not a single spark of servility in his spirit; that if his skin made the middle passage, his soul came over in the Mayflower.

"What are these birds?"

I pointed to a couple overhead.

"Buzzards," said the black man.

A few more trivial remarks and I asked:

"Are you a free man?"

"No, sir, I am a slave."

"Who owns you?"

“ — — — ; but he hires me out.”

“ Have you ever been North?”

“ No, sir, I never was.”

“ You would like to go there and be free, I suppose?”

He gave me a penetrating look before replying. I seem to have stood the test; for he prefaced his reply by a remark which three others have made, after closely inspecting my physiognomy :

“ I know you’re honest, sir. I’ll say to you what I wouldn’t say to plenty who’d ask me, as you’ve done. *Yes, sir; I would like to go North.* What man of color would not?”

“ I’ve often been told,” I remarked, “ by the slaveholders’ friends in the North, that you colored people are perfectly satisfied, and rather prefer slavery, indeed. Is that so? I always thought the colored people loved slavery ”—a pantomimic gesture concluded the sentence.

“ Yes, massa,” said the slave, “ I knows what you mean. They does love it. Over the left.”

“ Are the majority of colored people of your acquaintance satisfied or dissatisfied with slavery?”

“ *I know hundreds and hundreds,*” he replied, “ *and almost all of them are as dissatisfied as they kin be.*”

“ Are one-third satisfied, do you think?”

“ No, sir. *Not more than one-tenth.* As few as has good masters doesn’t think about freedom so much; but if they could get the offer, *all* of them would be free.”

“ Are you a married man?”

“ Yes, sir,” said the slave.

“ Were you married by a clergyman?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Have you any children?”

“Yes, sir. I’ve had thirteen.”

“E-e-eh?” I ejaculated; “you don’t mean that?”

“Yes, massa; I’s had thirteen, but they all died, ’cept four; it’s an unhealthy place this.”

I confess that I was rather astonished at finding so resolute a family man in bondage; for I thought that the energy he had thus exhibited in the “heavy father line” of endeavor, might also have effected his escape, or at least his self purchase.

“Did you ever read ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin?’”

“No, massa; what is it?”

Explanations followed—but you’ve read it of course? It’s truly a fiction without fiction.

On leaving, he shook hands, and said, with emotion:

“God bless you, massa! God bless you! I hope de abolitionists will win de battle, and bring us all out of bondage.”

I may state here that the word bondage is very frequently used by the colored people to express their condition. More frequently, I think, than slavery.

I walked on, and at length came near an unpainted wooden house, occupied exclusively by colored people.

A COLORED PREACHER’S FAMILY.

The family consisted of eight persons—the mother, four sons and three daughters. One son is twenty-one years old; the eldest daughter is nineteen, the other two female children are under ten years of age.

They are the children of a colored Methodist “Bethel” preacher, in New York or Brooklyn, of the name of Jacob Mitchell. He has, it appears,

been struggling a long time to get money enough to buy his wife, eldest daughter, and three youngest children. Come! my Methodist friends of New York, I want you to redeem this lot—to convert them from chattels into human beings. Here they are, for sale for cash—five immortal beings, all church members, and good moral people, too! Assist Mr. Mitchell without loss of time! He has already saved about two thousand dollars; another, thousand, they say, would buy the “whole cargo, and their blessing into the bargain.” Let the three sons escape for themselves; they are not fit to be free if they make no effort to escape from slavery.

Mr. Mitchell is a freeman by gift. This family are from Maryland. Some time ago, knowing that they were all to be sold to the South, they made their escape into the semi-free State of Pennsylvania, but were captured, and brought back, and sold to North Carolina. What a celestial gratification must it be to Mr. Millard Fillmore, and the friends of the Fugitive Slave Law, to know of such triumphs of the true spirit of nationality—such pleasing proofs of inter-national, or rather of inter-state courtesy! Great Heavens! it must be overpowering, overwhelming, overshadowing! Ah! little do our sectional and fanatical souls know of the bliss that awaits the Conqueror of his Prejudices in favor of humanity and freedom! Very little, alas!

Mr. Mitchell's family can read.

A CHRONIC CASE OF RUNAWAYISM.

A man of twenty-three, or thereabouts, was laboring, might and main, as I entered the room, at mastering the mysteries of the first lesson-book.

“Hullo!” I exclaimed, “do they allow colored people to learn to read in this city?”

“No, massa!” said the sable student, “dey don’t ’lows it: but they can’t help themselves. I’ll do as I please!”

“Oh! you’re a freeman?”

“No, massa, I’s a slave; but I won’t stand any bad treatment. I’s run away six times already, and I’d run away agin, if they tried to drive me,” he exclaimed with emphasis.

“Six times!” I repeated. “Why, you must have been very unfortunate to have been recaptured so often. How far north did you ever get?”

“Oh, massa, I never tried to get North. I never ran more than thirty miles, and then I worked, and staid dare.”

“What did your master do to you when he caught you?”

“I ketched it,” said the fugitive, “dey lashed me; but I doesn’t care—*I won’t be druv.*”

He looked as if he meant what he said, too. I advised him, as I have advised at least a dozen darkeys already, to run away to the North at the very earliest opportunity.

A BOY’S OPINION.

I had five other conversations with slaves in Wilmington. I will briefly state the result of each interview.

“How old are you, Bob?”

“Thirteen, sir.”

“Are you free?”

“No; I’m a slave.”

“Would you like to go North?”

“Yes, sir. I would like to—very much.”

"What! don't you like to be a slave?"

"No, sir; I don't," he said with savage emphasis, "I HATE it."

"Do all the boys you know hate to be slaves?"

"No, sir; *but all the smart boys* do. There's only a few, and them's stupid devils, who don't care about it."

"Then, you're one of the smart boys?" I said, smiling, as I placed my hand on his head.

But the boy was in no mood for smiles. His face exhibited signs of the most poignant grief, as he replied:

"Well, sir, I wish I was a free boy—and away from this darned mean country."

The boy was a mulatto.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Parson Brownlow, in his recent challenge to the North, reserved the right to refuse to accept any offer to discuss the Slavery Question with a person of color. This fact may yet be cited as a sad and significant indication of our inveterate blindness to danger. For, is it not quite probable or possible, that the colored race alone may yet decide this question, both for themselves and us, and reciprocate the parson's compliment, by refusing to permit the uncolored man to have anything to say about it? When we find that "all the smart boys" of the subjugated race *hate* slavery with a deadly animosity, it surely is not unreasonable to believe in such a terrible, *but desirable* result. Terrible to the tyrant, but desirable for the sake of our national honor.

ADVANTAGES OF A NATIONAL CREED.

Freedom of speech (this passage I wrote at a later period), the freeman's great right of public utterance of thought, even in conversation—for exceptions, however numerous, do not disprove the fact—is a luxury of which the Northerner has the exclusive monopoly, and that only in his own Free States, if he cherishes a radical anti-slavery creed, or any Christian sympathy for the negro bondman. How insufferable, therefore, the insolence, or the intended insolence, which taunts the Republican party with being sectional—with having no nationality—with not daring to maintain any political organization in the Southern States! The ebon oligarchy, having effectually crushed out the essential elements of Republican freedom, exult over the damnable disgrace—throw their harlot taunts at the decencies and virtues which, having outraged, they affect to despise and try to make odious by glorying in their own deep shame.

I regret that the great Republican party is not more worthy of these laudatory taunts. I deeply lament that it should tolerate in its ranks any but the deadliest, the most earnest enemies—not of the mistake merely, but the cowardly crime of American Slavery.

I regret to see the anxiety its prominent politicians so often and so unnecessarily display, to quiet the apprehensions of the traffickers in humanity, by announcing their fixed determination never, under any circumstances, to interfere with the infernal institutions where it already exists. Ah! gentlemen! if such be your creed, God send us another Democratic

President! The best friend of the slave, I have often thought, is his worst enemy. Legree hastens the day of emancipation more rapidly than St. Clair. Atehison has done more for the slave by his brutality than Garrison by his humanity. I hope to see the day when the Republican party will glory in its hostility to slavery *everywhere* and always. Until then, its mission must be fulfilled by individual effort and underground transit companies.

Yet that there *are* advantages in a national creed I saw, and thus stated, after reading a speech by Senator Douglas, in which he used in substance the expressions here attributed to him:

DOUGLAS.

The Dropsied Dwarf of Illinois,
 By brother sneaks called "Little Giant,"
 He who has made so great a noise
 By being to the Slave Power pliant,
 Upon the Senate floor one day
 "Rebuking" Freedom's friends, did say:
 "Republicans must stay at home,
 Or hide their creed, so none can find 'em,
 The Democrat alone can roam,
 Nor leave his sentiments behind him!"
 "Pray why?" asks Freedom, in surprise,
 "Because" (the Dropsied Dwarf replies),
 "Your 'glittering generalities'
 Are odious in St. Legree's eyes,
 While *we* such 'self-apparent lies'
 Reject, and in his favor rise."
 Ah! then," said Freedom, "in my rambles,
 I'll keep away from negro-shambles,
 Yet you (I see), your creed suits well,
 'Twill serve you here—and when in Hell."

SLAVERY IN NORTH CAROLINA.—"The aspect of North Carolina with regard to slavery is, in some respects, less lamentable

than that of Virginia. There is not only less bigotry upon the subject, and more freedom of conversation, but I saw here, in the Institution, more of patriarchal character than in any other State. [Very patriarchal, in the old slave mother's case!—J. R.] The slave more frequently appears as a family servant—a member of his master's family, interested with him in his fortune, good or bad. . . . Slavery thus loses much of its inhumanity. It is still questionable, however, if, as the subject race approaches civilization, the dominant race is not proportionably retarded in its onward progress. One is often forced to question, too, in viewing slavery in this aspect, whether humanity and the accumulation of wealth, the prosperity of the master and the happiness and improvement of the subject, are not in some degree incompatible."—OLMSTED.

IV.

THE next slave with whom I talked was also a mulatto—one-third white blood. The mulattoes are invariably the most discontented of the colored population.

SLAVERY OR MATRIMONY—A COLORED CALCULATION.

“I’ve five children,” he said, “but my wife is a free woman, and they are free, although I am a slave.”

Of course the reader knows that by American law the child follows the condition of its mother. Mother free, children free; mother slave, slave children. Perhaps the speediest method of peaceably abolishing slavery would be to change (by reversing) this law. Under its beneficent operations the chivalry would be transformed into manifold liberators!

“How old are you?”

“I’m thirty-seven.”

“How do the colored people feel about slavery?”

“*All the colored people of my acquaintance* (and I know them all here), *would gladly be free if they could get their liberty.* Say about a third have good masters, and they are not so discontented, of course, as the rest, but ask them at the ballot, or some other

way, so that they could express their sentiments without fear, and then you would hear such a shout for liberty as never was raised before."

I will omit my questions.

"My owner hires me out to hotels. He gets twenty dollars a month for me. I clear besides that about two hundred dollars for myself. About ten years since I took up with this woman."

He is speaking of the wife of his bosom!

"Were you married?"

"Oh yes," he continued, "I was regularly married by a minister. They always do it here. The slaves will be married, and their owners make a fine wedding of it, but it doesn't amount to anything, because they are liable to be separated for life at any moment, and often is. I've often thought this subject over."

"What subject?"

"About marrying," he said.

"Most men do."

"Well, but I mean different. I see, if I hadn't married, I would have been free now; bekase I would have had a thousand dollars by this time to have bought myself with. But it took all I could make to get along with my family. Well, they're all free, my sons ar'; and I'm giving them as good an education as we dare give them; so that, if the time does come when I'm going to be sold, they may buy me."

He sighed, and added:

"*When I'm an old man.*"

I asked if he did not think of escaping before that time?

"No," he said, "I wouldn't run the risk now of

trying to escape. It's hardly so much an object, sir, when a man's turned the hill. Besides, my family. I might be sold away from them, which I won't be, if I don't try to run away—leastways till I'm old."

"Are the whites very hard on you here?"

"Yes, sir, they are very hard on us here. We dare not say anything about being discontented."

This was the statement of one man, fully confirmed in its general particulars by another slave, of whose domestic relations I asked nothing and know nothing.

THE OLD SLAVE MOTHER.

I entered a cabin on the roadside. A little child, a slave, with a future as dark as its own face before it (as the poet might have observed, but didn't), was sitting quietly playing on the doorstep.

"Will you have the kindness, madam," I said, "to give me a glass of water?"

"Oh yes, massa," said the old woman I had spoken to, as she set herself about getting it. I did not want it—I only asked for it as an excuse for entering the house."

"Are you a free woman, madam?"

"No, massa; I's not. I's not likely to be," said the old lady.

"Were you ever at the North?"

"No, massa."

"Would you like to go there?"

She gave a funnily scrutinizing glance:

"We-ll, massa, I ca-n't say dat, for I neber was dar," she returned, in a slow and very peculiar tone.

"How old are you?"

(Wasn't that popping a rather delicate question in

a rather summary manner, my fair sisters of the North?)

"I's sixty-two," said the venerable slave.

(Ladies, lovely, of the North! would you believe it? She actually appeared to be of the age she mentioned—no, not even a single day older.)

She had had eleven children, but—

"I's only three I kin see now, massa," she added, mournfully.

"Have any of your children been sold?" I inquired.

"Yes," she said, sobbing, the tears beginning to trinkle down her furrowed cheeks, "three on 'em. Two boys were sold down South—I don't know where they is; and my oldest son was sold to Texas three years since. There was talk about him coming back, but it's bin talked about too-oo-oo"—her sobs interrupted her speech for a few seconds—"too-oo-oo long to be true, I's afeerd."

Her maternal affections were strongly moved; I knew she would answer any questions now.

"It must have been very hard with you to part with your boys; almost as hard as when your other children died?" I said.

"Almost, massa?" she rejoined, "far wuss. When they're dead, it seems as if we knowed they was gone; but when they're sold down South—ah!—ah!—massa"—

She did not finish the sentence in articulate words, but the tears that raced down her wrinkled face, the sighs that heaved her bereaved maternal breast, concluded it more eloquently than her tongue could have done.

"It almost broke my heart, massa," she said, "but we cannot complain—*we's only slaves.*"

A curious wish entered my mind as she uttered these words. I wished that I had the right of selecting the mode of punishing the Southern pro-slavery divines in the world to come. I would give each of them, what not one of them has, A CHRISTIAN HEART, capable of compassion for human sorrow and suffering; and then I would compel them to look, throughout all eternity, on the ghost of the face of this poor miserable mother, whose children had been sold by their inhuman masters far away from her, and far distant from each other.

"Oh! God!" I ejaculated as I gazed on her grief-furrowed face, which was wet with heart-sad tears, "this slavery is the most infernal institution that the sun looks down upon."

I did not address this remark to the old woman; I did not, indeed, intend to utter it at all; but I did speak it aloud, and she heard it.

"Yes, massa," she said, "it am infernal; but we's no choice but to submit."

"Would you believe it, my old friend," I said, "that your masters, and their white serfs at the North, say you are all happy and contented with slavery?"

"Well, massa," she replied, "we has often to say so to people that ask us; I would have said it to you, if you hadn't talked about my childer; we's afeerd to complain."

"Yes, I suppose so; not half of you are contented?"

"A half on us, massa!" she exclaimed, energetically, "*no, not one quarter.*"

I talked with the old mother for a few minutes longer, and then took her by the hand.

“Good bye, old lady,” I said, “I hope that you will die a free woman with all your children around you.”

A deep sigh preceded the slave-mother’s answer.

“I hope so, massa, I hope so; but it seems as if this life was to be a hard trial to colored people. I’s no hopes of seeing my boys agin this side the Land.”

“Good bye,” I repeated, as I retreated hastily—for, to say the truth, I could no longer restrain my tears, and I hated to let a woman see me weep—“good bye.”

“Good bye,” said the slave-mother. “God bless you, massa, God bless you! Yes, massa, and God *will* bless you, if you is the friend of the slave.”

I find, in a recent number of the *Boston Saturday Express*, a simple narrative, in rhyme, of another North Carolina slave-mother’s reply. I subjoin it here :

THE SLAVE-MOTHER’S REPLY.

“All my noble boys are sold,
 Bartered for the trader’s gold;
 Where the Rio Grande runs,
 Toils the eldest of my sons;
 In the swamps of Florida,
 Hides my Rob, a runaway;
 Georgia’s rice-fields show the care
 Of my boys who labor there;
 Alabama claims the three
 Last who nestled on my knee;
 Children seven, seven masters hold
 By their cursed power of gold;
 Stronger here than mother’s love—
 Stronger here, but weak above;
 Ask me not to hope to be
 Free, or see my children free;
 Rather teach me so to live,

That this boon the Lord may give—
First to clasp them by the hand,
As they enter in THE LAND.”

THE CHUCKLING NEGRO.

I was walking along the river side. A colored man passed me. He could hardly move along. It was evident that no auctioneer could have warranted him to be “sound and strong.”

Two other negroes were walking along. One of them pointed to the slow man, and said, grinning as he said it:

“Dat dare fellow am as ill as if he were one of de white pop’lation.”

Now this was very far from a compliment to “de white pop’lation,” as the cause of the fellow’s lameness was evident enough, and said nothing very flattering for his moral character.

I went up to the chuckler.

“Now, old fellow, what were you saying?”

The negro grinned, laughed, and chuckled alternately for several minutes before answering:

“Oh, er-r-er-he-he-he-eee!” he laughed, “I was saying dat de white pop’lation would be makin’ some remarks on dat ’ar nigger.”

“Oh! oh!” I answered, “old fellow, how can you lie so?”

“Oh no, I isn’t massa,” said the old jolly-looking slave, as he relapsed into a fit of chuckling, interspersed by ejaculations of very broken English.

“Are you a slave, old fellow?”

“Oh, yes, massa,” said the chuckler.

“How old are you?”

“Sixty, massa,” he replied. “I’s eighteen when

Jefferson war President, and dat war in 1812; I mind 'bout de war. De rigiments camped on dat hill. I carried de wood for dem."

"Have you been a slave ever since?"

"Yes, massa, and long afore dat."

"Would you like to be free?"

The chuckling laugh was again put in full blast. He seemed to use it for the purpose that young ladies reserve their swoons for—to avoid continuing disagreeable conversation; or, that Senator Douglas uses footpad language on the stump for—to avoid the answering of disagreeable questions.

"No, massa,"—a long chuckle—"I'd not like to be free. In de North, de free colored pop'lotion isn't able to get 'long widout eating one anoder."

"Who told you that?" I inquired.

"De masters of de ships from dar." (He was a stevedore.)

"You would n't like to be free, eh?" I replied, in a jovial tone, as I poked him in the ribs, "what a lying scamp you are, old fellow!"

Hardly had I done so, before I had a realizing experience of the profundity of Shakspeare's philosophy:

"One dig i' th' ribs, good, my lord,
Makes white and colored men akin."

Julius Cæsar Hannibal's edition.

He threw off his dissimulation, dismissed his grins and his chuckles, looked grave, and said,

"Well, massa, you's a funny man—dat am a fact. I's *would* like to be free; but it's no use, massa—it's no use. I's a slave, and I's been one sixty years, and I 'specs to die in bondage."

“Do all the colored people you know want to be free?”

“*Oh, yes, massa,*” he said firmly, “*they all does, OB COURSE.*”

I had a long conversation with him : he spoke seriously, gave direct and explicit answers to all my questions, and God-blessed me at parting.

In North Carolina, then, I have had long and confidential conversations with at least a score of slaves. They all stated, with one exception, that not only they, but all their acquaintances, were discontented with their present condition. He that hath slaves let him think ! Negroes have all the fierce passions of white men, and there is a limit set by Deity Himself to human endurance of oppression.

TALKS WITH WHITES.

“How do you think the negroes feel on the subject of slavery?” I asked of a carpenter in Wilmington. “Contented?”

“Oh,”—a very long oh—“yes, they’re all content. How could they better themselves? I know what the North is. I’ve travelled all over York and the New England States. All that abolition outcry is only interest. What does the North care for niggers? Look at them in New York, the poor, scourged, driven, kicked, and cuffed wretches.”

I had a talk also with a German who had lived in Wilmington five years. He was an abolitionist.

“At Richmond,” I said, “I was told that many of the poorer citizens—those who did not own slaves—were secret abolitionists. Is it so here?”

The reply was very decided.

“Yes, *sir*. Look there,” he said—it was Sunday—

“look at that girl walking a long way behind her master and mistress, who’re going to church, just exactly as if she was a dog.”

“Do you think that the majority of the classes I mentioned, in this city, are secret abolitionists?”

“Oh, YES,” he said, with excessive emphasis.

A SLAVE PEN.

I visited one *very* peculiar institution in Wilmington—a house where negroes, or rather slaves, of both sexes are kept for sale. There were dozens of the poor wretches squatting or walking about the yard.

As I entered it, I saw a colored girl go up to a young male chattel, put her arms, in the most affectionate manner, around his neck, stand unsteadily on tiptoe, and salute his lips with the long lingering kiss of a lover. I mention this incident for the benefit of Northern gentlemen, whose sweethearts, to use a newspaper phrase, are “respectfully requested to please copy” this admirable fashion. That it is of lowly origin is no reason for rejecting it.

The Articles on sale at this establishment were of every shade of color, from the almost white to the altogether black. Yet—“Christ died for all?”

There was one man with sharp features, fine blue eyes, and a most intelligent-looking face. He was what I have heard called a saddle-leather-colored negro. He asked me if I would buy him?

Poor fellow! I had n’t quite change enough to change his condition.

There was a black girl, with an infant nearly white, having blue eyes and straight hair. I learned the mother’s history. She had lived in a family at Richmond, Virginia. She there became acquainted with

a young American, to whom, in time, she bore a daughter. Her master was so enraged, when he discovered her condition, that he swore he would sell her South. The author of her misfortune offered to buy her; but the master of the woman, under whose quivering heart the young man's child was beating, with demoniacal sternness rejected the proffered reparation: and he sold both the mother and the unborn babe to the dreaded Southern Traders.

Derend the institution that caused this most infernal outrage, ye "national" ministers of the Most Just God—struggle priestfully, hand in hand, against its philanthropic assailants, and, verily, you shall have your reward.

Stir up the fires, Beelzebub!

V.

IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

I LOVE Charleston! I spent a fortnight there—one of the happiest periods of my life. Perhaps it was the aspect of the city—its thoroughly English appearance and construction, its old-time customs, its genial climate—for there were roses in full bloom in its public gardens when there were snow storms at the North; perhaps it was the English architecture, the merry peal of bells, the watchman chaunting the time of night, the uniformed patrol—which I soon learned to hate—all of them reminding me of my boyhood days, that cast a spell around my spirit during my sojourn there, and which now casts a spell over my recollections of the city of Calhoun; but, be this as it may, in spite of my stern and inflexible anti-slavery zeal, I would rather to-day be a sojourner in Charleston than a resident of any other city on the Continent.

Did I say a spell? Not of idleness, however. I attended to my business.

Here is an extract from a letter that I wrote at the time:

“The city jail is an old brick building, of the Scotch Presbyterian style of architecture.

“Close beside it is another massive building,

resembling a feudal castle in its external form—the infamous Bastile or the Spanish Inquisition in its internal management—an edifice which is destined to be levelled to the earth amid the savage yells of insurgent negroes and the shrieks of widowed ladies, whose husbands shall have been justly massacred by wholesale ; or else amid the cheers of the true chivalry of the age, the assailants of slavery and the friends of the bondmen, and the applause of the fair daughters of the Southern States. God grant that the beautiful women of the South may be the first to demand the demolition of this execrable edifice ; God grant that they may be spared the misery of seeing their husbands and their children slaughtered by their slaves ; but God grant, over and above all, that the Sugar House of Charleston, by some means, or at any cost, may speedily be levelled to the earth that it pollutes by its practices and presence.

“The first of man’s natural rights is the right to live : without liberty there is no life, but existence only. If any man unjustly deprived me of my liberty, and I had it in my power to kill him, it would, I conceive, be a very grave crime to permit him to live and enslave me.

BULLY BROOKS AND COLORED CONTENTMENT.

“And such,” I wrote—“let the howling Mr. Preston S. Brooks, and the Northern sycophants of the slaveholders, say as they will—*such are the sentiments of the majority of the slaves in the city of Charleston.*”

Mr. Brooks was a nobody at that time. But I had just read, in the *Charleston Mercury*, a speech of his, wherein he stated, with an audacity which is pecu-

liar to the Southern politicians, that the slaves were happy and eminently contented with their unfortunate condition. The *Mercury*, on the strength of this speech, predicted a glorious future for him! The eulogist has since fallen in a duel, and the eulogized is lying in an assassin's grave. Fit future for a liar, a despot, and a coward! But let us not linger here. Let us spit upon his grave and pass on, leaving his soul in the custody of the infernal gods!

At Richmond and at Wilmington, I continued, I found the slaves discontented, but despondingly resigned to their fate. At Charleston I found them morose and savagely brooding over their wrongs. They know and they dread the slaveholder's power; they are afraid to assail it without first effecting a combination among themselves, which the ordinances of the city, that are sternly enforced, and the fear of a traitor among them, prevent. But if the guards who now keep nightly watch were to be otherwise employed—if the roar of hostile cannon was to be heard by the slaves, or a hostile fleet was seen sailing up the bay of Charleston—then, as surely as God lives, would the sewers of the city be instantly filled with the blood of the slave masters. I have had long and confidential conversations with great numbers of the slaves here, who trusted me because I talked with them, and acted toward them as a friend, and I speak advisedly when I say that they are already ripe for a rebellion, and that South Carolina *dares not* (even if the North was willing to permit her) to secede from this Union of States. Her only hope of safety from wholesale slaughter is THE UNION. Laugh the secessionists to scorn, ye Union-loving sons of the North, for the negroes are pre-

pared "to cement the Federal compact" once more—and really it needs it—with "the blood of despots," and their own *then* free blood, too, if the "resistance-to-tyrants" doctrine in practice shall call for the solemn and voluntary sacrifice.

The Sugar House of Charleston is a building erected for the purpose of punishing and selling slaves in. I visited it. It is simply a prison with a treadmill, a work yard, putrid privies, whipping posts and a *brine barrel* attached. There are, I think, three corridors. Many of the cells are perfectly dark. They are all very small.

What, think you, is the mode of conducting this peculiar institution?

If a planter arrives in the city with a lot of slaves for sale, he repairs to the Sugar House and places them in custody, and there they are kept until disposed of, as usual—"by auction for cash to the highest bidder."

If any slaveholder, from any or from no cause, desires to punish his human property, but is too sensitive, or what is far more probable, too lazy to inflict the chastisement himself—he takes *it* (the man, woman or child), to the Sugar House, and simply orders *how* he desires it to be punished; and, without any trial—without any questions asked or explanations given, the command is implicitly obeyed by the officers of the institution. A small sum is paid for the board of the incarcerated.

If any colored person is found out of doors after ten o'clock at night, without a ticket of leave from its owner, the unfortunate wanderer is taken to the Sugar House and kept there till morning; when, if the master pays one dollar fine, the slave is liberated;

but, if he refuses to do so, the prisoner is tied hand and foot and lashed before he or she is set at liberty. For women are whipped as frequently as men.

And yet the city which supports these official Haynaus, regards itself as one of the burning lights of our modern civilization! Miserable race of woman-whippers—worthy constituents of the assassin Brooks—fit men to celebrate his memory and to revile, with worse than fiendish glee, the sufferings of his pure-hearted victim, Charles Sumner! *

STORY OF A SLAVE.

The concluding portion of the narrative that I subjoin, related to me by a slave, whose answers I took down in short hand as he uttered them, will serve to show how the name of the Sugar House has become a word of terror to the colored race in South Carolina and the adjoining slave States. I first heard of it and its horrors at Richmond, from the colored storekeeper of whom I have spoken at considerable length. Of course I alter the real names of the different parties mentioned in the statement. I omit, also, many of my questions:

“My name is Pete Barclay. I was born in Newberg, South Carolina. I’m ’bout tirty years old now.”

“Why, don’t you know your exact age?”

“No, sah,” said the slave. “Let me see. I’ll tell

* I never spoke to any poor whites of this State, in order to learn their feelings towards slavery and slaveholders. Yet it may be interesting to the friends of the greatest of Massachusetts’ Senators to know, as an indication of sentiment, that there is a native-born child of South Carolina parents, who reside in the capital, named after our torch-tongued orator, Charles Sumner.

you 'xactly how old I'm now. I've bin two years here—not quite two years till nex' month—and I know Nicholas Smith—I seen him only de oder day; he says I'm 'xactly de same age as he is. I'm 'xactly thirty-two years old. Dat's his age."

"Is he free?"

"Yes, sah, he's a freeman. He was *raised* where I *grewed*."*

"Is he a white man?"

"Oh, yes, sah, he's a white man, he's not a colored man at all. He knows everytin'—more dan I do—he kin read and write, and all dat sort o' thing, you know. I'd a sister and mother in Carolina, 'bout 130 miles on the cars, as I'm told. I was *raised* by Mr. Kenog. He's bin dead for years; I wish I was wid him now. Dat was de first man dat *raised* me."

"Did you ever know your father and mother?"

"Oh, yes; I knowed dem like a book. Mother died four years afore I came to Columbus—I've bin here two years—four and two is six—isn't it, sah?"

I assumed the responsibility of answering in the affirmative.

"Well, she has been dead about dat time. It may not be quite so long, though."

"Who's Kenog, sir?"

"He was a farmer in Newberg," said the slave.

"Did your father belong to him?"

"No, sah."

"Was your father a slave?"

"Yes, sah, and my moder too."

* Long after this sentence was spoken, I found a world of sad histories in this accidental utterance. Raised—and grewed!

“Was your mother ever sold?”

“No, sah, my mother neber was sold; she was raised dere and died dere.”

“How many children had she?”

“I can’t say ’xactly,” replied the slave, “let me count jist how many she had.”

He commenced with his thumb to count the number of his brothers and sisters on his fingers.

“Maria,” he said, “dat’s my sister dat I got a letter from home, the other day; Alice—she’s dead—dat’s two; Lea—I never seen her—she’s dead—dat’s three; I’ve had three sisters. Wash, dat’s one; Hannibal, dat’s two; Major and Jackson, dat’s—let me, me—aint it four, sah?”

“Yes.”

“Den, I’ve dree sisters and four broders—dat’s—dat’s a”——

He could not finish the sentence. The intricate problem was beyond his arithmetical ken.

“Yes,” he continued, in reply to my questions, “sometimes slaves has got two names, and sometimes only one. My fader belonged to a widow woman, named Lucy Roberts. I knowed him as well as I know dat candle.”

This conversation occurred in a house occupied partly by colored people, during candle light.

“Dat’s how I came to be called Roberts,” he said, “he took her name. After I left Roberts I belonged to Richardson. I was about six years old when I went to Mr. Richardson. I was a present from Roberts to him; dat’s how I came to belong to him. I stayed wid him till ’bout two years since—not quite two years; it’s not two years till May. Den I was sold to dis ole man, my boss now.”

It is unnecessary to say "dat dis ole man, my boss now," was not present at this nocturnal meeting of Southern colored and Northern un-colored woolly-heads.

"What sort of a boss is he?" I inquired.

The answer was brief enough, and as bitter as brief:

"He's de meanest ole scamp goin'."

"Are the colored people of your acquaintance all discontented with their present condition?"

"Yes, sah," he replied, "all on 'em; I knows lots and lots on 'em since I came here, and I's a stranger in the city: I's not bin here quite two years yet—not two years till nex' month, sah—and all dat I does know *wants to be free very bad*, I tell ye, *and may be will fight before long if they don't get freedom somehow*. Dis country is de meanest country in de world."

"Did you ever live outside of South Carolina?"

"No, sah," he said, nothing abashed by his recent decision, "I never has bin out on it, but I knows dat nothin' could be worse. I's been knocked about five or six years now very bad; but I won't stand it much longer; I'll run away the very firs' chance I gets. Massa, is a colored man safe in the State of New York?"

I replied that I believed that it now would be impossible, without a desperate and bloody contest between the municipal authorities and the people of New York, for a Southron to rethrust a slave as a brand *into* the burning, after he had once trod the soil of Manhattan Island. I thought that perhaps he could have done so as late as a year ago, but that he could not do it since the recent anti-slavery re-

vival. (Abolitionism, at that time, had penetrated the theatres, and even the pulpits were belching forth anathemas against it.)

He spoke of one John Bouldon, an intimate friend of his, who had been legally kidnapped from New York city after successfully effecting his escape from slavery.

“Dey brought him back,” he said, “but he looked brave and game. Oh, he looked well, sah,” he added, with enthusiastic energy. “Dey wouldn’t let us talk to him; we only see him through de grating of de jail. Dey took him away one morning—he came wid de sheriff of New York—and I heerd tell of somebody havin’ raised \$1,500 or \$15,000 to buy him—yes, I believe it *was* \$1,500—but it wasn’t a high price, sah; he was a first-rate tailor.”

“Do you know anything,” I asked, “about the Sugar House here? A colored man at Richmond advised me to go and see it. I’ve been there, but the officer who showed me round seemed to think that my absence would be as much for the good of the house as my company. He showed me all the cells, because he could n’t well help himself; but he did n’t give me any information.”

(On entering the yard of this Inferno—the day was excessively sultry—I was almost suffocated by the first inhalation of its atmosphere. The odor arising from the privies, *which were in close proximity to the treadmill*, rendered the atmosphere insufferably corrupt. There were eight persons on the treadmill at the time inhaling the poisonous air.)

“You could n’t have axed a better person, sah,” said the slave, “dan me. I’s bin twice dere. De first time dat I was dere I was put in by my

master for playin' at cards. He came up one night and caught us—a few boys and myself—playin' in a room."

"'I don't want my boys to do that,' he said, and den he went down stairs.

"Three days passed, and I thought it war all over. But it warn't. On de fourth day, he came into my bedroom afore I got up and put a pair of handcuffs on me and tuk me to de Sugar House. I was kept dare in a dark cell—de only light I had came through five gimlet holes—for four days, and I was paddled twice."

"Paddled!" I repeated, "what do you mean?"

"Oh," he said, "dey whip us with a paddle."

"What's that?" I asked.

"A paddle," he rejoined, "is a piece of board 'bout three fingers wide and half an inch deep wid holes in it. I got twenty de firs' day and twenty de last. Dey put in a kind of drawer wid hominy in it, nothing else, once a day, and dat was our vittals. I couldn't taste any de firs' day at all."

"What was your second offence?" I asked.

"Nothin', massa, nothin' at all. I got leave to go to the races, and I met some friends dare, and when I came back I was half an hour too late. He put me to the Sugar House agin. I was kept dar two days and got twenty-five lashes."

"How many at each time?"

"Fifteen bof times, massa."

"Two filteens make thirty, not twenty-five," I ventured to suggest.

"Does it, massa?"—he pondered for a few seconds with a gravity becoming the importance of the subject—"so it does. Well, I got thirty. *Den, after*

dey paddle dem, you know, dey wash their backs with salt water."

I astonished my colored friend by starting from the chair in which I had been lounging.

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that in earnest?"

"Massa," he repeated, "it am as true as I'm sitting here."

"Will you swear that?" I asked.

"Massa," he repeated slowly and solemnly, "it am God's truth; I'll swear it wherever you like; dere's hundreds beside me who would do it if you axed them. De colored people here know it too well, sah."

POSTSCRIPT.—Hon. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, in his defence of Matt Ward, thus describes another efficient means of saving grace invented for the maintenance of the blessed "Missionary Institution:—"

"The strap, gentlemen, you are probably aware, is an instrument of refined modern torture, ordinarily used in whipping slaves. By the old system, the cow-hide—a severe punishment—cut and lacerated them so badly as to almost spoil their sale when brought to the lower markets. But this strap, I am told, is a vast improvement in the art of whipping negroes; and, it is said, that one of them may be punished by it within one inch of his life, and yet he will come out with no visible injury, and his skin will be as smooth and polished as a peeled onion!"

The paddle is a large, thin ferule of wood, in which many small holes are bored; when a blow is struck, these holes, from the rush and partial exhaustion of air in them, act like diminutive cups, and the continued application of the instrument has been described to me to produce precisely such a result as that attributed to the strap by Mr. Marshall.

VI.

SALT WATER PHILANTHROPY.

THE last revelation of the slave was so revolting that I hesitated to believe it, until it was confirmed by a cloud of colored witnesses, many of whom had been subjected in their own persons to the horrible and heathenish punishment. It shocked me beyond anything that I had ever heard.

This shows, I found, how Northern people will persist in seeing Southern institutions and Southern customs from a false and unfriendly point of view! Bless you! to wash the lacerated backs of the slaves with brine is *not* by any means an indication of a cruel disposition!

This is how I found it out:

I was talking with a Southron about slavery, and told him, in reply to his statement that the negro bondmen were the happiest of human beings, that I had heard that sometimes after they were whipped their backs were immediately washed with salt water.

"I know it," he said; "what of it?"

"I think it is infernal barbarity—that's all."

"Why, no, sir," he said, "it's *philanthropy* to do it."

I turned round. He was perfectly grave. He was

not speaking ironically. I was amazed, but said nothing.

“Don’t you know,” he asked, “that in this warm climate, if the master were to leave his slave’s back just as it is after being whipped, that mortification would ensue and the nigger die?”

Oh, philanthropy! how lovely art thou even to the tyrant when thy ways are the ways of—selfish interest! I was satisfied.

THE ANTI-GINGER GIRL.

One morning, in walking up Calhoun street, I saw a pretty colored girl standing at a garden-gate, and of course went over and had a talk with her on “things in general and slavery in particular.” She was a finely formed, Saxon-faced girl, with a sparkling, roguish-looking eye. Her hair was black and glossy, and all her features were Caucasian; but her complexion was yellow, and therefore she was a slave.

“Did you ever try to escape?” I asked her.

She answered, but I did not hear her distinctly.

“Oh, you did,” I said, in reply to her supposed remark. “In Virginia, eh? Did you come from that State?”

“No, sir,” returned the yellow girl, with a merry glance and a laugh, “I did not say dat; I said I never tried, ’kase dey would catch me agin, and den *I’d get ginger.*”

From the manner in which she uttered the dissyllable ginger, I inferred that she did not relish that article of commerce.

After a few further remarks, during the course of which she hinted that her mistress *might* be induced

to sell her, and that she would have no objection—in point of fact, rather the reverse—to become my property, I bade the pretty, lively female slave farewell. She, like nearly all her class, was evidently the mistress of a white man. Evangelizing institution!

THE GOOD 'UN AND NICE OLE GAL.

I was leaning on the outside of the fence of a garden, a few miles from Charleston, in which an old man of color was working.

“Then you’ve had—how many masters in all?” I asked.

“Five, massa, al’degeder,” said the slave, touching his cap politely, as he had done a dozen times at least during the preceding three or four minutes.

“Never mind touching your hat,” I said. “How many children have you had?”

“I’s had eight by my firs’ wife, and five by de second, and five by dis ole woman.”

He pointed to a negress who had just entered the garden. Her wool was grey, but she appeared to be twenty years, at least, her husband’s junior. I saluted her.

“You ever been married more than once?”

“Oh! yes, massa,” said the silver-grey woolly-head. “I’s bin married once before.”

“Had any children?”

“Yes, massa,” she said, “I’s had five by dis ole man, and seven by de last un.”

“You are both Christians?” I asked.

“Yes, massa,” she said, “we goes to de church; we’s not members ob de church, kase we’s colored people, and dey won’t let us be.”

This statement does not hold everywhere. It may be true, however, of South Carolina.

“That’s not a great misfortune,” I remarked, as I recalled to my recollection a long editorial article that I had lately read in the *North Carolina Baptist Recorder*, entitled, “The Fanaticism of the New England Clergy;” which was written by a professed minister of the gospel of love, for the purpose of proving that Jesus Christ, the friend of oppressed humanity, was a Southern Rights man; and that God, the Father of our race, “whose name is love,” had revealed it to be his will that the negro should be, and should be kept as a bondman; and consequently, of course—this was the inference—that sugar houses, treadmills, whips, paddles, brine-barrels, bloodhounds, Millard Fillmores, and “sound national men” should exist to keep them in that debased condition.

“Is it *not* massa?” asked the woman, laughing, “well, I s’pose we kin be Christians widout bein’ members ob de church.”

“If you have kept all the commandments as well as you have kept the first,” I rejoined, in a jocular tone, “multiply, and so forth, you know, you must be Christians of the A No. 1 sect. Eight and five are thirteen, thirteen and five are eighteen; you’ve had eighteen children, old man, have n’t you?”

“Yes, massa,” said the old slave, grinning.

“Seven and five are twelve; that’s the old woman’s share. You’ve done very well between you, I declare!”

The colored Replenishers roared with laughter.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE AMONG SLAVES.

"How long has your first husband been dead?" I asked the woman.

"He isn't dead yet, massa," said the mother of a dozen darkies, "he's livin' yet. I didn't like him, and I neber did; so I tuk up wid my ole man."

"And you like him, do you?"

"Oh, yes, massa," she said as a prelude to a peal of chuckles. "I's a great deal younger dan he is, but I wouldn't change agin."

"Rather flattering to you, old boy," I said, addressing the male article of traffic; "do you return the compliment?"

"Yes, massa," he said with a laugh, and a loving look at her, "she's a nice ole gal. I's knowed her since she was dat high"—he levelled his hand to within two feet of the ground—"and I knows," he added, "dat she's a good un."

Chuckles, expressive of gratification, followed from the good un, which was succeeded by a history of the ole man's life, but it was uttered in such elaborately broken English, that I could not understand a word of it.

SURPRISING IGNORANCE OF THE SLAVE.

"You say you were owned by an Englishman," I repeated, affecting an ignorance of Southern geography, "and that you lived at St. Helena. Was St. Helena an island?"

"Yes, massa."

"The island that Napoleon Bonaparte lived at?"

"Napol'on Bonapard!" he repeated.

“Did you never hear of Napolcon Bonaparte?” I asked.

“No, massa,” he returned, “who was him?”

“It is the name of a gentleman, who did a thing or two in Europe,” I returned. “But do you know what Europe is?”

“No, massa,” said the slave, “*I never heerd on him!*”

I explained that Europe was a State annexable to the United States, and, therefore, destined to be one of them in the good time coming, boys.

CONTENTMENT AND MORALITY.

“Were you married,” I continued, “to your present wife by a minister?”

“No, massa, dey neber does de like of dat wid colored people.”

(He was mistaken in this particular; for slaves are very often married by the preachers.)

“Then you live together,” I suggested, “until you quarrel, and then you separate?”

“Oh, no, not allus,” said the woman; “we sometimes quarrels in de daytime, and make all up at night.”

Thus is the system of slavery a practical defiance of the Christian doctrine of marriage and divorce.

“Are you content with being in bondage?”

“No, no, massa, indeed,” said the old man, “but we can’t help ourselves. I neber ’xpects to be free dis side DE LAND.”

I turned to the good un:

“The slave-masters,” I said, “when they go North,

say that you are all contented, and do n't want to be free—is that so?"

"Oh, J—s, no!" she exclaimed, with a fervency of emphasis, which both amazed and amused me.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY.

I had four confidential conversations with colored mulatto youths in different parts of the city. All of them were very discontented with their condition, and said that all the boys they knew were equally dissatisfied.

I asked one boy—a free boy:

"Do you think that *any* boys, who are slaves, are content?"

"There may be one or two," he answered, "but *they* haven't got any sense."

THE WILLING EXILE.

I rode one day several miles with a free man of color, and conversed with him all the way.

At the age of thirteen he was liberated by his owner, a Quaker gentleman, who sold his estates, and manumitted all his slaves before going to the North. He had six children by his first wife, but, as she was a slave, they were born into bondage also. He said that he had done well in a pecuniary way here, but that, before three years were over, he and all his children would sail for Liberia.

"No, sir," he said in reply to a question, "I wouldn't leave a child of mine in a country where they may be sold into slavery, even if they are free, if they cannot pay their taxes."

"You don't mean to say"——

‘Yes, sir,’ he continued, interrupting me, “they does that here.”

Hold! enough!—

Thus abruptly terminates the last letter that I wrote to my Northern anti-slavery friends during my first trip South.

I have omitted the purely didactic passages, as my object is to furnish *facts*, rather than to advocate theories, or to philosophize. Among these portions, however, I find two paragraphs which it may be well to preserve.

PRO AND CON.

At Wilmington, a philanthropic lady, a woman evidently of pure character and kindly nature—told me, mildly, that the Northern Abolitionists had no idea how numerous and how friendly the bonds were that united the slave to his master. As she said so I felt inclined to reply that perhaps Southern slaveholders had no idea how many and how insurrectionary the reasons were that are daily tending to array them one against the other. I did not say so, however, for the lady was a slaveholder, and I was in her house. Such an assertion would have been regarded as an insult. It isn't always etiquette to speak the truth!

And again:

Thus, therefore, although I say that I wish to see slavery abolished at any cost—even at the cost of a social Black St. Bartholomew's night—I do not say that all, or even the majority of the slaveholders, are depraved or heartless men. Far from it. Among them are the kindest natures, the most hospitable, generous and honorable souls. They have been conceived in the sin and born in the iniquity, so to

speaking; on the slavery problem they never think with a desire to ascertain the truth; they regard the wrong as an established right; they hear it praised and defended from their youth up; and look on it, from habit, as the true social condition of the negro. They would as soon think of inquiring into the sentiments of their horses on *their* position, as to interrogate the slaves as to *their* ideas of bondage. There are many good men in the slaveholding ranks, who support the iniquity by their influence and their character, without suspecting that they are the pillars of a gigantic crime.

Are they, then, excused? No! Ignorance of the laws of humanity excuseth no man. They are the pillars of a huge Temple of Sin, and should perish with it when it falls.

A gentleman who, as I had every reason to believe, is a St. Clair to his slaves, lately said to me that his negroes *could not* be discontented, because they had no reason of complaint, as he was as kind to them as it is possible for a master to be.

“What right have you to be kind, as you call it, to your slaves?”

“Sir!” he ejaculated, in surprise.

“You do not see,” I continued, “that you speak of your kindness as of an exclusive possession which you had the right to dispense or retain at your pleasure. You forget at the outset that the negro is a man—your equal. Leave him alone—let him be free—and he will be kind to you, I have no doubt *without* making you his slave, and not boast of it either; I will warrant. This patronizing kindness is an insult to a freeman. Would you not be very apt to call me out if I went about, and said, in a condescending

tone, that I had always been very kind to you? Kindness is very well in its way—but it is not freedom. Such is the view I should take of it if I were a slave.”

“I don’t forget—I deny that the negro is my equal,” said the Southerner, coolly; and thus the conversation dropped.

I concluded my fourth letter from Charleston in these words:

“I have spent six days now in conversing with colored people here, and I have never yet met *one* who professed to be contented with slavery—far less to prefer it. Many, many have I met who are panting for liberty, and several slaves who are prepared to risk the chance of failure in a servile insurrection.”

Having done my work, I left Charleston.

SAVANNAH.

I spent three months at Savannah. My friends have often asked me how it was, that, when I dared to talk so freely with the slaves, I was never once discovered or betrayed? I reply, by remembering that the wisdom of the serpent is as necessary to a reformer as the harmlessness of the dove. I did not think it wrong to use stratagem to serve the slave. I have the talent of silence, the talent of discreet speech—and also—and I use it quite as often as the others—the talent and virtue of *indiscreetness*. The friend of the slave needs all three!

I found that the slaves of Georgia were without hope—passively resigned. It was requisite, in the first place, to arouse their hope. To effect that result, it was indispensably necessary to let them know

of the anti-slavery battle waging throughout the Union—of which, unfortunately they were totally ignorant and likely to remain uninformed.

How I went to work to enlighten them, I do not deem it prudent to say. It might close that avenue of power to the abolitionists.

Suffice it to say that I seldom spoke to the city slaves. I never cared to run the risk of being betrayed, excepting when I was travelling on a journey. Hence, when I intended to reside in a city, I never spoke confidentially to the slaves *until I was prepared to depart*.

I had only one conversation with a slave in Savannah, of which I have preserved the record.

In walking along the beautiful road—one of the most charming in the Union—which leads from the city to the Catholic cemetery, I met an aged negro slave. It was on a Sunday.

“Good morning, uncl^o.”

“Good mornin’, mass’r.”

“Who do you belong to?”

He told me.

“Hired out?”

“No, mass’r, I works on de boss’s plantation.”

“What’s your allowance?”

“A peck of meal a week, mass’r.”

“What else?”

“Nothin’ mass’r, at all. We has a little piece of ground dat we digs and plants. We raises vegetables, and we has a few chickens. We sells them (vegetables and eggs), on Sundays and buys a piece of bacon wid de money when we kiu, mass’r.”

“That’s pretty hard allowance,” I said.

“Yes, mass’r, it is dat; but we can’t help dat.”

* * * * *

“Did you ever know a slave who would rather be in bondage than be free?”

“I neber *did*, mass’r.”

Savannah is a city of 20,000 souls.

How many policemen do you suppose it requires to keep the peace there?

Eighty-one mounted guards.

There are larger cities in the Northern States with but *one* constable, and he engaged occasionally only in performing his official duties!

Who pays the expenses of this guard—the salaries of the men, and for the purchase money, the feed and accoutrements of the horses?

Chiefly, the non-slaveholding population.

Let the Democratic supporters of the “constitutional” crime of American slavery reflect on this unpalatable fact!

In all slaveholding cities—excepting the great sea-ports, and St. Louis, Louisville and Baltimore, which are practically free—the lawyers form the richest and most influential class.

Let the people think of this fact; let them remember too, that lawyers are the leeches of the body politic.

VII.

THE COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

EVERYBODY, North and South, has heard of the great Commercial Conventions, which regularly assemble, now here, now there, but always in the Slave States, to discuss the interests, and “resolve” on the prosperity—immediate, unparalleled, and unconditional—of slaveholding trade, territory, education, Legrée-lash-literature, and “direct commerce with Europe!” These assemblies are generally regarded, in the Slave States, as the safety-valves of the Southern Juggernaut-institution, without which, for want of ventilation, that political organization would speedily explode, and scatter death and destruction to the ends of the earth. All the politicians of the third order, and the second class (occasionally, perhaps, of the upper circles, also) assiduously attend them, to publicly renew the unmanly assurances of their unwavering loyalty to the overshadowing disgrace of the American nation, and the blighting and devastating curse of their own unhappy section. These exhibitions would be more amusing than a farce, if they were not, to thoughtful men, more tragic than a tragedy. For what is more sorrowful than to see men of talent the willing and enthusiastic eulogists of so very foul a crime as the system of American slavery?

The ridiculous aspect of these assemblies has been admirably portrayed, again and again, by the prominent journalists of the North and South, without respect of political party. The other aspect has never yet been fully noticed, even by the New York *Tribune*, whose sarcastic and merciless presentations of these Southern absurdities were keenly felt and resented by their perpetrators—nay, even, honored by a five hours' debate in the Commercial Convention which assembled in Charleston in 1854.

I beg pardon of the chivalry! I had closed up the record of this, my first trip, without deeming them and their Convention as worthy even of a passing notice. It would have been very unfair to have treated them so cavalierly. It would not have been rendering like for like. They did not serve me in that way. Let me render them, therefore, the courtesy of a chapter.

This was how it happened, that anti-*Tribune* debate :

I determined to remain in Charleston during the session of the Convention, to report its proceedings for the metropolitan press. Previous to my departure from New York city, I had been a member of the *Tribune's* editorial staff. So I entered the Commercial Convention, and announced myself as the reporter of that paper.

I was very courteously treated. I had the distinguished honor of a self-introduction to the illustrious Parson Brownlow, who, seemingly having taken a fancy to me, patronized me in his original and extraordinary way. He went with me to the principal dry goods stores, and showed me the glories thereof, invariably introducing me to strangers in this way :

“You’ve heerd of Horace Greeley?”

They had, in every case, heard of that celebrated editor. They sometimes, even—probably to prove the exactness of their knowledge—volunteered to express their conception of his character. One or two, indeed, to use their own expression, “made no bones” of uttering what they thought of him, without waiting for a special invitation to that effect. These estimates of Mr. Greeley were seldom offensive to his friends on the score of excessive or extravagant eulogy. The answer of one Palmetto counter-jumper will abundantly prove this assertion :

“You’ve heerd of Horace Greeley?” asked the grinning parson, as the usual prelude to his excellent joke.

“Yes : damned rascal—what about it?” said the young, laconic, counter-jumping judge.

“*This is him !*” quoth the parson.

Of course, on a minute inspection, the startling effect thus suddenly produced as suddenly vanished. That spotless linen, hair elaborately dressed, moustache carefully trimmed and scientifically curled : those pantaloons, and coat, and vest, well brushed and white not one, but each of the gravest black ; of the finest and most costly material too ; and fitting albeit so exactly to the figure, that they seemed to have been plastic moulds, into which, in a melted physical condition, I had been cautiously poured : that superb Genin hat, those daintiest of French boots, glittering diamond ring, and no less brilliant breastpin : Did you ever see Horace Greeley, Mr. Zachariah Smith, and if you have, do you wonder that I was not immediately arrested ?

The parson, in convention, delivered an irregular

speech, or out-of-pulpit sermon, whose moral and practical application, as he stated it, was this celestial injunction, "*Never put your arm inside of a jug handle.*" The advice was more especially addressed to the young lady spectators. By a bold license of speech, which men of genius are privileged to employ, the jug-handle of this more than celestial moral indicated the arm of every young man who would not, at his clerical command, sign the temperance, or rather the total abstinence pledge.

The parson introduced me to a Southern editor, whose style of thought and conversation greatly amused me. He was from Chattanooga, Tennessee. Full to overflowing, was the Tennessee journalist, of loyalty to slavery (which, down South, they often euphonize as "the South!"), and loyalty to venerable rye; and of the most friendly feelings, too, toward Parson Brownlow, Virginia short-cut, and the Honorable Mr. Jones, his representative in Congress. He praised Mr. Jones first and foremost: Jones was bound to be President, he said, and had come down here (but I mustn't tell nary one about it) to put himself right with the South Carolina fire-eaters, who were offended at a Union speech that he had recently delivered in New York city! Couldn't I help him out of his fix by giving him a good notice—right kind, you know, of pitchin' into him, eh? That was a d——d good fellow? Wouldn't I take a chaw? No? Was it possible I never chawed? Well, suppose we liquored then? Oh, curse it now—that was piling on the agony altogether too loud—neither chaw nor drink? That came of being in the *Tribune* office. Damn such isms, *he* said.

But when he found that I was a willing and de-

lighted listener to his stories of Tennessee, he seemed to forgive my unfamiliarisms. He told me that he had often seen Parson Brownlow, in the pulpit, before opening his Bible to read the text of his sermon, first take out a couple of loaded pistols and lay one of them on each side of the holy volume. This precaution, he said, he was obliged to take, in order to defend himself, if suddenly assailed, by ruffians whom he often denounced. The anecdotes, admiringly told, that he related of the parson, proved him to be, of all living Americans—not even Stephen A. Douglas excepted—the most indecent and unscrupulous of speech.*

The editor knew Greeley too. Greeley, upon the hull, was a clever fellow *personally*; but a d——d rascal, no two ways about it, politically. Worst man in the country: he would be d——d if he wasn't. Perhaps, I suggested, mightn't that follow even if he *was*? He didn't see the point! He had bin to New York. Had called on Greeley, and had been told by him that he might examine his exchanges. His impressions, therefore, were favorable to Greeley.

As the Tennessee editor, with eyes half shut from the effects of whisky—his feet, higher than his head, resting on a table—was garrulously muttering his opinions of the New York journalist, I thought of a plan by which, if it succeeded, I might somewhat enliven the proceedings of the Convention, and hear the Southern lions roar.

“Now,” I said, “since Greeley was so ‘clever,’ it

* Let it be remembered that Parson Brownlow is still the pastor, in good standing, of an orthodox Southern Church, although he endorsed and eulogized the conduct of a mob, who publicly burned a negro slave to death, without form of law.

is no more than fair that you should try to reciprocate?"

"That's a fact," mumbled the editor, "I'll be happy to serve you in any way, Mr. R. How kin I?"

"Introduce a resolution into the Convention tomorrow morning, constituting the representatives of the New York press honorary delegates."

"I'll do it," he said: and he kept his word.

The motion was put—and carried! The truth is, that it was not rightly understood. But, before the Convention re-assembled next morning, it was evident that there had been brains in birth-pang labor, in view of the extraordinary vote. The *Standard* and "a planter" remonstrated publicly. This gentleman, they said, may be both a Chesterfield and a Howard (it was not the blooded family they meant—only the English philanthropist), but in the Commercial Convention, they argued, we can recognize him merely and solely as the representative of the New York *Tribune*! As such——

It is unnecessary to me to say what treatment I merited "as such."

When the Convention was called to order, a gentleman, in a shrewd and courteous speech, moved that the resolution be rescinded *without discussion*. He hoped there would be no debate. It was unprecedented to admit reporters as honorary delegates into *any* convention. The dignity invested them with the right of voting and participating in debate. Gentlemen had not thought of these facts in voting for the resolution which conferred such unusual honors on the representatives of the New York press. There were *other* reasons: which he would not name here. It was unprecedented. That was enough!

He sat down.

Shrill and loud, and in ringing tones came the sentence through the theatre :

“And if it is not enough, Mr. President, *I* have other reasons to give!”

I turned round, and saw, in the Georgia delegation, a tall, lank, bony, red-headed man, with his thin wiry finger stretched out *à la* Randolph—his body more than half bent over the gallery.

“Unpre-re-cedented!” he shrilly shouted, quivering with indignation, “unpre-re-cedented, why! sir, it’s unparalleled, outrageous and insufferable. What, sir! have we come here to tolerate in our midst, and not only tolerate, no sir, not only that, but honor, sir, HONOR, sir, an emissary of that infamous abolition sheet, the New York *Tribune*!”

I chuckled! The poker was stirring; the lions and lesser beasts were beginning to roar!

For five mortal hours (called mortal, I suppose, because they are very short-lived) the politicians belched forth their denunciations of the *Tribune*. Never before, probably—never to my knowlege—was so splendid a tribute paid to any journal.

It was impossible to stem the current of their fanatical rage. It was in vain that one old man, grey-haired and feeble, appealed to them—for God’s sake—to vote at once, and not debate; not to furnish capital to their enemies—not to advertise the organ of abolitionism.

With a rush, and a roar, and a sweeping force, on came the filthy flood of speech again, all the fouler, and stronger and wilder, from that attempted check. The chance was too good to be lost. Probably many of them had never seen an abolitionist before, and

never again would have such an opportunity of unburdening their minds in such a presence. I was astonished at the contempt with which they spoke of the press. I did not know then, what I soon learned, that the press South is a greater slave than the negro, and is treated by the planters and politicians who rule it, exactly as it deserves to be—like a serf.

The motion was rescinded.

I rose up at once, took my delegate ribbon from its button-hole, threw it on the ground, and walked out of the reporters' seat. This act was noticed by great numbers, as it was done in front of the audience, and was an exhibition of independence which, I discovered, made me many friends. I thought it due to the press to reciprocate the contempt of the politicians, and when gentlemen who introduced themselves after this episode, were informed of this reason of my conduct, many of them endorsed it in the usual fashion :

“Let's liquor.”

I went to the upper gallery (it was in the theatre), and entered a private box as spectator. I took no further notes. There were three young ladies in the box. One of them, I noticed (after I had been there some time), was playing with the stem of her parasol. I looked at it, and saw that it was a dagger, as well as a handle; like a sword cane, it was hollow, and secretly contained a glittering deadly weapon! I had never before either seen, or heard, or read of such a fashion: nor since. From before what a beneficent condition of society did that dagger-parasol-stem lift up the thick curtain! It was an irresistible argument, I thought, for the extension of slavery, and for “respecting” the “rights”—the

State rights, not human rights—of our “Southern brethren!” Oh! eloquent parasol-stem! potent preacher! graphic painter and historian! your lesson is ever present with me, whenever, as a citizen, I am called on to act in public affairs; and long will be remembered after the faintest shadow of the eloquent orations of the Commercial Convention are utterly obliterated from my recollection.

Faint, indeed, are my present recollections. I remember only endless resolutions denouncing the North, and creating a new South; and a discourse by a Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky or Mississippi, I think, on the Importance of Planting Potatoes for Posterity; which, in a defence of men of insight and foresight, he declared to be the mission of the visionary as contrasted with the lower and grosser work of the practical intellect—that only hoes its row for the present generation. It was very funny—for the preacher was in earnest. Dean Swift, in jest, could not have composed a keener satire on the Southern Commercial Conventions.

MY SECOND TRIP.



I.

PRELIMINARY WORDS ON INSURRECTION.

My opinion of the slaveholders, and my feelings toward them, were greatly modified during my residence in Savannah. I saw so much that was noble, generous and admirable in their characters; I saw so many demoralizing pro-slavery influences—various, attractive, resistless—brought to bear on their intellects from their cradle to their tomb, that from hating I began to pity them. It is not at all surprising that the people of the South are so indifferent to the rights of the African race. For, as far as the negro is concerned, the press, the pulpit, the bench, the bar, and the stump, conspire with a unity of purpose and pertinacity of zeal, which is no less lamentable than extraordinary, to eradicate every sentiment of justice and brotherhood from their hearts. They sincerely believe Wrong to be Right, and act on that unhappy conviction. They know not what they do. Preachers tell them that slavery is a God-planted institution; lawyers, that it

is the apple of the eye of the Federal Constitution ; jurists, that it is the key and corner-stone of a rational and conservative Freedom ; politicians, that it is the prolific source of our national greatness and the surest guaranty for the continuance of a stable prosperity—while the press, by its false and perverted record of passing events, represents every enemy of proslavery domination as a foe to the South—as seeking to rob and to subdue the people of the slaveholding States—and thus teaches that fidelity to their “peculiar,” “patriarchal,” “domestic” *iniquity* is the sum and substance—the alpha and omega of a man’s duty to his country.

Thus taught—interest prompting also—they have gone on, year after year, supporting the extravagant demands of their politicians ; until now, no longer content with their first demand—toleration, or their second claim—equality with freedom, they boldly insist on absolute and undisputed supremacy in every State.

They are sincere. Far less criminal are they therefore, in my opinion, than such moral outcasts as G—S—, who once publicly uttered the revolting declaration, that, if every slave in America could be instantly liberated by a single prayer, he—for one—would not offer it up ! The Southern church has been a very ponderous millstone around the neck of the slave—the clergy having vied, apparently, with each other to see which of the conflicting denominations, South, could keep the negro the longest and the deepest under water.

But sincerity is not enough, in the eye of the moral law. It is necessary, also, to be RIGHT ; to abstain from violating the law. How then, shall we

compel the slaveholder to understand that his treatment of the negro is wrong—to show him that it is demanded, by every principle of justice and humanity, that he shall liberate his slaves? Not by propagating the popular theology—for the South has churches enough, far too many preachers, and might even spare a Tract Society! The more the worse—for the slave. Preaching even undefiled Christianity would have no universal immediate effect, and even if it would have, and could have, there is this objection to it—it cannot be carried into operation! The slaveholders will not listen to it—it is illegal—dangerous to attempt—in one word “impracticable” in the Southern States. Besides, if possible, it would be absurd. You might as well preach to buffaloes! Our duty to the slave, I think, demands that we shall speedily appeal to the taskmaster’s *fear*. Let us teach, urge, and encourage insurrections, and the South will soon abandon her haughty attitude of aggression. Then it will be time enough to advocate schemes of compensation; then it will be time enough to ascertain whether or not the Constitution gives us the power to abolish slavery everywhere. Until then, I confess, I regard all such labors as unnecessary, or, at best, but an awkward mode of fighting a powerful and defiant foe. If we want to make good terms with the Slave Power, let us bring it on its knees first! And there is but one way of doing that: by attacking it where it is weakest—at *home*. The slave quarter is the Achilles’ heel of the South. Wound it there and it dies! One insurrection in Virginia, in 1832, did more for the emancipation cause, than all the teachings of the Revolutionary Fathers. What if, in such rising, a few lives are lost? What

are a few hundred lives even, as compared with the liberties of four millions of men? I have no ill-feeling to slaveholders as a class. Yet I could hear of the untimely death of ten thousand of them without a sigh, or an expression, or a feeling of regret, if it resulted in the freedom of a single State.

I dismiss the argument that we have no right to encourage insurrections, the dreadful punishment of which, if unsuccessful, we are unwilling or do not propose to share, by replying that I am *not* unprepared to hazard the danger of such a catastrophe, and the chances of speedy death or enduring victory with the revolutionary slaves. To still another objection urged against my plan, I answer that, in an insurrection, if all the slaves in the United States—men, women and helpless babes—were to fall on the field or become the victims of Saxon vengeance, after the event, if one man only survived to relate how his race heroically fell, and to enjoy the freedom they had won, the liberty of that solitary negro, in my opinion, would be cheaply purchased by the universal slaughter of his people and their oppressors.

I START AGAIN.

Let us travel again!

After a detention of some months in New York city, prostrated on a sick bed, I once more departed for the Southern States.

About the middle of September, 1854, I travelled by railroad from Richmond to Petersburg. I made no notes of the intervening country at the time, but will insert here what I wrote on a subsequent pedestrian journey over the same route.

CHESTERFIELD COUNTY FACTS.

Nearly the entire road runs through woods. Land, from \$6 to \$8 an acre.

This county, a few years ago, had a population of 17,483, an increase of thirty-four only during the ten preceding years. It had 8,400 whites, 8,616 slaves, and 467 free persons of color. It had neither colleges, academies, nor private schools. Five hundred and sixty-seven pupils only attended the public schools. Three thousand and ninety-five white persons, over five and under twenty years of age, and one thousand and eight white adults, could neither read, write nor cipher! Add the stupidity of the black population to this amazing mass of ignorance, and then you may judge of the beneficent influence of slave institutions on the mind and morals of a rising generation, and on the social life of the Southern States. Notwithstanding, and carefully concealing this stupendous influence of evil, Mr. De Bow, the compiler of the United States' Census, in his official report, has the audacity to say that "the social reunions of the Southern States, in a great measure, compensate for their want of the common schools of the North!" I wonder if he never heard of social reunions at the North? Was he never at a husking, a soiree, a lecture, a sewing, or a spiritual circle, a bee, a surprise party, a "social"—or at any other of the innumerable "reunions" which are everywhere so uncommonly common in the Free States?

Chesterfield county, by the latest census, had five hundred and sixty-four farms; 87,180 acres improved, and 108,933 unimproved acres: the total

value of which, with improvements and implements, was estimated at \$1,562,286. The farms supported 2,441 horses, 5,655 neat cattle, 6,020 sheep, and 24,814 swine. They produced 95,875 bushels of wheat, 116,965 of oats and rye, 33,938 of Indian corn, 22,113 of Irish and sweet potatoes, 3,646 of peas and beans, 73,044 pounds of butter and cheese, 2,892 tons of hay, 96 pounds of hops, and 608 bushels of clover and other grass seeds. These figures, subdivided by the number of farms, will give the agricultural reader a better conception than I could give, or any description of their style of farming could give, of the manner in which slaves and slaveholders mutually assist each other in rejecting and wasting the wealth which Nature lies passively willing to bestow.

THE POOR WHITES AND SLAVERY.

I met and conversed with many of the poorer class of whites in my journey. All of them were conscious of the injurious influence that slavery was exerting on their social condition. If damning the negroes would have abolished slavery, it would have disappeared a long time ago, before the indignant breath of the poor white trash. But—it won't.

A KNOW NOTHING.

I slept at night at the house of Mr. S——n, a planter and Baptist preacher. He has a farm of six hundred acres overlooking the Appomattox River. He has some thirty slaves, old and young.

I rode down with one of his slaves to Wattron Mill—a mile or two.

He had lived seven years with his master ; did n't

know how old he himself was ; did n't know how many acres there were in his master's farm ; did n't know what land was worth, or how mules, horses and other farm stock sold ; could not read nor write ; had never been at City Point, which was only three miles distant, according to his own account, although, in point of fact, it was nearer six ; did not know how many slaves his owner had, or the name of the county we were in !

One item of information, however, not generally known by slaves, nor always by whites, he did possess : he did know who his father was ! So he was a wise boy after all—or the proverb is rather too liberal in its scope.

FARMING UTENSILS.

Mr. S. walked down his farm with me in the morning. I noticed a hoe, which was heavier, at least, than half a dozen Northern ones, and asked why he made them so clumsy.

He said they were obliged to make everything heavy that negroes handled. If you gave a slave a Northern hoe or cradle in the morning, he would be sure to break it before night, and probably in less than two hours. You couldn't make them careful. Besides, he said, they preferred heavy implements ; you could not get them to use an axe that was less than six pounds weight. They said that it tired them more to use a light axe or hoe.

I remembered, somewhere, to have heard of a slave who objected to the use of a light hoe, " 'kase" he grumbled, " you has to put out your strength every time you puts it down, and in a 'Ginny hoe it goes into the ground, jest so, by its own weight."

Mr. S. said, he believed that this was the real objection which the negro had to the Northern hoe.

I noticed the great size of his fields—one was over fifty acres. He said they called that a small field here.

GUANO AND NIGGERS.

He had used guano, but did not like it. It was too great a stimulant, unless you put enough on to raise both a wheat and a clover crop; but the farmers here could not afford to do it at the present rate of guano, and the uncertainty of the wheat crop.

He thought niggers should be the happiest beings in the world. He believed his slaves made more money than he did. All he made was a living. They made that, or he made it for them; and then he allowed them that wanted, to keep a pig, to fish after their work was over, and hunt. They sold their fish and game, and poultry and eggs. They had no care of the morrow; all their thinking he did for them.

He admitted that Virginia would have been better off if never a negro had come there.

Nearly all the slaveholders admit that fact. How to get rid of it—that is the mountain they all see, without industry or genius—alas! also, without even the desire to remove it.

But it must be removed, or it will fall—“and great will be the fall of it!”

THE SLAVEOCRACY AND THE POOR.

SEPT. 23.—I slept at the house of a petty farmer, a few miles from Petersburg. We talked about slavery. He has no slaves. He is a Virginian by birth. He owns about two hundred acres of land, which he cultivates

with his family's assistance. In this State, or in this section of it, two hundred acres are hardly accounted a farm. Five thousand and six thousand acre farms are very common. The farmer, his wife, his daughter and son-in-law agreed in saying, that the poor people of Virginia are "looked down upon" by the slaveholding class as if they belonged to an inferior race. The old man said, also, that the majority of the non-slaveholders here are secret abolitionists.

I walked as far as Weldon, North Carolina, from Petersburg, and there I took the cars for Wilmington.

On the road I had a talk with a Virginia slave, which I reserve for another chapter.

II.

TALK WITH A VIRGINIA SLAVE.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Thirty-three miles south of Petersburg. In walking near the railroad, I met a man of color.

“What time do you think it is?” I asked.

“The sun is up 'bout half an hour,” he said, politely touching his hat.

“At what hour does the sun rise just now?”

“Dunno, mass'r.”

“How old are you?”

“Forty-five year old, mass'r.”

“Are you married?”

“Yes, mass'r, I is.”

“Have you got any children?”

“Yes, mass'r, I's got five.”

“Did you ever try to run away?”

“No, mass'r, I neber did.”

“Would n't you like to go to the North?” I asked, closely watching the expression of his eye. He hesitated. I knew, from experience, why. I therefore added:

“I come from the North.”

“Does you, mass'r?” said the slave, as he eyed me semi-suspiciously.

“Yes,” I replied, “would n't you like to go there?”

CONTENTMENT WITH SLAVERY.

“Yes, mass’r,” he answered promptly, “I would like bery much to go dar, but I neber ’spects to be dar.”

“Have you been a slave all your life?”

“Yes, mass’r.”

“Do you know of any slaves round about here, who are contented with being in bondage?”

“No, mass’r,” he answered with emphasis, “not one of dem. How could dey, mass’r? Dere’s no man wouldn’t sooner work for hisself dan for a boss, dat kicks and knocks us ’bout all day, and neber ’lows us anyding for oursel’s.”

“Do you work for your boss, or are you hired out?” I asked.

“I works for de boss.”

“What kind of time do you have with him?”

“Bery hard mass’r, bery hard. He works us all day, and neber ’lows us anyding for oursel’s at all from Christmas to Christmas.”

“What! don’t he give you a present at Christmas?”

“No, mass’r, not a cent. Some bosses do ’low someding at Christmas; but not my boss. He doesn’t even gib us ’bacca to chew.”

He was carrying a bag in which his day’s provisions and his tools were. He took out four apples, and offered them to me.

“Will you gib me a piece of ’bacca for dem, mass’r?”

Dozens of times, in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, have the slaves, working in the fields, come up to the fence, and obsequiously begged from me a

piece of tobacco. There is no speedier way of getting into their confidence than by asking them when you meet them—"If they want a *chaw*?" and offering them a plug to take a bite off.

As I didn't use tobacco, I could not give him a chew.

"You think, then," I resumed, "that there is no slave who would not rather be a freeman?"

"I'm sartain on it, mass'r."

"Well," said I, "I never met but one. *He* said he would rather be a slave than a freeman; but he, I guess, was a liar."

"Yes, mass'r," returned the slave, emphatically, "he war a big liar, and you ought to hab slapped him on the mouth for sayin' so. What slave-man wouldn't rather work for hissself dan for a boss, mass'r?"

TREATMENT OF FEMALE SLAVES.

"Does your wife work all day as hard as you do?"

"Yes, mass'r," he replied, "and all my childer, too. De boss takes dem when dey is not so high"—he levelled his hand within four feet of the earth's surface—"and keeps dem at work till dey die."

"Are the wives of slaves respected as married women?"

"No, mass'r, dey don't make no diff'rence wedder de colored women is married or not. White folks jest do what dey have a mind to wid dem."

His tone was bitter as he spoke these words. There was an ominous light in his eye—the precursor, probably (I thought), of a terrible conflagration

which is destined yet to burn up the oppressor and his works.

“Do white people—I mean the bosses—ever act immorally to colored women on the plantation?”

“Yes, mass’r, *bery of’en, indeed.*”

“I should think, then,” I said, “that colored people who are married, and are parents, would be the most discontented with slavery?”

“I dunno, mass’r,” said the slave, with a heavy heart-born sigh, “I knows *I’s* tired on it. *I’s* seen my daughter—treated so dat”——

He hesitated, looked savagely gloomy, muttered something to himself, and added:

“Well, mass’r, *I’s* TIRED on it. Mass’r, is it bery cold at the North?”

This question was asked by almost every slave with whom I conversed in Virginia and North Carolina. To each of them I made the same reply. In the winter, I said, it is a great deal colder than it is here; but not half so cold as the white people try to make you believe. Besides, people wear more clothes there than you do here, and do not feel the cold more than you do in Virginia. In Canada, in winter, it is very cold; a great deal colder than in the free States. In the free States a man may be taken back into bondage, if his boss discovers him:

AN UNBELIEVING NEGRO.

“No, oh, no, massa; dey can’t do dat,” said the slave, emphatically.

“Yes, they can,” I rejoined, “but they are getting rather afraid to do it now.”

“*No*, massa, dey *can’t* do it,” returned the slave in

a still more emphatic tone, and with that peculiar smile which uneducated people involuntarily assume when instructing others on subjects with which they suppose themselves to be thoroughly familiar, and their companion misinformed.

I did not try to disabuse him of his error, for I knew that, perhaps before he escaped, the people of the North might refuse, with one accord, to act the degrading *rôle* of bloodhounds any longer. Indeed how could I have undeceived him? How could I have begun to convince an uncorrupted mind of the existence, or even the *possibility* of such a creature as a doughface?

“In Canada,” I resumed, “if a colored man once gets there, he is safe for life. Canada belongs to the British, and they never deliver up a fugitive.”

“Yes, massa,” said the slave, “I believ dat. A great many white folks has told me dat, and I believ it.”

“Although it is very cold in Canada,” I continued, “I never found a negro there—and I saw great numbers of them—who would return, if he could, to his old home and condition in the South.”

TREATMENT OF FREE NEGROES.

“I bliev dat,” said the slave, “I know if I could get away, I would n’t come back. Mass’r,” he added, “I’s heerd dat in England, a colored man is treated jest as well as dey do white folks. Is dat true, mass’r?”

“I believe so,” I replied.

“Is colored people treated as well as white folks at de North?”

“Why, no,” I was forced to reply, “not quite. There is a little prejudice everywhere, a great deal in some places, against them. But still, at the North, a colored person need never be insulted by a white man, as he is here, unless he be a coward, or a non-resistant Christian. He may strike back. It would not do to strike back here, would it?”

“Oh Lor’, no! mass’r,” said the slave, looking as if frightened by the mere idea of such a thing; “dey would shoot us down jest as soon as if we was cats.”

“Well,” I resumed, “a colored man at the North may strike back, and *not* be shot down.”

I then related an incident, of which I was an eye witness. The last time that I travelled from Albany to Buffalo, a few months ago, there was a colored man in the cars with us.* A white bully, “exquisitely” dressed, with gold chain, and brooch, and diamond pin—in the height of the blackleg fashion—entered it at one station, and said to the African, in a loud domineering tone:

“Get out, you d——d nigger, and go to the South where you belong to.”

The colored man arose, approached him, and applied every abusive epithet he could think of, interspersed with oaths, to his cowardly “Circassian” opponent. And I must admit, in justice to the negro’s memory and knowledge, that he did remem-

* In the South, I may state here, “the servants,” as the slaves are frequently styled, and the free persons of color, are put in the first half of the foremost car by themselves, unless they are females travelling with their mistress, when they sit by her side. The other half of the negro car is appropriated for smokers, and is always liberally patronized.

ber an extraordinary number of uncomplimentary phrases, and showed a genealogical fund of information which was surprising to every one present, and seemed perfectly to stagger the dandy. He told him, for example, that he knew his family; that his mother was a member of the canine race; and several other equally rare and entertaining facts of his personal history. All snobs are cowards; so the negro remained unanswered.

“Lor’, mass’r,” said the slave, after I had told him this incident, “it would n’t do to do dat here; dey would kill us right away.”

CONCERNING LINEN.

“How many suits,” I asked, “are you allowed a year?”

“Two, mass’r.”

“Of course, you have two shirts?”

“No, mass’r; only one at a time.”

“How do you get it washed?”

“I washes it at night, and sleeps naked till it’s dry.”

(The slaveholders, doubtless, hold to the Western boy’s philosophy of living, as illustrated in his answer to the gentleman who, seeing him naked, asked him where his shirt was. “Washing.” “Have you only one?” “Only one!” said the boy; “do you expect a feller to have a thousand shirts?”)

We had some further talk about the country, and then went each our own way.

He told me that he would risk the chance of flying at once, *if he knew how to go.*

III.

IS SLAVERY A CURSE?—VOICE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

MODERN Virginia denies that slavery is a curse. It is not very long ago since she adopted this opinion.

When at Richmond I purchased a little volume of "Speeches on the Policy of Virginia in Relation to her Colored Population." It is a very rare book now; it has long been out of print; and it is not likely to be speedily republished. It consists of a number of pamphlet speeches, bound together; most of them, as the title-page tells us, published by request. It is a genuine Virginia volume, as the names of the authors, printers, publishers, and the amazingly clumsy appearance of it, prove. These speeches were delivered in the House of Delegates of Virginia, in 1832, by the leading politicians of the State, shortly after the celebrated insurrection, or massacre (as the slaveholders style it) of Southampton—a period of intense excitement, when abolition was the order of the day, even in the stony-hearted Old Dominion.

Is slavery a curse? Listen to the answer of Thomas Marshall, of Fauquier, then, as yet, one of the distinguished politicians of Virginia:

THOMAS MARSHALL'S OPINION.

“Slavery is ruinous to the whites; it retards improvement; roots out our industrious population; banishes the yeomanry of the country; deprives the spinner, the weaver, the smith, the shoemaker, the carpenter of employment and support. The EVIL admits of no remedy. It is increasing, and will continue to increase, *until the whole country* will be inundated by one black wave, covering its whole extent, with a few white faces, here and there, floating on its surface. The master has no capital but what is invested in human flesh; the father, instead of being richer for his sons, is at a loss how to provide for them. There is no diversity of occupations, no incentive to enterprise. Labor of every species is disreputable, because performed mostly by slaves. Our towns are stationary, our villages almost everywhere declining; and the general aspect of the country marks the curse of a wasteful, idle, reckless population, who have no interest in the soil, and care not how much it is impoverished. Public improvements are neglected, and the entire continent does not present a region for which nature has done so much and art so little. If cultivated by free labor, the soil of Virginia is capable of sustaining a dense population, among whom labor would be honorable, and where the busy hum of men would tell that all were happy, and all were free.”

JOHN A. CHANDLER'S OPINION.

The second speech was delivered by John A. Chandler, of Norfolk county:

“The proposition, Mr. Speaker,” said he, “is not

whether the State shall take the slaves for public uses, but this: *Whether the Legislature has the right to compel the owners of slaves, under a penalty, within a reasonable time, to remove the future increase out of the country.*"

His speech is devoted to the discussion of this proposition, and in it he takes the most ultra positions. The Virginia slaveholder out-Garrisons Garrison. He even introduces the golden rule as an argument! In the opening paragraph, he says:

"It will be recollected, sir, that when the memorial from Charles City, was presented by the gentleman from Hanover, and when its reference was opposed, I took occasion to observe that I believed the people of Norfolk county would rejoice, could they even in the vista of time, see some scheme for the gradual removal of this *curse* from our land. I would have voted, sir, for its rejection, because I was desirous to see a report from the committee declaring the slave population an evil, and recommending to the people of this commonwealth the adoption of some plan for its riddance."

The words italicized are so marked by the orator.

HENRY BERRY'S OPINION.

The third speech, delivered by Henry Berry, of Jefferson, opens in these words:

"Mr. Speaker: Coming from a county in which there are 4,000 slaves, being myself a slaveholder—and I may say further, that the largest interest in property that I have, lies about one hundred miles east of the Blue Ridge, and consists of land and slaves. Under these circumstances, I hope I shall be

excused for saying a few words on this important and deeply interesting subject.

“That slavery is a *grinding curse* upon this State, I had supposed would have been admitted by all, and that the only question for debate here would have been the possibility of removing the evil. But, sir, in this I have been disappointed. I have been astonished to find that there are advocates here for slavery with all its effects. *Sir, this only proves how far—how very far—we may be carried by pecuniary interest*; it proves what has been said by an immortal bard :

‘That man is unco’ weak,
And little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
'Tis rarely right adjusted.’

Sir, I believe that no cancer on the physical body was ever more certain, steady, and fatal in its progress, than is this cancer on the political body of the State of Virginia. It is eating into her very vitals.”

DANGER AHEAD.

And again :

“Like a mighty avalanche, the evil is rolling towards us, accumulating weight and impetus at every turn. And, sir, *if we do nothing to avert its progress, it will ultimately overwhelm and destroy us forever.*”

And again :

“Sir, although I have no fears for any general results from the efforts of this class of our population *now*, still, sir, the time will come when there will be imminent general danger. Pass as severe laws as you will to keep these unfortunate creatures in igno-

rance, it is in vain, unless you can extinguish that spark of intellect which God has given them. Let any man who advocates slavery examine the system of laws that we have adopted (from stern necessity, it may be said) toward these creatures, and he may shed a tear upon that; and would to God, sir, the memory of it might thus be blotted out forever."

A DAMNING CONFESSION.

"Sir, *we have, as far as possible, closed every avenue by which light might enter their minds: we have only to go one step further—to extinguish the capacity to see—and our work would be completed. They would then be reduced to the level of the beasts of the field, and we should be safe; and I am not certain that we would not do it, if we could find out the necessary process, and that under plea of necessity. But, sir, this is impossible; and can man be in the midst of freedom and not know what freedom is? Can he feel that he has the power to assert his liberty, and will he not do it? Yes, sir, with the certainty of the current of time will he do it, whenever he has the power. Sir, to prove that that time will come, I need offer no other argument than that of arithmetic, the conclusions from which are clear demonstrations on this subject. The data are all before us, and every man can work out the process for himself. Sir, a death-struggle must come between the two classes, in which one or the other will be extinguished forever. Who can contemplate such a catastrophe as even possible, and be indifferent and inactive?"*

CHARLES JAMES FAULKNER'S OPINION.

“If slavery can be eradicated,” said Charles James Faulkner, “in God’s name let us get rid of it.”

Again :

“An era of commercial intercourse is thus fondly anticipated, in the fancy of these gentlemen, between the east and the west [of the State]. New ties and new attachments are now to connect us more closely in the bonds of an intimate and paternal union. Human flesh is to be the staple of that trade, human blood the cement of that connection. And in return for the rich products of our valleys, are we to receive the nicely measured and graduated limbs of our species ?

“Sir, a sagacious politician in this State, on the evening of the debate upon the presentation and reference of the Hanover petition, remarked to me, ‘Why do you gentlemen from the west suffer yourselves to be fanned into such a tempest of passion ? The time will come, and that before long, when there will be no diversity of interest or feeling among us on this point—when we shall all equally represent a slaveholding interest.’

AN ELOQUENT PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY EXTENSION.

“Sir, it is to avert any such possible consequence to my country, that I, one of the humblest, but not the least determined of the western delegation, have raised my voice for emancipation. Sir, tax our lands, vilify our country, carry the sword of extermination through our now defenceless villages, but spare us, I implore you, spare us the curse of slavery,

that bitterest drop from the chalice of the destroying angel.

“Sir, the people of the west, I undertake to say, feel a deep, a lively, a generous sympathy for their eastern brethren. They know that the evils which now afflict them are not attributable to any fault of theirs; that slavery was introduced against their will; that we are indebted for it to the commercial cupidity of that heartless empire, which has never failed to sacrifice every principle of right and justice, every feeling of honor and humanity, to the aggrandizement of her commerce and manufactures. Sir, we have lands, we have houses, we have property, and we are willing to pledge them all, to any extent, to aid you in removing this *evil*. Yet we will not that you shall extend to us the same evils under which you labor. We will not that you shall make our fair domain the receptacle of your mass of political filth and corruption. No, sir, before we can submit to such terms, violent convulsions must agitate this State.”

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON FREE WHITE LABOR.

“Slavery,” he continued, “it is admitted, is an evil which presses heavily against the best interests of the State. It banishes free white labor; it exterminates the mechanic, the artisan, the manufacturer; it deprives them of occupation; it deprives them of bread; it converts the energy of a community into indolence—its power into imbecility—its efficacy into weakness. Sir, being thus injurious, have we not a right to demand its extermination? *Shall society suffer that the slaveholder may gather his crop of flesh?* What is his mere pecuniary claim com-

pared with the great interests of the common weal? Must the country languish, droop, die, that the slaveholder may flourish? Shall all interests be subservient to one? all rights subordinate to those of the slaveholder? Has not the mechanic—have not the middle classes their rights—*rights incompatible with the existence of slavery?*”

Lest the reader should imagine that I am quoting from the files of the *Liberator*—and in order that he may again peruse these extracts, and remember that they are culled from the speeches of Virginia slaveholders—I will reserve the remaining extracts for another chapter, and conclude by quoting from a letter of my own, which accompanied the little volume above alluded to, from the city of Richmond to a friend in New York.

TREATMENT OF FREE NEGROES IN VIRGINIA.

A free person of color told me to-day (Sept. 20th) that it is an offence in Richmond, punishable with imprisonment and stripes on the bare back, for a negro, whether free or bond, male or female, to take the inside of the sidewalk in passing a white man! Negroes are required “to give the wall,” and, if necessary, to get off the sidewalk into the street. Rowdies take great pleasure, whenever they see a well-dressed colored person with his wife approaching, to walk as near the edge of the pavement as possible, in order to compel them to go into the street, or to incur the extreme and barbarous penalty of the law. Gentlemen of course would not do so; but in Richmond, as elsewhere, the majority of the male sex are neither gentlemen nor men.

In walking in the Southern cities, I have very often

been annoyed at seeing an old man or a woman, as I approached them, getting off the sidewalk altogether. Another custom of the colored people down South has frequently irritated my democratic nerves. Excepting in the business streets of the far Southern cities—or in such a place as New Orleans, where there is no time to spare, and too much of the old French gentility to tolerate so despicable a practice—whenever a slave meets a Saxon—“ivin, be jabers, if he’s a Cilt”—he touches his hat reverentially. In Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina, and even in some parts of Virginia and North Carolina, if you enter into a conversation with a colored man, and keep looking at him as you speak, he touches his cap every time that he answers your interrogatories, unless you expressly command him to desist. Perhaps this custom is the consequence of a legal enactment, also; but it is certainly the result of the imperious *lex non scripta* of the Southern States.

IV.

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM COMPARED.

You feel sure that you were not reading from the *Liberator's* files?

If you do so, let us quote, once more, from the speech of Charles James Faulkner, of Virginia:

“Sir, I am gratified to perceive that no gentleman has yet risen in this hall the avowed advocate of slavery. The day has gone by when such a voice could be listened to with patience, or even with forbearance. I even regret, sir, that we should find those amongst us who enter the lists of discussion as its *apologists*, except alone upon the ground of uncontrollable necessity. And yet who could have listened to the very eloquent remarks of the gentleman from Brunswick without being forced to conclude that he, at least, considered slavery, however not to be defended upon principle, yet as being divested of much of its enormity as you approached it in practice?

“Sir, if there be one who concurs with that gentleman in the harmless character of this institution, let me request him to compare the condition of the slaveholding portion of this commonwealth—barren, desolate and seared, as it were, by the avenging hand of heaven—with the descriptions which we have of

this same country from those who first broke its virgin soil?

“To what is this change ascribable?

“*Alone to the withering and blasting effects of slavery.*

“If this does not satisfy him, let me request him to extend his travels to the Northern States of this Union, and beg him to contrast the happiness and contentment which prevails throughout that country—the busy and cheerful sound of industry—the rapid and swelling growth of the population—their means and institutions of education—their skill and proficiency in the useful arts—their enterprise and public spirit—the monuments of their commercial and manufacturing industry; and, above all, their devoted attachment to the government from which they derive their protection, with the division, discontent, indolence and poverty of the Southern country.

“To what, sir, is all this ascribable?

“*To that vice in the organization of society, by which one half of its inhabitants are arrayed, in interest and feeling, from the other half—to that unfortunate state of society in which freemen regard labor as disgraceful, and slaves shrink from it as a burden tyrannically imposed upon them—to that condition of things in which half a million of your population can feel no sympathy with the society in the prosperity of which they are forbidden to participate, and no attachment to a government at whose hands they receive nothing but injustice.*

“If this should not be sufficient, and the curious and incredulous inquirer should suggest that the contrast which has been adverted to, and which is so

manifest, might be traced to a difference of climate, or other causes distinct from slavery itself, permit me to refer him to the two States of Kentucky and Ohio. No difference of soil, no diversity of climate, no diversity in the original settlement of those two States can account for the remarkable disproportion in their natural advancement. Separated by a river alone, they seem to have been purposely and providentially designed to exhibit in their future histories, the difference which naturally results from a country free, and a country afflicted with the curse of slavery. The same may be said of the two States of Missouri and Illinois."

Surely this is satisfactory testimony?

Thomas J. Randolph spoke next, and in the same strain as the preceding speakers.

Is slavery a curse?

Marshall, Barry, Randolph, Faulkner, and Chandler answer in the affirmative; and thus replies Mr. James McDowell, junior, the delegate from Rockbridge:

SLAVERY A LEPROSY.

"Sir, if our ancestors had exerted the firmness, which, under greater obligations we ourselves are called on to exert, Virginia would not, at this day, have been mourning over the legacy of weakness, and of sorrow that has been left her; she would not have been thrust down—down—in a still lowering relation to the subordinate post which she occupies in the Confederacy, whose career she has led; *she would not be withering under the leprosy which is piercing her to her heart.*"

Again:

“If I am to judge from the tone of our debate, from the concessions on all hands expressed, there is not a man in this body, not one, perhaps, that is even represented here, who would not have thanked the generations that have gone before us, if, acting as *public* men, they had brought this bondage to a close—who would not have thanked them, if, acting as private men, on private motives, they had relinquished the property which their mistaken kindness has devolved upon us? Proud as are the names, for intellect and patriotism, which enrich the volumes of our history, and reverentially as we turn to them at this period of waning reputation, that name, that man, above all parallel, would have been the chief who could have blotted out this curse from his country; those above all others would have received the homage of an eternal gratitude who, casting away every suggestion of petty interest, had broken the yoke which, in an evil hour, had been imposed, and had transplanted, as a free man, to another continent, the outcast and the wretched being who burdens ours with his presence, and who defiles it with his crimes.”

DANGEROUS PROPERTY.

In another part of his speech he says :

“*Slavery and danger are inseparable.*”

Such, indeed, appears to have been the unanimous opinion of the numerous delegates who spoke on this occasion, as well as of those who were silent. Says Mr. McDowell :

“In this investigation there is no difficulty—nothing has been left to speculation or inquiry; for however widely gentlemen have differed upon the power and the justice of touching this property, they

have yet united in a common testimony to its character. It has been frankly and unequivocally declared, from the very commencement of this debate, by the most decided enemies of abolition themselves, as well as by others, that this property is an *evil*—that it is dangerous property. Yes, sir, so dangerous has it been represented to be, even by those who desire to retain it, that we have been reproached for speaking of it otherwise than in fireside whispers—reproached for entertaining debate upon it in this hall; and the discussion of it with open doors, and to the general ear, has been charged upon us as a climax of rashness and folly which threatens issues of calamity to the country.”

Before concluding, he reiterates the assertion: “*No one disguises,*” he says, “*the danger of this property—that it is inevitable, and that it is increasing.*”

(“The slaveholder in the Carolina forests,” truly said the *New York Times*, “trembles at his fireside every time that he hears the report of a solitary rifle in the woods.”)

A BEAUTIFUL DOMESTIC INSTITUTION.

Mr M'Dowell proceeds to unfold the exceeding beauty of slavery as a domestic institution:

“It is quaintly remarked by Lord Bacon, that ‘liberty is a spark which flieth into the face of him who attempteth to trample it under foot.’ And, sir, of all conceivable or possible situations, that which the slave now occupies in the domestic services of our families is precisely the one which clothes this irrepressible principle of his nature with the fearfullest power—precisely the one which may give that prin-

ciple its most fatal energy and direction. Who that looks upon his family, with the slave in its bosom, ministering to its wants, but knows and feels that this is true? Who but sees and knows how much the safety of that family depends upon forbearance, how little can be provided for defence? Sir, you may exhaust yourself upon schemes of domestic defence, and when you have examined every project which the mind can suggest, you will at last have only a deeper consciousness that nothing can be done. No, sir, nothing for this purpose can be done. The curse which, in combination with others, has been denounced against man as a just punishment for his sins—the *curse of having an enemy in his household, is upon us*. We have an enemy there, to whom our dwelling is at all times accessible, our persons at all times, our lives at all times, and that by manifold weapons, both visible and concealed.

“But, sir, I will not expatiate further on this view of the subject. Suffice it to say, that the defenceless situation of the master, and the sense of injured right in the slave, are the best possible preparatives for conflict—a conflict, too, which may be considered more certainly at hand whenever and wherever the numerical ascendancy of the slave shall inspire him with confidence in his force.”

SLAVERY A NATIONAL EVIL.

Mr. McDowell regards slavery as a national as well as a State and domestic calamity. With this passage from his speech, I will close the little volume of Truths by Taskmasters :

“The existence of slavery creates a political interest in the Union, which is of all others the most

positive; an interest which, in relation to those who do not possess it, is adversary and exclusive; one which marks the manners of our country by a corresponding distinction, and is sowing broadcast amongst us, both in our official and private intercourse, the seeds of unkindness and suspicion. On this interest geographical parties have been formed; on its maintenance or restriction the bitterest struggles have been waged in Congress; and, as it contains an ingredient of political power in our Federal Constitution, it will always be the subject of struggle; always defended by the most vigilant care, and assailed by the most subtle counter action. Slaveholding and non-slaveholding must necessarily constitute the characteristic feature of our country—must necessarily form the broad and indivisible interest upon which parties will combine, and will and does comprehend, in the jealousies which now surround it, the smothered and powerful, but, I hope, not the irresistible causes of future dismemberment. To all of its other evils, then, slavery superadds the still further one of being a cause of national dissension—of being a fixed and repulsive element between the different members of our Republic—itsself impelling with strong tendency, and aggravating all smaller tendencies to political distrust, alienation and hostility.”

Let no man accuse me of unfriendliness to the slaveholders. See how willing I have been to put their honorable and patriotic sentiments on record!

V.

NORTH CAROLINA.

WELDON, North Carolina, is a hamlet, or town, or "city"—I don't know what they call it—consisting of a railroad depot, a hotel, a printing-office, one or two stores, and several houses. Whether it has increased in population or remained stationary since my visit to it—September 26, 1854—I have now no means of ascertaining.*

TALK WITH A YOUNG SLAVE.

In returning from a walk in the woods, by which Weldon is surrounded, I came up to a young negro man who was lying on the ground in the shade of a tree, holding a yearling ox by a rope.

"Is that all you have got to do?" I asked.

"No, mass'r," said he; "I's waitin' for a waggon to come 'long."

I entered into a conversation with him. He answered all my questions without hesitation. He

* Mr. Helper, author of that valuable anti-slavery volume—"The Impending Crisis of the South"—informs me that it is now a town of 700 inhabitants.

said that he would run the risk of capture, and try to reach the North; and he believed that dozens—"yes, mass'r, lots and lots" of the slaves in this neighborhood—would fly to the North, *if they knew the way*. It was not the fear of being captured, he said, that prevented them from running away, but ignorance of the proper route to the Free States.

Several slaves had told me so before, but I had never been able to devise a plan to remedy this ignorance, and thereby give to every brave bondman a chance of escaping from slavery. The north star is like the white man, "too mighty onsartin" for the majority of the slaves to rely on: they need a guide, which will serve them both by day and night—whenever they can see it. Dark and cloudy nights, too, when the north star is invisible, are the most propitious for the purpose of the runaway.

As this slave replied to my questions, I thought that POCKET MARINER'S COMPASSES might be made most effective liberators of the African race.

MAGNETIC LIBERATORS.

I pondered on this subject for a few seconds, and then resumed the conversation:

"Did you ever see the face of a watch?" (The question may seem absurd, but there are thousands of slaves who never saw a watch.)

"Yes, mass'r," said the slave.

"Do you know how the hands of it go round?"

"Yes, mass'r."

"Well, *we*"—I spoke as a member of the human race—"we have invented a thing somewhat like a watch; but instead of going round and round, its

hand always points to the North. Now, if we were to give you one of these things, would you run away?"

"Yes, mass'r," said the slave with emphasis; "I would go to-night—and dozens on us would go too."

I described the perils of a runaway's course as vividly as I could. He answered it by saying:

"Well, mass'r, I doesn't care; I'd try to get to de Norf, if I'd one of dem dings."

THE OLD BAPTIST SLAVE.

At the same place, early one morning (for I was detained here several days), I saw an old colored man sitting on a pile of wood near the railroad crossing. Beside him lay his bag of carpenter's tools. I went up to him. He touched his cap.

"Good morning, old man," I said.

"Good mornin' to you, mass'r," he rejoined.

"Are you a carpenter?" I asked.

"Yes, mass'r; in a rough way."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-two year ole, mass'r."

"You stand your age very well, old man, I returned. I hardly thought you were more than fifty. But I have often noticed that colored people looked much younger than they are. What is that owing to, do you know?"

"Well, mass'r," said he, "I dink it's kase dey's 'bliged to live temp'rate. White folks has plenty ob money, and da drinks a good deal ob liquor; colored people kent drink much liquor, kase da hasn't got no money. Drinkin', mass'r," remarked the negro, with the air of a doctor of divinity, "drinkin',

mass'r, 'ill bring a man down sooner'n anyding; and I dink it's kase de colored people doesn't drink dat da look younger dan de white ole folks."

I have said that I had often noticed this peculiarity, but had never been able to account for it. The old man's solution satisfied me. Negroes in the country, however, sometimes procure liquor from the small groceries, by stealing fowls and other farm produce from their masters. Hence I found, on my previous visit to North Carolina, that the slaveholders were warm advocates of the Maine liquor law.

"Are you a free man?"

"No, mass'r," he replied; "I's a slave.

"I come from the North," I returned; "would you like to go there?"

"Yes, mass'r," he said; "I *would* like to go dare very much."

"Of course, you are a married man?"

"I's been married twice, mass'r."

"Have you any children?"

SEPARATION OF FAMILIES.

"Yes, mass'r," said the slave. "I had twelve by my firs' wife. I got her when she was seventeen, and I lived wid her twenty-four years. *Den da sold her and all de chil'ren.* I married anoder wife 'bout nine years since; but I had her little more dan tree years. *Da sold her, too.*"

"Had you any children by her?"

"No, mass'r; and I hasn't had anyding to do wid women since. I's a Baptist; and its agin my religion to have anyting to do wid anybody 'cept my wife.

"I's never bothered anybody since my last wife was sold away from me."

"It's too bad," said I. Not with a smile—for I never smile when I hear of men, from any motive, whether religious or social, deprived by other men of the God-implanted necessities of their natures. If slavery had no other evils, the fact that it so often separates families, forever, and causes men to lead unnatural lives, and commit unnamed and unnatural crimes, would make me an abolitionary insurrectionist.

"It's too bad," I repeated.

"Yes, mass'r," said he, "it *is* too bad; but we has to submit."

COLORED CONTENTMENT.

"Do you know," I asked, "whether there are any slaves who would rather remain in bondage than be free?"

"No, mass'r, not one," he replied emphatically. "*Dare's not one in this county.*"

"Did you ever see *one* man," I asked, "in all your life, who would rather be a slave than a freeman?"

"No, mass'r."

Remember his age, reader—sixty-two years—and then believe, if you choose, that the slaves are contented.

"Old as you are," I said, "I suppose you would like to be free?"

"Yes, mass'r"—sadly, very sadly—"I should like bery much to spend de very few years I's got to live in freedom. I would give any man \$20 to \$30 down, if he could get me free."

"How much do you think your master would sell you for?"

"\$200, I tink, mass'r."

"Do you work for your boss, or are you hired out," I inquired.

"I works," he rejoined, "wharver I kin get work. I gives my boss \$50 or \$60 a year—jest as I happens to make well out—and I works anywhars in the State. I's got a pass dat lets me go anywhar in de State—but not out on it."

"How much can you make a year?"

"Well, mass'r, if I could get constant work all de time, I could make \$160; but I generally makes 'bout \$80 or \$90."

"Why," I said, musing, "if anybody were to buy you—I mean, if an abolitionist were to buy you—you could repay the money in a couple of years if you were to get constant work."

"Yes, mass'r," he promptly added, "I could—and I would be glad to do it too."

"You said you never knew a colored person who preferred slavery to freedom?"

"No, mass'r, I neber knew one."

"Well, but did you ever know a colored person who *said* he preferred slavery?"

"Oh, yes, mass'r," said the slave, "I's knowed plenty dat would say so to white folks; kase if the boss knowed we wanted to be freemen, he would kick and knock us 'bout, and maybe kill us. *Dey of'en does kill dem on de plantations.*"

MURDER WILL OUT.

"Did *you* ever see a slave killed on a plantation?"

He replied that he did once see a girl killed on a

plantation in Georgia. He said that he heard his boss, a person of the name of Rees, tell his overseer to take some slaves down to Brother Holmes in (I think) Gainsborough county—or from Gainsborough to Hancock county—for I have forgotten which of them the old man named first—and, said the brute, “with what niggers I have got there and these, I think I can raise a crop. If you kill two niggers and four horses and don’t raise a crop, I’ll not blame you; but if you don’t, and still don’t raise a crop, I’ll think you have n’t drove them at all.” The monster added—“You need n’t be afraid of killing that many; I can afford to lose them.”

One day this overseer came up to a girl who was rather lagging behind. Naming her, he said:

“I say, I thought I told you to mend your gait.”

“Well, mass’r,” she said, “I’se so sick I kin hardly drag one foot after the other.”

He stooped down—he was a left-handed man—and laid down his lash. He took up a pine root and made a blow at her head. She tried to avoid the blow, and received the weight of it on her neck. The old man—then a stripling—was obliged, he said, to stand aside to let her fall. She was taken up insensible, and lingered till the following morning. Next day she was buried. This wretch killed another slave during the same season, but my informant did not see the fatal blow struck.

PLANTATION LIFE.

The old man told this story in such a manner that no one could have doubted its truth. I cross-examined him, and his testimony was unimpeachable.

“How long is it since this happened?” I inquired.

“Forty-two years since,” said the slave.

After some further conversation on this event, I asked him :

“How much could you make by carpentering when you were young?”

“I didn’t work at de carpenterin’ trade, mass’r, when I was young,” he replied; “I worked on a plantation. I was de head man. I had twenty or thirty niggers under me”—rather proudly spoken—“but,” he added, the Baptist overcoming the carnal man, “dat’s no place for a man dat has religion.”

“Why?”

“Oh, mass’r, *kase a man dat has religion should n’t rule over anybody.*”

“Why?” I again asked. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, kase, mass’r,” he replied, “a man dat has religion cannot bear to whip and kick de people under him as dey has to do on plantations.”

“Are colored people treated *very* badly?” I asked.

“Oh, yes, mass’r,” he answered, “very bad indeed; it’s hard de way dey *ar* treated.”

We talked of several other subjects. He said that if the colored people in this district were to be provided with compasses—the nature of which I explained to him—hundreds of them would fly to the Free States of the North.

“God bless you, mass’r!” he said heartily, as we parted.

It is a good thing, I thought, to be an abolitionist! However apparently alone and neglected the abolitionist may be, he has at least the consolation of knowing that he has four millions of warm-hearted friends in the Southern States!

Ah! but has the pro-slavery man no equal consolation?

“It is a good thing to be a Democrat in these days,” said the *Washington Union*—the organ of the Cabinet—quite recently, after publishing ten mortal columns of the most profitable kind of government advertisements.

Well, be it so ; every man to his taste !

VI.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

I CONTINUE my extracts from my Diary :

September 28.—At Weldon. This morning I took a walk in the woods. A colored man, driving a horse and wagon, was approaching. I accosted him and got into the wagon.

We soon began to talk about slavery.

AFRAID OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

He said that he had often seen me within the last few days, and that the people in this district were very much afraid of the abolitionists coming down here and advising the negroes to run away. Whenever a stranger came here, they asked one another who he was, and used every means in their power to discover his business. He advised me not to trust the free colored population, because many of them were mean enough to go straight to the white people and tell them that a stranger had been talking to them about freedom. He advised me also to be cautious with many of the slaves, because there were many of them who would go and tell. But there were many, too, who would rather die than betray an abolitionist.

THE WAGONER.

He said that he would run the risk of capture if he had a compass or a friend to direct him to the North. Ignorance of the way, he added, was the chief obstacle in preventing the slaves in this district from escaping to the North. Dozens, he said, were ready to fly.

We came up to a colored man who was chopping in the woods.

“Now there,” said the wagoner, “is a man who would not tell what you said to him, and would like very much the chance of being free.”

We had previously met a boy driving oxen that were drawing logs to town. This man was chopping the trees for him. They both belonged to the same master, who is described by his slaves, as well as by other colored people, as a type of the tribe of *Legrée*.

We met, also, two wagons laden with cotton. “These,” said the wagoner, “these come from right away up the country, and very likely these boys—the drivers—have travelled all night.”

I bade the wagoner farewell, and went up to the axeman.

THE AXEMAN.

He was a powerful, resolute-looking negro. A cast in one of his eyes gave him an almost savagely dogged appearance.

“Good day, friend.”

“Good day, mass’r.”

“You are a slave?”

“Yes, sah.”

“Who do you belong to?”

“Mr. D——.”

“I am told he is a pretty hard master?”

A pause. I was under examination.

“I come from the North,” I said.

“Yes, sah,” said the slave, who seemed to be satisfied with my appearance, “he *is* a very hard master.”

“Have you ever run away?”

“Yes; I have run away twice.”

“Did you run North?”

“No,” he replied; “I am told no one kin get to de North from here without being taken. Besides, I do n’t know de way.”

“How far did you run?”

“I just went round to de next county,” he said.

“If you knew the way to the North, would you try to get there?” I inquired. “Would you run the risk of being captured and brought back?”

“Yes, mass’r,” said the slave, in a manly tone, “I would try; *but dey would never bring me back again alive.*”

I explained the nature and uses of a compass.

“If I gave you one of these things,” I added, “would you risk it?”

ARM THE SLAVES.

“Yes, mass’r, I would; but I would like to have a pistol and a knife, too.”

He said that he did not care about the hardships a runaway must endure, for they could not be greater than the hardships he endured with his present owner.

“Would you be afraid,” I asked, “or would you hesitate for a moment to shoot a man if he tried to capture you?”

“No, sah,” he said, as if he meant what he said,

“I would shoot him rather dan be taken agin; for dey would kill me any how if dey got me back agin.”

“Good,” I said; “you deserve to be free! Has your boss ever killed any of his slaves?”

MURDER AND TORTURES.

“*He killed one.* The boy ran away, and when they got him back they lashed him and kicked him about so that he only lived a week.”

“Does he often lash them?” I inquired.

“Oh, very often,” said the slave.

“How many does he give them at a time?”

“Fifty,” he replied, “and seventy-five and a hundred sometimes. I saw three men get seventy-five apiece last Sunday. He drives dem very hard, and if dey do n’t work like beasts, he lashes dem himself, or if he is too tired to do it, he gets his son or a colored man to do it for him.”

“I should think,” I said, “that seventy-five lashes would be enough to kill a man.”

“Oh!” said the slave, “it is very bad; but dey have to go to their work again the same as ever. He just washes their backs down with salt water, and sends them to work again.”

“Washes their sore backs with salt water!” I ejaculated; for although I knew that this infernal operation is frequently performed in South Carolina, still I cannot hear of it without a shudder of disgust.

“What do they do that for?”

“To take the soreness out of it, dey say.”

(It is to prevent mortification.)

“But,” I continued, “is it not very painful to be washed in that way?”

“Yes, sah, *very*,” said the slave, “*dat* does n’t make any difference. He (the boss) does not care for *dat*.”

WORK—WORK—WORK.

“What are your working hours?” I asked.

“From two hours before daylight till ten o’clock at night.”

“Do you think that the slaves are more discontented now than they used to be?”

“Yes, sah,” said he, “dey are getting more and more discontented every year. De times is getting worse and worse wid us, ’specially,” he added, “since dese engines have come in here.”

“What difference do they make?” I asked, supposing that he alluded to the Indians.

“Why,” said he, “you see it is so much easier to carry off the produce and sell it now; ’cause they take it away so easy; and so the slaves are druv more and more to raise it.”

“I see. Do you think that if we were to give the slaves compasses, that ‘lots’ of them would run away?”

“Lots an’ lots on dem,” he replied, emphasizing every syllable.

“Would you run away even without a pistol?”

“Yes, sah,” he said, “I would risk it; but I would rather have a pistol and knife, too, if possible.”

“How did you live before when you ran away?”

“I walked about at night, and kept mighty close all day.”

“Where did you find food?”

“I went,” he said, “to de houses of my friends about here, and they gave me something to eat.”

"I suppose you would like to have some money, too, if you were going to the North?"

"Yes, mass'r," said he, "I *would* like to; 'cause if a man has money he can get food easily anywhar; and he can't allus without it. But I would try it even without money."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, sah."

"Any children?"

"No, sah."

CLOTHING, ETC.

"What would you do with your wife, if you were to run away?" I asked.

"I would have to leave her," he said; "she would be very willing, 'cause she knows she can't help me, and I might help her if I was once free."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"How many suits of clothing do you get in the year?"

"Two."

"Only one shirt at a time?"

"Yes."

The shirt of the slaves in this State—of course I allude to rural slaves—appears to be a cross between a "gent's under-garment" and an ordinary potato-bag. The cloth is *very* coarse.

"Does the boss allow you anything for yourself?"

"Nothing," he said, and looking at his used-up boots—

"He hardly keeps us in shoes," he added.

"Now, when would you run away if you had a compass?"

“I will run away to-night,” he replied firmly, “if you will only give me one of them things.”

PLAN OF EMANCIPATION.

In a public letter, published at this time in an anti-slavery journal—dated at Weldon, or posted there—I offered the following programme of action for the abolition of slavery in the Northern Slave States.

Although I believe now that the speediest method of abolishing slavery, and of ending the eternal hypocritical hubbub in Congress and the country, is to incite a few scores of rattling insurrections—in a quiet, gentlemanly way—simultaneously in different parts of the country, and by a little wholesome slaughter, to arouse the conscience of the people against the wrong embodied in Southern institutions, still, for the sake of those more conservative minds, who are not yet prepared to carry out a revolutionary scheme, I will quote it, as I wrote it, and insert it here:

“If I had a good stock of revolving pistols”—thus this peaceful programme opens—“and as many pocket-compasses, I would not leave this State until I had liberated, at least, a hundred slaves. Already I have spoken to great numbers of them—negroes and mulattoes—resolute and bold men, who are ready to fly if they knew the route, and had the means of defending themselves from the blood-hounds, whether quadrupeds or bipeds. . . .”

“Let not the Abolitionists of the North be deceived. The South will *never* liberate her slaves, unless compelled by FEAR to do so; or unless the activity of the abolitionists renders human property

so insecure a possession as to be comparatively worthless to its owner.

“Abolitionists of the North! Would you liberate the slaves of the South as speedily as possible? I will tell you how to do it within ten, or, at furthest, twenty years.

“*First.* Fight with all your hearts, souls and strength, until the Fugitive Slave Law be repealed. As soon as the Northern States are as secure against the invasions of the slaveholder as Canada is to-day, three-fourths of our coming victory will be won. We need a sterner public sentiment at the North. When the people shall believe that the corpse of a tyrant is the most acceptable sacrifice that we can offer to the Deity—when juries shall find a verdict of Served Him Right on the body of every kidnapper, or United States Commissioner, who shall attempt to return a slave to bondage, and may be shot, as he deserves to be, for the cowardly crime; then, we will hear of no more attempts to extend the area of Human Bondage—only plaintive appeals for the toleration of the iniquity in States where it already exists.

“*Second.* Let us carry the war into the South. We have confined ourselves too long to the Northern States. We have already, in a great measure, won the battle there. The public defenders of slavery are rapidly retreating to the Southern States. Let us follow and fight them until the last man falls!

“In the South there are three great parties—the slaveholder, the pro-slavery non-slaveholder, and the anti-slavery non-slaveholder. Great numbers of the slaveholders secretly believe slavery to be a curse, and some of them would liberate their slaves now, if

appealed to in the 'proper spirit.' Let arguments in favor of abolition—especially arguments extracted from the writings of Southern statesmen—be diligently circulated among this class of slaveholders. It is useless to argue with the other class of slaveholders; for it is impossible to convince them of their crime: for them let the deadly contents of the revolver and the keenest edge of the sabre be reserved.

“Appeals should be addressed to good men; proofs that slavery is a curse to the non-slaveholding population—by increasing their taxes, driving away commerce, manufactories and capital from the State—which can easily be done—should be furnished to the pro-slavery non-slaveholders who are invulnerable to all ideas of justice.

“Let the *anti-slavery* population of the South be associated by forming a secret society similar to the Odd Fellows, or the Masons, or the Blue Lodges of Missouri, and let this union be extended over the entire country. The societies could circulate tracts, assist slaves in escaping, and direct the movements of the agents of the Grand Lodge.

“*Third.* Begin at the borders. In every free border town and village, let an underground railroad be in active operation. Appoint a small band of bold but cautious men to travel in the most northern Slave States for the purpose of securing the coöperation of the free colored population in assisting fugitives; of disseminating discontent among the slaves themselves, and of providing the most energetic of them, who wish to escape, with pocket compasses and pistols, and reliable information of the safest routes. Such agents must be consummate men of the world, 'wise as serpents' though formidable as lions. An incautious

man would soon be betrayed either by free blacks or sycophant slaves, and a man incapable of judging character by physiological indexes would waste both his time and his stock. Ten or twelve such Apostles of Freedom could easily, in one year, induce five thousand slaves, at least, to fly to the North; and of this number, if they were properly equipped, three-fourths, at the lowest calculation, would escape forever. Unarmed and without any money with which to purchase food, at least one-half of the fugitives would probably be captured by the bloodhounds of *both breeds*.

“There are many methods of enabling fugitives to escape rapidly, and by a direct route, to the Free States, which these agents could employ; but they must be carefully kept a secret from the slaveholder and his friends.”

To show my faith in this scheme, I offered my services free, for three months, if any anti-slavery man or society would provide me with the stock. I had no offer.

VII.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

I REMAINED at Weldon about a week—every day making new excursions into the surrounding country—every day holding long and confidential conversations with the slaves. The preceding two chapters are accurate indications of my experience, and of the sentiments, aspirations and condition of the negro population.

I walked, after the expiration of the week, about fifty miles southward, but without increasing my knowledge of the workings of “the peculiar institution,” or seeing anything noteworthy in the manners or in the scenery of the country to repay me for my journey. So I jumped into the cars and rode to Wilmington.

A LONG WALK.

I staid there four or five days in the expectation of receiving a draft from Philadelphia which a debtor had promised to forward from that city to my address at Wilmington. He failed to fulfill his promise. Here was a pretty “fix” to be in—only a few dollars in my purse—among strangers—no prospect of getting money—no hope of being befriended, and no inclination to make friends with anybody. I had not enough to pay my fare to Savannah, where I intended

to go ; but a little trifle of that kind did not discourage me. I resolved to walk to Charleston ; and, as I did not know a foot of the way, to follow the railroad track.

I had no adequate conception of the nature of the tour I thus carelessly resolved on. If I had known, I should have shuddered to have thought of it. Those who follow in my footsteps will find out the reason when they come to the interminable and everlasting black swamps ; see the height of the rough, long timber bridges or scaffoldings that are erected across them ; the yawning widths between the cross-beams which must be leaped, and their accursedly uneven shape, which often makes it almost impossible—difficult always—to secure a foothold ; and when they discover, further, that a single false step, or a fit of nervous dizziness, endangers your life ! It has taken me a couple of hours, several times, to travel one mile. If, in those days, there had been any manner of despair in my heart, I know that I should have abandoned this trip as hopeless. But as there was n't, I trudged on—only losing my temper on one occasion, when I came to a horrible piece of work over a horrible swamp. My carpet bag incommoded me so much in walking, and once or twice, in leaping, so nearly caused me to lose my balance, that in a mild and genial temper, and with soft words of valedictory regret, I pitched it (with an unnecessarily extravagant expenditure of energy) at the flabby black bosom of the swamp, and then and there entertained the sinful desire that some person of profane habits were present, as I would willingly have given him half of my cash to have done a little swearing on my private account—a mode of relief which my habits and taste

would not permit me to indulge in. I suppose this sentence shocks you very much; but judge me not until you have attempted the same dreary journey that I successfully accomplished! Probably *you* will swear—and *not* by proxy.

I walked nearly or quite to Manchester, and then, changing my mind, took the branch to Columbus, the capital of South Carolina. I walked from there to Augusta—sixty miles. I kept no notes during this trip; but in a letter written shortly after my arrival in Augusta, I have preserved and recorded the anti-slavery results of it.

I was ten days on the trip, I find; but whether ten days to Columbus, or ten days from Wilmington to Augusta, I cannot now recall. I walked from Columbus to Augusta in two days: that I remember—for I slept one night in a barn, and the next in a flax house.

Here is the sum total of my gleanings on the way.

DISCONTENTMENT.

I have spoken with hundreds of slaves on my journey. Their testimony is uniform. They all pant for liberty, and have great reason to do so. Even a free-soil politician, I think, if he had heard the slaves speak to me, would have hesitated in again advocating the non-extension doctrine of his party, and been inclined to exchange it for the more Christian and more manly doctrine of *non-existence*!

Wherever I have gone, I have found the bondmen discontented, and the slaveholders secretly dismayed at the signs of the times in the Northern States.

NORTH CAROLINA A FREE STATE.

North Carolina, *nolens volens*, could be made a member of the Free States, if the abolitionists would send down a trusty band of liberators, amply provided with pistols, compasses, and a little money for the fugitives. I believe that Virginia is equally at our mercy ; but I am ready to vouch for North Carolina. I questioned the slaves of that State on this subject almost exclusively. Christmas is a good season for the distribution of such gifts ; as, at that time, the Virginia and Northern Carolina slaves, who are hired South during the year, are nearer to the North by being at their owner's residence. If the abolitionists of the North could secure the coöperation of the captains of vessels that sail to the Southern seaports, several hundreds of the slaves could easily be liberated every year in that way.

RAILROAD HANDS.

The Manchester and Wilmington Railroad owns the majority of the hands who work on that line. What do the Irish Democrats think of that plan ?

Their allowance varies, as it depends on the overseers. The average allowance is one peck of Indian meal, and two pounds and a half of bacon a week ; two suits of clothes, a blanket, and a hat, a year. No money.

This road runs through the most desolate looking country in the Union. Nothing but pine trees is seen on both sides of the track until you enter South Carolina, when a pleasant change is visible.

ALLOWANCE OF SLAVES.

In the pine tree country the boys are engaged (I mean away from the railroad) in manufacturing turpentine. The allowance of "the turpentine hands," varies on different plantations and in different localities. Slaves everywhere in the rural districts of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, receive one peck of Indian meal per week. On the turpentine plantations some "bosses" allow, in addition, one quart of molasses and five pounds of pork; others, one quart of molasses and three pounds of pork; others, again, two or two and a half pounds of pork, minus the molasses. On many plantations the slaves are allowed one peck of meal a week without any other provisions. In such cases, I believe, they are generally permitted to keep poultry, whose eggs they dispose of on Sundays or at night, and with the money buy pork or vegetables. They bake the meal into cakes or dumplings, or make mush with it. One peck of meal is as much as any one person can consume in a week. No slave ever complained to me of the *quantity* of his allowance. Several who received no pork, or only two pounds a fortnight, complained that "We's not 'nuf fed, mass'r, for de work da takes out on us;" and others, again, said that the sameness of the diet was sickening. Everywhere, however, the slaves receive one peck of meal a week; nowhere, except in cities, and on some turpentine plantations, do they receive any money. I heard of one man—a hard taskmaster too, it was said—who gave his hands fifty dollars a year, if they each performed a certain extra amount of labor. This is the only instance of such conduct that I ever heard of. The only money ever

given to rural slaves—plantation hands never have money—is at Christmas, when some owners give their hands ten or fifteen dollars. The majority, however, do not give one cent.

“EVERY COMFORT IN HEALTH.” *

The railroad hands sleep in miserable shanties along the line. Their bed is an inclined pine board—nothing better, softer, or warmer, as I can testify from my personal experience. Their covering is a blanket. The fireplaces in these cabins are often so clumsily constructed that all the heat ascends the chimney, instead of diffusing itself throughout the miserable hut, and warming its still more miserable tenants. In such cases, the temperature of the cabin, at this season of the year (November), is bitterly cold and uncomfortable. I frequently awoke, at all hours, shivering with cold, and found shivering slaves huddled up near the fire. Of course, as the negroes are not released from their work until sunset, and as, after coming to their cabins, they have to cook their ash-cakes, or mush, or dumplings, these huts are by no means remarkable for their cleanly appearance. Poor fellows! in that God-forsaken section of the earth they seldom see a woman from Christmas to Christmas. If they are married men, they are tantalized by the thought that their wives are performing for rich women of another race those services that would brighten their own gloomy life-pathway. They may, perhaps—who knows?—have still sadder reflections.

* “They are happy. They have a kind and generous master; every comfort in health; good nursing when ill; their church and Bible, and their Saviour, who is also ours.”—ALONE: *by Marion Harland.*

WHITE AND NEGRO HOSPITALITY.

Travelling afoot, and looking rather seedy, I did not see any of that celebrated hospitality for which the Southerners are perpetually praising themselves. They are very hospitable to strangers who come to them well introduced—who don't need hospitality, in fact; but they are very much the reverse when a stranger presents himself under other and unfavorable circumstances. The richer class of planters are especially inhospitable. The negroes are the hospitable class of the South.

One evening I travelled very late; the night was dark, too, and a storm was coming on. It was nearly ten o'clock when I went up to the house of a planter and asked to be permitted to stay there all night. I had lost my way, and did not know where I was. My request was sullenly rejected. I asked no *favor*, for I was careful always to incur no debt to the slaveholder, excepting the debt of unrelenting hostility.* I asked simply for a lodging. There was no possibility, I found, of moving him, although there were ample accommodations in his house. He directed me to the railroad track again, and said that if I walked about half a mile southward, I would come to a house, where, *perhaps*, I would be accommodated for the night. I did not stir until I was warmed. When I went out it was perfectly dark. I groped down to the railroad track, and found it was impos-

* I had so often seen anti-slavery travellers accused of abusing hospitality, that, when I went South, I resolved to partake of none. I never even took a cigar from a slaveholder without seizing the earliest opportunity of returning it, or giving him its equivalent in some form.

sible to see my way. I went back—offered to sleep on the floor—to sit up all night—to pay for any kind of nocturnal shelter. The storm was beginning. No! He would not listen to me. I saw a negro hut at a distance in the woods, and adjoining the railroad track. I went up to it. It was hardly larger than an ordinary pig-sty. I went in and told the boys that I intended to stay there all night. One of them was evidently afraid, and urged me to go to his master. I told him that his master was a brute, and I would rather stay here. This remark brought me into favor. They offered me the warmest corner, and gave me a blanket to cover me. I laid down and pretended to sleep. By and by the door opened, and a mulatto woman entered, and after some talk about the white folks—not at all complimentary to their masters—she laid down at the furthest end of the hut and went to sleep. There were broad shelves round the cabin, on which, and on the floor, the negroes slept.

How many do you suppose slept in that miserable hut?

Five negroes, the mulatto woman and myself. “Every comfort in health!”

CHRISTIAN MORALITY AND SLAVERY.

From the talk of the boys (I wrote) you would not have imagined that any woman was present. How is it that clergymen forget the fact that Slavery *cannot* exist without creating what they anathematize as crime? Adultery, fornication, and still viler acts are the necessary consequences of the domestic institution of the South.

I belong to the Ruling Race: *dare* a slave resist

my criminal advances? By a false statement before a magistrate, or by a blow, I can punish her if she does. Her word is not taken in any court of justice, and she does not dare to resent my blow.

I am a rich man: the slave is without a cent. Is it likely—thus bribed—that she will refuse my request, however low, or however guilty?

Again, I am a white man, and I know that mulatto women almost always refuse to cohabit with the blacks; are often averse to a sexual connection with persons of their own *shade*; but are gratified by the criminal advances of Saxons, whose intimacy, they hope, may make them the mothers of children almost white—which is the quadroon girl's ambition: is it likely, then, that a young man will resist temptation, when it comes in the form of a beautiful slave maiden, who has perhaps—as is often the case—a fairer complexion than his own, and an exquisitely handsome figure?

It is neither likely, nor *so!* It is a crime against morality to be silent on such subjects. Slavery, *not* Popery, is the foul Mother of Harlots.

A HOSPITABLE SWAMP.

Next morning I arose at an early hour—before the boss was up—and resumed my peregrinations. What, think you, did I discover? A few rods distant from the master's house, in the direction that he had advised me to take in the dark night, when he told me "to walk half a mile southward," lay a wide soft marsh, far beneath the railroad track, to cross which, even in daylight, required the closest attention, and steadiness of nerve. If I had attempted to cross it in the night-time I should unquestionably

have fallen, and been lost in the black slushy depths of the marsh.

Columbus is a beautiful little city; but as the letter in which I described it, and my journey to Augusta, was unfortunately lost, and as I am too faithful a chronicler to rely on my memory alone for facts, I will here close my chapter on slavery in North and South Carolina, and devote the remainder of my space to the slaves and the States of Georgia and Alabama.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Malden, Massachusetts, Dec. 30.*—In my communications to my friends, written on this tour, I strictly confined my observations to the slave population—the colored South. The evidences that I saw daily of the injurious effects of slavery on the soil, trade, customs, social condition and morals of the whites I reserved for editorial use; to advance, from time to time, to such “enlightened fellow-citizens” as are incapable of seeing or appreciating the self-evident truth that every crime is necessarily a curse also; that it is impossible to be a robber, either as an individual or as a race, and permanently to prosper even in material interests. I saw, on this trip, and heard enough, to enable me to testify to the truth of the paragraph subjoined, by a gentleman whose writings have done much, I learn, to advance the knowledge of that sublime—aye, and terrible—truth, which the South has yet to learn or die—that you cannot fasten a chain on the foot of a slave without putting the other end of it around your own neck.

Mr. Olmsted, speaking of the turpentine plantation, says:

“SLAVES AND OTHER PEOPLE IN THE TURPENTINE FORESTS.—The negroes employed in this branch of industry, seemed to me to be unusually intelligent and cheerful. Decidedly they are superior in every moral and intellectual respect to the great mass of the white people inhabiting the turpentine forest. Among the latter there is a large number, I should think a majority, of entirely uneducated, poverty-stricken vagabonds. I mean by vagabonds, simply, people without habitual, definite occupation or reliable means of livelihood. They are poor, having almost no property but their own bodies; and the use of these, that is, their labor, they are not accustomed to hire out stately and regularly, so as to obtain capital by wages, but only occasionally by the day or job, when driven to it by necessity. A family of these people will commonly hire, or ‘squat’ and build, a little log cabin, so made that it is only a shelter from

rain, the sides not being chinked, and having no more furniture or pretension to comfort than is commonly provided a criminal in the cell of a prison. They will cultivate a little corn, and possibly a few roods of potatoes, cow-peas and coleworts. They will own a few swine, that find their living in the forest; and pretty certainly, also, a rifle and dogs; and the men, ostensibly, occupy most of their time in hunting. A gentleman of Fayetteville told me that he had, several times appraised, under oath, the whole household property of families of this class at less than \$20. If they have need of money to purchase clothing, etc., they obtain it by selling their game or meal. If they have none of this to spare, or an insufficiency, they will work for a neighboring farmer for a few days, and they usually get for their labor fifty cents a day, *finding themselves*. The farmers say that they do not like to employ them, because they cannot be relied upon to finish what they undertake, or to work according to directions; and because, being white men, they cannot 'drive' them. That is to say, their labor is even more inefficient and unmanageable than that of slaves. That I have not formed an exaggerated estimate of the proportion of such a class, will appear to the reader more probable from the testimony of a pious colporteur, given before a public meeting in Charleston, in February, 1855. I quote from a Charleston paper's report. The colporteur had been stationed at _____ county, N. C.:—'*The larger portion* of the inhabitants seemed to be totally given up to a species of mental hallucination, which carried them captive at its will. They nearly all believed implicitly in witchcraft, and attributed everything that happened, good or bad, to the agency of persons whom they supposed possessed of evil spirits.' The majority of what I have termed turpentine-farmers—meaning the small proprietors of the long-leaved pine forest land, are people but a grade superior, in character or condition, to these vagabonds. They have habitations more like houses—log-cabins, commonly, sometimes chinked, oftener not—without windows of glass, but with a few pieces of substantial old-fashioned heir-loom furniture; a vegetable garden, in which, however, you will find no vegetable but what they call 'collards' (colewort) for 'greens'; fewer dogs; more swine, and larger clearings for maize, but no better crops than the poorer class. Their property is, nevertheless, often of considerable money value, consisting mainly of negroes, who, associating intimately with their masters, are of superior intelligence to the slaves of the wealthier classes. The larger proprietors, who are also often cotton planters, cultivating the richer low lands, are, sometimes, gentlemen of good estate—intelligent, cultivated and hospitable. The number of these, however, is extremely small."

VIII.

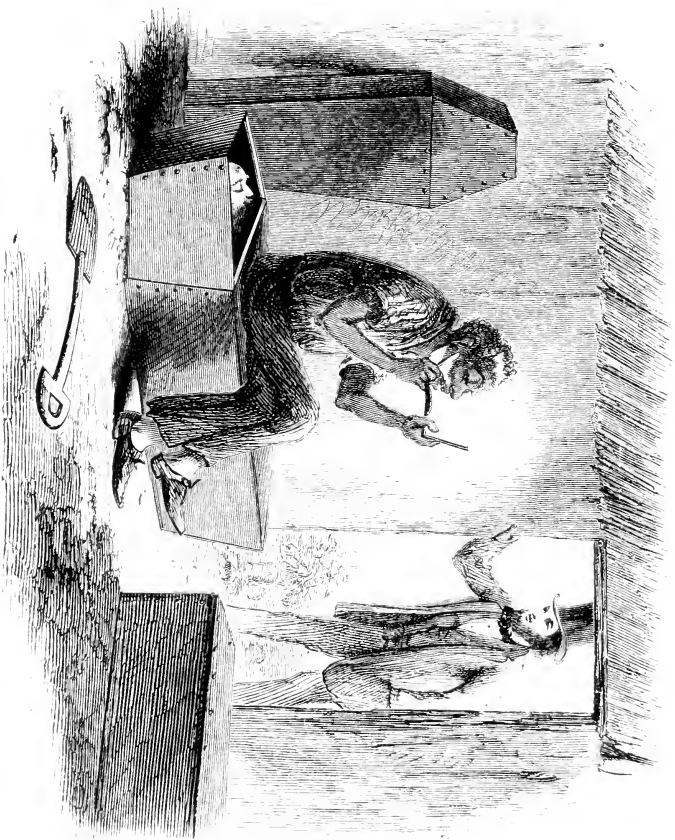
A PLAGUE STRICKEN CITY.

I WELL remember my first entrance into the city of Augusta. The yellow fever was raging there, as well as in the cities of Charleston and Savannah. Everybody was out of town!

The nearer I approached Augusta, the more frequently was I asked, as I stopped on the way to talk to the people, or entered their houses to get water or food, where I was bound for and how the yellow fever was?

When I answered that I was bound for Augusta, a stare of surprise, a reproof, or ejaculation of astonishment, was very sure to follow. Two gentlemen were even kind enough to tell me that I looked as if I had caught the yellow fever already. I was not surprised at their startling statement when I came to view my image in a mirror. I was indeed quite ill from unaccustomed fatigues, and the incessant enjoyment of "every comfort in health," which I had shared during my trip with the Carolina slaves.

"God help me!" I said; "a few more 'comforts'—say the comforts of sickness—and I would soon be a tenant of that blessed habitation, to which worthy members of the African race, like the good old Uncle Edward, are accustomed to repair to immediately after their decease on earth."



There, on a coffin, sat a wrinkled old negro, holding a broken piece of mirror close to his nose, and scraping his furrowed face, might and main, with a very dull razor which he held in his right hand. See page 17.



A CRABBED OLD MAN.

I well remember, too, when within ten miles of the plague-stricken city, that I astonished every one whom I met, in walking along the road, by a long and hearty roar of laughter, in which, without interruption, I continued to indulge for nearly an hour.

I came up to a gate. A crabbed looking old man was working inside of it in a sort of kitchen garden. I asked him if I might come in and get a drink of water at the well.

"Where y' goin' to?" he snapped.

"Augusta."

"Must be a d—d fool," he jerked out, looking at me savagely. "Do n't ye know the yaller fever's there?"

"Yes, old man, I do."

"You 'll die ev you-go-thar."

"I wo n't live to be uncivil then," I said.

"Hum!" he grunted.

"What o'clock is it?"

"'Bout twelve."

"Can't you sell me something to eat, or get me a dinner?"

"No," he snapped, talking so rapidly that his words often ran together; "old-woman's-busy; we-do n't-get dinners for Tom-Dick-en-Harry. Need n't ask us."

"Curse your insolence!" I said. "I asked you a civil question. I want no favors. I'll pay you for all I get. May I have a drink?"

"Guess-you-kin-get it," he said, looking as if he meant to fight; but, seeing that I was angry in earnest, he merely added—"there's-the-well."

I went in and was going straight to it.

“Hello! good-God-stop!” he shouted in a trembling, earnest tone; “yev-got the yaller-fever—let-me-get from between you-en-the-wind!”

I roared. But the little Vitriol Vial was evidently in earnest, for he ran away as if the very devil was after him.

His wife—a quiet, dignified personage—in spite of his frequent, shrieked warnings to her, came kindly forward and gave me a glass.

AUGUSTA.

Opposite Augusta, on the other side of the Savannah River, is the town of Hamburg, in South Carolina. Although the pestilence had raged in Augusta with terrible fatality for more than a month, no case of yellow fever had as yet occurred in the town of Hamburg. The wind, fortunately for the town, had blown in the opposite direction ever since the plague broke out. They expected to be stricken as soon as the wind should veer about. Yet they escaped; no single case occurred there; for the wind was friendly to them to the end.

I walked down to the river side. It was sad to see Augusta—apparently deserted—not a human being anywhere visible! When the people found that I intended to cross, they earnestly remonstrated with me. But I went up to the bridge—and stepped on it. It is rather a solemn thing to do at such a time; it requires either courage or a blind faith in Fate. I believed in destiny; and therefore never hesitated to run any risk of any kind anywhere. So I went over.

I met no one. When I landed on the opposite side,

the first sight that I saw, far away up the street, was a black hearse standing at a door. One or two negroes were working on the bank of the river. I walked along the street that runs parallel with it. Everything was as still as a calm midnight at sea; no living creature was astir—neither men, women, children, horses, nor dogs! I turned up another street; and, in doing so, suddenly caught a glimpse of a lady, dressed in deepest mourning, as she quickly disappeared into a doorway, which was immediately closed behind her. I continued to walk through the deserted streets: for more than an hour I travelled about the city in every direction. The houses were all closed. I saw no sign of life, excepting, in all, four or five negroes, in different places, and a gentleman in the principal street, walking very rapidly and clad in mourning. Perhaps the utter desolation of Augusta may best be inferred from the fact, that this city of at least twenty thousand inhabitants, was estimated, when I entered it, to contain only from one hundred and fifty to two hundred whites, who were dying at the rate of six, eight, and ten a day!

I bent my steps to the burying-ground. I had become very sombre by the desolation everywhere so apparent; but when I entered the little dead-house at one corner of the cemetery, I could not refrain from a hearty laugh.

THE NEGRO OF THE CEMETERY.

It was the coolest thing I ever saw! There, on a coffin, sat a wrinkled old negro, holding a broken piece of mirror close to his nose, and scraping his furrowed face, might and main, with a very dull

razor which he held in his right hand. The contrast between his sombre seat and its pallid tenant, his extraordinary contortions of countenance, and his employment, was so great (and such a ludicrous picture of life withal), that I startled him by a sudden laugh and complimentary salutation.

He told me that the coachman, who had been employed to drive the dead to the burying-ground, was himself a corpse, and that every one who had taken the position had fallen a speedy victim to the terrible pestilence. But still, he thought, they would get another "right away," for the pay was high, and there were fools enough to jump at the chance of escaping.

"You may have noticed," I wrote at this time to a Northern friend, "the extraordinarily small number of colored people who die from yellow fever, as compared with the voluminous array of the white victims of the pestilence. Ludicrous and curious enough are the reasons advanced to account for this difference.

"No care on their minds," said some.

"Came from a hot climate!" said another.

"Two centuries ago?" I asked, ironically.

This philosophical old negro gave me the true reason. The whites are effeminate and enfeebled by idleness, debauchery, and drunkenness; while the blacks are industrious, temperate, and in every way as virtuous as their condition admits of.

THE CEMETERY.

I entered the cemetery. It is level and rather small, but finely shaded. I walked to one corner of it.

Three little graves, little more than a span long,

side by side, first brought the reluctant tears to my eyes. I counted over fifty new-made graves in that melancholy corner alone, and could have stepped from one to another, and stood on each, without ever once touching the undug sod! Never before did I stand so near the Unseen Land—never since have I felt any fear or any awe of death. Everything around me was dead or dying. I felt as if I now were out of harmony with nature—the only living thing in an expiring earth. The long bent grass was yellow; the roses and the flowers were dying; the sere autumn leaves were dropping from the trees; and the sick, languid wind seemed to be spending its feeble breath in sighing a sad chant for the last of life! The leaves, the grass, and the wind united in this dying dirge, whose solemn notes were these recent clusters of untimely graves.

I sat down and listened, and wished for death. It must, indeed, I felt, be a terrible fate—to be the last man alive!

The sighing of the wind, and the sad sights around me, soon seemed to throw me in a trance—from which I awoke to fear death and the grave no more on earth. I seemed to have been dead and in the spirit land, and reluctantly returned to earth-life again.

When I opened my eyes, the tears started up unbidden and resistless. It was a simple thing that called them up. It had nothing poetical, or solemn or sacred about it. It was only a shingle! I had not particularly noticed it before, although now I saw that there was one of them on every new grave. I did not touch it; for it was on sacred soil. I drew near, and saw on it, in pencil marks, initials and a

date. That was all. I put my hand over my face and wept like a girl. They were hastily written, those simple records; but how ominous and how graphic! Could any eloquence have so faithfully portrayed the condition of a plague-stricken city! Shingles for tombstones—no time for marble; for the chisel, a pencil—hastily used: and away—away—away—for dear, dear life! Poor cowardly relatives, make haste—make haste, or the shingle may yet mark where your timid corpses lie! Away! away! away!

With tears streaming down my face—no sound, save the sighing of the winds, and the grass and the leaves—no grasshopper, even, and no bird, to tell me that there was life still astir—I slowly, slowly, moved over to the opposite corner of the burying-ground.

Sixty—seventy—eighty—eighty-one—two!

An open grave!

I stopped my enumeration, and went over to it. I was sick and tired, and could count the red graves no longer.

I expected to see a coffin at the bottom of the grave; but it was empty. I looked again, and suddenly uttered an exclamation of delight.

I seized the shovel, and jumped down into the open grave.

I know that the reader will laugh at me—I know that some of you will think that I was mad; but I never before experienced a keener thrill of pleasure, never felt so sudden a love for any living thing, as when I saw, at the bottom of the open grave, and jumped into it to rescue—a mouse!

Yes, it was a poor little mouse, that, by some mischance, had fallen into the open grave. I do n't feel

ashamed to confess that I *loved* it! Insignificant and ignoble seeming as it was, I hailed it a messenger from a *living* world, with which, in my sad reflections, and amid these sad scenes, I had begun to believe that I had no further business. For I was sick in body—predisposed, as people told me, to the plague—and soon expected to lie there, in the cemetery, without even a shingle for a tombstone. So I thanked God, and blessed the little captive mouse, as I rescued and set it at liberty again!

IX.

GEORGIA NOTES.

As I had no hope now of receiving a remittance from the North, I doffed my coat, and went to work at a trade.

I remained in Augusta nearly two months.

From letters written there during that time, I subjoin such selections as are appropriate to my purpose.

A GHOST; OR THE HAUNTED CABIN.

“Haunted!” said I; “do people here really believe in ghosts?”

“Yes,” said the landlord, “there are thousands, both in this State and South Carolina, who believe in them as firmly as they believe in anything. The old time people all believe in them.”

“And this cabin was haunted, you say?”

The cabin referred to stood on a lonely field westward of Charleston.

“It got that reputation for years,” resumed my companion. “Nobody would go near it, night nor day. On dark nights, people who rode along the highway, near the cabin, often reported that they had seen it. Hundreds saw it. I believed it myself. I’d as lief have gone into a rattlesnake’s nest, as into that there field after dark.”

“Is it still haunted?” I asked.

“No,” said the landlord. “Not now. He was found out.”

“Who?”

“The ghost!”

“The deuce! How?”

“Why, you see, there was a sort of drunken fellow lived not far off; and when he’s on a spree he does n’t care a fig for anything. He’s a regular dare-devil. Well, one night he determined to go a ghost-hunting. He had a horse that was a very singular beast; it would stand still if he fell off, or go home of itself, if he was too drunk to guide it—which was often the case. Well, he rides up to the field, and sure enough there was the ghost.”

“What was it like?” I asked.

“He said it was like a body as white as a corpse, but without either head, arms or legs.”

“Was he not frightened?”

“He said he would have been frightened to death,” resumed my landlord, “if he had not been so drunk that he would as lief have met the devil as not. Well, his horse reared. He spurred it. It was no use. It would n’t go one step further, although the ghost stood not more’n a rod from his head.”

“What did he do then?”

“Oh! he brought a lick at the ghost with his whip. The lash rested on it. Now, then, said he, I was sure it was something more natr’al than it got the credit for; bekase, you see, if it had been a ghost the lash would have gone through it.”

“So it would,” said one of the boarders, “so it would: that’s accordin’ to natur’.”

The landlord resumed.

“As soon as the whip touched the ghost, it went backwards to the door of the cabin. He spurred his horse. It was no use agin. It would n’t go a step. So he got off and tied her to a post, and then rushed at the ghost, on foot, whip in hand. As he came at it, it kept agoin’ back and back, till at last it got inside the cabin, and was beginnin’ to shut the door, when he gave another lick at it, and then rushed forward and seized a hold of it!”

One of the boarders drew a long breath.

“What was it?” asked another, open-mouthed and anxious.

“What do you think?” asked the landlord, he-he-he-ing heartily; “what d’ ye think?”

Nobody *could* think. So the landlord relapsed again. When he had recovered so far as to speak:

“Ha! ha! ha!” he cried. “Oh—a Lord!—ha! ha! ha!—a—a! Do you give it up?”

We gave it up.

“He! he!—e—e—e!” he began, “he—e—e—e! It was a strong buck nigger, who had run away from his boss in Georgia four years before. He had lived there ever since. He was as black as coal, and every night used to walk about in his shirt-tail, and frighten the folks round about out of their five senses!”

“But how did he live?” I asked.

“Oh!” said the landlord, “he stole at night. — made him strike up a light in the cabin, and found it half full of provisions.”

SOUTHERN AUDACITY OF ASSERTION.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of conversation at the South, is the audacity with which

the most flagrant falsehoods are advanced as undeniable truths, when the subject of negro slavery is under discussion. That the negroes are perfectly satisfied with slavery; that the blacks of the North are the most miserable of human beings; that all slaves are happy, and all free negroes wretched: these ridiculously false assertions are far more earnestly believed by "the public" of the South, than the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration of Independence are believed by the wildest, the most fanatical of European Democrats. From Wisconsin to Georgia, I have frequently found men who did not fear to laugh at the doctrines of Jefferson as rhetorical absurdities; but, in the Seaboard Slave States, I have yet to meet the first Southerner who believes that the condition of the Northern negroes is superior to the condition of the Southern slaves.

In a recent conversation in this city, I emphatically denied—first, that the slaves are contented with bondage; and, secondly, that their condition was enviable as compared with that of their Northern brethren. My denial was received with a simultaneous shout of derision and laughter by every person in the room.

"What privileges have they (the free negroes) at the North that the slaves have not here?"

I did not deem it expedient to utter a reply that would have silenced *them*, but probably tarred and feathered me also; but I ventured to suggest:

"Well, there's the privilege of acquiring knowledge, for example."

"I guess," said one, "*there's very few niggers in this State that can't read!*"

"I don't believe one-tenth of them can 't read," said another.

Now, as there is nothing more certain than that not one slave in five hundred can read, these assertions (and they are but types of a numerous tribe), will enable you to see how it is that Northern men, who travel South, and accept such statements without personal experience or investigation, so frequently return home convinced that the slaveholders are a much misrepresented class and the negroes a highly privileged people.

"They are *not* contented; I know it from themselves," I added, rather incautiously.

"Oh h—ll!" said one sensual-eyed fellow; "I know better than that. I've seen niggers that ran away from here to the North at New York, and they offered to work for me all their lives if I would only pay their passage back again."

The reader may guess without difficulty what I thought of this statement. In the land of pistols, bowies, and tar and feathers, however, an abolitionist, if he desires to accomplish anything, must be exceedingly prudent in his *words*. I merely rejoined:

"I should very much like to see *one* negro who would rather be a slave than free."

THE NEGRO WHO WOULD N'T BE FREE!

"Why, there," said the Southron, pointing to a negro who had just entered the room, "there's a nigger there that you could n't hire to be free."

He was asked, and replied that he would not be free.

"Now, *thar!*" Triumphantly.

I said nothing and the conversation dropped. In a

few days after it, the negro came to me and we had a long conversation.

He asked me whether, on returning to New York, I would take him along with me as a servant. He offered to repay whatever expenses I might incur, both on my own account and his fare, as soon as he could obtain employment in the Free States.

“Do you know a single person of color,” I asked, “who does not want to be a freeman?”

“No, sir; not one,” was his decisive answer.

“When they ask you whether you want to be free, you always say no, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said the slave, with a smile of contempt, “I says so *to them*—we all does—but it’s not *so*.”

“Is it not amazing to see them believe such stuff?” I remarked.

“It is dat, mass’r,” replied the slave whom “you could n’t hire to be free,” but who offered to hire me—to be free!

Not one man—not even one Northerner—in ten who speaks with the slaves on the subject of bondage ascertains their sincere opinions. They never will learn what they are until they address the slaves, not as bondmen but as brothers. This is the secret of my universal success with the slaves. I have been their favorite and confidant wherever I have gone, because I never once adopted the “shiftless” policy of addressing them as if conscious of being a scion of a nobler race.

THE FOREIGN POPULATION OF THE SOUTH.

I am sorry to say that the Irish population, with very few exceptions, are the devoted supporters of

Southern slavery. They have acquired the reputation, both among the Southerners and Africans, of being the most merciless of negro task-masters. Englishmen, Scotchmen and Germans, with very few exceptions, are either secret abolitionists or silent neutrals. An Englishman is treated with far more and sincerer respect by the slaves than any American. They have heard of Jamaica; they have sighed for Canada. *I have seen the eyes of the bondmen in the Carolinas sparkle as they talked of the probabilities of a war with the "old British."* A war with England now, would, in all probability, extinguish Southern slavery forever.

A SOUTHERN REQUIEM.

It is sad to hear a slaveholder, of the less educated class, speak in eulogy of a negro who has gone to the world where the weary are at rest. It is sickening to think, as he recounts their virtues, that he never could have regarded them as *immortal souls*; that their value in his eyes consisted solely of their animal or mechanical excellences; that he measured a human servant by the self-same standard with which he gauged his horses and his cattle.

One day, after listening to a conversation of this character—not in Georgia, however, but another Slave State—I endeavored to put a slaveholder's post-mortem praises into rhyme—to write a requiem for a valued or *valuable* slave. Here it is:

I.

Haste! bury her under the meadow's green lea,
 My faithful old black woman Sue;
 There never was negro more *useful* than she,
 There never was servant more true:

Ah! never again will a slaveholder own
A darkey so *honest* as she who has gone.

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her rest in the skies!

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her rest in the skies!

II.

They say that I worked her both early and late,
That my discipline shortened her days;
'Twas God and not I who predestined her fate—
To Him be the curses—or praise!
I thanked him that one so unworthy should own
A darkey so *robust* as she who has gone.

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her rest in the skies!

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her rest in the skies!

III.

My enemies say that my coffers are stained
With the price of the fruits of her womb;
Yet, what if I sold them? she never complained,
From her cradle-bed down to her tomb.
Ah! never again will a slaveholder own
A darkey so *pious* as she who has gone.

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her rest in the skies!

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her rest in the skies!

IV.

They say that she bore me a child whom I sold—
I doubt, but I do not deny;
Yet e'en if I bartered its body for gold,
'Tis God who 's to blame and not I,
For He in His wrath said that Saxons should own
The offspring of Canaan—like her who has gone.

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her home in the skies!

Gone! gone! gone!

Gone to her home in the skies.

v.

Haste! bury her under the meadow's green lea,
My faithful old black woman Sue;
I'll pray to the Lord for another like she,
As *dutiful, fruitful, and true!*
Yet I fear me that never again shall I own
A darkey so "likely" as her who has gone!
Gone! gone! gone
Gone to her rest in the skies!
Gone! gone! gone!
Gone to her rest in the skies!

X.

SELF-EDUCATED SLAVES.

THE population of Augusta, as I have already said, was estimated at twenty thousand. Yet it supports only two daily papers, both of which have but a limited circulation. The reason why the South supports so few journals in comparison to the North and the Northwest, is that there the laboring class are prohibited by law from learning to read. The laborers are Africans. Yet, in spite of the law, great numbers of the *city* slaves can read fluently and well, and many of them have even acquired a rudimental knowledge of arithmetic. But—blazen it to the shame, and to shame the South—the knowledge thus acquired has been stolen or snatched from spare seconds of leisure, *in spite of their owners' wishes and watchfulness.*

“You can read—can you not?” I asked of an intelligent slave, whose acquaintance I made in Augusta.

“Yes, sir,” said he.

“Write, too?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Let me see you write a *pass.*”

He wrote one in a legible hand. The words were correctly spelled.

“How did you learn to write?” I asked. “Did the boss allow you to learn?”

“No, *sir*,” returned the slave. “There’s no bosses would ’low their niggers to read if they could help themselves. My missus got hold of my spellin’ books thrice and burned them.”

“You taught yourself?”

“Yes, *sir*.”

“How did you learn the alphabet?”

“Well, *sir*,” he replied, “out in —— county, near where the boss’s plantation is, there’s a schoolhouse. The well is close by, and when I used to go for water I got the boys to teach me a letter at a time. I used to give them nuts and things to teach me. Then, after that, when I come to ’Gusta, —— ——” (he named a young white mechanic), “him that came from New Jersey, ga’en me a lesson in writing once in a while, and I learned that-a-way.”

“You married?” I asked.

“Yes, *sir*; I’s got a wife and three children.”

“Where is she?” I rejoined.

“Out in —— county.”

“Is she a slave?”

“Oh yes, *sir*; she lives with her boss out there.”

“How often do you see her?”

“’Bout once every two or three months.”

Great *domestic* institution that!

I have met several slaves in the course of my journeyings who had taught themselves to read and write, with as little instruction as the negro mentioned in the preceding conversation. I never yet met a slave who was not anxious to acquire the forbidden knowledge.

HELPLESSNESS AT TABLE.

Helplessness is as fully developed at Southern public tables as "shiftlessness" is in the Southern households, according to the statement of Miss Ophelia. "Every one for himself, heaven for us all, and slops for the hindermost," is the principle that underlies the system of dining at many of the Northern, and at every Western hotel. At the South, on the contrary, it is easy to see that an opposite theory prevails: "Nobody for anybody, and the nigger for us all!" is evidently their fundamental maxim. I have seen a debilitated Southerner call a negro from the opposite side of the table, to hand him a dish that he could easily have reached without unbending his elbow!

THE CHAMBERMAID'S OPINION.

"Would you like to be free?" I inquired of a colored girl at the hotel.

"Yes, sir, I would indeed," she said briskly; "and I would like to know who would n't."

"How much do you get?"

"I do n't get a cent" (she was hired out); "my mistress takes every red."

"Do n't the landlord allow you something?"

"No, sir."

"Do you never have money, then?"

"Oh yes, sometimes."

"Where do you get it?"

"Gentlemen here sometimes gives me a dollar," she said, laughing and looking boldly at me.

"Do you know any persons of color who would rather be slaves than free?"

“No, sir, I do n’t know any one.”

“If the colored people were free,” I asked, “do you think they would work as hard as they do now? I mean the colored people of the city?”

“I guess most of them would work harder,” she replied; “’cause, you see, they could live better, and dress and buy things with the money they has to give to the white folks now. I know I would work hard, and make lots of money if I was free. There’s some that would n’t work so hard though; they would buy liquor and loaf about—*the same as the white folks!*”

WHY SLAVES STEAL.

I have very often heard the negroes spoken of harshly in consequence of their thievish habits. In walking in the vicinity of Augusta one day, I came up to a negro, who was carrying a bag of provisions from town to his master’s plantation. We talked about the patriarchal institution. He said that plantation slaves in this vicinity generally received one peck of meal, and from one to two and a half pounds of pork a week. He knew one planter who gave a very “short” allowance of meat.

“So, you see, mass’r, his slaves steal whatever dey kin lay their hands on. He’s cons’ant whippin’ ’em; but dey does n’t stop it. My boss gives us two pounds and a half of pork a week, and *we* never takes any’ing. *We’s above it,*” he added proudly.

Pity that the slaveholders had not as high a spirit. Pity that they should condescend to steal the negro’s wages: pity that they cannot say of such disreputable theft—“*We’s above it!*”

“Are you a married man?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Were you married by a minister ?”

“ No, sir; *I was married by de blanket.*”

“ How ’s that ?”

“ Wall, mass’r,” he said, “ we come togeders into de same cabin, an’ she brings her blanket and lays it down beside mine, and we gets married dat-a-way !”

“ Do ministers never marry you ?”

“ Yes, mass’r, sometimes ; but not of’en. Mass’r, has you got a chaw of ’bacca ?”

I never yet gave a chaw of ’bacca without accompanying it with a revolutionary truth. John Bunyan, I remember, gave a *text* with *his* alms.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

The South has proclaimed the right of any Northern State to pass a Personal Liberty Law—to annul the Fugitive Slave Act!

In the Resolutions of ’98, and in 1829, Virginia proclaimed that “ Each State has the right to construe the federal compact for itself.” If, therefore, a Northern State believes that the Constitution does not warrant a fugitive slave act, of course it has the right, and it is its duty, to protect the panting fugitive by a Personal Liberty Law!

So, too, South Carolina. In 1830 she said :

“ The government created by the Constitutional compact was not made the exclusive and final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself ; but, as in all other cases of compact between parties, having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress. *Whenever any*

State, which is suffering under this oppression, shall lose all reasonable hope of redress from the wisdom and justice of the Federal Government, it will be its right and duty to interpose, in its sovereign capacity, to arrest the progress of the evil."

During John Adams's administration, Virginia, through her "medium," Mr. Madison, used equally emphatic language :

"In case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States who are parties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them."

Kentucky indorsed this doctrine through the pen of Thomas Jefferson :

"The several States," so the passage reads, "who formed the instrument being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of the infraction, and a nullification, by those sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts done under color of that instrument is the rightful remedy."

As late as 1825, Mr. Jefferson adhered to this doctrine. See his letter to William B. Giles, dated December, 1825.

The *Southern Quarterly Review*, the chief organ of the slave power, has repeatedly promulgated and defended this doctrine. It is from that periodical—June No. for 1845—that these extracts are selected. Of course it was not the fugitive slave law that called forth these opinions ; but as what is sauce for the tariff must equally be sauce for freedom, it cannot complain of my use of its argument.

Freemen of the North! unfurl the Southern flag of Nullification! Resist the Fugitive Slave Law! "Better far," as South Carolina once humorously said of the Southern slave region, "better far that the territories of the States be the cemetery of freemen than the habitation of slaves!"

True!—very true! oh, South Carolina! Soon may the negroes utter and carry out the doctrine!

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

The same number of the Quarterly to which I have alluded, contains a constitutional opinion, which, in view of the Dred Scott decision, is worthy of being written in letters of gold in the legislative halls of every free Northern State. Here it is:

"An unconstitutional decision of a judge is no authority; and even if confirmed by the highest judiciary in the land, namely, the Supreme Court of the United States, it would still be no authority: no law which any one of the States would be bound to recognize. An unconstitutional law is no law—IT IS NULL AND VOID—and the same is true of a judge's decision given against the supreme law."

Can any good come out of Nazareth? Undoubtedly! There is a gospel of freedom in that one Southern word—NULLIFICATION!

IS SLAVERY A LOCAL INSTITUTION.

It does not suit the South now to admit that slavery is a local institution. It is national, and a blessing now, and claims the protection of national institutions. It may be well, therefore, to remind the South of her old opinions. Read what Governor Wilson said in his message to the South Carolina

legislature—opinions which were enthusiastically indorsed by the politicians and the press of the State. It was during the days of Judge Hoare's mission :

“There should be a spirit of concert and of action among the slaveholding States, and a determined resistance to any violation of their LOCAL INSTITUTIONS. The crisis seems to have arrived when we are called upon to protect ourselves. The President of the United States, and his law adviser, so far from resisting the efforts of foreign ministry, appear to be disposed, by an argument drawn from the overwhelming powers of the General Government, to make us the passive instruments of a policy at war not only with our interests, but destructive also of our national existence. The *evils* of slavery have been visited upon us by the cupidity of those who are now the champions of universal emancipation. To resist, at the threshold, every invasion of our domestic tranquillity and to preserve our independence as a State, is strongly recommended ; and if an appeal to the first principles of the right of self-government is disregarded, and reasons be successfully combated by sophistry and error, there would be more glory in forming a rampart with our bodies on the confines of our territories, than to be the victims of a successful rebellion, or the slaves of a great consolidated government !”

Undoubtedly ! Let the North apply this doctrine to freedom, and thus preserve *its* local institutions inviolate. Truly, in such a case,

“There would be more glory in forming a rampart,” etc.—!—

FORWARD.

From the city of Augusta, I partly walked and partly rode to the town of Atlanta. I found the slaves in Georgia *passively* discontented. They did not hope. Hope is a white there. They were not morose. They wore their manacles without a curse and without an aspiration. A sad, very sad condition of mind!

Atlanta is a straggling business place, of about nine thousand inhabitants. I was there, I think, on New Year's Day, 1855. Atlanta has no beauty that we should desire it as a residence. It feebly supports two little daily papers, and two weekly journals—a medical and a theological organ. In the Southern States the newspaper press is neither so numerous, influential, nor respected, as in the northern section of the Union. It is gagged; the editor is merely the planter's oracle; and hence, being a serf, it commands no respect.

THE PEANUT SELLER'S TRIUMPH.

I heard a good story of Young America at Atlanta. It shows what manner of individual that young gentleman is. I believe I have forgotten to state that I was credibly informed that boys of from twelve to sixteen years of age frequently wear bowie knives and pistols in the southern part of Georgia.

One day, at Atlanta, a peanut and candy-selling urchin, at the railroad station, was rudely pushed off the platform of the train by one of the conductors. "He was so mad," they said, "that he weighed a ton." He swore revenge. His heaving breast, contracted brow, compressed lips, flashing eyes—and, above all, his half-muttered "By golly! if I don't make you

pay for that, then I'm mistaken—there now"—all these outward signs foretold that a dreadful retribution awaited the devoted conductor of the freight train; for he was a full-blooded Young American, was this candy-selling urchin, and when he swore it was the sign that there "was suthin' orful a-comin'."

He sold out his stock that day with unusual rapidity, for he sold it at half price, and was diligent at his business. He raised twenty-five cents and bought a piece of fat pork.

The "grade" at Atlanta is very steep; and heavy freight trains, when going at full speed, seldom exceed the rate of three miles an hour until they reach a considerable distance from the city.

Young America attached a piece of string to the pork, and went down with another boy to the place where the grade is steepest.

"Now, look 'ye here," said the candy seller to his comrade, as he placed the fat pork on the rail, "you take hold of that string and pull me along!"

He squatted down on the pork and was trailed up and down both rails for half an hour or more by his willing and laughing comrade. The rail, of course, was *rather* greasy. The freight train came up. Puff-uff-uff! Young America screamed with delight. It was literally as he said, "No go, nobow!"

For two days the engine vigorously puffed from morning to night in a vain attempt at progress. The conductor was finally compelled to call in the aid of another engine.

Thus concludeth the instructive history of the Peanut Seller's Triumph; or, Young America's Revenge.

XI.

A L A B A M A .

I WALKED the entire distance from Atlanta, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama. As I intend to revisit that country at the earliest opportunity, I will not here narrate my adventures on this journey. They would probably discover me—not my mere name, but personality. That I desire to avoid. Alabama, as the reader most probably is aware, is preëminently the Assassin State; for it has still on the pages of its statute book a law authorizing the payment of \$5,000 for the head of Mr. Garrison, dead or alive.

The results of my journey are thus recorded in a letter from Montgomery:

CONTENTMENT OF SLAVES IN ALABAMA.

I have spoken with hundreds of slaves in Alabama, but never yet met *one* contented with his position under the “peculiar” constitutions of the South. But neither have I met with many slaves who are actively discontented with involuntary servitude. Their discontent is passive only. They neither hope, nor grumble, nor threaten. I never advised a single slave either in Georgia or Alabama to run away. It is too great a responsibility to incur. The distance is too far; the opportunities and the chances of es-

cape too few. The slaves, I found, regard themselves as the victims of a system of injustice from which the only earthly hope of escape is—*the grave!*

RAILROAD HANDS.

The shareholders of the railroad from West Point, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, own all the slaves who are employed in grading, pumping, wood cutting, engine firing, and in other necessary labors along the line. These men are the most favored sons of Africa *employed in the country*, in the States of Alabama or Georgia. They are hard worked from sun to sun, and from Christmas to Christmas, but they are well fed and clothed, and comfortably lodged—comfortably, that is, for negro slaves.

THEIR ALLOWANCE.

They receive five pounds of pork, a pint of molasses, and one peck of meal each per week; three suits of clothes, a blanket and a hat a year. But they have no wives. They are chiefly by birth Virginians, and were nearly all bought in the Old Dominion eleven years ago. The majority that I spoke with were married men and fathers at the time of the purchase; but, as the railroad company had no need of female servants, *their* "Domestic Institutions" were broken up, and—wifeless and childless—the poor "fellows" (as they are called), were transported south, and condemned for life to Alabama celibacy and adultery. Of course, He who, amid the lightnings of Mount Sinai, uttered the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," was the founder of the system of slavery in America, which breeds such crimes, and many others of the same character, but far more odious in

their nature ! Of course ? Do n't the Southern clergy and the Rev. South-Side Adams, of Instantaneous Conversion and Instantaneous Rendition notoriety, announce the fact ? And do n't they know ?

MARRIAGE AND SLAVERY.

Several of these hands, as they frankly owned, have cohabited with plantation slaves since their arrival in Alabama. All of them, of course, resemble Napoleon in one respect—they are “no Capuchins.” One of them—a bachelor when sold, and who had been clerically married here—remarked to me :

“Yes, mass'r, I'se been married ; but it's no satisfaction for a man in this country.”

“Why ?”

“'Cause, mass'r,” he replied, “you see white folks here do n't know nothin' 'bout farmin'. Dey buy a place and use it up in two or tree years, and den dey go away agin. So we's never sartin of our girls 'bove a year or two.”

THE RICH SLAVE.

When about fifty miles distant from Montgomery, I saw a young man of color, well dressed—rather a dandy, in fact—walking along the road in company with a country-looking slave, near to the railroad depot. I overtook him and soon began to inquire into his history. He spoke our language as correctly as any educated man does in ordinary conversation. He was a manly looking person and very intelligent.

He was a slave ; by trade a carpenter. He hired his own time—that is to say, he paid his owner \$300

annually as body rent, boarded and clothed himself, and retained whatever money he made after defraying these expenses. He was twenty-eight years of age. Last year he saved \$100. Altogether, since he first cherished a hope of purchasing his freedom, he had succeeded in saving \$930.

“How much does your boss ask for you?”

“He said he would not sell me for less than \$2,500. He was offered \$2,000 cash down. I hope to buy myself for less. I was raised with him from a child, and I expect that he will let me buy my freedom for \$2,400 on that account.”

“\$2,400!” I exclaimed, “and you have only got \$900 yet. Why it will take you fourteen years to buy yourself at that rate.”

“I know that, sir,” he replied, “but I can’t help myself; *you see he has the advantage of me.*”

“Yes,” I returned, “but you have got \$930 the advantage of him. Once on the road, you could travel rapidly to the North, as you could easily pay all your expenses, and would not have to run the ordinary risks of a runaway. If I was in your place,” I added, “I would see your boss in a hotter climate than this, before I would pay him the first red cent. Can’t you get any one to write you your free papers?”

“That’s what I want, sir,” he said—his eyes flashed as he looked on me and said it—“but I’m afraid to ask; I dare not trust any of the white men I know.”

“I’ll write them,” I replied, “if you will get me free papers to copy from. I don’t know how free papers are worded; but if you will show them to me, I will willingly make out yours.”

He joyfully promised to furnish me with the "copy" desired, and appointed a place of meeting in Montgomery.

Alas for the poor fellow! Either I mistook the place of rendezvous, or, fearing betrayal, he was afraid to meet me.

OTHER SLAVES AND SLAVE SALES.

My washerwoman in Montgomery hired her own time also. She paid her owner \$200 a year; lived in a house rented by herself; was entirely self-supported in every respect.

Another man I spoke with—a plasterer—paid his owner \$600 annually. He was a very intelligent and skillful mechanic. He would have sold for \$4,000.

These persons never see their owners, excepting only when they pay their body-rent. Of course, this demonstrates that the negroes need a master to take care of them. And does it not prove, too, that American slavery is a *patriarchal* institution, with a vengeance and a half?

The first things that I saw on entering Montgomery were three large posters, whose captions read respectively thus:

"Negroes at auction!"

"Negroes at auction!"

"Negroes for sale!"

Three distinct sales of immortal souls within a few days were thus unblushingly announced. I saw two of them. In one instance, the auctioneer turned, as coolly as an iceberg incarnate, from the last of the negroes whom he sold, to a mule with a buggy and harness. Hardly had the word—"Gone!" escaped

his lips, as he finished the sale of the "fellow," than he began :

"*The next lot* that I shall offer you, gentlemen, is a mule with a buggy and harness. This lot," etc.

The negroes brought very high prices. It is interesting to observe how the enlargement of commercial relations makes the interest of one nation the interest of every one with which it has extended intercourse. The Eastern war, which England was waging at the time, was the immediate cause of these inhuman auctions. Cotton was selling at so very reduced a figure, that many of the planters were compelled to dispose of a portion of their human live stock, in order to provide subsistence for the others. And this, you know, is one of the beauties of this beautiful institution.

A GODLY CITY.

Montgomery is a very handsome city. It supports two churches, one weekly (temperance), one tri-weekly, and two daily papers. Population, at that time, nearly nine thousand. It is the capital of Alabama.

Montgomery, albeit, is a very godly city. It is true that its citizens sell human beings on week days; but then—and let it be remembered to its lasting honor—it imposes a fine of thirteen dollars for every separate offence and weed, on any and every unrighteous dealer who *sells a cigar on Sunday!*

Let us smoke!

XII.

ABOUT SOUTHERN WOMEN AND NORTHERN TRAVELLERS
CHIEFLY.

I REMAINED in Montgomery two or three weeks; sailed down the romantic Alabama to Mobile; in that place rambled for twenty-four hours; and then entered the steamer for the city of New Orleans.

I passed the winter there. For reasons that I have already stated, I did not speak with the slaves on the subject of bondage during the earlier part of my sojourn; and, as I was obliged to leave the city in a hurry—to escape the entangling endearments of the cholera, which already had its hands in my hair before I could reach the Mississippi River—I never had an opportunity of fully ascertaining their true sentiments and condition. I saw several slave sales; but they did not differ from similar scenes in Richmond.

THE HIGHER LAW AND OLD ABRAHAM.

Let me recall one incident. In the courts of New Orleans there is an old, stout, fair-complexioned, grey-haired lawyer, of Dutch build and with a Dutch cognomen. I saw a pamphlet one day—his address to a college of young lawyers—opened it, and read a most emphatic denunciation of the doctrine of a Higher Law.

One day I visited the prisons of New Orleans. At one of them—a mere lock-up, if I remember rightly, for I have forgotten its name and exact location—the jailer, or an officer in the room where the records are kept, told me, in the course of a conversation, that there was “an old nigger inside,” whose case, as he pathetically said in his rough way, was “rather too d—d bad.” I asked to be permitted to see him. I was conducted up dark and filthy stairs, through a dark and dirty passage, and accompanied to the door of a perfectly dark cell—having an iron grating in its door.

“There,” said the officer; “you call him; he’s in there. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

I went up to the grating and looked in. The odor of the cell was revolting. The stench could not have been more sickening if the foul contents of a privy had been emptied there. I drew back in disgust.

Again I approached the door, and, seeing no one, called aloud to the invisible inmate of the cell.

A very old negro came up to the door and put his face against the grating. His wool was silvery; his face was deeply furrowed; his eyes were filmy with disease and age. I never before saw so very frail and venerable a negro.

He told me his story. He had belonged to the lawyer who denounced the doctrine of a Higher Law; had been sold, with all the other slaves on his country estate, or on *one* of his plantations; had been purchased by a person who had hired him out to the Mississippi steamers as a deck hand; and then was put up, at a public auction, with some other negroes, who comprised one “lot.” He was very sick and could not work. His new purchaser at first

refused to take him; and, when he again presented himself, told him to go back to the auctioneer. He returned. The agent of the great body-selling firm there turned him with curses out of the office, and compelled him to carry his little baggage along with him. He threatened to cut his bowels out if he dared to return.

Alone—sick—a member of an outcast race—without money—without family—and without a home in his tottering old age! Where could the wretched invalid go?

He applied to the police. They took him to the jail and confined him in that putrid cell!

“How long, oh Lord! how long?”

Here my talks with the slaves on my third trip end. From New Orleans I sailed to St. Louis, and from thence to Kansas, where I lived, with brief intervals, for three years, during the “civil wars” and the troubles which so long distracted that unhappy Territory.

ABOUT NORTHERN TRAVELLERS.

With two additional extracts from my Letters, I will close this record.

Why is it (it has been asked) that Northern travellers so frequently return from the South with pro-slavery ideas?

“Their conversion,” I wrote, “has already become an argument in favor of slavery. A Yankee renegade, for example, whom I met in South Carolina, and who told me that he had once been an ultra abolitionist—although he was now a pro-slavery politician—after failing to convince me of the beauty or divine origin of slavery, or satisfactorily reply to

my anti-slavery arguments, abruptly concluded our conversation in these words:

“Well, you'll not hold these opinions long—at least, if you stay in the South. No Northerner does. If the niggers were as badly treated as the abolitionists say they are—or if slavery were as diabolical an institution as they try to make out—*what's the reason that all the Northerners who come South with your notions, go back with different opinions?* There's Dr. Cox, for instance.”

“I reply:

“I. As to the treatment of the negro: it is of no sort of consequence, in my mind, whether the negro is treated ill or well, and no one, I think, should consider it for a moment in determining the right or wrong of American slavery. I deny the *right* of property in man. Property in man is robbery of man. The best of the slaveholders are cowardly thieves. They take advantage of a race who are *down*, friendless, inferior! There would be some nobility in enslaving an equal. There is a sort of virtue in extorting money from a powerful and popular enemy. But how unutterably contemptible is it to disarm, to disperse, and then to rob a race of unfortunate captives! If the Southern negroes had any chance of successfully asserting their rights by arms, I would not feel a single throb of sympathy for them. But they are carefully prevented from forming coalitions—the laws forbid them from assembling anywhere in numbers, unless white witnesses are present—they are not allowed to purchase or to carry arms—they are kept everywhere and always entirely at the mercy of the ruling race. *Then* they are robbed of their wages—often of their wives and

children also! CHIVALRY, forsooth! The only true knights of the South are the runaway slaves!

“II. The Northern travellers fail to ascertain the true sentiments of the slaves, in consequence of retaining their prejudices of race. I have been told by Northern ladies that, during their visits to the South, they have sometimes asked the female slaves if they would not like to be free, and were astonished at receiving a reply in the negative. I have sometimes heard the same question asked of slaves, in order to convince me of their contentment, and have heard it answered as the Southron desired; and yet, within a few days, the same negroes have uttered in my presence the saddest laments over their unfortunate condition. Why? Because I did not ask the negro as if I honored him by condescending to hold a conversation with him. I did not speak in a careless or patronizing tone. This circumstance accounts for the difference of statements made by the same person. Topsy’s remark about Miss ’Phelia’s aversion to her is a true touch of negro nature. I have already said that the slaves often told me, at first, that they did not care about freedom. I have spoken long and confidentially with several hundreds of slaves in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama, and never yet have I met with one—unless the Wilmington negro be excepted—who did not finally confess that he was longing for liberty. But I spoke to them as to men—not as to slaves.

“III. Northerners generally confine themselves to cities, and judge of the condition of country slaves from the condition of the bondmen of the town. This is a great error, and the source of unnumbered errors. Plantation slaves form the vast majority of our four

millions of American chattels. They are the most degraded class of them. They either work under their 'boss' or an overseer, or are hired out for a stipulated sum per annum. The tar, pitch, and turpentine planters, or rather plantation lease-holders, of North Carolina, are principally supplied with their hands from Virginia. These masters in the Old Dominion often own no land, but live by hiring out their human stock from year to year. (I once got myself into hot water by calling a lady who lived on the hire-money of her slaves, a kept woman—kept by negroes! The epithet, although coarse, was deserved.) These negroes return regularly at Christmas to see their wives and little ones—if *not sold*—and to be hired out again.

“*Plantation slaves*, when working under their owners, are more kindly treated, on an average, than when governed by an overseer. Slaves have told me so. Cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar plantation slaves are worked from sun to sun. Their food and lodging varies very much. They are not so well fed as, they could not be worse lodged than, the turpentine plantation and railroad hands, but in one respect their condition is vastly preferable. They have wives on these old plantations; while, from Christmas to Christmas, many of the slaves in the pineries and on the railroads of North Carolina never see theirs.

“*Country slaves*, as a class, very seldom, indeed, have any money. I once met a railroad hand who had saved \$11; but he was regarded as the Rothschild of the gang.

“*City slaves*, on the contrary, are generally well clad. They get enough to eat; they often save money. I have met slaves—remember, *city slaves*—

who owned real estate and had cash in hand. They held the property under the name of another person. In the cities, the slaves—excepting the household slaves—are generally allowed to ‘hire their *own* time,’ as, with hidden sarcasm, the negroes term it: that is to say, they give their master a certain sum per month; and all that they make over that amount they retain. As negroes are usually a temperate and economical class of persons, the Southern city slaves sometimes save money enough to purchase their freedom.

“What, therefore, may be true of city slaves is no indication of the condition of rural bondmen. This fact, while it does not hide the cold-heartedness of such divines as South-Side Adams, vindicates their character and sacred office from the less odious offence of deliberate lying.

“IV. Northerners, also, are gradually and insensibly influenced by the continual repetition of pro-slavery arguments; the more especially as they never hear, excepting in partisan news summaries, the counter arguments of the anti-slavery party. Beattie, in his book on the formation of opinions, ably analyzes this tendency of the human mind. What we hear often, we at length begin to believe. In the South they hear only one side of the great slavery controversy, and are gradually, and without knowing it, brought over to the Satanic ranks of the oppressor.”

WHY THE SOUTHERN LADIES ARE PRO-SLAVERY.

The Southern ladies, as a class, are opposed to emancipation. They are reared under the shadow of the peculiar institution; in their nurseries and

their parlors, by their preachers, orators and editors, they hear it incessantly praised and defended. Their conscience, thus early perverted, is never afterwards appealed to. They seldom see its most obnoxious features; never attend auctions; never witness "examinations;" seldom, if ever, see the negroes lashed. They do not know negro slavery as it is. They do not know, I think, that there is probably not one boy in a hundred, educated in a slave society, who is ignorant (in the ante-diluvian sense) at the age of fourteen. Yet, it is nevertheless true. They do not know that the inter-State trade in slaves is a gigantic commerce. Thus, for example, Mrs. Tyler, of Richmond, in her letter to the Duchess of Sutherland, said that the slaves are very seldom separated from their families! Yet, statistics prove that twenty-five thousand slaves are annually sold from the Northern slave-breeding to the Southern slave-needing States. And I know, also, that I have seen families separated and sold in Richmond; and I know still further, that I have spoken to upwards of five hundred slaves in the Carolinas alone who were sold, in Virginia, from their wives and children.

Ladies generally see only the South-Side View of slavery. Yet Mrs. Douglas, of Norfolk—a comely woman—was confined in a Virginia penitentiary for the crime of teaching *free* colored children to read. If the woman of the South knew slavery as it is, she would not stand alone in her memorable protest against it. For young unmarried men are not the only sinners that slavery creates in the Southern States. A majority, I believe, of the married men in South Carolina support colored mistresses also.

A FUGITIVE POEM.

I wish to conclude this record of my second trip with an anti-slavery poem, written by my noble and gifted friend, William North, during the contest on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, at the time when John Mitchel, of unhappy memory, gave utterance to his longings for a "plantation in Alabama, well stocked with fine fat negroes." It is indelibly associated in my memory with the recollections of my long journey; for often, when alone, I repeated it aloud in the pineries of North Carolina, and the cotton and rice fields of Georgia and Alabama. It is entitled—

NEBRASKA.

I.

There's a watchword, weak and timid,
 Watchword which the gods despise,
 Which in dust the poet tramples,
 And that word is—Compromise!
 Word of spirits, feeble, fallen,
 Creed of dollars and of cents,
 Prayer to the Prince of Darkness,
 From a craven army's tents.

II.

Let an Irish renegado,
 Born a slave of slavish race,
 Bend before the Southern Baal,
 In his mantle of disgrace:
 He who turned his back on *honor*,*
 Well may cringe to slavers grim,
 Well may volunteer to rivet
 Fetters on the negro's limb.

* Alluding to Mitchel's alleged breaking of his parole of honor.

III.

But the poet has no pity
 On the human beast of prey,
 Freely speaks he, though the heavens
 And the earth should pass away ;
 Aye, though thrones and empires crumble,
 Races perish in the strife,
 Still he speaks the solemn warning—
Live for the eternal life.

IV.

Ye may talk, and print, and vainly
 Rear a pyramid of lies,
 Slavery is still a fiction,
 Still his lord the slave denies ;
 Still the mighty Institution
 Is a long enduring crime :
 God and devil, truth and falsehood,
 Slave and freedom, never rhyme !

V.

Is the negro man or monkey ?
 Has he reason—yea or no ?
 Is the brutal Celtic peasant
 Placed above him or below ?
 Is intelligence the measure,
 Or the color of the skin ?
 Is the slavery of *white* men
 Russia's virtue or her sin ?

VI.

But I argue not ; I scorn to
 Make a channel of my mouth,
 For the simple facts that conscience
 Proves to all from North to South ;
 There is not a single slaver
 In the land, that dares to say
 That the mighty institution
 Will not die and pass away.

VII.

Let it vanish! let it perish!
 Let the blot on Freedom's flag
 Be torn from it, and rejected
 Though it leave you but a rag!
 Let the prisoner and captive
Not be loosened on parole,
 But released as the descendants
 Of the sires your fathers stole.

VIII.

Not as foe, as man and brother
 To the South I say this word:
 What is past is past—the future
 Frowns upon the negro's lord!
 Give Nebraska, give the future
 To a crime and to a lie?
 Rather leave the land a desert,
 Rather battle till we die!

IX.

Let the hearts of cowards wither,
 Let the pale intriguers flinch
 From a visionary peril,
 Say we—Not another inch!
 Not one forward step, oh blinded
 Worshippers of slave-born gold!
 Let a swift and sure destruction
 Blast the little that ye hold!

X.

Who are ye, vain legislators,
 That dispose of man's domain?
 Who are ye, thus arrogating
 Over continents to reign?
 Know a truth—too long forgotten—
 Earth is man's, and thought is fate:
 Pause! ye reckless band of traitors
 Ere ye sell mankind's estate!

XI.

Compromises! Extraditions!
By the hope of life divine,
Rather would I howl with devils
Than such degradation sign!
Aid in capturing a negro,
Flying from the slaver's land?
Rather forge, or steal, or murder
With a pirate's lawless hand!

XII.

Let the course of reparation
Flow as gently as ye will,
Let humanity and justice
Peacefully their ends fulfill;
But, to slavery's extension,
Let one loathing voice outgo
From the heart of human nature,
No!—AN EVERLASTING—No!

MY THIRD TRIP.



I.

LYNCHING AN ABOLITIONIST.

BEFORE proceeding on my third trip to the seaboard slave States, let me narrate one scene that I witnessed in the Far West:

On the 18th of October, 1855, I was at Parkville, Missouri. It is one of the little towns on the Missouri River, and acquired some celebrity during the troubles in Kansas.

It is built on rugged and very hilly ground, as almost all the towns on this unstable river are. It was founded by Colonel Park, a citizen of Illinois, twenty years, or more, before my visit to it. A mild, kind, hospitable, law-abiding man: one would naturally think that he—the founder of the town, the richest of its citizens, and a slaveholder, albeit, who had never once uttered an abolition sentiment—would not only have escaped the enmity, but even the suspicion, of the border ruffians of the State. But he did not escape. He owned the press and office of the *Parkville Luminary*, a paper which

supported the party, or the wing of the party, of which Benton was the peerless chief. In one number of the *Luminary* a paragraph appeared condemning the course of the invaders of Kansas.

Enough! The press was destroyed and thrown into the river by a mob of pro-slavery ruffians. Col. Park also got notice to leave, and was compelled to fly for his life.

I went over to Parkville from Kansas city, Missouri, to attend to some business there. I had previously made the acquaintance of several of its ruffian citizens. I rode into the town about one o'clock.

After stabling my horse, and getting dinner at the hotel, I walked leisurely through the town. I saw a crowd of about twenty men before the door of "Col." Summers' office. The Colonel—everybody in that region has a military title—is a justice of the peace, and has never, I believe, been engaged in any martial strife. I went over to the office.

"Hallo! Mr. R.," said a voice from the crowd, "here's an item for you.—Let's liquor."

It was Mr. Stearns, the editor of the *Southern Democrat*, the pro-slavery successor of the *Parkville Luminary*.

After the usual salutations, he informed me that an Englishman, named Joseph Atkinson, had been arrested by his honor, Judge Lynch, charged with the crime of attempting to abduct a negro girl, and that the crowd were awaiting the arrival of a witness before deciding how to punish the accused.

I looked into the office to see the doomed abolitionist.

"It's the way of the world," I thought; but I didn't speak my thought aloud! "Here am I, whose

sins, in the eyes of Southrons—if they only knew it—are as scarlet of the reddest sort; free, a spectator, nay, even honored by being specially invited to drink by a band of ruffians, who, in a few minutes, will tar and feather this man, guilty only of a single and minor offence!”

I held my tongue; for, says not the sage that though speech be silvern, silence—divine silence—is golden?

There were about fifteen persons in the room, which had the ordinary appearance of an out-West justice's office, with a green-covered table before the magistrate's desk, a home-manufactured book-case, with the usual limited number of sheep-bound volumes on its shelves, forms around the sides close to the walls, a few second-hand chairs here and there, a pail of water in the corner, a bottle redolent of “old rye” near his honor's seat, and dust, dirt and scraps of papers everywhere about the floor.

I closely scrutinized the persons in the room, but signally failed to recognize the prisoner.

He was pointed out to me. He was sitting on a low form, leaning slightly forward, his legs apart, whirling his cap, which he held between his hands, round and round in rapid revolution. He kept up, at the same time, a very energetic course of chewing and expectoration. No one would have suspected his critical situation from his demeanor or the expression of his face. I never saw a man more apparently unconcerned.

He was a fair complexioned, blue eyed, firmly knit, rather stupid looking man, about twenty-five years of age. He was a ropemaker by trade, and had worked near Parkville for five or six weeks past.

It appears that he tried to induce a negro girl, the "property" of Widow Hoy, to go with him to St. Louis, where he proposed that they should spend the winter, and then go together to a Free State. This programme shows how stupid he must have been, or how totally ignorant of Southern institutions, and the manner in which they are supported by their friends. The girl agreed to go, but wished to take a colored couple, friends of hers, along with them. He did not seem at first to like the proposition, but finally agreed to take them with him. The day of flight was fixed. The colored trio's clothes, it is said, were already packed up. They intended to have started on Saturday, but the secret came to the knowledge of a negro boy—another slave of Mrs. Hoy's, to whom also the girl's married friends belonged—who instantly divulged "the conspiracy" to his mistress. Measures were taken, of course, promptly and effectually to prevent the exodus. A committee of investigation was appointed to watch the movements of the ropemaker, and to procure evidence against him from the implicated negroes.

Atkinson's colored mistress and the married couple were privately whipped, and the punishment was relentlessly protracted, until they openly confessed all they knew.

The committee of investigation—all men "of property and standing" in the county—patrolled the streets for two successive nights, watching the steps of the girls and Atkinson. Has *Freedom* such devoted friends in the Free States?

The Englishman was then arrested, and sternly interrogated. He gave evasive and contradictory versions of his connection with the girl: which was

criminal both in point of morals and in the Southern social code.

He said enough, his self-constituted judges thought, to criminate himself—and such extorted testimony, however perverted, however contradictory, is as good as gospel (and, indeed, a good deal better) in all trials for offences against the darling institution of the Southern States.

Thus the matter stood when I joined the crowd.

After a private conversation between the members of the committee, the rabble entered the office, and soon filled the forms and the vacant chairs.

RUFFIAN LYNCH LAW PLEAS.

Col. Summers opened the meeting, by alluding to the circumstances that had called them together. There was a kind of property in this community (he said), guaranteed to us by the Constitution and the laws, which *must not* be tampered with *by any one*.

“Dammed if it must,” whispered a hoarse, brutal voice beside me.

“It was as much property to us,” he continued, warming with his glorious theme, “as much property to us as so many dollars and cents—it was our dollars and cents in fact—and so recognized by the statutes of Missouri and the Constitution of the United States. Evidence had been obtained against the prisoner,” he added, after this eloquent and learned exordium, “*from negroes*, which agreed with his own statement minutely enough to convince him”—the speaker—“that Atkinson was GUILTY. What is to be done with him, gentlemen?” he asked, “shall we merely drive him out of our *city*”—population 600—“and thus let him go unpunished? I’m opposed to that course,

gentlemen, for one," he said; but with adroit non-committalism, he added, "I would like this meeting to decide what to do with him."

Major Jesse Summers was next called on. A very "solid" man is Major Jesse Summers. Weight, I should judge, about ten tons avoirdupois! No military reputation hath the fleshy Jessie; never did he head a bold brigade; never did he drill a gallant company; but the rank and the title—or the title less the rank—of a major, no less, hath the ponderous Jesse Summers. Not having resided very long among them, he said, he had not wished to appear prominently in this matter. A judicious man, you see, is Major Jesse Summers. "But," he continued, "as his opinion on this subject was expected, he thought that if all the committee were satisfied that the person arrested was guilty of this *crime*, of which"—said Jesse—"I have no doubt myself individually," he, Jesse, was of opinion, "that they ought to give him a coat of tar and feathers, and let him go."

Murmurs of applause greeted Jesse, as he resumed his seat: which he received with a greasy smile.

Mr. Stearns—*his* title I have forgotten—then called on every one of the committee to express their opinion of the prisoner's innocence or guilt.

Each of the committee, one by one, every one—for no dodging is permitted when slavery's interests are at stake—arose, and pronounced him, in their opinion, guilty of the crime with which he stood charged.

GUILTY! "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." We read that God thus spoke. Did he order, then, the commission of a crime? No doubt of it, the ruffians would insist!

When the committee sat down, Mr. Stearns again rose. Stearns is a lawyer. This, he said, is an extrajudicial case! It is not provided for in the statute book. It devolves on the meeting, *therefore*, to—

Set him free, if no law is violated? No. "To say," said Stearns, "what punishment shall be inflicted on the prisoner. The major had suggested that he be tarred and feathered, and started out of town. What had they to say to that? He moved that the prisoner be so punished."

The motion was seconded, and put.

It was carried, of course, as a harder punishment would as easily have been, if the major or any other solid citizen had made the suggestion.

Mr. Stearns—"The meeting has decided that the prisoner be tarred and feathered."

Mr. Hughes, a brutal ruffian, added—" *And lighted.*"

Another hoarse voice exclaimed: "Let's hang him; it's too good for him."

[Does the reader know what *lighted* means? The proposition was to set the tar *on fire*, after it covered the body of the prisoner. A mind that could conceive so devilish a suggestion, is a fit and worthy champion of slavery.]

"Hang him!" shouted several voices.

Mr. Stearns interposed. "No, no, gentlemen!" he said. "Tar and feathering is quite enough on *nigger evidence.*"

This adroit phrase satisfied nearly all, but several still seemed disposed to maintain that negro evidence, as against abolitionists, was as good as good need be.

Up jumped Capt. Wallace, a fierce, very vulgar-

looking bully, with a pistol stuck conspicuously in his belt. "I move," he shouted, "that he be given fifty lashes."

Another fellow moved that it be a hundred lashes.

By the influence of Mr. Stearns, these motions were defeated.

During all this discussion the prisoner still chewed his tobacco, and twirled his cap, as careless, apparently, as if it was of no interest or consequence to him.

He never spoke but once—when the sentence was announced—and then he had better held his tongue.

"D—n me!" he said quietly, "if ever I have anything to do with a negro again!"

"Better not!" was the captain's fierce suggestion.

An executive committee was appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

THE LYNCHING DONE.

Some of the committee went for tar, and some for feathers, while the rest of them stood sentinels at the door of the room. Tar enough was brought to have bedaubed the entire population of Parkville, including the women, the little children and the dogs; feathers enough to have given the prisoner a dozen warm coats, and left sufficient for a pair of winter pantaloons.

"Now!" said Capt. Wallace to Atkinson, in a savage tone, "now, stranger, to save trouble, off with your shirt!"

With imperturbable coolness, and without opening his lips, the prisoner doffed his linen and flannel. As he wore neither vest nor coat, this ceremony was speedily concluded.

"He's obedient!" said one of the crowd; "it's best for him!"

"He's got off too d—d easy," said a second.

"That's a fact," chimed a third.

By this time the prisoner was entirely naked, from the loins upward.

"Come out here," said Captain Wallace, "we don't want to smear the floor with tar."

Silently and carelessly Atkinson followed him.

A ruffian named Bird, and the wretch who proposed to burn the prisoner—*birds* of a feather—then cut two paddles, about a yard long (broad at one end), and proceeded slowly, amid the laughter and jests of the crowd, which Atkinson seemed neither to see nor care for, to lay the tar on, at least half an inch deep, from the crown of his head to his waist; over his arms, hands, cheeks, brow, hair, armpits, ears, back, breast, and neck. As he was besmearing Mr. Atkinson's cheeks, one of the operators, bedaubing his lips, jocularly observed, that he was "touching up his whiskers," a scintillation of genius which produced, as such humorous sparks are wont to do, an explosive shout of laughter in the crowd. All this while the only outward sign of mental agitation that the prisoner exhibited, was an increased and extraordinary activity in chewing and expectorating.

"Guess you've got enough on—put on the feathers," said an idle member of the executive committee.

"You're doing it up brown," said a citizen encouragingly to the operators.

"Yes, *sur*," chirruped Bird, as he took hold of the bag of feathers, and threw a handful on the prisoner's neck.

“Pour them on,” suggested a spectator.

“No, it’s better to put them on in handfuls,” said another voice.

Four ruffians (all men of social position,) took hold of the ends of two long poles, of which they made a rude St. Andrew’s cross.

“Sit on there,” said Mr. Hughes, pointing to the part where the poles crossed, and addressing the prisoner.

“Why, they’re going to ride him on a rail,” said a voice beside me.

“Serves the d—d scoundrel right,” returned his companion.

“Yes,” replied the voice, “he ought to be hanged.”

“He’s very right to do as he’s bid,” observes a man near the prisoner, as Atkinson calmly put his legs over the poles. “Best for him.”

The tarred-and-feathered victim was then raised in the air; each of the four citizens putting the end of a pole on his shoulder, in order to render the prisoner sufficiently conspicuous. They carried him down the main street, which was thronged with people, down to the wharf; back again, and through several of the smaller streets.

Just as the grotesque procession—which it would require the graphic pencil of a Bellew to do justice to—was passing down the main street, amid the laughter and jeers of the people, a steamer from St. Louis stopped at the wharf, and I ran and boarded her. When I returned, the prisoner had been released. He was put over the river that night.

I I.

BOSTON TO ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA, *May*, 14.—I left our quiet Boston on Monday evening by the steamboat train; spent Tuesday in hurrying to and fro, in the hurly-burly city of New York; on Wednesday afternoon, I paced the sombre pavements of the Quaker City; while to-day I have visited the City of Monuments, and the City of Magnificent Distances and of innumerable and interminable perorations and definitions of positions. I intended to stay for a time in Washington; but ran through it, like Christian out of Vanity Fair, praying to be delivered from the flocks of temptations, which hover, like ghouls, in and around the executive mansion and the capitol of our republic.

SAIL TO ALEXANDRIA.

Having thus, with expeditious virtue, resisted all offers of official position, I entered the ferry boat—George Page, by name—which plies between the capital and the city of Alexandria. It rained heavily and incessantly all the forenoon. Alexandria is ten miles from Washington, by water, but I saw very little of the scenery. What I did see was in striking contrast to the banks of the Delaware. Freedom has adorned the Delaware's sides with beautiful villas, and splendid mansions, surrounded by gardens and

fields, carefully and scientifically cultivated; while slavery, where the national funds have not assisted it, has placed negro cabins only, or ordinary country-houses, to tell of the existence and abode of Saxon civilization.

After doling out to the captain of the boat, each of us, the sum of thirteen cents, we were landed at the wharf of Alexandria; and our feet, ankle deep in mud, stood on the here miry, ill-paved, but sacred soil of the Old Dominion.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.


Presently, we entered a Virginia omnibus—of Virginia manufacture—lined and with seats of the very coarsest carpeting—with panels dirty, glass dirty, and filthy floor—drove through dirty, ill-paved streets, seeing dirty negro slaves and dirty white idlers—the only population visible—and were halted in front of the City Hotel. The omnibus and its surroundings had so affected my physical organization, that I immediately called for a bath. But I found that there is not a public bath in all Alexandria. It rained heavily still. Blue-spirited, I sat down in the bar-room, and read the papers.

THE COUNTY PAPERS.

Alexandria supports two daily papers, the *Sentinel* (Democratic) and *Gazette*, (American). Both languish so decidedly that a “consolidation,” would not make one flourishing journal. Of a number of paragraphs, significant as indications of the overwhelming success of slave society, the present state of Virginia and its cause, or as curiosities of the Southern press and people, I subjoin the extracts following:

REASONS FOR DECLINING.

In the Northern States, when a candidate declines to run, it is generally because he believes he would be beaten if he did. J. W. Patterson, of this county, has declined from a very different motive—because popularity, prosperity and hospitality, are incompatible in Virginia. He says :

 *To the Voters of Fauquier Co.*—I am induced by a number of considerations, to withdraw from the position I occupy as candidate for a seat in the next House of Delegates of Virginia. In the first place, I find that a man has to quit all private business, if he would become popular. Secondly, that every small deed of kindness, the loaning of money even as a business transaction, or any act that good citizenship and good neighborhood imposes, is entirely perverted, and attributed all to selfish motives, for electioneering purposes, etc. . . . I have many warm friends, I believe, but I hope they will excuse me for declining *now* ; but I am at all times ready to serve the public and private interests of the country when called on.

Your most obedient servant,

J. W. PATTERSON.

A SLAVE GIRL'S REVENGE.

Conceal or deny it as they may, the slaveholders must feel the truth of Mr. McDowell's declaration, that "slavery and danger are inseparable." Such evidences as this paragraph gives, are too serious to be sneered at or overlooked :

"Nancy, slave of Mr. Seth Marsh, has been arrested in Norfolk for attempting to poison the family of Mrs. Reid, milliner, residing on Church street, by whom she was hired. It was shown that oxalic acid had been mixed in with some food which the girl had been cooking for the family."

There are evidences, also, in every paper I pick up, of the beneficial effect of Northern free emigration. Wherever the free colonists settle, up goes the price of land forthwith. Here is an illustration :

“RISE OF REAL ESTATE.

“Mr. Seth Halsey, a few days since, sold his farm of 600 acres near Lynchbury, Va., to Mr. Barksdale, of Halifax, for \$45 per acre. He purchased it several years ago of S. M. Scott, for \$27 per acre.”

In the county of Prince George, land, it appears, is equally valuable.

The *Planter's Advocate* notices the sale of a farm in Bladensburg District, consisting of one hundred and ninety-one acres of unimproved land, for \$3,247—seventeen dollars per acre.

Another farm, near Patuxent City, Charles County, near the dividing line, was sold for \$8,000; another still, in the same neighborhood, for \$41 per acre.

The *Advocate* contains another paragraph, which I cheerfully subjoin, as illustrative of the happy effects of the extension of slavery over virgin territories, in raising the price of Personal Estate in the Southern section of the Republic. The price of slaves in Fairfax County is the same as here given.

“SALE OF SERVANTS.—A. H. Chew and R. B. Chew, administrators of the late Leonard H. Chew, sold, on Thursday last, part of the personal estate belonging to the deceased, consisting of several servants. The sales were as follows :

“One woman and two small girls sold for \$1,450, and were purchased by E. G. W. Hall, Esq.

“Boy, about 15 years of age, sold for \$915, and was purchased by Wm. Z. Beall, Esq.

“Small boy sold for \$700, and was purchased by Daniel C. Digges, Esq.

“Girl, about 14 years of age, sold for \$900, and was purchased by John F. Pickrell, Esq., of Baltimore.

“Two small girls sold, one for \$880, and the other for \$550, and were purchased by Mrs. A. H. Chew.”

MY ROOM.

Tired with the bar-room and the county papers, I asked to be conducted to my room. It is one of a series of ten, contained in the upper part of a wing, one room deep, the lower or ground part of which is either the cooking establishment or the negroes' quarters. It runs into a spacious yard, and my window commands an exhilarating view of the stables and out-houses. No. “35” is painted on the door, apparently by some ingenious negro, who, unprovided with a brush, conceived and executed the happy idea of putting his fingers into a pot of white paint, and then inscribing the desired figures on the panels. As a work of art, it is a great curiosity.

The black man who conducted me to my room, as soon as I permitted him—which I did not do until my soul had drunk in the beautiful *chef d'œuvre* of the unknown and perhaps unhonored artist—opened the door, and presented the interior of No. 35 to my astonished vision, and its multitudinous odors to my indignant olfactory organs.

Like Moses, I am a meek man. It requires a powerful combination of circumstances to excite indignation in my heart. This view—these odors—I confess, excited me.

“This is infernal,” I mildly remarked.

The room is of good size, nearly square, with two windows and a high ceiling—as excellent, in these respects, as nine-tenths of the hotel rooms, or hotel cells, in the city of Boston. But in every other respect, I believe that all Boston—I even venture to say New England—cannot match it or approach it.

The window that looks into the balustrade has evidently been undisturbed by water, cloth or brush for several months past. By placing your hand, flat, on the outside, you can secure an accurate delineation of it, quicker than a daguerrean artist could take it. Inside, it is embellished with innumerable indications of the transient visits of last year's flies—little dots, like periods, you know, which are familiar, I doubt not, to all good housewives, and their industrious helps. There are rollers inside to hang the curtains on, but no cords with which to pull them up or down. The curtain—an oil painted one—adorned with an old chocolate-colored castle, pea-blue hills, yellow rocks, and trees and shrubberies, with foliage like Joseph's coat—of many colors—is *pinned* on the rollers, and irregularly at that; its base describes an acute angle, and it is so hung as to leave one-half of a bottom pane of glass uncovered; for the purpose, I presume, of enabling the darkeys to watch the conduct of visitors when they feel so inclined.

The first object that presented itself to my astonished gaze on entering the room, was a nameless vessel, appropriate to sleeping apartments, which the servants had placed in as conspicuous a position as if it had been a glass globe containing gold-fish. The papering of the room was variously bedaubed and torn; the window opposite the door was nearly as dirty as its mate; a dirty, old, sun-stained curtain,

of colored calico, *unhemmed*, and torn in *seventeen* different places, hung mournfully over it. I went over to put this curtain to one side, in order to look out, but found that there was no means of holding it. I have had to stick my penknife into the window-frame, in order to hold it back, and get light, as the other curtain is hopelessly beyond my efforts. Were I to put it up, or tear it down, it would be necessary to clean the window for light to penetrate its present thick, sombre covering of dirt.

The window-frames and mantel-piece, *once*, I faintly guess, painted of a light color, are in keeping with their dirty surroundings.

The fire-place holds a little, rusty grate; the plastering immediately around it is nearly all knocked off; and the rest of it is covered with tobacco juice, and bears the marks of dirty boots. I don't know but I'll buy the fender, and send it to Kimball. It is of copper, weighing about two pounds, but is so bent up, covered with verdigris and tobacco juice, that, until one lifts it up and examines it, it is impossible to tell what manner of metal it is of.

A dirty slop-pail, with a broken wire handle, a dirty mirror hung like the curtain, a couple of the cheapest kind of chairs, a good bedstead and wardrobe (locked, however), a cheap dressing-table, and a dirty little pine table to hold the washbowl, completes the inventory of this room in a Virginia hotel. There is a tradition, the negro tells me, that the ceiling was once whitewashed. I don't believe it.

After looking at the other rooms, I found that I had better, after all, remain content with No. 35.

TALK WITH A SLAVE GIRL.

“How much do girls hire for here?”

“I gets six dollars a month.”

“How old are you?”

“Don’ no.”

“Are you free?”

“No, I b’longs to Miss ——.”

“Have you any children?”

“Yes, I’s got two.”

“How old are they?”

“Sal, she’s six, and Wash, he’s three.”

“Where is your husband?”

“I’se not married.”

“I thought you said you had children?”

“So I has.”

“Is your mistress a member of the church?”

“Yes, course she is.

“Didn’t she tell you it was wrong to get children, if you were not married?”

“No, ob course not,” was the simple and rather angry answer.

“What did she say, when your children were born?”

“Did n’t say nuthin’.”

I presume Miss ——, acts on the precept, “Judge not, that ye be not judged.” Her charity for her slaves is great, and verily it covereth a multitude of sins!

 ELI THAYER’S SCHEME.

May 15.—I have had a conversation with a prominent politician of the town, on the plan of Eli

Thayer, to colonize Virginia by free white laborers. He launched out into an ocean—or perhaps mud-puddle would be the apter phrase—of political invective against the “black republicans and abolitionists of the North.” He regarded Mr. Thayer as a bragadocio—a fool—or a political trickster—who merely threatened Virginia for effect at home. He could n’t think he was in earnest. I told him that Stringfellow and Atehison had said that had it not been for Mr. Thayer, and his Emigrant Aid scheme, Kansas ere this would have been a slave State.

“Then, sir,” said the politician, sternly, “if he comes to Virginia with such a reputation, he will be met as he deserves—expelled instantly or strung up.”

He did not believe that a single responsible citizen of Virginia would aid or countenance his scheme of colonization. He did not believe that Virginia had contributed \$60,000 of stock to the Company. Mr. Underwood was an impertinent intermeddler; he had been always kindly treated in Virginia, although his free-soil sentiments were known; but, not content with that, he must go to Philadelphia, pretending to be one of us, and, if you please, sent by us to the black republican convention, and make a speech there, indorsing a party whose single idea and basis of organization was hostility to the Southern people and to Southern institutions. Did I suppose the Southern people would endure that? “They repelled him, justly,” said the politician, “as justly as our forefathers would have punished by death a traitor who should go from their camp to assist the British in their efforts to conquer the colonies.”

VIRGINIA POLITICAL SOCIETY.

“ He had as little patience with a free soiler as an abolitionist. One had done as much as the other to excite the just indignation of the South. The Black Republicans talked of hemming slavery in, and making it sting itself to death, like a serpent. Why should the southern man be prevented from going to the common play-ground of the nation with his—(I thought he would have said toys for slaves, but he called them)—property? The North might force the South to dissolution, but never to non-extension of slavery.

“ He was often amused, he said, in reading the Black Republican papers. They would talk about the limited number of slaveholders, and ask whether this little oligarchy should rule the nation. Why, sir, the non-slaveholders are more opposed to abolitionism and Black Republicanism than the slaveholders. And they have cause. Liberate the negroes, and you put them on a level with the white man. This result might not disturb the nerves of a Northern man, because there were so few negroes in their section; but here, where they constituted a great class, it was a different thing. The two races could not live in harmony; one must rule the other. Put Theodore Parker, or any other fanatic, in a society where the two races were nearly equal in numerical force, and you would soon make a good pro-slavery man of him. Where there is freedom, there must be disputes about superiority. There is no dispute between the two races here. I own a nigger. There can be no dispute about our rank. So of the non-slaveholder. *He's white*, and not owned by any one. He does n't

wish that condition disturbed by any intermeddling northerner.

“ There has been a great change in the sentiments of the people of Virginia on the subject of slavery, within the last few years : but not in favor of emancipation. No, sir! All the other way. I recollect my father going about with a petition in favor of giving the government—the National Government—the power to abolish it. Any man who would attempt that now would be tarred and feathered. The intermeddling of the North has caused us to look more deeply into this subject than we were wont to do. Sir, we hold that servitude is the proper and legitimate condition of the negro ; it is evidently the position His Maker designed him for ; and we believe, sir, that he is happier, more contented and more developed in slavery—here in the southern States—than in any other part of the world, whether in Africa, Europe, or the Northern States.

“ This change in public sentiment is continually going on—always in favor of perpetuating the institution as it is. You will find my statements verified in every county you may travel in.”

This gentleman is a respectable and prominent citizen of Alexandria. I call him a politician, because our conversation was of that character, rather than on account of his profession. His views are very generally diffused among all classes here.

I asked him whether, if Northern people were to settle here—from the New England States—they would be likely to be annoyed on account of their sectional birth?

He said that numbers of New England people were settled here ; and, as they were sound on the

slavery question, or quiet, they were not disturbed. If Northerners were sensitive, he thought that they would often be annoyed by conversational remarks—for, especially during times of election, *denunciation of the North had become a habit of conversation*. He made the remark I have italicized as if it was a matter of course—nothing surprising, nor a circumstance to be lamented.

He said that if persons from the North, with free soil sentiments, came here to settle, they must certainly refrain, even in conversation, from promulgating their ideas, as they would undoubtedly be lynched or banished if they did.

Inly querying whether this was liberty, and whether Virginia was a State of a Republic, I turned the conversation, and went from his presence.

ALEXANDRIA

Was originally in the District of Columbia; but, within a few years, has been organized, with a few miles adjoining, into the county of Alexandria. The county is the smallest in the Commonwealth, and is almost exclusively held in small lots, on which market produce is raised.

Alexandria contains a population of from seven to ten thousand, as nearly as I can guess; for it is impossible to learn anything accurately here. Several men whom I have asked, have variously stated its population at from six to thirteen thousand inhabitants.

The first characteristic that attracts the attention of a Boston traveller in entering a southern town, next to the number, and the dull, expressionless appear-

ance of the faces of the negroes—is the loitering attitudes, and the take-your-time-Miss-Lucy style of walking of the white population. The number of professional loafers, or apparent loafers, is extraordinary.

TALK WITH A SLAVE.

In coming from Washington, on the ferry-boat, I had a talk with one of the slaves. I asked him how much he was hired for.

“I get \$120—it’s far too little. The other fellows here get \$30 a month—so they has \$21, and they only pays \$10 for me.”

“Why do you work for so little, then?” I asked, supposing, from what he said, that he was a free-man.

“I’s a slave,” he said.

“Are the others free?”

“No, sir, but they hires their own time. Their mass’r takes \$120 a year for them, and they hires out for \$30 a month, and pays \$9 for board—so they has \$6 a month to themsel’es. I works as hard as them and I does n’t get nothin’. It’s too hard.”

“Why do n’t you hire out your time?” I asked him.

“Kase my missus won’t let me. I wish she would. I could make heaps of money for myself, if she did.”

“Why won’t she let you hire your time?”

“Oh, kase she’s a queer ole missus.”

“What do your companions do with their money when they save it?”

“Oh, guess they *sprees*.”

“Would you if you had money?”

“No, sir.”

“Do any of your friends save their money to buy their freedom?”

“Some on them as has a good chance has done it.”

“What do you call a good chance?”

“When our owner lets us hire our time reasonable, and ’lows us to buy oursel’es low.”

“What is the usual pay for laborers?”

“\$120 or so—we as follows the water gets more. I won’t foller it another year, ’kase it’s too confin’; but I’d allers foller it if my missus ’lowed me to hire my own time.”

“What is paid to white laborers?”

“Same as colored, unless they’s a boss, or suthin’ extra.”

“Suthin’ extra,” I presume, meant mechanics, who receive, in Alexandria, \$1 50 a day; carpenters \$2; printers get from \$8 to \$10, by the week. Over at Washington, they are employed by the piece, but work, they say, is precarious and fluctuating.

III.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, *May* 17.—I left Alexandria this morning, on foot, to see how the country looked, how the people talked, the price of land, the mode of living, and the system of agriculture now in vogue in this very fertile section of Virginia.

I regret to state that repeated walks through the city of Alexandria compel me to adhere to my first impressions of that lazy town. It is a dull, dismal, dirty, decrepit, ill-paved, ill-swept, ill-scented place. It has slowly increased in population, and its real estate has greatly risen in value, since the opening of the railroads which now terminate there, and since the incorporation of another line now in course of construction.

With one-tenth of the natural advantages it possesses, if Alexandria had been situated in a Northern State, one hundred thousand souls would now have been settled there.

SUBURBS OF ALEXANDRIA.

For three or four miles around Alexandria, the country is as beautiful as beautiful can be. I walked through it "like a dream." The day was exceedingly pleasant—a soft, warm zephyr was blowing from the south—almost ponderous, at times, with

the perfume of blossoms, shrubbery and flowers; the clear blue sky, variegated with fleecy clouds, in every variety of combination as to color and form—the shining waters of the apparently tranquil Potomac, visible and beautiful in the distance—cultivated fields in the valley and running up the hill-slopes, studded with houses, and interspersed with innumerable strips of forest in full foliage—made a landscape, a terrestrial picture, of almost celestial charms and other-worldly perfection.

A SMALL FARM.

For two or three miles on the road I travelled, the land is chiefly held in small sections, and devoted to the culture of market produce.

I entered the house of one of these small farmers. It was a one-and-a-half-story frame, old, and in need of repair; it *had been* whitewashed, and had rather a shiftless looking aspect generally.

The farmer's wife—a bustling Yankee-ish woman—was at home; the old man was in town with the produce of his fields.

I asked her how many acres there were in her farm, and whether she would sell it?

She said there were fifty-nine acres, of light sandy soil; that they cultivated sweet potatoes and market produce, almost exclusively. She didn't believe her old man would sell it; certainly not less than \$100 an acre. Land had risen in value very much indeed within the last few years. Her brother William, however, had a farm on the Leesburg road, that he wanted to sell—"Well, he war n't in any hurry about it, either," but she reckoned he mowt come to terms

with me—it were a first-rate farm, too, and she believed it would just suit me.

“How many hands do you employ to keep your farm in order?”

“Well, my husband, he keeps four hands besides himself; he’s in town a good deal, but we employ three niggers and a white foreman, all the time on the farm.”

“And you keep a woman to assist you?”

“Yes.”

“What do you pay for your negroes?—do you hire them, or do you own them?”

COST OF SLAVE LABOR.

“Oh, no, we don’t own none: we hire them from their owners, by the year. Field hands—first rate hands—get from \$110 to \$128; and we pay about from eighty to ninety dollars for boys.”

“What do you call a boy?”

“Well, a nigger from—say seventeen to twenty-two; pretty much, often, according to their strength. We count some hands, men, younger than others.”

“What do you have to pay for women?”

“I pay seventy-five dollars for this gal, and then her doctor’s bill, if she gets sick, and her clothes.”

“What do you reckon her clothes worth?”

“Well, we have to give them, both field hands and house-servants, two summer suits and a winter suit. That’s what’s allowed them by law, but most of them have to get more. We most always have to give them four suits a year.”

“How much does it cost you to clothe a house-servant?”

“Well, about fourteen or fifteen dollars a year, or so.”

“And field hands?”

“Field hands cost about the same, or not much more than women. Their summer suits cost very little, and we clothe the niggers in winter in what we call Virginny cloth; it’s coarse stuff, does very well, and don’t cost a great deal.”

“Their pants, vest, and coat are all made out of the same stuff, are they?”

“Yes.”

“What do you manure your farm with?”

“Guano, stable manure, and lime.”

I asked her a great many other questions—quite enough, and a few to spare, to show that I had lived in Boston—but she could not give me any reliable information in relation to agricultural subjects.

She showed me her garden. Tulips and a great many other flowers are in full bloom; the cinnamon rose is bursting its buds; gooseberries are as large as a bean, or larger; nearly all the apple trees have cast their blossoms. Every tree, without exception, is covered with foliage; grass is a foot high, and in some places two or three feet. Every grove is vocal with birds.

AN ABSENTEE FARM.

Further on—three miles and a half from Alexandria—is the farm of Mr. David Barber, of New York, an absentee proprietor, which is rented from year to year, by Mr. Leesome, a Virginian, who was also the agent, I ascertained, to sell it to the highest or the earliest bidder.

After mature reflection, I concluded that it might

pay me to buy it, if I could spare the money, and the price was reasonable. I accordingly went up to the house to make the usual preliminary investigations.

It is an old, large, once-whitepainted house, which, like the edifice we read of in sacred writ, is set on a hill that it cannot be hid. It is built on what a Yankee would call, "quite" a knoll—to-wit, a high knoll, and commands a most beautiful prospect of hill, and dale, and water.

A country portico—I had nearly said *shed*—extends along the entire front of the dwelling. The Venetian blinds on the room windows were shut, and, judging from the thick deposit of dust upon them, had been shut for several months past.

I modestly rapped on the door which stood hospitably open. A young negro girl, six or seven years old, came out of an adjoining room, looked at me steadily but vacantly, did not condescend to open her sombre-colored lips, but retired as she entered, without warning, and silently as death.

In a moment or two afterwards a young mother entered, a woman of twenty-six or twenty-seven, pale, rather pretty, blue-eyed, modest-seeming, and, as conventional writers phrase it, very lady-like in her deportment.

"Good morning, madam—here your polite correspondent, as in duty bound; "doffed his tile," with most "exquisite" grace.

"Good morning, sir."

"I understand that this estate is for sale?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've called to make some inquiries about it."

"Please sit down, sir."

Your correspondent did so—first glancing around the room, and wondering whether or not it is not quite as easy to keep everything in order as to cultivate untidiness; but he could not reply, having never studied Heaven's first law himself—only seen it in successful operation in New England households.

“How many acres have you?”

“Two hundred and fifty-three.”

“How much do you ask for it?”

“It is n't ours; we only rent it; it belongs to a New York gentleman; he offers to sell it for ten thousand dollars.”

(I inly whistled, as my plan of buying it vanished into thinnest air at this tremendous announcement.)

“What rent do you pay for it?”

“\$250 a year.”

“How many acres of wood have you?”

“Fifty, or thereabouts—most of it is swamp.”

“How many rooms are there in this house?”

“Seven and a kitchen.”

I asked her some other questions, but she referred me to an old man who was working—planting corn—down in a field near the line of railroad.

I went down to him.

There are two high knolls on the farm, which are formed of a gravelly soil. On the knoll south of the master's house, is an old, large log hut—an Uncle Tom's cabin—of three rooms; at the bottom of the knoll is a stable, requiring renovation, capable of holding eight horses and two tons of hay, and a barn which is calculated to accommodate fifteen cows and twenty tons of hay. The soil, except on the knolls, is a light, rich, clayey loam.

It would take at least \$500 to renovate the farm-

buildings and the house ; while the fences are sadly dilapidated. The whole farm requires refencing.

I went down to the field. A young negro man was ploughing, and a black boy of fourteen, very small of his age, was assisting the old man in planting.

I asked him several questions about the farm, which it is unnecessary to repeat here. He said he kept ten cows ; might keep twenty if he " choosed ;" but there was no spring on the farm, and water was n't quite handy.

I thought, what a very insurmountable obstacle that would have been to a Yankee—a good swamp near at hand, and a chance to double his profits—but declined " because water was n't quite handy !"

FARMING IN VIRGINIA.

He said he had only a rent from year to year ; Mr. Barber would n't give him a lease, because he calculated to sell it, and only allowed him to cultivate twenty-five acres a year, in this order—corn, oats, clover, pasture.

The swamp was valuable, but the farm was n't fenced near the railroad, or it would be worth fifty dollars more rent a year. Sometimes he raised fifty bushels of corn to the acre, but he did not average over thirty-five bushels. It took two men and a boy to cultivate these twenty-five acres and attend to the cows. He gave \$80 a year for the young man—he was worth more than that, though—and twenty-five dollars for the boy. First rate field hands, that could cradle and mow, and good teamsters, brought as high, in this neighborhood, as \$130 a year.

Between this farm and Alexandria, he said, land was selling as high as one hundred dollars an acre.

He considered this farm the cheapest in this part of the country, the way land appears to be going now. It took four horses to cultivate this farm.

His estimate of the cost of clothing slaves was the same as the lady's of the other farm. Virginia cloth, he said, cost eighty-seven and a half cents per yard.

TALK ABOUT FREE LABOR.

I asked him if he would not prefer free labor? He said if he had a farm of his own, and everything as he wanted it, he would not employ a single slave.

I asked him if he could not get free laborers here?

"Yes," he said; "you can hire Irishmen, as many as you want, from ten to twelve dollars a month."

"Why do n't you employ them, then?"

IRISHMEN IN VIRGINIA.

"Well, for several reasons. First, there are too many slaves, and that induces us to hire *them*. It's the custom, and *you can order slaves about*. You can make them do a job on Sunday, or any time when you want to; but the Irish, when they come to this country, get above themselves—*they think they are free, and do just as they have a mind to!!* Then, again, they are very much given to drink, and they 're very saucy when they 're in liquor."

"What about the Virginians?"

"They 'll not submit to be hired by the year."

"Why not?"

"Well, I do n't know; it 's the custom, some how."

"Is n't it because slaves are hired by the year, and they do n't want to appear to be bound like slaves?"

"Very probable. Now, you can't hire a Virginia girl to do any housework."

“How do the Virginian free laborers work?”

“Some of them,” he said, “work very well; but, as a general thing, you can’t hire them to work on a farm.”

I told him that if any of my friends came down here to settle, I should advise them to bring their Northern laborers with them. He said it would be the best and most profitable thing they could do, and advised me to go and see a Mr. Deming, a New York farmer, who had come into this neighborhood recently, and employed free laborers only.

I asked the lady of the house if she could hire white servants.

IRISH GIRLS AS HELPS.

She said, “Yes, you can hire Irish girls for four and five dollars a month.”

“Cheaper than slaves?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t you hire them, then?”

“Because, when you hire a slave, if *you* like *her*, you can hire her from her master for seven or eight years, or as long as you like; but, if you hire an Irish girl, if *she* do n’t like *you*, she will leave sometimes in less than a month, or stay all winter and leave you in the spring, just as your busy time is about commencing.”

NORTHERN EMIGRANTS.

I visited Mr. Deming’s farm, and walked over it. He has been here about four years. He paid \$27 per acre for the farm, which contains a long one-and-a-half story house, a barn and other outbuildings, a good orchard and a garden. He had devoted his

attention chiefly to a nursery, which he planted when he first came here.

This farm was one of the run-out estates, which Eli Thayer & Co. propose to "rejuvenate, regenerate and redeem." This experiment augurs well for Eli's great enterprise. It costs less—Mr. Deming says—to redeem worn-out estates than to hew down the aboriginal forests; and their value, after that, very seldom approaches an equality. Nearer markets, nearer civilization, the Virginia farms are much more valuable than Western claims.

Mr. Deming had found the experiment of free labor to work well; he finds little difficulty in procuring it; and it is much more profitable in every respect. In every direction around him the same experiment is in course of trial.

I am indebted to Mr. Deming and his wife for hospitable entertainment, and much valuable information.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

After dinner at Mr. Deming's, I rode back to Alexandria, for a valued casket I had forgotten, but immediately returned and resumed my journey afoot and alone. The further you leave Alexandria behind, the land becomes less beautiful and less cultivated. I subjoin these notes as the results of my talks and observations on the road to Fairfax Court House.

Northern farmers first began to settle in this county in 1841. At that time, this section, now one of the most fertile in the State, was desolate and sterile, and the question was seriously discussed whether it could ever again be cultivated. The

Northerners bought up the run-out farms, and immediately began to renovate the soil. Fertility reappeared—the wilderness began to blossom as the rose. Virginia farmers began to see that there was still some hope for their lands, and immediately commenced to imitate and emulate their Northern neighbors. The result is a beautiful and fertile country—fertile and beautiful, too, in exact proportion to the preponderance of Northern population.

At Falls Church, seven miles from Alexandria, where a colony of Northern farmers settled, land is higher now than in any other part of the county at the same distance from the city.

The Northerners first introduced guano, now so usefully employed in redeeming and fertilizing the farms in this State.

This is the uniform testimony of every one, white or black, that I talked with.

The Virginians have a good deal yet to learn from the Northern farmer. I saw a large farm—of some two or three hundred acres—yesterday, which consisted of two fields only—the road running through the centre of the estate and thus dividing it. There were patches of different produce in these mammoth fields—pasture, wheat, oats and clover.

I asked how they managed to “bait” their cattle on the clover pasture, without endangering the wheat.

“*Why, send a nigger out to watch them!*”

Fifty acres of land, three or four miles from Alexandria, sold recently for \$57 50 per acre.

TALK WITH A SLAVE.

When within two or three miles of this place, I met a stalwart negro, very black, of whom I asked the price of land.

He said that some was as low as \$30 an acre, and that it ranged from that price to \$100: that it had risen very high since the Northern folks came in. This he said without a leading question, but he added instantly—

“Dey soon learns Virginny’s tricks.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, dey soon’s hard on collud folks as Virginians.”

“I have heard that,” I said, “but was unwilling to believe it.”

“Well, mass’r,” he said, “it’s a fac; dey soon holds slaves, and sells him, too, after dey stays here a while.”

“Are you a married man?”

“Yes; I’s gwane to see my wife now.” [He told me she lived some five or six miles off.]

“Is it true that the Virginians sometimes separate families of colored people?”

“Oh,” he said, vehemently, as if surprised at such a question, “it’s as common as spring water runs.”

“Quite common?”

“As common as water flows,” he said. “Why, dey’ll sell a chile from its moder’s breast, as it were—dey does do it; I’s seen it done, dat berry ting.”

“What induced any one to do that?”

“Why, sometimes favorite collud woman’s chile die, and missus will buy anoder of somebody else’s.”

“How much do they get for a sucking child?”

“A darkey’s worth a hundred dollars as soon as he kin holler—dat’s what de white folks say bout here.”

“At the North,” I said, “when your masters come there, they say they never separate families.”

“Oh!” he ejaculated, “just you stay few month in Virginny, and you’ll soon see it done hundords of times.”

I *have* seen it done repeatedly—in Virginia, and many other Slave States.

I must add one remark of this negro, which is a sign of the times. Talking of the Northerners in this section, he said:

“Some on ’em, maybe, is agin slavery; but dey’s on de *light side*.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked.

“Why, de Constitution is in de oder scale agin us, and de Northern folks here’s too light agin it.”

This theory—Garrison’s Ethiopianized—was probably gathered from some “Only” Wise politician’s speech, or allusions to the Federal Constitution.

IV.

AT A FARMER'S HOUSE IN FAIRFAX COUNTY, *May* 18.—Fairfax Court House, from which I dated my last letter, is a village of four or five hundred inhabitants—of what the Western people, in their peculiar idiom, call the “one horse” order of municipalities. It contains a court house, built of brick, one or two churches, half a dozen houses, on the outskirts of the village, built in rather a tasteful style, three taverns of the most decrepit and dilapidated aspect, and several stores which present the same unsightly and haggard appearance. It supports a paper, called the *Fairfax County News*, from the last but one issue of which I learn—and the fact is recorded as a thing to be proud of—that the people of the South, and especially of Virginia, abhor and detest that “sickly philanthropy” which seeks to abolish punishment by death. No doubt of it. For do n't they cherish and inculcate that healthy benevolence which sells husband from wife, and children from parents?

A WHITE SLAVE.

I arrived at Fairfax Court House, as the village is called, on Saturday evening, about sunset, and immediately put up at the best hotel. I noticed at supper, that the young man who waited on the guests, was so nearly white and fair in his complexion, that he

might easily have passed for an Anglo-Saxon, if his hair, which was light, but slightly curly, had not betrayed his demi-semi-African origin.

After supper, he showed me to my room—a large, high room, without a shred of carpet, and no other furniture than a chair, a very small washstand, a bed and a 9 × 12-inch Yankee looking-glass.

I asked my demi-semi-colored conductor if there were many Northern people settled in this vicinity?

He said: “Yes, there’s a good many; two of the heirs to the estate are Northern men who married two of Mr. W——’s daughters; they are worse on us than the Virginians—one of them put me in jail once, and he was a great big abolitioner, too, when he come here.”

This abrupt and slightly unintelligible answer and autobiographical incident, induced me to ask him to tell his story. He promised to come up after bed time, as he would probably be suspected if he staid with me now.

I was very tired with my walk and ride, and so I went to bed, and was soon sound asleep. And behold, I dreamed a dream. I was talking.

“Oh, sir! can’t you invent some plan so that I need n’t be a slave all my life?”

“A slave!”

“Yes, sir,” said a plaintive voice; “can’t you invent some way so that I can get to be free?”

I awoke and found that the slave was kneeling over me, with his hand around my neck. I had been talking in my sleep, sympathizing with him, cursing the slaveholders, and had touched his heart, unconsciously to myself! He said I had been talking about him, as if I was speaking to somebody else. I was

too tired to talk to him much. I only asked him—

“Who is your master?”

“I belong,” he said, “to the Estate: but am going to be divided in June.”

“Divided!”

“Yes, sir,” he said, “we all on us is to be divided among the heirs—there’s eight on ’em—in June, and *I’s afeard I’ll fall to one of the Northerners!*”

Next morning he told me his story, in reply to my questions. I took it down in stenographic notes. Here it is:

HIS STORY.

“I belong to the estate of W——. I will be twenty-one, I think it is in June. (I have seldom known a slave to know his age positively.) My mother was a light-colored mulatto; she was a house-servant with old Mr W——. His son R—— was my father. Old W—— died about a month before last Christmas. The estate holds me and my mother too. There are eight heirs—all children of old Mr. W——.

“W—— had twenty-four slaves. We are to be divided this coming June. I do n’t know who I am going to. There are two on them I would n’t like to go to, ’kase they would not let me be free. Some of the heirs gave me a note to go round among the heirs, to see if they would not set me free, and not be divided; bekase I was the old man’s waiter all my life, and they knowed who my father was.”

(This “note,” he explained, was an agreement, intended to be signed by each of the heirs; and, if so signed by all, would have secured the poor boy’s freedom.)

“—, one of the Northern men who married one of my master’s daughters, proposed this plan when the old man was living; but after the death of the old man, they both changed their minds, thinking I might come to them. These Northern men used to talk to the old man that I ought to be free. After his death they ’posed it. All the Virginians, every one of them, are in favor of setting me free.

“I am hired to this man for a hundred and twenty dollars a year.”

“Would you like to be free?”

“Yes, sir, I would that. I do not get any money—not a cent—’cept what gentlemen I wait on chooses to give me. I have hardly time to change my clothes, let alone anything else. If I was free I would like to stay here if the law ’lowed me, but it wo n’t ’low me. I would have to go to Canada, or some’eres else. I couldn’t live in a slave State. My mother has no other child but me. She is rather browner than I am.”

I would respectfully transmit and submit to our prominent anti-slavery politicians, the interrogatory, heart-broken and vital, of the poor white slave:

“Oh, sirs, can’t you invent some plan so that the slave need n’t be in bondage all his life?”

When I see slavery as it is, and hear the poor bondmen talk, I feel my republicanism rapidly going out of me, and radical abolitionism as rapidly flowing in.

PRICE OF (INANIMATE) REAL ESTATE.

Before leaving the village I was making some inquiries concerning the price of landed estate. A stranger came up to me and asked if I wanted to

buy. I told him I wanted to find out the price of land, but did n't calculate to buy just at present. He said he had three or four farms for sale, on commission, of which he gave the following description:

No. 1 is within two miles of Fairfax Court House. It consists of 140 acres. Twenty-five acres are in timber. It is a stiff, red clay soil. There are several springs on the farm; a comfortable log house, containing five rooms, with a kitchen detached. The farm is divided into two or three fields. Fencing pretty good. No barn, but a stable. Price twenty-five dollars an acre.

(Fairfax Court House is fifteen miles from Alexandria.)

No. 2 consists of one hundred acres. It has fifteen acres of timber. Fifty acres are bottom land—a rich sandy loam: thirty-five acres of upland have a stiff, red clayey soil. A large creek runs through the farm, and it has about twenty different springs. It is divided into five fields. The outside fence is good; the inner fences need repairing. It has a good house on it, of seven rooms—kitchen in the basement—ten years old; and a good barn of 16 × 40 feet. It is nine miles from Georgetown, on the only road now passable. The bridges have been swept away on the others. Price, \$35 an acre.

He has three other farms for sale, at from \$15 to \$40 per acre.

I asked him the reason why so many farms were for sale.

“Well, the emigration to Kansas and the South is one cause, and another reason is that a great many northerners who came down here, were too greedy

to make money; they laid too much money out in buying land, and did n't leave a reserve fund to repair and improve on. They calculated to pay part out of the farm, but did n't keep enough to bring it up. Some Northerners are in as prosperous condition here as in any Northern State. Them that don't come here to speculate, but settle down, do n't buy beyond their means, and go to work, get on well. There's plenty round here who came down with small means, bought a small tract, and kept adding to it, that are independent. Others have been ruined by speculation."

"Are there many Northern families in this county?"

"Yes, there are eight or nine hundred families—chiefly from York State, now and then a few from Pennsylvania, and occasionally one from Vermont."

I asked the price of farm stock. He said good work horses ranged from \$160 to \$170, sometimes \$150. He said that if Northern men came down to settle here they had better bring their horses with them—it would be economical for them to do it. Two wealthy men from the North had moved into this neighborhood a month ago, and brought all their stock with them.

Cows are worth thirty dollars, and oxen, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a yoke. It would pay to bring them from the North here to sell them. Northern cattle brought as high, he said, as from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and seventy-five dollars. They are better broke, and last better than Virginia-raised cattle; so are Northern horses—we feed too much grain to ours. He said Northern emigrants had better bring all kinds of agricultural

implements, except heavy things—such as ox-plows, carts, and the like.

FREE LABOR AND SLAVE LABOR.

I asked whether free or slave labor was the most profitable here?

He said, "Slave labor, because you can get it whenever you want it. Some Northern farmers brought their laborers with them, but they soon got dissatisfied, and left. They found they had no one to associate with but those they came with, and they left. Then again, if you are pressed for work, you can't get white laborers, and have to employ slaves, and white men won't work with them. So you are brought down to the nigger again. Small farmers are working with white laborers, and do very well."

A VIRGINIAN ON YANKEES.

"When the Yankees come down, can't you get them to work?"

"The further," he said, "you go North, the more industrious the men are. They are obliged to work to get a living. *But when they come here they deteriorate*—in other words, they get lazy, and they are always inventing something or other to get shut of work. Now, a nigger has none of that inventive faculty, and you get work out of him by hard knocks and clumsiness."

"But the Germans," I remarked, "are industrious workers?"

"Yes," he said, "but you must get them that don't know much—the greener the better—one that doesn't understand the English language, and can't learn more than what you want him to do, is the best!"

SYSTEM OF FARMING.

Two or three miles from Fairfax Court House, on the road to Centreville, Virginia, I met a man and a boy carrying pails of water. I found he was a farmer, and asked how many bushels they could raise to an acre. He said an average crop was five or six barrels. (They estimate by barrels here—a barrel is five bushels.)

“What is the average price of land between here and Centreville?”

“Wall,” he drawled out, “say between fifteen and thirty dollars per acre.”

I asked him what system of cultivation they adopted here.

“Wall, we take a crop of wheat, say, or oats, and then sow it with clover, and let it lay two or three years.”

I asked him if they had never tried the system of rotation of crops and manuring.

“No.”

“Do all cultivate in the way you describe?”

“Yes,” said he, “most of them; they all ought to, but some take a crop every year, and run the land out. That has been the system in these parts until quite recently—within seven or eight years.”

“Who introduced the change?”

“The Northern people,” he said. “Since they came, they have carried up and restored a great deal of land, and taught us to do it, too.”

“There are a good many Northern people coming in here—are there not?” I asked him.

“No,” he answered, “not so many buyers as there used to be.”

“Why?”

“Because a great many’s sold out, and gone back agin.”

He gave the same reason as the stranger at the hotel.

The country in this section (I am within a mile of the western line of the county) is beautiful in most parts, and apparently very fertile. All that it needs is men who know how to till the soil, without exhausting its strength. Centreville is a hamlet of twenty or thirty houses. As I entered it, yesterday afternoon, half-a-dozen negroes were playing at ball—Sunday is their holiday—and over twenty white loafers were congregated in different parts of the place. Of their domestic industry I saw not the faintest indication, excepting only several very handsome mulatto women and children. Every house in the hamlet looks as if it could recollect Noah, when he was a sucking child, and had been inhabited by ladies of the Mrs. McClarty tribe from time immemorial.

On my way from Centreville hither, I saw rye in the ear. The woods look very beautiful.

AMALGAMATION.

The abolitionists, it is well known in Congress—I mean in the Democratic ranks—are, all of them, negro-worshippers and amalgamationists. If they alone, or chiefly, are the fathers of mulattoes, Fairfax county, Henrietta county, and every part of Virginia I have visited, are infested with these dangerous inhabitants. The number of semi-black children, men and women, that one meets with here, is extraordinary.

Colored children and white children play together in the street—openly in the light of day—and they associate without concealment in the house; whites and blacks talk together, walk together, ride together, as if they were men and brothers.

Why is Governor Wise so silent on this dangerous indication of the amalgamation and equalization-ward tendency of Southern society?

What say our Northern Democracy to these negro-fraternizing Southern brethren?

I pause for a reply.

V.

PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY.

WARRENTON, FAUQUIER COUNTY, *May*, 18.—I have walked, to-day, across Prince William county, on the turnpike road, from Centreville to Warrenton. Prince William county is a small one. It has a population of over 5,000 whites, 2,500 slaves, and 550 free negroes. It has a thousand dwellings. Its annual educational income is \$695! Only 316 pupils attend the public schools. Seven hundred and eighty-four white adults can neither read nor write, and nearly two thousand youths, between five and twenty years of age, are in the same benighted state of ignorance. The county, however, has church accommodations for nearly five thousand souls. It is evident, therefore, that although the people's minds must be dark, their souls have a very fair chance for salvation. That's a great comfort.

The county is divided into 579 farms, valued, with improvements and implements, at \$1,499,886; and containing 104,424 acres of improved, and 72,343 acres of unimproved land. It produced, when the last census was taken, 57,728 bushels of wheat, 59,549 of rye and oats, 161,248 of Indian corn; and 10,374 of Irish and sweet potatoes; 96,679 lbs. of

butter and 2306 tons of hay, were the principal additional items in the list.

So far Mr. Gradgrind.

A FREE COLORED FARMER.

The first person I met, after crossing the line, was a hearty old man of color, who was engaged in repairing his neighbor's fence. Yankee-like, the first sentence I uttered, on seeing him, was an interrogation. I asked him the price of land. He said that a neighbor had recently bought a farm, adjoining his place, for \$26 an acre. He would n't swap his even, no how, either as buyer or seller. If I wanted to buy, however, he would sell me his farm, of one hundred and fifty acres of excellent land, for \$20 an acre.

I asked him if he was a free man, and why he wanted to sell. He said—Yes, he was a free man. His father was one of nine hundred and ninety-nine slaves, once the property of Mr. Carter, who liberated every one of them, and secured to them the right to remain in the county. Slaves who are freed now, he added, have to leave the State, or go to Washington and remain there a year to get their papers. His wife was there now. Her year was almost out, and he intended to go after her as soon as it expired.

I asked if she was a slave, or had he bought her. He said she had been a slave, but her master freed her by his will. The master was an old bachelor—never married—but had a lot of children by a black woman. His wife was one of these children. He offered him five hundred dollars for her when she was quite young, but he said he would never sell her—he knew what stock she came from—but would

liberate her when he died. On this promise the relator married her, and had several children. Meanwhile her mother refused any longer to cohabit with the bachelor, and, to use the colored man's phrase, he took up with an *out* woman—a white woman—but he did not marry her. She, also, bore him several children. On his death, he left the narrator's wife and all her daughters free, but bequeathed her two sons—his grand-children—"to this out woman," with the proviso that she should sell them to their father if he wanted to purchase his (and the testator's) own flesh and blood. The "out woman," however, sold them to the traders, who handed them over to their father in consideration of eighteen hundred dollars, one thousand of which had already been paid.

The old man said he wanted to sell his farm in order to raise the balance, and to pay some other debts, now due, that he had recently incurred.

I went up to his farm and looked over it. It is very good soil, indeed; commands a beautiful prospect, and is cultivated as well as Virginians know how.

I asked him if there were many Northerners settled here? "Yes," he added, "a good many;" and pointed out the farm of one gentleman from New Jersey. He said the Northerners, somehow, made more money, raised better crops, and worked less to do it, than "we Virginians." Somehow, he thought, after they were here awhile, they seemed to get an *idée* of the land, and make it do 'sactly as they wanted to. The Northerners didn't own slaves. They said slaves cost too much. You buy one, pay a thousand dollars for him; he goes off, and fights or srees, and the first thing you know your thousand dollar's dead!"

The old man did not think himself that slave labor paid, and believed it would be better for the white men, as well as the negro, if slavery was instantly and everywhere abolished.

I was too tired, when I talked with him, to report his remarks stenographically, as I generally do. I regret it now, for his idiom was exceedingly unique and humorous. If Mrs. Partington ever meets him she will have to hide her diminished head forever.

IGNORANCE.

The ignorance of both the poor whites and blacks is almost incredible; even to the traveller who has daily and astonishing evidences of it. I have sometimes asked negroes who have lived near a village all their life, if they knew what its population was; and they could not understand what population meant nor—when explained to them—could they answer my question. Like Socrates, they seemed “only to know that they knew nothing.”

I asked an Irish woman and some poor whites, where a railroad—which passed by their cabins—terminated. They could not tell me. It was an uncompleted line, I afterwards found—this was in Fairfax county—which had been stopped for want of funds, although intersecting a very fertile region, and running into the mining districts.

“Sir,” said a gentleman in conversation on this subject, “if the road to heaven went by their front door, they could n’t tell you the way there to save themselves from ——!”

NEGRO-DRIVING OF HORSES.

The country is less cultivated—along the turnpike, at least—wood is more plentiful, the fields far larger, and the scenery less beautiful, the nearer you approach to Fauquier county.

The first place I came to was a hamlet of a dozen houses, called Gainesville, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, where I asked the price of land of a workman in a field close by. Another white man and a negro woman were working with him. He said, that in this part of the country, land ranged from eight to twenty-five dollars an acre, but advised me, if I wanted to buy, to go further back into the country.

“How many bushels of corn do you raise to an acre?”

“Well, we don’t average more than three barrels—nor that often.” (Fifteen bushels.)

“Are there many northern people settled round here?”

“No, sir. Lots down at Brentsville, though.”

Let the traveller go to Brentsville, and he will find land higher, and crops more abundant there. So much for free labor.

It began to rain heavily, and I was induced to hasten my steps.

I soon overtook a wagon drawn by six horses, and driven by a negro. I never saw such a wagon in my life before. It was twenty feet long, broad and very deep. It was covered with a sailcloth, which partly protected it, and was higher at both ends than at the middle.

I got into the wagon first, and then into a talk with the negro.

In Fauquier county, he informed me, "most all de farms was big again as in Prince William; most on them was seven, eight or nine hundred acres."

His master holds eighteen slaves. "Our farm," as he proudly styled his master's plantation, "had seven hundred acres. They raised four or five hundred barrels of corn and two thousand bushels of wheat last year. Farms," he said, "were getting very high in ole Fauquer county. Mass'r bought forty acre las' year and he paid forty dollars an acre."

He rode the near horse, and held a heavy cowhide in his hand, with which, from time to time, he lashed the leaders, as barbarous drivers lash oxen when at work. Whenever we came to a hill, especially if it was very steep, he dismounted, lashed the horses with all his strength, varying his performances by picking up stones, none of them smaller than half a brick, and throwing them with all his force, at the horses' legs. He seldom missed.

The wagon was laden with two tons of plaster in sacks.

This is a fair specimen of the style in which slaves treat stock.

Thus it is that wrong begets wrong, and that injustice is unprofitable as well as unrighteous.

The wagon turned off the turnpike about three miles from Warrenton. We had passed through two or three hamlets—New Baltimore and Buckland I remember—but they did not afford anything worthy of notice.

I walked, through a drenching rain, to Warrenton, which is a pleasant country village. In entering it, I asked for the best hotel. I was directed down the

street. On looking up at the swinging sign, I read, with astonishment, this horrible announcement, equally laconic as impious and improper :

WARREN	
GREEN	
H	E L.

Nothing daunted, I ventured, with perfect recklessness—or in the spirit of the Six Hundred of Bala-klava—into the very mouth—the open door-way—of this terrestrial “H EL.” Astonished to find a room in it without a *fire*, I instantly ordered one, “regardless of consequences.” And here I am, for once, in a very snug old room, with a blazing wood fire, as comfortable as a Boston traveller can be, at so great a distance from the old folks to hum and the mellifluous nasal melody of New England pronunciation.

RICHMOND, *May 23.*—Warrenton is a pleasant little village, situated in the centre of Fauquier county. I arrived there late in the afternoon, tired, drenched and muddy, and left by the early train on the following morning. It was still raining when I took my departure ; so I had no time to collect statistics of the price of land, or any incidents of social life and country customs. I had a talk with a Virginian at the hotel on politics, and Eli Thayer’s scheme of colonization. He said that in Eastern Virginia, in consequence of the tactics of politicians and the ignorance of the country editors—who took for granted

whatever figures or opinions their leaders advanced—Mr. Thayer would probably meet with resistance at the outset; but, in Western Virginia, where slavery was weak, and a free soil feeling had long been predominant, he would be welcomed, he believed, with open arms, and realize his most sanguine hopes of pecuniary success, if the affairs of the organization should be managed by shrewd and experienced business men.

He said that white labor was becoming so scarce and high, that every emigration from the North was felt to be a blessing to the State. In the present canvass, he added, candidates were openly advocating the repeal of the law of expatriation against free-men of color. This was done, I gleaned, from no sense of justice, but owing solely to the scarcity of labor.

We waited at the junction nearly half an hour before the train from Alexandria came up. When I entered these cars, I found myself entirely blockaded, on every side, with gentlemen in black suits and snowy white cravats. It was a delegation of clergymen to a Denominational Convention. "A man is known by the company he keeps." Fearing to be mistaken for a wolf in lamb's clothing—in other words, for a pro-slavery divine—I got out at Gordonstown, and went on to Charlottesville; instead, as I intended, of going to Richmond, by the nearest route and in the quickest time.

CHARLOTTESVILLE.

An accident detained me at Charlottesville two days. It is situated in a charming valley—fertile, wooded, watered well—with cultivated hills rising

from the plain, and snow-capped misty mountains in the western background. The village, too, is the prettiest, it is said, and one of the most thriving in Virginia. The College founded by Jefferson is situated there. It rained almost incessantly all the time I was there. The soil is exclusively a red stiff clay, which, when the rain subsided for an hour, rendered walking exceedingly unpleasant to attempt, and impossible when tried.

Yesterday I left the village for Richmond—distance, about ninety miles. The fare is four dollars, and the time six hours. We passed miles adjoining miles of worn out land, producing only hedge broom, stunted shrubbery and grass, when, by scientific culture and a little labor, it might be heavy with tobacco or the cereal grains. There is a great field open here for Northern intelligence and Northern industry.

VI.

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, *May 24.*—Charleston excepted, and also, perhaps, Montgomery in Alabama, “Rome-hilled Richmond” is the most charming in situation or in outside aspect, of all the Southern cities that I have ever visited. /

It is a city of over 20,000 inhabitants—the political, commercial, and social metropolis of the State—well laid out, beautifully shaded, studded with little gardens—has several factories, good hotels, a multiplicity of churches, a theatre, five daily papers, a great number of aristocratic streets, with large, fashionable, but not sumptuous residences; and, to crown all, and over and above all, it has four or five negro pens and negro auction-rooms.

A SLAVE SALE.

I saw a slave sale to-day. The advertisement sub-joined, announcing it, appeared in the *Richmond Enquirer* and *Richmond Examiner*.

AUCTION SALES.

THIS DAY.

BY DICKINSON, HILL & CO., Auctioneers.

10 NEGROES.—Will be sold by us, this morning at 10 o'clock, 10 likely negroes.

may 24

DICKINSON, HILL & CO., Aucts.

AUCTION SALES.

BY PULLIAM & DAVIS, Auctioneers.

8 NEGROES.—This day, at 10 o'clock, we will sell 8 likely negroes, Men, Boys, and Girls.
 may 24. PULLIAM & DAVIS, Aucts.

Dickinson, Hill & Company, body-sellers and body-buyers, "subject only to the Constitution," carry on their nefarious business in Wall street—I believe its name is—within pistol shot of the capitol of Virginia and its executive mansion. Near their auction-room, on the opposite side of the street, is the office of another person engaged in the same inhuman traffic, who has painted, in bold Roman letters, on a sign-board over the door:

E. A. G. CLOPTON,
 A G E N T,
For Hiring Out Negroes,
 AND
Renting Out Houses.

Both negroes and houses, by the laws of Virginia, are "held, adjudged and reputed" to be property! This is Southern Democracy!

At ten o'clock there was a crowd of men around the door of the auction-room, but it was nearly eleven when a mulatto man came out, and vociferously shouted—"This way, gentlemen, this way—sale's 'bout to begin—sale's 'bout to begin—gentlemen wishin' to buy, please step into the room inside."

I entered the auction-room. It is a long, damp,

dirty-looking room, with a low, rough-timbered ceiling, and supported, in the centre, by two wooden pillars, square, filthy, rough-hewed, and, I assure you, not a little whittled. At the further end of it, a small apartment was partitioned off, with unpainted pine boards, and the breadth which it did not cover was used as a counting-room, divided from the larger one by a blue painted paling.

The walls of the auction-room were profusely decorated with tobacco stains, which, by their form, number and variety, indicated that they had been hastily ejected from the human mouth—sometimes, by poets, styled divine. Handbills, which plainly showed that—“Negro clothing,” “Servants’ wear,” “Negro blankets,” and other articles of servile apparel, were for sale by various merchants in town, served, with the tobacco stains, to render the walls exceedingly attractive to a Northern eye. Rough, and roughly used pine forms extended around the room, and partly into the body of it, too. In the centre, four steps high, is a platform—a Southern platform, a Democratic platform, a State Rights platform—where men, women, children, and unweaned babes are daily sold, by Dickinson, Hill & Co., “for cash,” or “on time,” to the highest bidder.

I saw a number of men enter the inner room, and quietly followed them, unnoticed. The slaves—the males—were there. What do you think, my conservative reader, is the object of the little room? I will tell you what was done. The slaves were stripped naked, and carefully examined, as horses are—every part of their body, from their crown to their feet, was rigorously scrutinized by the gallant chivalry who intended to buy them. I saw one unfortunate

slave examined in this way, but did not care to see the mean, cowardly and disgusting act performed on any other.

After a time they were brought out. The auctioneer—a short, thick-set, gross-eyed, dark, and fleshy fellow—who was dressed in black, opened the sale by offering a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age.

“Gentlemen,”—he said, in accents that seemed to be very greasy—“I offer you this boy; he is sound and healthy, and title warranted good—What d’ye offer, gentlemen?”

“Eight hundred dollars.”

“Eight hundred dollars bid—eight hundred dollars—(he talked very fast)—eight hundred dollars—eight hundred dollars—eight hundred and fifty—thank you—eight hundred and fifty dollars bid—eight”—

“Nine hundred.”

“Nine hundred dollars bid—nine hundred dollars—nine hundred dollars—nine hundred dollars—gentlemen, he’s a first-rate boy”—

“Come down here,” said the mulatto, who is Dickinson’s slave, I believe, “come down.”

The boy came down.

“Please stand out of the way, gentlemen,” cried the mulatto, to a number of men who stood between the platform and the counting-room.

They did so.

“Now you walk along to the wall,” said the slave to the other article of commerce—“now hold up your head and walk *pert*.”

The boy did as he was directed.

“Quick—come—*pert*—only there already?—

pert!" jerked out the mulatto, to hasten the boy's steps.

The crowd looked on attentively, especially those who had bid. He mounted the President—I mean the platform—again, and the bidding was resumed with greater activity.

"Well, gentlemen," said the body-seller, "you see he's a likely boy—how much do you bid?"

"Ten," said a voice.

"Nine hundred and ten dollars bid—nine hundred and ten—nine hundred and ten—nine hundred and TEN—nine hundred and ten—nine hundred and ten dollars bid—nine hundred and ten"—

"Twenty."

"Nine hundred and twenty dollars bid—nine hundred and twenty dollars—nine THIRTY—nine hundred and thirty dollars—nine hundred and FORTY—nine forty's bid—nine hundred and forty dollars—nine forty—nine forty—nine FIFTY—nine fifty—nine hundred and fifty—nine hundred and fifty—nine hundred and fifty—nine hundred and fifty dollars—nine hundred and SIXTY—nine hundred and sixty dollars."

"Seventy," said a voice.

"Nine hundred and seventy dollars—nine hundred and seventy dollars"—

"Five."

"Nine hundred and seventy-five dollars," said the auctioneer.

"He's an uncommon likely boy," chimed the auctioneer's mulatto.

A chivalrous Virginian mounted the steps of the platform. "Open your mouth," he said. The Article

opened its mouth, and displayed a beautiful, pearly set of teeth.

“You all sound?” asked the white.

“Yes, massa,” said the boy.

“Nine eighty,” said the white.

“Five,” said another, who stood beside him.

“Ninety,” said the other white.

“Nine hundred and ninety,” exclaimed the auctioneer—“nine hundred and ninety dollars—nine hundred and ninety dollars”——

“D—n it,” said a man at my side, “how niggers has riz.”

“Yes, sir,” said his old white-haired companion, “I tell you, if a man buys niggers now, he has to pay for them. That’s about the amount of it.”

“Nine hundred and ninety dollars—all done at nine hundred and ninety dollars?—nine hundred—and—nine-ty dollars—go-ing at nine—hundred and nine-ty dollars—and—gone—if no one bids—nine hundred *and* ninety dollars—once—nine hundred——and——ninety, a-n-d ”

He looked round and round in every direction, but no one moved, and he plaintively added—

“Gone!”

This boy was one of those unfortunate children who neber *was* born, but are raised by the speculators, or are the offspring of illicit connections between the Saxon and African races. He was of a brown complexion—about one-third white blood. He was dressed in a small check calico trowsers, and a jacket of a grey color. The whole suit would not cost more than three dollars; but it was new, clean and looked very tidy.

The next Article disposed of was a young man, of

similar complexion, twenty years old, muscular, with an energetic and intelligent expression. One thousand dollars was the first bid made. He was sold to "Jones & Slater," who are forwarding agents, I was told, of animated merchandise to New Orleans. I hunted up their office after I left the auction-room. It was shut. It is situated in the congenial neighborhood of a cluster of disreputable houses.

The third article offered was a very black, low-browed, short, brutal looking negro, for whom nine hundred dollars only was bid. He was not sold. So also with several others.

A woman, with a child at her breast, and a daughter, seven years old, or thereabouts, at her side, mounted the steps of the platform.

The other sales did not excite my indignation more than the description of such a scene would have done; certainly—had I never visited a slave auction-room before—a great deal less than some narratives would have done. These men and boy were too brutal in their natures to arouse my sympathies. Besides, they were men, and could escape by death or flight, or insurrection; and it is a man's duty, I hold—every man's duty—to be free at every hazard or by any means.

But the poor black mother—with her nearly white babe—with the anxiety of an uncertain future among brutal men before her—and the young girl, too, now so innocent, but predestined by the nature of slavery to a life of hard labor and involuntary prostitution—I would have been either less than a man, or more, to have looked on stoically or with indifference, as she and her little ones were sold.

Twelve hundred and fifty dollars were bid for her,

but she was not sold. She was worth, a Virginian told me, "fifteen hundred dollars of any man's money." I do n't doubt it. The Christian Theology tells us that she was once, vile and lowly as she may be, deemed worthy of an infinitely greater price than that. She was "warranted sound and healthy," with the exception of a female complaint, to which mothers are occasionally subject, the name and nature of which was unblushingly stated.

She was taken into the inner room, after the bidding commenced, and there indecently "*examined*" in the presence of a dozen or fifteen brutal men. I did not go in, but was told, by a spectator, coolly, that "they'd examined her," and the brutal remarks and licentious looks of the creatures when they came out, was evidence enough that he had spoken the truth.

The mother's breast heaved, and her eye anxiously wandered from one bidder to another, as the sale was going on. She seemed relieved when it was over—but it was only the heart-aching relief of suspense.

A young girl, of twenty years or thereabouts, was the next commodity put up. Her right hand was entirely useless—"dead," as she aptly called it. One finger had been cut off by a doctor, and the auctioneer stated that she herself chopped off the other finger—her forefinger—because it hurt her, and she thought that to cut it off would cure it. This remark raised a laugh among the crowd. I looked at her, and expected to see a stupid-looking creature, low browed and sensual in appearance; but was surprised, instead, to see a woman with an eye which reminded me of Margaret Gardiner (whom I visited in Cincinnati), but more resolute, intelligent and im-

pulsive. She was perfectly black; but her eye was Saxon, if by Saxon we mean a hell-defying courage, which neither death nor the devil can terrify. It was an eye that will never die in a slave's socket, or never die a natural death in so unworthy an abode.

"Didn't you cut your finger off," asked a man, "kase you was mad?"

She looked at him quietly, but with a glance of contempt, and said:

"No, you see it was a sort o' sore, and I thought it would be better to cut it off than be plagued with it."

Several persons around me expressed the opinion that she had done it willfully, "to spite her master or mistress, or to keep her from being sold down South."

I do not doubt it.

A heroic act of this kind was once publicly performed, many years ago, in the city of St. Louis. It was witnessed by gentlemen still living there, one of whom—now an ardent Emancipationist—narrated the circumstance to me.

These scenes occurred, not in Russia or Austria, or in avowedly despotic countries, but in the United States of America, which we are so fond of eulogizing as the chosen land of liberty!

LIBERTY!

"Oh Liberty! what outrages are committed in thy name!"

These verses, penned in Richmond after a slave sale, by a personal friend of the present writer, although bitter, sectional, and fanatical, when viewed from a conservative position, more faithfully and graphically than any poetry that I have ever read,

express the feelings of a man of compassionate and impulsive nature, when witnessing such wicked and revolting commercial transactions as the public auction of immortal human beings :

A CURSE ON VIRGINIA.

Curses on you, foul Virginia,
 Stony-hearted whore !
 May the plagues that swept o'er Egypt—
 Seven—and seventy more,
 Desolate your homes and hearths,
 Devastate your fields,
 Send ten deaths for every pang-birth
 Womb of wife or creature yields :
 May fever gaunt,
 Protracted want,
 Hurl your sons beneath the sod,
 Send your bondmen back to God !
 From your own cup,
 Soon may you sup,
 The bitter draught you give to others—
 Your negro sons and negro brothers !
 Soon may they rise,
 As did your sires,
 And light up fires,
 Which not by Wise,
 Nor any despot shall be quenched ;
 Not till Black Samson, dumb and bound,
 Shall raze each slave-pen to the ground,
 Till States with slavers' blood are drenched.

IN MY SANCTUM.



I.

GENERAL RESULTS.

I DID not originally visit the Slave States for the purpose of writing a book. Hence the preceding notes of travel are much less minute than they would otherwise have been made. I shall make yet another journey South—*Down the Mississippi*; which (if the sale of this volume shall warrant it) I shall narrate at much greater length, and make more comprehensive and various—relating as well the effects of slavery on agriculture, trade and education, as on the morals of the subjugated people, and the humanity of the ruling race.

Let me here subjoin the general results and miscellaneous incidents of my travels and conversations, without any especial regard to rhetorical order or intrinsic importance of topic.

I. I do not believe that the progress of physical science, the extension of railroads, or the exhausting effects of involuntary labor, will ever induce or compel the peaceful abolition of American slavery.

Worn out lands will be recuperated by scientific skill, by guano, rotation of crops, the steam plough, and the knowledge—now rapidly diffusing—of agricultural chemistry. Railroads raise both the price and value of slave labor, by rapidly conveying the rural products of it, to the Northern and European markets. Slave labor, although detrimental to the State, is profitable to the individual holders of human “property.” Hence, this powerful class of criminals will ever oppose its speedy extinction. I do not believe, also, that—unless conducted on a gigantic scale—the emigration of free white laborers will ever extinguish slavery in any Southern State. I except Missouri, where the active interference of the abolitionists would undoubtedly prolong the existence of bondage; but where, owing to its peculiar geographical position, slavery will soon be drowned by “the advancing and increasing tide of Northern emigration.” Neither will the mere prevention of the extension of slavery kill it. Within its present limits, it may live a thousand years. There is land enough to support the present races, and their increase, for that length of time there. Unless we strike a blow for the slaves—as Lafayette and his Frenchmen did for the revolutionary sires—or unless they strike a blow for themselves, as the negroes of Jamaica and Hayti, to their immortal honor, did—American slavery has a long and devastating future before it, in which, by the stern necessities of its nature, Freedom *or* the Union must crouch and die beneath its potent sceptre of death and desolation.

II. The field negroes, as a class, are coarse, filthy, brutal, and lascivious; liars, parasites, hypocrites, and thieves; without self-respect, religious aspira-

tions, or the nobler traits which characterize humanity. They are almost as degraded intellectually as the lower hordes of inland Irish, or the indolent semi-civilized North American Indians; or the less than human white-skinned vermin who fester in the Five Points cellars, the North street saloons, or the dancing houses and levee of New Orleans or Charleston. Not so vile, however, as the rabble of the Platte Region, who distinguished themselves as the champions of the South in Kansas. Morally, they are on a level with the whites around them. The slaveholder steals their labor, rights and children; they steal his chickens, hogs and vegetables. They often must lie, or submit to be whipped. Truth, at such a price—they seem to think—is far too precious to be wasted on white folks. They are necessarily extremely filthy; for their cabins are dirty, small and uncomfortable; and they have neither the time nor the conveniences to keep them clean. Working from morn till night in the fields, at the hardest of hard labor, under a sultry sun, is quite enough for the poor women to do—especially as they have also to cook their provisions—without spending their leisure hours in “tidying up” their miserable and unhome-like huts. The laws forbidding the acquisition of knowledge, and the fact that slavery and intelligence are incompatible, keep them, as nearly as possible, as ignorant and degraded as the quadrupeds of the fields. Chastity is a virtue which, in the South, is entirely monopolized by the ladies of the ruling race. Every slave negress is a courtesan. Except one per cent. of them, and you make ample deduction. I have talked on this subject with hundreds of young men in different Southern cities, and the result of my observations

and information, is a firmly settled conviction that not one per cent. of the native male whites in the South arrive at the age of manhood morally uncontaminated by the influences of slavery. I do not believe that ten per cent. of the native white males reach the age of *fourteen* without carnal knowledge of the slaves. Married men are not one whit better than their bachelor brethren. A Southern lady bears testimony to this fact:

“This subject demands the attention, not only of the religious population, but of statesmen and law-makers. It is one great evil hanging over the Southern Slave States, destroying domestic happiness, and the peace of thousands. It is summed up in a single word—*amalgamation*. This, and this only, causes the vast extent of ignorance, degradation and crime, that lies like a black cloud over the whole South. And the practice is more general than even the Southerners are willing to allow. Neither is it to be found only in the lower order of the white population. It pervades the entire society. Its followers are to be found among all ranks, occupations and professions. The white mothers and daughters of the South have suffered under it for years—have seen their dearest affections trampled upon—their hopes of domestic happiness destroyed, and their future lives embittered, even to agony, by those who should be all in all to them, as husbands, sons, and brothers. I cannot use too strong language in reference to this subject, for I know that it will meet with a heartfelt response from every Southern woman.”

This lady is Mrs. Douglas, a native of Virginia, and a pro-slavery woman, who was imprisoned in a common jail at Norfolk, for the heinous crime of teaching free colored children TO READ THE WORD OF GOD! At the time of the Revolution, pure blacks were everywhere to be seen; now they are becoming, year by year, more and more uncommon. Where do they go to? The white boys know—the census

of mulattoes tells! I suppose it is indecorous to speak so plainly on so delicate a subject; but if the report is revolting, how much more appalling must be the crime itself?

I have given instances enough to show that deception is the natural result of slavery. Of course, as the slaves are entirely at the mercy of the whites, they are forced to be parasites and hypocrites in their intercourse with them. And how can the poor people have self-respect? "I'se only a nigger" is the first note they are taught in the sad funereal dirge of their existence. It is repeated in ten thousand forms, and in every variety of method, from the time they are born till they draw their last breath. How can they respect themselves, when they know that their mothers are ranked with the beasts that perish—sold, exchanged, bought, forced to beget children, as cows and sheep are bartered and reared for breeding purposes?

As for the religious negroes—"the pious slaves"—I have no patience with the blasphemous and infernal ingenuity which breeds and preserves these unfortunate creatures. Dr. Johnson praised the youth, who, having seduced a young girl in a fit of animal excitement, on being asked by her, after the fact, "Have we not done wrong?" promptly replied, "Yes." "For," he said, "although I ravished her body, I was not so bad as to wish to ravish her mind." Our slavemasters are not so generous. The perpetrators of the most tyrannical despotism that the world ever saw, still, not content with degrading the body of their bondmen into real estate, they seek, by the same priestly machinery that other tyrants have found so effective, to enslave their souls also—

a task which they try to make the more easy by the ignorance in which they assiduously keep them. I have investigated the character of too many of the "pious negroes," to feel any respect either for their religion or their teachers. Church membership does not prevent fornication, bigamy, adultery, lying, theft, or hypocrisy. It is a cloak, in nine cases out of ten, which the slaves find convenient to wear; and, in the excepted case, it is a union of meaningless cant and the wildest fanaticism. A single spark of true Christianity among the slave population would set the plantations in a blaze. Christianity and slavery cannot live together; but churchianity and slavery are twins.

That slavery alone is responsible for the peculiar vices of the plantation negroes, the condition and character of the city bondmen attest. Wherever you find a negro in the Southern cities who has had the chance to acquire knowledge, either from reading by stealth, or from imitation, or the society of an educated class, you will find, in a majority of instances, the moral equal—often the superior—of the white man of the same social rank and educational opportunities. In manners, the city slaves are the Count D'Orsays of the South.

III. Slave preachers are usually men of pliant and hypocritical character—men who are easily used by the ruling race as *white-chokered chains*. The more obsequious that they are—the more treacherous to their own aspirations—the more they are flattered and esteemed by the tyrants whose work they do. I attended a colored church at Savannah. The subject of discourse was the death of John the Baptist:

"Bredren, de 'vang'list does not tell us 'bout an-

oder circumstance 'bout de text, but de legions ob de church has unformed us. When Herodeyus got hold ob de plate dat da put de head ob John de Baptis' in, she war so mad at him, de legions tell us, dat she tuk a handful ob pins and stuck 'em in de tongue ob de Apostle! Ah"——

The preacher, from whose discourse I selected this remarkable biblical information, was a great favorite with the white population, who (if I mistake not) addressed him as a Doctor of Divinity. When he died I read a paragraph from a Savannah paper, in which his virtues and *learning* were eulogized!

IV. At Augusta, Georgia, I knew a boy of between sixteen and seventeen years of age, who supported a mulatto girl mistress. Her mother was a free woman, and the daughter was about his own age. He took up a peck of meal to their house, and some bacon, every Saturday night, and for this weekly allowance he was permitted, as frequently as he pleased, to cohabit with the girl. The pernicious effect of slavery on children I have frequently heard parents lament. And yet these same parents would favor the extension of slavery into virgin territories!

V. The poor whites suffer greatly from the existence of slavery. They are deprived by it of the most remunerative employment, and excluded from the most fertile lands. I once heard a poor Alabama farmer lament that he would soon have to move, as they were beginning to "close him in again." I asked what he meant? He said that, years and years ago, he and several of his poor neighbors had moved far away into the wilderness, in order to be out of and beyond the influence of slavery. They had selected a spot where they thought they would

be secure ; but the accounts of the extraordinary fertility of the soil soon brought the wealthy slaveholders to their paradise. They bought up immense tracts of land bordering on the poor men's farms, which, one by one, they soon managed to possess. Sickness, bad seasons, poor harvests, and improvidence, and other causes, soon compelled or induced the petty farmers to borrow from their wealthy neighbors, who, knowing the result, were ever willing to lend. All had gone now, excepting him. "But," he said, "you see they have bought all around me ; my only way of getting to the road is by the side of that marsh, and in wet weather I can't take a team out there. The laws give me the right of buying a passage out through ——'s plantation ; but he wants my land, and would charge so high a rent for the passage that I could not afford to pay it." (In Alabama and most Southern States, the land is not laid out as in many of the Northern and the Western States—multiplication-table fashion ; the roads are crooked, the farms irregular in size as in extent, and the whole arrangement of roads is entirely different.) "Again," the farmer said, "I am feeding his niggers. They steal my chickens and eggs and vegetables. I complained to the overseer about it : 'D—n it,' he said, 'shoot them—we won't complain.'" But then, if he shot them, he would have to pay their market value ; and, besides, he had been hungry himself often, and had not the heart to interfere with the poor starving slaves. He was soon obliged to sell out. I met him in Doniphan county, Kansas. He is a Republican now, and thanks God for the opportunity of belonging to an open anti-slavery party. The accounts often published of the condition of the

poor whites of the South are not exaggerated, and could not well be. There is more pauperism at the South than at the North : in spite of the philosophy of the Southern socialists, who claim that slavery prevents that unfortunate condition of free society. So, also, although Stringfellow claims that black prostitution prevents white harlotry, there are as many, or more, public courtesans of the dominant race, in the Southern cities I have visited, than in Northern towns of similar population. Slavery prevents no old evils, but breeds a host of new ones. The poor whites, as a class, are extremely illiterate, ruffianly, and superstitious.

VI. No complaints are ever made of the indolence or incapacity of the negroes, when they are stimulated by the hopes of wages or of prerogatives which can only be obtained in the South by hard work. It is the *slave*, not the *negro*, that is "lazy and clumsy."

VII. Overseers are generally men of the lowest character, although I have met with some, the managers of extensive estates, who were men of culture and ability. Yet these few instances are hardly exceptions, as such men employ subordinates to do the grosser work. I have often been told that overseers are frequently hired *with special reference to their robust physical condition*; and this told not in jest, as to a Northerner, but in conversation between wealthy slaveholders, who, for aught they knew, supposed me to be a Southerner and a friend of their "peculiar" or "sectional" crime. The *Southern Agriculturist*, published at Charleston, South Carolina, thus faithfully describes this class of persons :

"Overseers are changed every year; a few remain four or five years; but the average length of time they remain on the

same plantation will not exceed two years. They are taken from the lowest grade of society, and seldom have the privilege of a religious education, and have no fear of offending God, and consequently no check on their natural propensities; they give way to passion, intemperance, and every sin, and become savages in their conduct."—Vol. IV., p. 351.

VIII. Such, by the confession of the Southerners themselves, being a faithful description of the character of overseers, is it necessary to produce negro testimony to prove that cruelty and crime are of frequent occurrence on the large plantations? The negro is entirely in the power and at the mercy of our race. Supposing—to take an extreme case by way of illustration—a planter or overseer, in the presence of five hundred negroes, was to arrest a slave, tie him hand and foot, and cut him to pieces, inch by inch, no legal punishment could reach him, and no legal body investigate the crime, unless a white man was a witness of the barbarity. The laws refuse to accept negro evidence in any case, whether it be against or in favor of a white man. Judge Lynch, alone, of all Southern jurists, relaxes this rule; and that only in the case of abolitionists! This fact effectually destroys the efficacy of all the laws—few in number as they are—which have been passed in some States for the protection of the bondmen. Whipping women, beating boys with clubs—innumerable cruel and unusual punishments—are circumstances of daily occurrence in every Southern State.

IX. I heard a planter one day sneering at the ladies who advocated woman's rights. He was shocked that women should attempt to go out of their sphere. On his plantation, near Savannah, I saw women filling dung carts, hoeing, driving oxen,

ploughing, and engaged in many other similar employments. Is it within woman's sphere to perform *such* labors?

X. One of the proprietors of the Montgomery (Alabama) *Mail*, at the period of my visit to that town, described to me the execution by a mob of a negro *by fire at the stake*. He had either killed a white man or ravished a white girl—I have since forgotten which—but one sentence of his account, for its characteristic Southern inhumanity to the negro, I shall never forget to my dying day. "They piled pretty green wood on the fire, to make it burn slow; he gave one terrible yell before he died; and, every time the wind blew from him, there was the d——dest stench of burnt flesh. D——n it, how it did smell." This was said, laughingly. Several well authenticated cases of the same fiendish torture have occurred within the last five years. Parson Brownlow, as I have already stated, eulogized the barbarity in one instance.

XI. As against whites, in courts of justice, the negro has not the faintest chance of fairness. I could illustrate this statement by citing examples; but, as a South Carolina Governor has confessed the fact, it will suffice to quote his admission. Says Governor Adams in his message for 1855:

"The administration of our laws, in relation to our colored population, by our courts of magistrates and freeholders, as these courts are at present constituted, calls loudly for reform. Their decisions are RARELY in conformity with justice or humanity. I have felt constrained, in a majority of the cases brought to my notice, either to modify the sentence, or set it aside altogether."

XII. Colonel Benton, in a lecture that he delivered

in Boston, had the audacity to assert that slaves are seldom sold by their masters, *excepting* for debt or faults, or crimes. Granting, for the sake of argument, the truth of this falsehood, these exceptions are sufficient grounds, I think, for the overthrow of slavery at any cost. Debts are so common, among the unthrifty Southrons, that this cause alone must separate hundreds of families every year. The sale of one slave mother, in my view, is enough to justify the slaughter of a race. Much more, then, the separation of thousands. "Faults!" great heavens! supposing that every white Virginian, who has "faults," was to be sold by public auction—where would the slaveholders, the first families, and the future Presidents be? Not in free homes, I know. "Crimes!" Does the reader know that, by the laws of Virginia, if a slave commits a capital offence, he may be pardoned *by being sold out of the State*—the owner of him pocketing the proceeds of the auction? But statistics refute Colonel Benton's statement. It is capable of demonstration that twenty-five thousand negroes are annually sold from the Northern or slave-breeding to the Southern or slave-buying Slave States. See Chase and Sanborn's "North and South," and the authorities they cite. I have seen families separated and sold to different masters in Virginia; I have spoken with *hundreds* of slaves in the Carolinas, who were sold, they told me, *from their wives and children* in the same inhuman State; and I have seen slave-pens and slave-cars filled with the unhappy victims of this internal and infernal trade, who were travelling for the city of New Orleans; where, also, I have witnessed at least a score of public negro auctions. Everybody who has lived in the seaboard Slave

States—women, politicians and clergymen excepted—well know that to buy or to sell a negro, or breed one, is regarded as equally legitimate in point of morals with the purchase of a pig, or a horse, or an office seeker.

I can corroborate Mr. Olmsted, therefore—(from whose book, as this volume was passing through the press, I have already made several extracts), and can fully indorse him when he says:

“It is denied, with feeling, that slaves are often reared, as is supposed by the abolitionists, with the intention of selling them to the traders. It appears to me evident, however, from the manner in which I hear the traffic spoken of incidentally, that the cash value of a slave for sale, above the cost of raising it from infancy to the age at which it commands the highest price, is generally considered among the surest elements of a planter’s wealth. Such a nigger is worth such a price, and such another is too old to learn to pick cotton, and such another will bring so much, when it has grown a little more, I have frequently heard people say, in the street, or the public houses. That a slave woman is commonly esteemed least for her laboring qualities, most for those qualities which give value to a brood-mare, is, also, constantly made apparent. A slaveholder writing to me with regard to my cautious statements on this subject, made in the *Daily Times*, says: ‘In the States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, as much attention is paid to the breeding and growth of negroes as to that of horses and mules. Further South, we raise them both for use and for market. Planters command their girls and women (married or unmarried)

to have children; and I have known a great many negro girls to be sold off, because they did not have children. A breeding woman is worth from one-sixth to one-fourth more than one that does not breed.' ”

XIII. The lower classes of the Southern States hate and affect to despise the negro in exact proportion to their own intellectual and moral debasement.

XIV. The assertion that without slave labor, cotton, rice and sugar could not be grown in the Southern States—that these staples would not and cannot be cultivated by white men—that “the choice,” to use the language of Senator Douglas, is “between the negro and the crocodile,” is utterly without foundation, and is refuted by facts. There is nothing more common in Georgia and Alabama than to see white men, *and white women too*, at work in the fields at every hour of the day. Of course, these persons belong to the class of “poor white trash.” But, granting that the Southern staples would perish without slavery—what then? Down with the staples, rather than criminally cultivate them. Perish the products whose roots are watered by inhumanity.

XV. SLAVERY IS THE SUM OF ALL VILLAINIES.

II.

THE INSURRECTION HERO.

WE were talking about slavery, and its probable duration, in the office of the *Leavenworth Times*. I expressed my doubts of the efficacy of political action against it, and stated that I was in favor of a servile insurrection. I believe I found no one who approved of such a scheme of abolition.

John C. Vaughan was in the room. He told us of the terror which such events inspired in Southern communities, whenever it was believed that the negroes intended to revolt.

He told the story of Isaac. It made an indelible impression on my mind. Subsequently, I desired him to furnish me with a written account of the death of the heroic slave.

This chapter is the result. After a preliminary word on slave insurrections, Mr. Vaughan proceeds:

THE STORY OF ISAAC.

All other perils are understood. Fire upon land, or storm at sea, wrapping mortals in a wild or watery shroud, may be readily imagined. Pestilence walking abroad in the city, making the sultry air noisome and heavy, hushing the busy throng, aweing into silence heated avarice, and glooming the very haunts of

civilization as if they were charnel-houses, can be quickly understood. But the appalling terror of a slave revolt, made instinct with life, and stunning as it pervades the community—the undescribed and indescribable horror which fills and sways every bosom as the word is whispered along the streets, or borne quickly from house to house, or speeded by fleetest couriers from plantation to plantation—“an insurrection”—“an insurrection”—must be *felt* and *seen* to be realized.

Nor is this strange. The blackest ills are associated with it. Hate, deep and undying, to be gratified—revenge, as bitter and fiendish as the heart can feel, to be gloated over while indulged—lust, unbridled and fierce, to be gluttled—death, we know not how or where, but death in its basest and most agonizing form; or life, dishonored and more horrible than most excruciating death—these are the *essence* of an insurrection. Could worse forms of evil be conjured up? Can any human actions—the very darkest that walk at midnight—excite equal terror? We pity slaveholders who are startled by the dread of it, and wonder at their want of manhood in exposing the gentler sex to this human whirlwind of fury, and revenge, and lust and death.

But to our story. I remember, when a boy, going out one bright day on a hunting excursion, and, on returning in the evening, meeting at the bridge, a mile or more from the town I lived in, a body of armed men. The road turns suddenly, as you approach the spot from the south, and is skirted, on either side, by deep swamps. I did not see them, consequently, until I came directly upon them.

“Where have you been?” was the abrupt question

put to me by the captain, without offering the usual salutation.

“I have been hunting,” I replied, “along the banks of the river, and up by the old Hermitage.”

“Did you see or meet any one?” continued my questioner, no man else saying a word.

“No one.”

“Go home instantly,” he said, imperatively, “and keep up the main road. Do n’t cross over by the swamp, or the old ford”—two nearer footpaths to the town, skirting heavily timbered land.

I cannot recollect now whether I had heard before of an insurrection. I had not, certainly thought much about it, if at all. But I knew, instantly, why these armed citizens were at the bridge. The low, compressed, yet clear voice of the captain—the silence of his men—their audible breathing as they waited for my replies to his questions—their military order—with sentries in advance—told me all, and I experienced a dread which chilled me through; and the deepening shade of the forest, under which I had so often whistled merrily, served now to add to the gloom of the hour. I asked no questions. With quickened pace I pushed up the main road, and was not long in reaching my father’s house. I wished to know the worst, and to help in meeting it.

I found all alarm at home. Guns were stacked in the passage, and men were there ready to use them. Two friends were in the parlor informing the household of the place of rendezvous for the women and children, and the signal which was to be given if the town should be fired, or an attack be made upon it by the negroes. I inquired and learned here the cause and extent of the danger.

That morning a negro had informed his master of the plot, and had represented to him that it reached plantations over a hundred miles off, and embraced the thickest negro settlements of the State.

The first step taken was to arrest the leaders named (some thirty in number) by the informer. The second, to inform the town and country of the impending danger. Armed patrols were started out in every direction. Every avenue to the town was guarded, and every house in it made a sort of military fort. The apprehension was, that the plantation negroes would rise and sweep all before them with fire and sword; and the "white strength" was prepared, in all its force, to meet the contingency.

The master, if he be kind to his bondmen, is apt to believe that they will never turn against him. We hear planters say, "I would arm my slaves," whenever this subject is broached. This is a strong expression, and to be received with "grains of allowance," as the sequel will illustrate. Yet, boy-like, I felt as if no soul in our yard could strike a blow against one of the family. I went to the servants' quarter. Not one of them was out—a strange event—and not a neighbor's domestic was in—a still stranger circumstance! They were silent as the grave. "Even "Mamma," privileged to say and do what she pleased, and who could be heard amid the laughter and tongue clatter of the rest, had nothing to tell me. I asked a few questions; they were simply answered. It was evident that the servants were frightened; they knew not what they feared; but they were spell-bound by an undefined dread of evil to them and harm to us. Indeed, this was the

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case with the blacks, generally; and while the excitement lasted, the patrol did not arrest one slave away from his quarters! An honest Irishman remarked at the time, "it was hard to tell which was most frightened, the whites or the negroes."

The proposed revolt, as regards territory, was an extended one. It embraced a region having over forty thousand male slaves. But the plot was poorly arranged, and it was clear that those who planned it knew little or nothing of the power they had to meet and master. For six months the leaders of it had been brooding over their design, and two days before its consummation they were in prison and virtually doomed as felons. Then seizure arrested the insurrection without bloodshed; but not without a sacrifice of life! That was demanded by society and the law. Thirteen of the negroes arrested were declared guilty and hung. They had, according to all notions then, a fair trial; lawyers defended them, and did their best; an impartial and intelligent jury determined their fate; and by the voice of man, not of God, this number of human beings was "legally" sent out of existence!

The leader of the insurrection—ISAAC—I knew well. He was head man to a family intimate with mine. Implicit confidence was placed in him, not only by his master, but by the minister of the church and everybody who knew him. The boys called him Uncle Isaac, and the severest patrol would take his word and let him go his way.

He was some forty years old when he first planned the revolt. His physical development was fine. He was muscular and active—the very man a sculptor would select for a model. And yet, with all his great

strength, he was kind and affectionate, and simple as a woman. He was never tired of doing for others. In intellect he was richly gifted; no negro in the place could compare with him for clear-headedness and nobleness of will. He was born to make a figure, and, with equal advantages, would have been the first among any throng. He had character: that concentration of religious, moral, and mental strength, which, when possessed by high or low, gives man power over his fellows, and imparts life to his acts and name.

His superiority was shown on the trial. It was necessary to prove that he was the leader, and counsel were about taking this step. "I am the man," said Isaac. There was no hesitation in his manner—no tremulousness in his voice; the words sounded naturally, but so clear and distinct that the court and audience knew it was so, and it could not have been otherwise. An effort was made to persuade him to have counsel. His young masters pressed the point. The court urged him. Slaveholders were anxious for it, not only because they could not help liking his bearing, but because they wished to still every voice of censure, far or near, by having a fair trial for all. But he was resolute. He made no set speeches—played no part. Clear above all, and with the authoritative tone of truth, he repeated, "I am the man, and I am not afraid or ashamed to confess it."

Sentence of death was passed upon him and twelve others.

The next step, before the last, was to ascertain all the negroes who had entered into the plot. Isaac managed this part wisely. He kept his own counsel, and, besides his brother, as was supposed, no one

knew who had agreed to help him at home or from a distance. The testimony was abundant that he had promise of such help. His declaration to the colored informer, "The bonfire of the town will raise forty thousand armed men for us," was given in evidence. He admitted the fact. But no ingenuity, no promises, no threats, could induce or force him to reveal a single name. "You have me," he said; "no one other shall you get if I can prevent it. The only pain I feel is that my life alone is not to be taken. If these," pointing to his fellow captives, "were safe, I should die triumphantly."

The anxiety on this point naturally was very deep, and when the usual expedients had failed, the following scheme was hit upon: Isaac loved his minister, as everybody did who worshipped at his altar, and the minister reciprocated heartily that love. "Isaac will not resist him—he will get out of Isaac all that we want to know." This was the general belief, and, acting upon it, a committee visited the pastor. An explanation took place, and the good man readily consented to do all he could.

He went to the cell. The slave-felon and the man of God confronted each other.

"I come, Isaac," said the latter, "to find out from you everything about this wicked insurrection, and you"——

"Master," hastily interrupted Isaac, "you come for no such purpose. You may have been over-persuaded to do so, or unthinkingly have given your consent. But will you, who first taught me religion, who made me know that my Jesus suffered and died in truth—will you tell me to betray confidence sacredly intrusted to me, and thus sacrifice others'?"

lives because my life is to be forfeited? Can you persuade me, as a sufferer and a struggler for freedom, to turn traitor to the very men who were to help me? Oh, master, let me love you:" and, rising, as if uncertain of the influence of his appeal, to his full stature, and looking his minister directly in the face, he added, with commanding majesty, "You know me!"

I wish that I could repeat the tale as I heard the old minister tell it. So minute, yet so natural; so particular in detail, yet so life-like! The jail, its inner cell, the look and bearing of Isaac, his calmness and greatness of soul. It was touching in the extreme. I have known sternest slaveholders to weep like children as they would listen to the story. But I can only narrate it as I remember it, in briefest outline. The old divine continued:

"I could not proceed. I looked at Isaac; my eye fell before his. I could not forget his rebuke; I acknowledged my sin. For the first time in my ministerial life, I had done a mean, a base act; and, standing by the side of a chained felon, I felt myself to be *the criminal*."

A long silence ensued. The minister was in hopes that Isaac would break it; he did not. He himself made several attempts to do so, but failed. Recovering from his shock at length, and reverting in his own mind to the horrors which the revolt would have occasioned, he resumed the conversation thus:

"But, Isaac, yours was a wicked plot; and if you had succeeded, you would have made the very streets run blood. How could you think of this? How consent to kill your old master and mistress? How dream of slaying me and mine?"

“Master,” Isaac quickly responded, “I love old master and mistress. I love you and yours. I would die to bless you any time. Master, I would hurt no human being, no living thing. But you taught me that God was the God of black as well as white—that he was no respecter of persons—that in his eye all were alike equal—and that there was no religion unless we loved him and our neighbor, and did unto others as we would they should do unto us. Master, I was a slave. My wife and children were slaves. If equal with others before God, they should be equal before men. I saw my young masters learning, holding what they made, and making what they could. But master, my race could make nothing, holding nothing. What they did they did for others, not for themselves. And they had to do it, whether they wished it or not; for they were slaves. Master, this is not loving our neighbor, or doing to others as we would have them do to us. I knew there was and could be no help for me, for wife or children, for my race, except we were free; and as the whites would not let this be so, and as God told me he could only help those who helped themselves, I preached freedom to the slaves, and bid them strike for it like men. Master, we were betrayed. But I tell you now, if we had succeeded, I should have slain old master and mistress and you first, to show my people that I could sacrifice my love, as I ordered them to sacrifice their hates, to have justice—justice for them—justice for mine—justice for all. I should have been miserable and wretched for life. I could not kill any human creature without being so. But, master, God *here*”—pointing with his chained hand to

his heart—"told me then, as he tells me *now*, that I was right."

"I do n't know how it was," continued the old minister, "but I was overpowered. Isaac mastered me. It was not that his reasoning was conclusive; that, I could have answered easily; but my conduct had been so base and his honesty was so transparent, his look so earnest and sincere, his voice so commanding, that I forgot everything in my sympathy for him. He was a hero, and bore himself like one without knowing it. I knew by that instinct which ever accompanies goodness, that the slave-felon's conscience was unstained by crime even in thought; and, grasping him by the hand, without scarce knowing what I was going to do, I said, 'Isaac, let us pray.' And I prayed long and earnestly. I did not stop to think of my words. My heart poured itself out and I was relieved."

"And what," I asked, "was the character of your prayer?"

"What it ought to have been," energetically replied the old divine. "I prayed to God as our common Father. I acknowledged that he would do justice; that it was hard for us, poor mortals, to say who was right and who was wrong on earth; that the very best were sinners, and those deemed the worst by us might be regarded the best by Him. I prayed for Isaac. I prayed God to forgive him, if wrong; to forgive the whites, if he was right; to forgive and bless all. I was choked with tears. I caught hold of Isaac's hand and pressed it warmly, and received his warm pressure in return. And with a joy I never experienced before or

since, I heard his earnest, solemn 'Amen' as I closed.

"We stood together for some time in silence. Isaac was deeply moved. I saw it by the working of his frame, and the muscles of his face and his eye. For the first time tear-drops stood on his eyelids. But, stilling every emotion, he began, as calmly as if he were going to rest :

" 'Master, I shall die in peace, and I give you a dying man's blessing. I shall see you no more on earth. Give my love to old master and mistress, and'—for a moment he faltered, but with concentrated energy choked down instantly his deepest emotion as he continued, more solemnly than I ever heard mortal speak—'and, master, if you love me—if you love Jesus—lead my wife and children as you have led me—to heaven. God bless you forever, master.'

"We parted. I saw him no more. I could not see him hung, or pray for him, as requested to do by others in the last dying hour. I had been with him long. For four hours we were together in his narrow, noisome cell. How indelibly are the events which occurred in them impressed upon my memory! Oh! slavery—slavery!"

The citizens outside awaited anxiously the good minister's egress from the jail, and, when he appeared, crowded round him to know the result. He looked like one jaded with a long journey. He was worn down. "It is useless—it is useless—let him die in peace," was all he said; and, seeing that he was deeply moved, and taking it for granted that he had been engaged in devotional exercises with the dying, silence pervaded the group, and he was allowed to

depart in peace. And never in public or in a mixed audience, would that minister refer to Isaac, or the hours he spent with him!

No other effort to elicit information from the leader was made, and none who promised him help were discovered through him.

The death-day came. A mighty crowd gathered to witness the sad event to which, in that place, it was to be devoted; and the military, with gleaming swords and bright bayonets, stood under the gallows, to guard against escape or difficulty. Six "felons" were upon the gallows—it could hold no more—and Isaac was put on the list. "Be men," said he, when one of the number showed some timidity, "and die like men. I'll give you an example: then, obey my brother." That brother stood next him. Isaac gazed intently upon the crowd—some thought he was looking for his wife and children—and then spoke his farewell to his young masters. A few words passed between him and his brother, when, saying audibly, "I'll die a freeman," he sprung up as high as he could, and fell heavily as the knotted rope checked his fall. Instantly his frame was convulsed, and, in its muscular action, his feet reached the plank on which he had stood, looking as if he sought to regain it. His brother, turning his face to his comrades, deliberately put his hand upon his side, and, leaning forward, held the body clear with his elbow, as he said: "Let us die like him."

The authorities perceived that the terrors of the law would be lost, and none of "the good" they anticipated be secured among the blacks, especially, who filled up the outer circle of the dense crowd, if this lofty heroism were witnessed. They proceeded

rapidly with the execution, and, in a few moments, Isaac and his brother and their felon comrades were asleep together.

The bodies of the blacks, after dangling in the air the usual time, as if in mockery of heaven and earth, were cut down, confined, and carted away to their burial-place. That was an out-of-the-way old field, with a stagnant lagoon on three sides of it, and a barren sand-waste, covered with a sparse growth of short pines, on the other.

Beneath the shade of one of these pines which skirted the field, and not far off from the felons' graves, a colored woman and a cluster of little ones might have been seen. These were Isaac's wife and children. They stood where they were, until all, save one white man, had departed. He made a signal, and they approached the burial spot. He pointed to a particular spot, and left. None know, save our Father, how long the widowed one and the fatherless remained there, or what were their emotions. But, next morning, a rough stake was found driven into the earth where Isaac lay, and, ere the next Sabbath dawned, a pile of stones with an upright memorial, was placed at the head of his grave. How these stones were obtained—for none like them were to be seen within thirty or forty miles—no one could say, though all knew *who* put them there. The rude memorial still stands! The grave of Isaac is yet known! And that widowed one, while she lived—for she, too, has departed—kept the lone burial spot free from weeds, and covered it with the wild rose, as if the spirit which had once animated the cold clay beneath, loved a robe of beauty and sweetness!

As not the least remarkable feature in Isaac's conduct, was the course he pursued towards his family, we cannot close without referring to it. He was an exemplary husband, and a wise as well as kind father. His wife was not superior, intellectually, but she was affectionate, and he so moulded her character as to make her worthy of him. His children were well-behaved, and remarkable for their polite manners. His very household gave evidence of all this. Everything was in order; the furniture was neat; in all the arrangements he had an intelligent eye to comfort and taste; he had a watch, and some tolerable Scripture engravings; and his little garden was well stocked with the best vegetables, the best fruit, and the rarest flowers.

Of the plot, Isaac's wife knew nothing. He had evidently thought of his failure, and committed no women, and as few married men as he could. He meant, let what might happen to him, that his partner should suffer no harm. This was evident enough from his conduct. For, the first thing he did after his arrest, was to desire an interview with his master. That was denied him. Not that the old gentleman was cruel or angry—for he loved Isaac—but because, as he said, "He could not stand it." The next thing was to send for his young master. He came, and to him he said: "Massa Thomas, I have sent for you to say, that my wife does not know anything about the insurrection, or any of my action. I wanted to see old master to beg of him not to sell or separate her and the children. I must get you to do that. And, Massa Thomas, when your father dies, I want you to promise that you will help them." The young man promised (and we rejoice to say his word was kept),

and then Isaac, the slave and the felon, blessed him. Never again, until near his last hour, when conversing with his minister, did he refer to his family, and the only message he sent them was a torn Bible, with this sentence rudely writ down on one of the leaves: "We shall live again, and be together." So deep was his affection for his family, and so careful was he to ward off every suspicion from them.

I met, last summer, the slaveholder—an intelligent and humane man—who commanded the military the day Isaac was hung.

I referred to the scene. He spoke of it as one of the most moving that he had ever witnessed, and to my surprise, though very much to my gratification, remarked:

"I never knew what true heroism was until I saw Isaac manifest it upon his seizure, trial and death. I felt my inferiority to him in every way, and I never think of him without ranking him among the best and bravest men that ever lived."

The record below tells of his crime, and he will be remembered on earth as a felon; but the record above will contain his virtues, and in heaven the good will know and love him—for ISAAC was a MAN.

III.

THE UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPH.

THE thriving condition of the Underground Railroad, establishes conclusively the existence of secret and rapid modes of communication among the slave population of the South. Many extraordinary stories are told by the Southrons themselves of the facility with which the negroes learn of all events that transpire in the surrounding country. In spite of strict surveillance on the plantation, and careful watching abroad, by means of numerous and well mounted patrols, the slaves pass freely over large tracts of country. More especially does this state of things exist among the plantations of the cotton growing States. The dense forests, swamps and morasses, which the negroes alone can tread with impunity, enable them to avoid the highways and beaten paths wherein they would be likely to meet the patrol.

This system of secret travel originally grew out of the social desires of the slaves—their love of gossip and wish to meet their friends and relatives; but, as the tyranny of the system grew more insupportable, in the natural course of events, and the yearnings after freedom became stronger in the minds of the negroes themselves, it was used for other and far

more dangerous purposes. The preceding chapter will show how an earnest man can use this power.

I remember an incident narrated to me at Charleston, which illustrates this point. In conversation upon various subjects with Col. ———, a fine specimen of the Southern planter, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance, various traits and peculiarities of the negro character were alluded to; and, among others, the extraordinary facilities possessed by the slaves in communicating with each other.

Col. ——— said it was impossible to prevent it. No matter how rigid the laws might be, or how strictly they were enforced, the *evil* (as he called it) still continued to grow. He related the following incident as a proof of this rapid inter-communication:

“Several summers since, I was in the interior of the State, visiting the plantation of a friend. While there, one morning, the news arrived of a dreadful murder that had been committed, a short distance from the estate, by a poor white man who kept a small grocery at the cross roads near the boundary of several estates. He was supposed to be a receiver of the various articles which plantation slaves are in the habit of stealing. In a fit of insane jealousy, he had brutally murdered a woman who lived with him as his wife. He had immediately decamped, and was supposed to have gone in the direction of Charleston. I was about returning to my home; and my friend, an active magistrate, proposed that we should endeavor to overtake the murderer; or, by reaching the city at an early hour, cause his arrest. The distance was about eighty miles, and we did not start till late in the afternoon. We rode rapidly, changing our horses twice, and about two

o'clock in the morning, reached the banks of the river a few miles from the city. My companion had alluded, during the ride, to the knowledge that our servants were generally possessed of all intelligence, and offered to bet any amount of money that 'Old Harry' (the black ferryman), already knew everything about the murder. I was incredulous; for we had ridden fast, and, by no possibility, did it seem to me, could he have learnt anything relating to the tragedy.

"'Well, Harry,' said my companion to the old fellow, 'what's the news up country?'"

"'I dun'no know, mass'r,' was the hesitating reply; 'you gentlemen has jest come down, and probable knows more 'bout it dan I does.'

"About what?" I asked.

"'Why sah, de murder ob Abe Thomas' wife las' night.'

"The murder was discovered by the patrols about three o'clock in the morning!"

"We both expressed our ignorance of the event, and old Harry, after some hesitation, gave us the particulars very accurately, stating that he had heard of it that night from a plantation hand.

"Here was an extraordinary proof of what my companion had stated. We had travelled rapidly; no one had left the neighborhood before us; yet this old man had learnt of the event some hours previous to our arrival. It had been passed from plantation to plantation, and thus it had reached him."

I listened to the story, and treasured up its facts. It seems to me that here lies a power, by means of which a formidable insurrection, directed by white men, can safely be formed and consummated. And the slaves *know this fact*. The Canadian fugitives

understand it; and are thoroughly systematizing this Underground Telegraph. Many of them are constantly passing to and fro in the Slave States with perfect impunity. Through it, hundreds of the relatives and friends of men, who have already secured their freedom, have been informed of the means by which they can obtain the liberty so eagerly desired. By its operations, when the appropriate hour for sounding the alarm shall have come, speedily, surely and swiftly, will the news spread southward, and reach, in the silent hours of the night, thousands of eager souls now awaiting, in trembling anxiety, for the terrible day of deliverance.

IV.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THERE is a Canada in the Southern States. It is the Dismal Swamp. It is the dreariest and the most repulsive of American possessions. It is the favorite resort of wild animals and reptiles; the paradise of serpents and poisonous vegetation. No human being, one would think, would voluntarily live there; and yet, from time immemorial, it has been the chosen asylum of hundreds of our race. It has been the earthly heaven of the negro slave; the place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

For the following account of life in the Swamp, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mrs. Knox, of Boston. It was narrated by a fugitive slave in Canada, whose words, as he uttered them, she reported *verbatim*. She purposes to publish a volume of autobiographical sketches of the Canadian fugitives; and it is from her manuscript collection that this narrative is taken.

The uniform testimony of the runaways she conversed with, as well as of all the fugitives whom Mr. Drew examined, is that slavery is the sum of all villainies—"Cousin of Hell," as one of them phrased it—and that the bondmen everywhere are discontented with their lot.

This is the Canadian runaway's narrative of

LIFE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

. . . . "Thirty-five miles I was sep'rated from my wife, buildin' house for overseer. 'Casionally I was permitted to go home. De las' time (I remember it 'stinctly) when I seed her, I telled her I would come back agin in four weeks. Arter I had worked four weeks, de overseer would n't let me go; so I waited and axed him sever'l times. I knowed my wife would keep 'spectin' me and 'spectin' me till I comed. I begged de overseer one dey to jist let me go home; for I had n't seen my wife den for seven weeks. He got orful vexed at me, and writed to my mass'r 'bout me.

"Arterward de overseer's wife was mad wit Charity, an my brudder hearn her treaten to send Charity to Richmond, whar my mass'r was agoin' to send me to be selled. My brudder telled me now was my time to make clar, or else I'd be hussled off 'fore I knowed it.

"Dat mornin' de overseer comed whar I be, an' axed me: 'Charlie, I want ye to come to de house an' work; cellar steps need 'pairin', as da 'bout given way, and old Charity fell down dem to'der day, and like to have broken her ole thick skull; 'specks she will yet, boy, less ye impair dem. Ye better come right up, Charley, and dood it.'

"Now I jist knowed dat ole coon was tryin' to lay wait to ketch me, to tie me so he'd sell me down Souf. I did n't live wid old Hunker for not'in', I tort; and as I did n't never 'spect much else but my larnin' from him, I bet ye I laid out to make all my larnin' tell. Slavery teaches some t'ings you does n't

find in books, I tell ye. Well, I knowed dem ar cellar steps would be a long time 'fore da ketched impairs by my fixin's. . . . I telled de overseer 'Yes, sah,' an' he went struttin' 'bout, 'spectin' every minnit to make a grab at me when I comed out. But he did n't t'ough, bet ye.

"Arter he sot down to dinner, I jist tort, dem are heels 'longed to me, and so I jest let my legs be 'sponsible for my heels, till da bringed me and my heels to de woods. . . . I runned all dat arternoon, and in de nex' night I got whar my brudder lived, 'bout five miles off my wife. . . . Liz-zie was a good wife to me, and I did n't know how I could leave her. Slavery asunders everyting we love in dis life, God knows. . . . Den I walked fifteen mile to my mudder's. I knocked at her winder, and telled her I was her own Charley in great 'stress. She comed right to de door, grieved most to def, when I tell'd her mass'r gived overseer commission to sell me. Oh! I did n't know what to do. My poor ole mudder!

"I started off an' lef' her frettin' mightily. Dat's de las' I knowed 'bout my wife or ole mudder, or any ob my 'lations.

"I went to a friend ob mine. He was gone away. His wife knowed I was hungry, and so she ga'en me a right smart supper, and arterwards I intired. In de night her husband comed home. He 'mediately called me. I 'peared. He say he knowed folks in de Dismal Swamp, and p'raps he might 'ceed for me, an' get me 'casion to work dar. He keeped me six days, whar I was hided away an' would n't be 'sturbed. Den I hired into de Juniper Swamp for two dollars a month.

“I ’spect you ’ve heern good deal ’bout dat swamp, ma’am? Da calls it Dismal Swamp; and guess good name for it. ’Tis all dreary like. Dar never was any heaven’s sunshine in some parts orn’t.

“I boarded wit a man what giv me twø dollars a month for de first one: arter dat I made shingles for myse’f. Dar are heaps ob folks in dar to work. Most on ’em are fugitives, or else hirin’ dar time. Dreadful ’commodatin’ in dare to one anudder. De each like de ’vantage ob de odder one’s ’tection. Ye see dey’s united togedder in’dividually wit same interest to stake. Never hearn one speak disinspectively to ’nut’er one: all ’gree as if dey had only one head and one heart, with hunder legs and hunder hands. Dey’s more ’commodatin’ dan any folks I’s ever seed afore or since. Da lend me dar saws, so I might be ’pared to split my shingles; and den dey turn right ’bout and ’commodate demsels. Ye ax me inscribe de swamp?

“Well: de great Dismal Swamp (dey call it Juniper Swamp) ’stends from whar it begins in Norfolk, old Virginny, to de upper part ob Carolina. Dat’s what I’s told. It stands itse’f more ’n fifty mile north and souf. I worked ’bout four mile ’bove Drummond Lake, which be ten mile wide. De boys used to make canoes out ob bark, and hab a nice time fishin’ in de lake.

“Best water in Juniper Swamp ever tasted by man.* Dreadful healthy place to live, up in de high land in de cane-brake. ’Speck ye ’ve heern tell on it? There is reefs ob land—folks call de high lands. In dar de cane-brake grow t’irty feet high.

* It is stated to have medicinal properties.

In dem ar cane-brakes de ground is kivered wit leaves, kinder makin' a nat'ral bed. Dar be whar de wild hogs, cows, wolves, and bars (bears) be found. De swamp is lower land, whar dar's de biggest trees most ever was. De sypress is de handsomest, an' anudder kind called de gum tree.

“Dismal Swamp is divided into tree or four parts. Whar I worked da called it Company Swamp. When we wanted fresh pork we goed to Gum Swamp, 'bout sun-down, run a wild hog down from de cane-brakes into Juniper Swamp, whar dar feet can 't touch hard ground, knock dem over, and dat 's de way we kill dem. De same way we ketch wild cows. We troed dar bones, arter we eated all de meat off on 'em up, to one side de fire. Many 's de time we waked up and seed de bars skulking round our feet for de bones. Da neber interrupted us; da knowed better; coz we would gin dem cold shot. Hope I shall live long enough to see de *slaveholders* feared to interrupt us!

. . . . “I tort a sight 'bout my wife, and used allers be planin' how I get to see her agin. Den I heern dat old mass'r made her live wid anudder man, coz I left her. Dis 'formation nearly killed me. I mout 'spected it; for I knowed de mass'rs neber ingard de marriage 'stution 'spectin' dar slaves. Dey hab de right to make me be selled from my wife, and dey had de right of makin' her live wid anudder man if she hated him like pisin. I do n't blame Lizzie; but I hoped she would b'lieve dat I was dead; den she would n't fret herself to def, as I knowed she would if she reckoned I was livin'. She loved me, I knowed, but dat warn't no 'count at all. De slaves are ingarded as dey must marry jist for dar mass'r's

int'rest. Good many on dem jist marry widout any more respect for each oder den if dey was hogs. . . . I and my wife warn't so. I married Lizzy, and had a ceremony over it, coz I loved her an' she loved me. Well, arter I heern dat she was livin' wid 'nudder man, dat ar made me to come to Canada.

"Ole man Fisher was us boys' preacher. He runned away and used to pray, like he's 'n earnest. I camped wid him. Many's been de 'zortation I have 'sperienced, dat desounded t'rough de trees, an' we would almos' 'spect de judgment day was comin', dar would be such loud nibrations, as de preacher called dem; 'specially down by de lake. I b'lieve God is no inspector of persons; an' he knows his childer, and kin hear dem jest as quick in de Juniper Swamp as in de great churches what I seed in New York, whar dey don't 'low a man, as I'm told, to go in thar, if he hasn't been allers customed to sit on spring bottomed cheers, and sofas and pianners and all dem sort of tings. Tank de Lord, he don't tink so much 'bout spring-bottom cheers as his poor critters do—dat's a fac'. I was fered to peep inside dem ar rich churches, and I 'spects de blessed Lord hisself dunno much more 'bout dar insides dan I does. . . . Oh, dey were nice prayers we used to have sometimes, an' I donno but de old preacher is dar now.

"Dar is families growed up in dat ar Dismal Swamp dat never seed a white man, an' would be skeered most to def to see one. Some runaways went dere wid dar wives, an' dar childers are raised dar. We never had any trouble 'mong us boys; but I tell you pretty hard tings sometimes 'cur dat makes

ye shiver all over, as if ye was frozed. De master will offer a reward to some one in de swamp to ketch his runaway. So de colored folks got jist as much devil in dem as white folks; I sometimes tink de are jist as voracious arter money. Da 'tray de fugitives to dar masters. Sometimes de masters comes and shoots dem down dead on de spot. . . . I saw wid my own eyes when dey shot Jacob. Dat is too bad to 'member. God will not forget it; never, I bet ye. Six white men comed upon him afore he knowed nothin' at all 'bout it most. Jist de first ting Jacob seed was his old master, Simon Simms, of Suffolk, Virginny, standing right afore him. Dem ar men—all on em—had a gun apiece, an' dey every one of dem pointed right straight to de head of poor Jacob. He felt scared most to def. Old Simms hollored out to him—'Jake! You run a step, you nigger, and I'll blow yer brains out.' Jacob did n't know for de life on him what to do. He feared to gin up: he too scared to run; he dunno what to do. Six guns wid number two shot, aimed at your head is n't nothin', I tell ye. Takes brave man to stand dat, 'cordin' to my reck'nin'.

"Jacob lifts up his feet to run. Marcy on him! De master and one ob de men levelled dar guns, and dar guns levelled poor Jacob. His whole right side from his hip to his heel was cut up like hashmeat. He bleded orfull. Dey took some willow bark—made a hoop orn't—run a board trough it—put Jacob on it like as if he war dead; run a pole t'rough de willow hoop, and put de poles on dar shoulders.

"Dreadful scenes, I tell ye, 'sperienced in de Dismal Swamp, sometimes, when de masters comes dar. Dey shoot down runaways, and tink no more

sendin' a ball t'rough dar hearts and sendin' dar hearts into 'Ternity dan jist nothin' at all. But de balls will be seen in 'Ternity, when de master gets dar 'spectin' to stay; 'spect dey'll get dispinted a heap!

“I feared to stay dar arter I seed such tings; so I made up my mind to leave. . . . 'Spect I better not tell de way I comed: foi dar's lots more boys comin' same way I did.”

V

SCENES IN A SLAVE PRISON.

[From a private letter to Charles Sumner, by Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston.]

I HAVE passed ten days in New Orleans—not unprofitably, I trust—in examining the public institutions, the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, etc. With the exception of the first, there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system, but I do know that in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom upon the city.

A man suspected of a crime and awaiting his trial, is thrust into a pandemonium filled with convicts and outlaws, where, herding and sleeping in common with hardened wretches, he breathes an atmosphere whose least evil is its physical impurity; and which is loaded with blasphemies, obscenities, and the sound of hellish orgies, intermingled with the clanking of the chains of the more furious, who are not caged, but who move about in the crowd with fettered legs and hands.

If Howard or Mrs. Fry ever discovered a worse administered den of thieves than the New Orleans prison, they never described it.

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S. G. HOWE.

VI.

MY OBJECT.

THE reader must have noticed that I took particular pains to ascertain the secret sentiments of the Southern slaves. He must have seen, also, that I never stepped aside to collate or investigate any cases of unusual cruelty, or to portray the neglect of masters in the different States, to provide their bondmen with the comforts of a home or the decencies of life. That I had material enough, my summary will show.

I did not go South to collect the materials for a distant war of words against it. Far more earnest was my aim.

I saw or believed that one cycle of anti-slavery warfare was about to close—the cycle whose correspondences in history are the eras of John Ball, the herald of the brave Jack Cade; of the Humble Remonstrants who preceded Oliver Cromwell, and the Iconoclastic Puritans; and of the Encyclopædists of the age of Louis the Sixteenth, whose writings prepared the way for the French Revolution. I believed that the cycle of action was at hand. I considered it, therefore, of importance to know the feelings and aspirations of the slaves. I cared little, comparatively with this object, to ascertain their

physical condition. I never even read a book on the subject—a volume of fiction alone excepted—until the manuscripts of the preceding pages were placed in the hands of the printer. I knew that irresistible power must, from its very nature, corrupt men, and make them cruel, heartless, and licentious. It would have been useless to travel South to corroborate that truth.

My object was to aid the slaves. If I found that slavery had so far degraded them, that they were comparatively contented with their debased condition, I resolved, before I started, to spend my time in the South, in disseminating discontentment. But if, on the other hand, I found them ripe for a rebellion, my resolution was to prepare the way for it, as far as my ability and opportunities permitted.

I believed that a civil war between the North and South would ultimate in insurrection, and that the Kansas troubles would probably create a military conflict of the sections. Hence I left the South, and went to Kansas; and endeavored, personally and by my pen, to precipitate a revolution. That we failed—for I was not alone in this desire—was owing to the influence of prominent Republican statesmen, whose unfortunately conservative character of counsel—which it was impossible openly to resist—effectually baffled all our hopes: hopes which Democratic action was auspiciously promoting.

Are we, then, without hope?

No! and, while slaves live, and the God of justice is omnipotent, never will we be discouraged. Revolutions never go backward. The second American Revolution has begun. Kansas was its Lexington:

Texas will be its Bunker Hill, and *South Carolina its Yorktown.*

It is fashionable for our animalculæ-statesmen to lament or affirm that slavery cannot speedily be abolished. It is so wrought and interwoven with the social system of the South—with its commercial, political, and religious organizations—that to root it out at once, they maintain, would be disastrous to the country and to the slave himself. Perish the country, then, and woe to the slave! Whatever falls, let slavery perish. Whoever suffers, let slavery end. If the Union is to be the price of a *crime*, let us repent of the iniquity and destroy the bond.

Do you desire to aid in overthrowing slavery? There is work for you to do, whatever may be your talents or ideas of policy.

—Shall I venture to predict? It may be that I am not a prophet—but, as far as we believe in humanity, and right, and an overruling God, we have the power of foreseeing results. All fanatics are prophets to the extent of their vision—for fanaticism is the ardent worship of a truth; and by its light we can—nay, must—see the sequences of acts performed in accordance or in violation of it. And I am a fanatic.

Slavery will be speedily abolished. That I see. I think, by violence; nay, I know by bloodshed, if the present spirit long pervades the South. “Unless it repents it shall utterly perish.”

Slavery will soon be driven east of the Mississippi. Missouri—already surrounded by free communities; with friends of the slave, from the adjoining territory, ever active on her borders; with the money

of the merchant, the selfishness of the laborer, and the ambition of the politician arrayed against her domestic institution, and the fear of the slaveholder justly aroused for the safety of his property in man—this State, so recently the champion of the South, will be the first to succumb to the spirit of the North, and realize the truth that they who take the sword shall perish by it.

South of Kansas lies a fertile region already darkened by the curse of slavery. It is the Indian Territory. It will soon be thrown open for the settlement of the white race. Another struggle will ensue—and another victory for freedom; for the men who, at Yellow Stone, fired at Federal troops, and, at Osawattomie—seventeen against four hundred—made the embattled marauders bite the dust, will be there to avenge the martyrs of Lawrence and the Marais des Cygnes. Will they have no other aid? Yes; for there are negroes enslaved in the Indian Territory: the descendants of the bravest warriors America has produced—the hunted maroons, who, for forty years, in the swamps of Florida, defied the skill and armies of the United States. They hate slavery and the race that upholds it, and are longing for an opportunity to display that hatred. Not far from this territory, in a neighboring province of Mexico, live a nation of trained negro soldiers—the far-famed Florida Indians, who, after baffling and defying the United States, and after having been treacherously enslaved by the Creeks, incited thereto by Federal officials, bravely resisted their oppressors and made an Exodus, the grandest since the days of Moses, to a land of freedom. Already have their oppressors felt their prowess; and their historian tells us—“*they will be*

heard from again."* Mark the significant warning!

Arrizonia is a mining country. There is gold, silver and copper there. It requires skilled labor to extract them from the ore. Free laborers will flock to these regions as soon as it is profitable to go, and overwhelm, by mere numerical force, the champions of the Southern system. The wild Indians, too, are the friends of the negro. The diplomacy of the Florida Indians has made them the eternal enemies of the South. *The nation will see this fact when the Texan struggle begins.*

Slavery can never be extended into Northern Mexico. The people hate it. Through all the multitudinous mutations of their history, this hatred has been the only established principle which pervaded the entire nation. If color is to be the badge of bondage, they know that they must succumb to it, if the Southern "Norman" obtains dominion in their land. For the Mexicans of the frontier provinces are of mixed Indian, Negro and Spanish origin. There are numbers of fugitives from American slavery among them, who superadd to a deadly national animosity, a still stronger hatred of a race of tyrants.

Texas is a tempting bait for the North; the greatest territorial prize of the age. By the terms of its admission, it may be divided into five States. What shall the character of those States be? There are numbers of resolute pioneers in Kansas who have sworn that Texas shall again be free—as it was under Mexican domination—before the "flag of the free"

* See "The Exiles of Florida," by Joshua R. Giddings.

waved over it. They have declared that a line of free States shall extend, southward, to the Mexican Gulf; that slavery shall, westward, find the bound which it cannot pass. Within the borders of Texas there is already a numerous free-labor population, whose numbers, by the organized emigration movement, will speedily be increased and presently preponderate. The wealth of the North, which would shudder at the idea of a servile insurrection, is already pledged to the programme of anti-slavery emigration—which, as surely as to-morrow's sun shall rise, will ultimately and rapidly drive slavery to the eastern shore of the Mississippi.

Thus far, the programme will be essentially pacific—at most, a conflict of sections and rival civilizations. Thus far, but no further, political action may benefit the slave. The Republican party, the champion of white laborers, will plead their cause and insure them success. To this extent, therefore, the friend of the slave can consistently aid the Republican party; but, this end gained, it will be his duty to desert and war against it. For it is publicly pledged never to interfere, by political action, with slavery where it already exists; but, on the contrary, to preserve and defend whatever may be “protected by the ægis of State sovereignty.” *

West of the Mississippi and in the State of Missouri, therefore, the friend of the slave, from the inevitable operation of potent political and commercial forces, may leave, to a great extent, the fate of slavery to peaceful causes or other than distinctively abolition movements.

* See J. C. Fremont's Letter of Acceptance, and the Republican Campaign Documents, *passim*.

Westward, slavery cannot go. Northward, its influence daily diminishes. The sentiment of the Eastern world is hostile to it always. Can it extend Southward? It will look in vain to Central America. The same mixed races who hate the modern "Norman" in Mexico inhabit those regions, and are animated by the same true spirit; and the attempt, if ever made, to subdue this people, in order to extend the area of bondage, will justly precipitate a war with the powers of Europe. The South does not dare to hazard a war with such great powers on such an issue.

The islands of the American Archipelago are to-day almost exclusively in the hands of the liberated African race. *The first serious attempt at annexation will put them entirely in the possession of the blacks.* Cuba has already, within her borders, seven thousand self-emancipated citizens; and it is a fact, well known in our State Department, that the Spanish rulers of that island would unhesitatingly arm the black population, both slave and free, in the event of any serious attempt at conquest.

But I would not fear the extension of American slavery, even if the neighboring nations were more friendly to it. *The South will soon find enough to do at home.* Canada has hitherto been the safety valve of Southern slavery. The bold and resolute negroes, who were fitted by their character to incite the slaves to rebellion, and lead them on to victory, have hitherto, by the agency of the underground railroad, been triumphantly carried off to a land of freedom. The more sagacious Southrons have seen this fact, and congratulated themselves on it. They forget that the same qualities which induced these

slaves to fly, would enable them, in their new home, to accumulate riches; and that to men who have endured the tyranny of slavery, there is nothing so much coveted as the hope of revenge. There are thousands of dollars in the Canadian Provinces which are ready for the use of the insurrectionists.

But is insurrection possible?

I believe that it is. The only thing that has hitherto prevented a universal revolt, is the impossibility of forming extended combinations. This the slave code effectually prevents. To attain this end, therefore, the agency of white men is needed.

Are there men ready for this holy work?

I thank God that there are. There are men who are tired of praising the French patriots—who are ready to *be* Lafayettes and Kosciuskos to the slaves.

Do you ask for a programme of action?

The negroes and the Southrons have taught us. The slaves of the Dismal Swamp, the maroons of Florida, the free-state men of Kansas, have pointed out the method. The South committed suicide when it compelled the free squatters to resort to guerilla warfare, *and to study it both as a mode of subsistence and a science*. For the mountains, the swamps and morasses of the South, are peculiarly adapted to this mode of combat, and there are numbers of young men, trained to the art in the Kansas ravines, who are eager for an opportunity of avenging their slain comrades, on the real authors of their death, in the forests and plantations of the Carolinas and Georgia.

Will you aid them—will you sustain them? Are you in favor of a servile insurrection?

Tell God in acts.

Farewell.

SLAVERY IN KANSAS.



I.

THE FIRST SLAVE IN KANSAS.

I WAS one day in an office where I occasionally called. A colored woman entered the room, inquired for me, and presented a note of introduction from an eminent reformer. She told me her sad story. She had been a slave, but had been liberated. She had a son in slavery. Having tasted the bitter draught of bondage, she was working, night and day, to save her son from the curse.

He was in Parkville, Missouri. His master or masters had offered to sell him for eleven hundred dollars. She had nearly raised the sum, when she wrote to him again. Instead of receiving an encouraging reply, the following inhuman note was sent to the gentleman who wrote in her behalf:

PARKVILL *sept. 9th* 1857

sir I recived yours of the 28 of August you Say that the Mother of Miller is verry anxious to Buy him. I have rote some too or three Letter in relation to the time and Price now all I have to say is if you want him you must come by the fust

of Oct or you will have to come to Teks for him & I will not consider my Self under any obligation to take the same price after the first of Oct. if you can get here by the 20 of this Month per haps it would be better for you for I want to start soon as I can & by the 1 of Oct is the out Side time

your in hast

JOHN WALLIS

Mr HENRY MOR—*

The poor mother did not think that Mr. Wallace† had the remotest intention of removing to "Teks;" but believed that it was a pretext to raise the price of her boy; and, as she was nearly worn out already with anxiety and travel, she was beginning to despair of rescuing him from bondage.

Could I do anything for her? Could I not run him off? I told her I would try. Shortly after this interview I went out to Kansas. It was some months before I could see any hope of successfully attempting to liberate her boy. The weather was so unusually mild that the river was not frozen over until some time after New Year's Day. I then made a trip to Parkville; carefully, of course, concealing my intention.

I saw the boy at the livery stable and spoke to him privately. He refused to try to escape. He would not run the risk of recapture. He appeared, in fact, indifferent to his fate. I afterwards spoke to him, in the presence of a slaveholder, of the efforts of his mother to secure his freedom. He did not think, he said, that she could do it. She had written about it so often that he had given over all hope. He

* Illegible in the MS.

† This is the Capt. Wallace mentioned in the chapter on Lynching an abolitionist.

did n't keer much about it, nohow. He had n't, he said, much feelin' for his kinsfolks. He had seen his father the other day—the first time for a number of years. The old man ran to meet him, and put out his hand; but he would n't take it, would n't call him father—only “that man!” He said that his father was living with another woman now, and had a family not very far off; but he had never called to see them, and never intended to go near them. He made another remark that shocked me so much that I determined to leave him to his fate.

He told me that he had a brother, the property of a Mr. Pitcher, who lived in the town of Liberty. I mounted my horse and went there. I soon saw Pitcher. He was sitting in the public room of the hotel, with his feet against the dirty stove. His talk was of bullocks and blooded horses, with which, in all their varieties—with their genealogical history, and the various *faux pas* of their different branches—and other interesting equestrian information, he was as familiar as the thorough bred cockney is with the scandal of the Green Room, or the bed-room mysteries of the leading houses of the British aristocracy. As I rode a splendid steed, I was soon, to all outward appearance, as deeply interested in horse-history as he was. From horses to slaves the transition was easy. He had come from the North, he said, with anti-slavery sentiments. But he soon saw his error. He was a slaveholder now; and thought that it was not only right, but best for the nigger, for the white man to hold him as property. “My niggers, sir,” he said, “are well fed; they've got plenty of good clothing; if they're sick, I have to foot the doctor's bill; I work as hard

as they do—and harder too; only, they work with their hands and I work with my head!”

I could not help laughing. For I never saw a lazier-looking fellow in my life; and, if there is any truth in phrenological science, it might easily be disputed whether he had got any head to work with. I asked him how much he would sell Georgy for? Georgy was the brother of Millar. “He would take,” he said, “one thousand dollars down. Nary cent less. No, sir, nary cent; he was a right smart boy and would bring that any day.”

I waited in Liberty two or three days in the hope of meeting the boy. I would have waited some days longer, but my departure was hastened by an act of carelessness. Liberty had distinguished herself, during the Kansas troubles, by her ultra devotion to “Southern Rights.” She sent out bands of brutal men to vote and fight for slavery in Kansas. When in my room, at the hotel, I perpetrated the following atrocity:

ON LIBERTY IN MISSOURI.

As maids (or *unmaids*), if you'll pardon the new phrase,
 Who ne'er have trodden Virtue's straight and narrow ways,
 But sell their foul desires,
 Whose path (says Solomon), leads downward to the grave
 And the infernal fires,
 Are stiled by bacchanals and rakes, *Nymphs* (of the pave!)
 So, on slave soil, we see
 A town, renowned for despot deeds and ruffian bands,
 Self-styled by men with Freedom's life-blood-dropping hands
 The Town of—LIBERTY!

With my usual carelessness, I left this poetical abortion on the table. When I returned, it was gone. Now, as, upon reflection, I saw that the execution of these

lines gave sufficient warrant and excuse for my own execution, I determined to depart without delay, which—saddling up my horse at once—I forthwith did, leaving the “right smart boy” in slavery—in Liberty.

I heard nothing of the slave mother or her children, until, coming to New York to correct the final proofs of this volume, I met her and her son at the house of a gentleman of color. As the publisher required more copy still, I determined to narrate the history of this slave. It is subjoined. I reported her own language, as she replied to my questions. The arrangement of it, therefore, is all that I can claim.

This woman has never seen the harshest features of slavery; for she lived in the State, where, of all others, it exists in its mildest form; she had, also, as she says, a kind old master, until the marriage of his children; and Mr. Hinckley, as is evident, although a Haynau and petty despot, never punished her with unusual severity or frequency. This, then, is a picture of slavery in its most pleasing aspects.

Of many of the facts she relates I have personal knowledge; and her character for veracity is vouched for by every one who knows her.

Another word, before her narrative begins. She was the first slave, or one of the first slaves, ever held in Kansas. She was kept there in bondage, in a Military Reservation, under the immediate shadow of the Federal flag. The North, whether accountable for or guiltless of slavery in the South, is morally responsible for its existence in the Federal forts. Will the Republicans see that their Congressional Representatives shall instantly withdraw this Federal protection, and instantly abolish slavery, wherever—

according to their own theories—they have the power to reach and extinguish it? Unless the *People* compel them, they will never attempt it. But, to the slave mother's narrative :

AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

“I was born and raised in Madison county, Kentucky. I will be thirty-nine next August. I belonged to Mr. William Campbell. I was raised in the same family as Lewis Clarke, who has written a book about his life. My master lived on Silver Creek, about eight miles from Richmond. He owned nineteen or twenty slaves. My mother belonged to him; my father to Mr. Barrett, who lived about three miles off. My mother was always the cook of the family. I lived in Kentucky till I was about fourteen years of age, when old master moved off to Clay county, Missouri, carrying my mother with him, and all her children, excepting Millar, who had been sold to one of Mr. Campbell's cousins. She had thirteen children at that time, and had one more in Missouri. One daughter died on the journey.

A KIND MASTER.

“They parted my father and mother; but, when in Indiana, old master went back and bought him. He left us in charge of a son-in-law, and rejoined us with my father in Missouri. My poor mother! It seems to me too bad to talk about it. You have no idee what it is to be parted; nobody knows but them that's seen it and felt it. The reason that old master went back to Kentucky and bought my father, was because my mother grieved so about being separated

from him. She did not think about running away. Slaves did n't long for freedom in those days ; they were quiet and had plenty of privileges then.

“ We were treated pretty well in Kentucky. Mr. Campbell was a kind master ; one of the best there was. He had between six and seven hundred acres of land, but he did not push his hands ; he was well off and did not seem to care ; so we did pretty much as we pleased.

“ Millar, who was left in Kentucky, was sold South ; none of us have ever heard of him since.”

THEORY OF THE MARRIAGE OF SLAVES.

“ We girls were all unmarried when we moved to Missouri, and excepting Millar, we all lived together till old master's family began to set up for themselves. I was the first that got married. It was the next year after we went to Missouri that I was married to Nathaniel Noll. There was about three hundred people at my wedding. When a respectable colored girl gets married, it is the custom there, and in Kentucky, for all the neighbors, white and black, to come and see the ceremony. Colored people and whites associate more in the South than in the North. They go to parties together, and dance together. Colored people enjoy themselves more in the South than in any other part of the world, because they don't know their condition.

“ We were married by Mr. Chandler, at my master's house. I remember the words he said after I was married ; says Mr. Campbell, says he, ‘ You join these people together ; *that is, till I choose to make a separation.*’ I heard it myself. He went up to the

minister just as soon as the ceremony was over, and said it aloud, in presence of everybody in the room. I was young and happy, and didn't think much about it then, but I've often, often thought about it since."

PRACTICE AT THE MARRIAGE OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

"Sam was the first of my master's family married. When he married, the old man gave him Ellen and Daniel, my sister and brother. Daniel was twelve or thirteen; Ellen ten years old. She died soon after, from the effects of a cold, brought on by insufficient clothing. Otherwise she was well treated.

"My husband belonged to Mr. Noll, who lived about seven miles below our place. *He was half-brother to his master.* His mother was his father's slave. After we were married, he used to come up every Saturday night, and leave before daylight on Monday morning. He was treated pretty well.

"I staid about four years with old master, until his daughter, Miss Margaret Jane, was married to Mr. Levi Hinkle. Then the old man gave me and two of my children to her. My oldest boy he kept. I had had a pretty easy life till I got with them. Hinkle lived at Fort Leavenworth; he was a forage master. It was about fourteen years ago. I was taken immediately to Fort Leavenworth, with my two little children, and have never seen my husband since, excepting twice, both times within six months after Mr. Hinkle's marriage. Nathaniel came up to Fort Leavenworth three months after our separation; and then, again, three months from that visit. Last time his master told him that he would never allow him to leave the State again. That is fourteen years

ago; I have never seen him since. My boy, Millar, says that he saw him recently, and that he lives with another woman, and has a family by her."

THE OLD FOLKS' FAMILY.

"Daniel, my brother, was sold by Sam. Campbell to a man in Clay county, and lives there yet.

"Mahala, my oldest sister, was given to Mr. Green White, who was married to Mary Ann Campbell. She got married after she went home with them. She had five children by her husband, and then she was sold away from them. Her husband, Joe Brown, was driven out of the house some three or four years before she was sold; he belonged to another master, and Mr. White did not like him about his house. I know nothing about Joe; his wife was sold somewhere up in Andrew county, and I have heard nothing of her since. I do not think she has ever seen her children from that time. I know that four of them are with Mr. White yet, and that she is not there; and that, about two months after she was taken away, her oldest boy, Henry, was sold down South. My son has kept track of them.

"Mahala told me she was treated very badly by her mistress. She often tried to whip Mahala; but as she was sickly she couldn't do it—for we girls never would allow a woman to strike us—and so she had to get her husband to do it. He often whipped her; sometimes stripped her, and sometimes not."

A GREAT MISFORTUNE.

"Serena and Manda, my other sisters, were both sold out of the family, privately, to a man of the

name of Elisha Arrington,* of Platte county, Missouri. He lives on the prairie between Fort Leavenworth and Clay county, near the dividing line of Platte. I cannot say much of the life of Mandy, as I have only seen her once since. Mr. Arrington owned two men also. Both of my sisters were married while they belonged to him. Mr. Arrington met a great misfortune, and sold all his slaves, and swore he would never keep another nigger about him, but compel his daughter to do the kitchen work herself."

"What do you mean," I asked, "when you say a great misfortune?"

She hesitated, but finally told me that "his daughter bore a child to one of his slaves. The boy was frightened, and ran away to Kansas, but was brought back in chains and sold. Manda was sold to a Mr. Jacks. Mr. Jacks is a very nice sort of man, but his wife treated Manda very badly. Our family are all high-spirited, and would never let a woman strike them. *That's the reason why we've been sold so often.*

"Serena was sold to a man named Yates, who lived up in Savannah. He bought her husband too. Mr. Yates kept her about seven years. None of us knew where she was all the time. She had two or three children. Then he sold her, but *kept her children.* She has been sold twice since; each time with her husband, *but each time away from her children.* He belongs now to a man named Links, who lives somewhere in Platte county."

* Or Errington, Malinda did not know how it was spelt.

THE OTHER SISTER SOLD.

“Maria (another sister) was sold by Mr. Campbell next winter after I was married. Poor little thing! she was taken out of the yard, one day, as she was running about—so young and happy-like. It almost broke old mother’s heart. Campbell was an old villain, he was, although he did not whip us often, and fed us well. Nobody but an old villain would have treated poor old mother so, after she had worked for him so long and faithful. Campbell would always make us take our own part, even against his own young one, or anybody else’s: he would n’t allow anybody to whip us except himself. Maria was sold to a man named Phelps.”

“The Congressman?” I asked.

“No,” she said, sneeringly, “not that old Phelps: he was not smart enough: this Phelps lived north of Estelle’s Mills, near Clinton. She was not treated like human—she was treated like a dog by both of them. I saw her once at Phelps’s; she was twenty-one or twenty-two then. But we did not get much chance to talk; I staid there only a few minutes. She told me she was treated very badly; she looked broken-hearted, poor thing; she was n’t clad decent; she had not a shoe to her feet. I saw the marks of the whip on her neck, and shoulders and arms. Poor child! it made me sad to see her. She had two young ones: but I do n’t know whether she was married or not.”

FATE OF HER BROTHERS.

“Howard, my brother, the old man gave to his son John, who took to gambling and horse-racing, and got into debt; then he mortgaged him to a man

by the name of Murray, of Platte city. He is a very good master, I hear. Howard is with him now.

“Lewis ran away into Kansas six or seven years before the wars there; but they brought him back in irons, and he is there yet. Lewis was married to a girl that belonged to another man, and had two children by her. Then Mr. Williams, who owned her, moved into Jackson county, and took her and her young ones with him. Lewis has never seen them since.”

THE OLD AND YOUNG FOLKS.

“My youngest sister, I do n't know anything about.

“Angeline, another sister, was sold to Col. Park, of Parkville. She is with him yet. He is a kind master; but you know more of her than I do.

“My old father is dead. The separation of our family broke the hearts of my father and mother. It was dreadful to see the way my old mother took on about it. You could hear her screaming every night as she was dreaming about them. It seemed so hard. No sooner was she beginning to get sort-of reconciled to one child being gone, than another was taken and sold away from her. My poor old mother! It was awful to see her. And yet they say we have no feelings!”

The relation of these facts so excited Malinda, that it was with difficulty that she could compose herself to conclude the narrative. I told her to confine herself now to her personal history.

SLAVERY IN KANSAS.

“I was taken to Fort Leavenworth some two or three years—it may be more—before the Mexican

war. My oldest boy was three years old then ; now he is twenty-two.

“ My oldest boy, as I said, was kept at home. My youngest child, Julia, was about three years old ; she died about two years afterwards. Georgy was but a boy.* Oh ! how I used to worry ! Oh ! I was n't nobody. It did n't seem as if I keered for anything or anybody in the world. I was worrying about my husband and boy. Then *he* treated me badly, and *she* treated me badly. I was well clothed, and well fed ; they couldn't have starved me if they had wanted to ; for I was their body servant and house-keeper, and had everything to look after. They allowed me everything. We got along pretty well the first two or three years. She did not begin to get ugly till she began to have children. Then she began to get ugly. They were bad and it worried her. She did not bring them up right. She never was pleasant after she began to have children. You would not have thought it was the same woman.”

SLAVERY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

“ *She seemed to be very jealous of me.* She seemed to think her husband liked me too well. She could not bear him to give me anything, or to say anything in my favor. When he went to Weston and got anything for me, she would fight about it ; and, sometimes, she would get hold of it, and not let me have it ; then he would insist on her giving it up ; and then they would fight. I attended to my work well, and he treated me well ; but she could not bear to hear me praised. *This sort of tyranny, occasioned*

* He is still in slavery.

by jealousy, is one of the most common causes of the bad treatment of the domestic servants of the South. It is far more common than anybody knows of; for Southern gentlemen, generally, are very partial to colored girls. This makes a continual feud in families."

"Does not the church take notice of these things whenever they become public?" I inquired.

"No! Southern clergymen are no better than worldly folks. I know of my own self about them. I have known Southern ministers, my own self, make impudent advances to me in the very Sunday schools. Colored women know what *they* are.

"My mistress used to go home every two or three months. She always took me with her; she would not trust me alone at the Fort. She never tried to strike me at Fort Leavenworth, because her husband would not allow it. When she got home to her father's, she tried to get him to whip me. He refused. One day, when I had her child in my arms, she came up behind me, and struck me with a broom over the head. I had a good mind to throw her child into the fire, but I restrained my temper, and didn't say a word to her. When we got back to Fort Leavenworth, she boasted to Aunt Jennie (her husband's other slave), that she had struck me once and would keep it up now. I heard her, and said, loud enough for her to hear me, that if she ever laid her hand on me again, she would not get off so easy as she did before. After that, she seemed afraid to try. But, one morning, she got angry at me, seized a broom, and attempted to strike me with it. I seized hold of another, and made at her. She didn't dare to strike. She told her husband about it. He tied

me up, stripped me, and lashed me, till the blood rained off my back and arms. Then he put handcuffs on me and threatened to sell me South. I talked back to him, and told him that I wished he *would* sell me. It makes me mad to think about it. When these Yankees come out to be slaveholders, are n't they fiends?"

"Was Hinkle," I asked, "a New Englander?"

"No," she said, "he was a Pennsylvanian. Well: after he got through, I told him that if his wife ever tried to strike me, I would half kill her. She never did try again. But of all the devils that ever lived, she was the worst. She tormented me in every way she could, and make me right miserable, I tell you.

"I found out that Hinkle was trying to sell me, and sought secretly to find a master to suit me. A gentleman who knew me—a Missouri slaveholder—offered to buy me, take me with him to California, and liberate me after two years. When Hinkle found out that I had a chance to be free, he refused to sell me, and he and my friend had a regular row about it. The way Col. E—— did abuse him, and Northern men who held slaves, made him terrible angry. Hinkle then tried to make me contented; denied that he had intended to sell me, and told me he would never part with me if I would be a good girl. I told him I would never be contented in his service again, and he had better find a purchaser as soon as he could do it.

"Soon after this quarrel, he went to Pennsylvania to see his folks and his wife placed me in the care of Mr. White, her brother-in-law. They treated me like a lady, excepting that they watched me like a dog. They were afraid that I would run away, and

never trusted me a minute out of their sight. They took me to meeting in their own carriage, and made me come back in the same way. They made me sleep in their bedroom, on a mattress on the floor, but paid no regard to my feelings, any more than if I was a cat.

“When they found that I would not be contented nohow, they agreed to sell me. Major Ogden knew me at the Fort; and, when he heard I was for sale, came down and asked me if I was willing that he should buy me. He said that he would only keep me until I paid for myself in work. He would allow me ten dollars a month. But he could not buy my children.

“I agreed to go with him. He would not have bought me unless I had been willing to go. I led a first-rate life. I had more work to do than ever in my life before; but I had plenty of privileges, and did not complain when I was treated so well. I was thirteen years at Fort Leavenworth, eight years with Hinkle, and five years with the Major’s family.

“Before my time was out, the Major took me to Connecticut. He was ordered West with his regiment, and died at Fort Riley. I did not try to run away; I was willing to work my time out. But, if he had wished me to return to a Slave State, I would not have gone with him. I would not trust any one with my freedom. ‘A bird in the hand,’ I thought, ‘was worth two in the bush.’ These Northern people, when they taste slavery, like it as well as anybody. When they change, they are *so* different.

“I have been free, in every way, for two years now.”

Here the narrative of the mother ends. The first thing that she did, after having faithfully carried out

her contract with the Major's family, was to work till she saved the sum of fifty dollars. That amount she placed in the bank, as the first installment for the purchase of her son at Parkville. It heads the long list of subscriptions which ultimately enabled her to buy him. I find that the fourth name on the list is the Editor of the *Journal of Commerce*. The world does move after all!

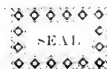
She travelled from city to city, and from State to State, receiving pecuniary aid from hundreds of persons—in sums varying from twenty-five cents up to five and ten dollars. The master of her boy unfortunately heard of her zeal and success, and, with truly characteristic barbarity, raised the price of his slave to \$1,200. That this amount was duly paid, this copy of his certificate of freedom will show :

FREE PAPERS.

Know all Men by these Presents, That we, John H. Nash, and William Nash, of Platte County, Missouri, for and in consideration of twelve hundred dollars, to us in hand paid by Henry Rawles, of New York city, through his agent, John S. Andrews, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, do by these presents grant, bargain and sell unto Malinda Noll, his mother, her executors, administrators and assigns, a negro man, slave for life, named Miller Noll, now of the age of about twenty-two years, together with all our right, title and interest in and to said slave. To have and to hold said negro slave, above bargained and sold, to the said Malinda Noll, her executors, administrators and assigns forever.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this eleventh day of November, 1858.

JOHN H. NASH,



WM. NASH.



PLATTE COUNTY, }
State of Missouri. }

It is Remembered, That on this eleventh day of November, 1858, before me, William McNeill Clough, a Notary Public, within and for the County of Platte, and State of Missouri, personally appeared the above-written John H. Nash and William Nash, who are personally known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the above instrument of writing, as their voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein contained.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at office in Parkville, this 11th day of November, 1858.



WILLIAM MCNEILL CLOUGH,
Notary Public.

“All men,” says a great American State paper, “are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

What a comment on this specious declaration is this American bill of sale of a son to his own mother!

II.

FELONS IN FODDER.

KANSAS, for four years past, has held up the mirror to modern Democracy; and in its history the true character of this subtle and stupendous despotism—every hidden and hideous feature of it—is faithfully and unerringly delineated. Whatever, elsewhere, its partisans and supporters may pretend or say, there, by the pressing exigencies of the pro-slavery cause, and the frequent necessity for prompt, decisive and energetic action, Democracy—as represented by its chosen and honored Federal Executives—has stood forth undisguisedly and boldly as the special and zealous champion of the Southern Aristocracy.

Let us briefly review the history of its most prominent officials in Kansas—the unerring mirror of its secret aims and hidden aspirations.

Mr. Reeder, the first governor, a conservative among conservatives—a Democrat to whom the Fugitive Slave Law, even, was neither repulsive in character nor in any feature unconstitutional—a devout worshipper at the shrine of Squatter Sovereignty and of its high priests Messrs. Pierce and Douglas—was promptly disgraced and dismissed from office, as soon as it was found that he would not become a servile and passive instrument of iniquity in the blood-

stained hands of Atchison and his Missouri cohorts.*

Mr. Shannon, his successor, who signalized his disembarkment by proclaiming, from the door of a common tavern in Westport, that he was in favor of slavery and "the laws" of the Missourians, as represented by the Shawnee Territorial legislature, was retained in office and sustained by the party, although notoriously incapable and a sot, until the record of his innumerable misdemeanors and follies, official and personal, endangered the success of the Democracy in pending State elections; or, rather, until he resolutely and publicly declared at Lecompton that he would not any longer be deceived and used by the ruffians.

Mr. Woodson, the Secretary of State, thrice the Acting Governor of Kansas—a man who never faltered in sustaining the Missouri mobs—who hounded on the Carolina and Alabama robbers to the sack of Lawrence and the desolation of the Free State settlements—was retained in office, and with honor, until, on the acceptance of Geary, it was necessary to replace him by Dr. Gihon, whose appointment that gentleman insisted on as an indispensable "condition precedent" to it. Was Woodson dismissed? No! the faithful—the *unflatteringly* faithful—are never so disgraced; except, indeed, at rare intervals and for a brief period only. He is now one of the chiefs of

* I may mention here that after Reeder was dismissed, Kansas, until recently—as long as the pro-slavery party had the remotest hopes of success—was permitted to have only two even *nominally* Free State officers; one of whom (Day) was murdered and a ruffian appointed in his place, and the other (Shoemaker) was first supplanted by a ruffian and then murdered.

the land office at Kickapoo—a faithful town and a well-rewarded one!

To Geary's administration, the Democracy, sometimes, in free-soil districts—never in their Southern strongholds!—attribute the freedom of Kansas, and the election of Buchanan! His fate is familiar to every one. The moment that he dared to resist the secret will of the Slave Power, as uttered by its faithful instrument Lecompte; when he said that a Missourian should *not* be bailed for murdering a poor Yankee cripple, the signal was given from the windows of the White House, and the remorseless axe fell! Such heterodoxy was not to be tolerated. "By God!" said Mr. Kelley, a Kansas postmaster, once, "when it comes that a man can be hanged for only killing a d——d Yankee abolitionist, I'll leave the country."* This sentiment seems to have received high official indorsement; for Lecompte was sustained, and Geary—*was permitted to retire.*

After Geary came Walker: and when *his* eyes were opened and *his* tongue spake against the too transparent frauds of the party in power, his name at once became the prophet of his fate: and his name was Walker!

Stanton entered Lawrence with threats on his tongue and the spirit of slavery—the desire of domination—in his heart; but when he mingled with the people, heard the story of their wrongs, saw the efforts, unjust and violent, of his party to continue their oppression, the scales fell from *his* eyes also, and he ceased to kick against the pricks. What then? "Off with his head," said the South. "Let

* He did leave—in a hurry, too.

Alabama howl," said Buchanan. "Off with his head"—again did the South repeat the order, but this time in a sterner tone. Buchanan did not dare to disobey—"he winced beneath the Southern thunder," as Mr. Bigler phrased it—and Mr. Stanton was dismissed.

The next governor was Denver, a Platte County man, recently from California, a noted duellist there, whose character and conduct in that country secured for him the terrible title of the Butcher. The Butcher, however, came too late, and had sense enough to see it. There was an odor of fight around the country, too, that somewhat alarmed him; visions of duels haunted his uneasy slumbers; he thought, upon the whole, that to attempt to enslave such a people might be, and probably would be, an unhealthy operation. So, we find, that he confined his exertions to the pocketing of important bills, charters, and resolutions. A sort of mincemeat butcher, this; afraid of the ox's horns, indeed, but willing enough, if need be, to stand behind a fence and goad it gently.

His successor is Mr. Sam. Medary, a Democratic midwife of territorial governments, who was thus rewarded for his attempt, in Minnesota, to swamp the ballots of American citizens by the fraudulent and literally "*naked* votes" of semi-civilized and unnaturalized Indians.

If the history of their *executive* officers demonstrates that the Democracy are the special champions of slavery, no less clearly is the fact apparent and transparent in their judicial appointments for Kansas.

Lecompte, Elmore, and Johnson were the first supreme judges. Judges Elmore and Johnson were

discharged, with Governor Reeder, nominally for land speculations; but Elmore, really, as he himself declared in his letter to Mr. Cushing, in order that the dismissal of two acknowledged Free State officials might not give it the appearance of proslavery championship. This occurred in the earlier history of the Territory, before the Democracy had entirely thrown off their disguises.

Lecompte holds office still. No man doubts his professional incapacity for the high position of Chief Justice, but no one can ever doubt his eminent ability to advance the iniquitous designs of the Slave Power. Of all Judges, since Jeffrey disgraced the bench, he has probably been the most subservient to the will of tyranny. He neither falters nor revolts at its utmost demands. One specimen of his legal erudition will suffice. Judge Wakefield was arrested by Titus and his men and brought before Lecompte. He demanded that the writ of arrest should be read to him. Lecompte examined the books, and inquired of his clerk, but could find neither record of complaint nor note of the issue of any writ. He informed Mr. Wakefield of this fact, and *then advised him to take out a writ of habeas corpus!*

A brief examination of Judge Lecompte's record in Kansas will explain why he has retained his place of honor so long and undisturbed, notwithstanding the incessant and angry remonstrances of the people of the Territory.

Here is a brief and incomplete chronological note of it:

Judge Lecompte, Chief-Justice, April 30, 1855, addresses and takes prominent part in a border ruffian meeting at Leavenworth. by which a Vigilance

Committee is appointed, who notify all "Abolitionists" to leave Kansas, and drive several of the Free State men out of the city. He subsequently appointed Lyle, one of these ruffians (who participated in the tar and feathering of Phillips), clerk of his court, and refused to strike his name from the roll of attorneys, when a motion to that effect was made by Judge Shankland. He appointed Scott Boyle and Hughes, two brutal ruffians engaged in the transaction, to other minor offices in his court.

July, 1855. Published a letter to the Legislature, indorsing their action, and declaring (before any case was before him, and, therefore, extra-judicially), that their conduct and enactments were legal in every respect—thus, without precedent, prejudging a point of law which might subsequently have involved, as it did involve, the legal rights and titles of thousands of citizens.

Aug. 30. Invited the Legislature, by special letter read in the House, to a grand collation, or, rather, what the Indians style "a big drunk," and then addressed the inebriated assembly, eulogizing them for their patriotism and wisdom, and indorsing their infamous code of laws.

Nov. 14. Attended a "law and order meeting" of ruffians, held at Leavenworth, and declared his determination to enforce the laws *at all hazards*: and this after the delivery of the most sanguinary speeches by Calhoun and other office-holders, in the course of which Judge Perkins (one of the most conservative of them all—*subsequently a District Judge*), told them to "Trust to their rifles, and to enforce the laws, if abolition blood flowed as free as the turbid waters of the Missouri."

May 15. Lecompte made a violent partisan speech to the Grand Jury (reported by Mr. Leggett, who was one of them), in which he earnestly urged the conviction of the Topeka Free-State officers for high treason, but uttered not a syllable about the murderers of Barber and other Northern martyrs. This jury was packed by Sheriff Jones—thirteen pro-slavery to three Free-State men. The jury became a caucus, the pro-slavery members making abusive speeches against all the Free-State leaders as Massachusetts paupers; and then found indictments against several prominent citizens for the crime of high-treason and usurpation of office.

Lecompte (at the same time) issued writs for the destruction of the Free-State Hotel as a nuisance. The only evidence brought against it, according to Mr. Leggett, was the fact that it was the property of the Emigrant Aid Co., and had been the head-quarters of the people who assembled at Lawrence, when it was threatened (in December) by a Missouri mob.

Issues writs, also, for the destruction of the *Herald of Freedom*, and *Free-State* newspapers, and against a bridge over the Wakarusa River, built by a Free State man named Blanden, because he refused to take out a charter for it, and thereby acknowledge the validity of the Territorial laws.

Nov. 8th. Releases the murderer of Buffum on *straw bail*. Geary has him re-arrested. Lecompte again liberates him. He is sustained by Buchanan.

Liberates, also, on straw bail (both bondsmen, Federal office-holders in these cases), the scalper of Mr. Hops, the notorious *Fuggitt*, who bet and won a pair of boots on the wager that he would have an abolition scalp in six hours.

Last summer, he liberated Jack Henderson when arrested under the Territorial laws, for stuffing ballot-boxes at the Delaware Crossing.

To fancy that such a man, so faithful and so prompt, could ever be disgraced by the Democracy, was an indication, on the part of the people of Kansas, of the existence of extraordinary powers of imagination.

Elmore was dismissed by Pierce, it is true, but has been reinstated by Buchanan. He has been, and still is, I believe, the largest slaveholder in the territory. Although conservative both by nature and education, he was the captain of a company of ruffians during the civil wars. At Tecumseh, during Geary's administration, he perpetrated a most cowardly outrage on the person of Mr. Kagi, the correspondent of the *National Era*. The store of a Free-State man had been robbed at Tecumseh. Law there was none. The boys of Topeka threatened vengeance unless the case was examined. A committee was appointed by the ruffians at Tecumseh. It consisted of the person suspected of the robbery! pro-slavery; Judge Elmore, pro-slavery, and a Free-State man. The evidence, full and positive, was given in. The robber, of course, objected to restitution, and the Free-State man was in favor of justice! the decision, therefore, devolved on Judge Elmore. He said he could not make up his mind about it. Mr. Kagi remarked, after recording the decision in the *Topeka Tribune*, that, although Pierce had dismissed Mr. Elmore for land speculations, he evidently might have assumed the stronger ground of incompetency; for surely a man who could not decide, after explicit testimony and on mature reflec-

tion, whether a convicted robber should be punished or make restitution, was hardly qualified for a seat on the Supreme Bench of any Territory! A few days after the publication of the paper, Mr. Kagi again visited Tecumseh, for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of the court, then in session there. Judge Elmore advanced towards him, and asked—just as the assassin Brooks asked Massachusetts' great senator on a memorable occasion, when prepared to perpetrate a similar outrage—"Is your name Kagi?" Hardly had the word "Yes," been uttered, before Kagi was rendered nearly insensible, stunned and blinded by a savage blow on the head from a bludgeon in the hands of Elmore. From an instinct familiar to Kansas men—hardly knowing what he did—he groped for his pistol. Before he could draw it, several shots were fired at him by Elmore, and one shot by the United States Prosecuting Attorney, who was perched at a window overhead. Kagi rewarded the cowardly assassin by one shot—fired at random—which rendered him, it is said, a eunuch for life!

Elmore was a member of the Lecompton Constitutional Convention. At first, he opposed the more radical pro-slavery features of the constitution and insisted on its submission to the people. But he suddenly faltered, and made a speech in favor of the Calhoun dodge. It was understood—openly said at the time—that for this service he would be rewarded and deserved to be rewarded by a seat on the Bench; for, if he had adhered to his original plan, the dodge would undoubtedly have been defeated, and the constitution buried beneath an Alps-on-Apeninnes of freemen's votes. The prediction is fulfilled. Elmore

is again a judge of the Supreme Court of Kansas. He has received the reward of consenting to endeavor to impose a fraudulent constitution on an unwilling people.

Johnson has *not* been reinstated. *He opposed Lecompton.*

When Lawrence was surrounded by a Missouri mob, in December, 1856, a peaceful and good man was going homeward with his brother and two neighbors. He was pursued, shot at, and fell from his horse a pale, bleeding corpse. "I hit him; you ought to have seen the dust fly," said an office-holder, speaking of the murder. The murdered man was Barber; the office-holder Clark. For so meritorious a servant of the Slave Power one lucrative office did not suffice. His brother-in-law (a person who can neither read nor write) was appointed to a high position in the Land Office at Fort Scott—the murderer drawing the salary of it. When he became obnoxious to the people there, by his frequent marauding excursions and persecutions of the Free-State men, and was obliged to flee for his life, Buchanan opened his arms to receive him, and gave him the fat berth of a purser in the navy—a life-long office.*

Jones—faithful sheriff—whose recent presence, when the war raged, was indicated by sacked villages or desolated farms, has been recently rewarded still further for his services in Kansas by the Marshalship of Arrizonia Territory.

Clarkson, notorious as a bully and ballot-box stuff-

* Since the above was in type, Clark has been found dead on the prairie! He met his fate in returning to Lecompton to close up his business there.

fer, long held the office of Postmaster of the city of Leavenworth.

Col. Boone, of Westport, who made himself conspicuous, in 1856, in raising ruffian recruits in Missouri, for the purpose of invading Kansas, was Postmaster of that place until he retired from business.

He was succeeded by H. Clay Pate, the correspondent of the *Missouri Republican*, a man publicly accused by his own towns-people of robbing the mail, who is known to have sacked a Free-State store at Palmyra, and to have committed numerous other highway robberies. But, although these facts were notorious, he obtained and still holds the appointment of Postmaster (*at a point convenient for the surveillance of the interior of the Kansas mails*), in order to compensate him for his disgraceful and overwhelming defeat by old John Brown at Black Jack.

Mr. Stringfellow, the most ultra advocate of proslavery propagandism in the West, at the instance of the friends of the Administration, was elected to the Speakership of the House of Representatives; and the Rev. Tom Johnson, of the Shawnee Mission, who enjoys the unenviable notoriety of having first introduced negro slavery into Kansas proper—long before the Territory was opened—was elected by the same influence President of the Council. It is said that his sons are provided for, also.

Mr. Barbee, an ignorant and debauched drunkard—a man hardly ever seen sober—having been effectually used as a tool in a military capacity, was appointed U. S. District Attorney, a position he retained till the day of his death. One instance of his aptitude for such a post may be recorded as a specimen of Democratic appointments to legal positions in Kansas.

At Tecumseh, one day, after vainly endeavoring, in thick, guttural accents, to open a case, he exclaimed—“Move-'journ—please—move”—

“Gentlemen,” said Judge Cato, “I adjourn the case, as you will notice that the United States is drunk.”

Cato himself, when in power, frequently left the bench for the purpose of “taking a smile,” as western people phrase the practice of imbibing watered strychnine at the bar of a low grocery; and more than once the Counsellors, Sheriff and Jury, weary of waiting for his Honor's return, left the Court for the purpose of rejoining him, and indulging in his habits also.

The mention of bar-rooms naturally reminds us of another celebrated Kansas official, whose name, quite recently, was in all men's mouths. I refer to Mr. John Calhoun. He has been a faithful servant of both Administrations. As early as November, 1856, he distinguished himself, at the Law and Order Convention at Leavenworth, as an ultra and blood-thirsty member of the pro-slavery party. On that occasion he hastened to inform the people that—

“I,”—this Prince of political forgers—“I could not trust an abolitionist or a free-soiler out of sight.”

That—“They”—the Free-State men—“would kneel to the devil and call him God, if he would only help them to steal a nigger.”

And again that—“I”—this veracious chief of the tribe of Candlebox—“I would not believe one of them under oath more than the vilest wretch that licks the slime from the meanest penitentiary.”

He “declared himself ready,” too, to “enforce the laws”—the enactments of the Missouri mob—

and "to spill his life's blood if necessary to do it."

Unluckily he did not deem it necessary to shed his blood—as the future historian and probably Calhoun's own posterity will record with regret. With Falstaff's valor and Falstaff's prudence, he kept himself distant from the battle-field—reserving his strength and ability for another day. His services to slavery, in the Lecompton Constitutional Convention, are known to every one. By adroit management, and the skillful use of Federal money, he procured the passage of the fraudulent constitution, without a "submission clause," and so arranged the subsequent proceedings to be had under the instrument, that, had it passed through Congress "naked," the Legislature might have met at Fort Leavenworth and elected two pro-slavery United States senators. The political complexion of that assembly was in his own hands. The defeat of the conspiracy in Congress prevented the completion of the plot.

Jack Henderson, his creature—he whose action in the matter of the Delaware crossing put everything in Calhoun's power—United States Senators, State Government and Legislature—the continuance or the abolishment of slavery in Kansas—as far, at least, as political power, under the peculiar circumstances, could have affected slavery, was received at the White House with honor, closeted with Buchanan, and appointed a *Secret* Territorial Mail Agent.

Buford's marauders were presented with arms, and paid by the day for sacking Lawrence and desolating the surrounding region; and one of their number, a Mr. Fane, was appointed by the President United States Marshal.

Titus was made a Colonel of Militia, and he and his men were promptly paid; while Captain Walker and his Free-State company, organized at the same time and in the same manner, under the same arrangement, have never been remunerated for their services to this day.

General Whitfield, bogus delegate, the leader of several gangs of the invaders of Kansas—on whose hands rests the blood of many martyrs, slain by his ruffians—after failing to be returned to Congress, was made a chief in the Land Office at Kickapoo, where he now resides.

Mr. Preston, a Virginian, for overhauling a peaceful emigrant train, abusing the Northern people who composed it, and throwing their bedding and clothing on the miry soil, to be trodden on by the cavalry, has also been rewarded with a lucrative position in the same establishment.

Who has not heard of Colonel Emory—a man notorious—the husband of a woman who once offered to a company of South Carolina ruffians, to marry any one who would bring her the scalp of a Yankee! Rich as she was, and poor and ruffianly as they were, not one of them accepted the offer. Emory was Secretary of State in General Walker's ragamuffin "State" of Southern California. In Kansas, after his appointment as mail contractor, he signalized his devotion to Democracy by ordering a quiet Free-State German to be shot down, like a dog, in the streets, for expressing his disapprobation of the murder of Phillips, that noble and heroic martyr whom, also, he had so brutally massacred. For these services, and for loaning his horses—for he kept a livery stable—to the South Carolina ruffians, he was

appointed the comptroller of the Land Office at Ogden. Thus: the murderer of Phillips, as well as every man who had outraged his person a year before, has been rewarded with government offices.

The press has not been forgotten. Three Free-State offices in Kansas have been destroyed by violence—two by order of Judge Lecompte and the official *posse* of the United States Marshal; one (the Leavenworth *Territorial Register*, a Douglas Democratic paper), by a legally organized Territorial militia company—the same men who so savagely butchered R. P. Brown—the infamous Kickapoo Rangers.

The pro-slavery press, on the other hand, has also been rewarded for *its* success. The *Squatter Sovereign*, once published in the town of Atchison, was edited by Mr. Speaker Stringfellow, already mentioned, and Mr. Robert S. Kelley. This Kelley has always advocated the most blood-thirsty measures against the Free-State men—urging their expulsion always, and often their extermination. He advocated, also, a dissolution of the Union, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy. In the pro-slavery camp once, he entered the tent where a young Free-State man, a prisoner, lay dangerously ill, and savagely yelled, "I thirst for blood," an expression which, in the debilitated condition of the invalid's health, superinduced a brain fever, from which he did not recover for many months. This man, also, was the leader of the mob which tarred and feathered the Rev. Pardee Butler, and then put him on a raft on the Missouri River—for presuming, in a private conversation, to deprecate the lynching of a man who had suffered there a few days before for his political

belief, and also for saying that he himself was in favor of making Kansas a Free State. This man was appointed postmaster at Atchison; his brother-in-law is postmaster still at Doniphan; his paper received the government patronage, and printed the United States laws.

The *Herald*, published at Leavenworth, although neither so honest in expression, nor violent in policy, was equally Satanic in its conduct. It slandered the murdered Free-State martyrs and the Free-State cause; and by its insidious misrepresentations and appeals did more than any other journal to prolong the troubles in Kansas. Its editor-in-chief was appointed Brigadier-General of the militia; its associate editor and Washington correspondent was rewarded with a consulship; and the paper has been the official organ of the administration in Kansas, the publisher of its laws and its bribery advertisements, from its establishment till now.

Its present associate in these advantages is the *Herald of Freedom*, which has been rewarded with the government patronage ever since its attacks on the Republican party.

It is to the credit of the Free-State men that since they obtained the power, both political and of the mob, no paper has been disturbed, nor the freedom of speech assailed, although the pro-slavery press and pro-slavery stump still echoes the foulest slanders on their creed, their leaders, and their party.

I might prolong to an unendurable extent this list, black—and still blackening as it lengthens—of the ruffianly recipients of official rewards for vile deeds done in the unhappy territory, which has so long been the victim of the Slave Power's lust; but which,

recently—thank God—proved itself not unworthy of its illustrious and free Puritan descent, by spurning so unceremoniously and so firmly the bribe that was held up beneath a threat to reduce it! But with another instance I will close it, referring those of you who would learn the entire length, and the depth, and the breadth of it, to consult the ensanguined chronicles of Kansas, which are strewed with similar and even more deplorable outrages.

There was, and yet is, a wealthy firm in Leavenworth, who have thousands of men in their employ. They established a branch of their business in the city when it was still a straggling village, and wealth thus contributed greatly to its rapid increase in population. Lawrence was surrounded with ruffians. It was dangerous at Leavenworth to be known as a Free-State man. This in 1856. Suddenly every man was asked by the chief of the firm what party he belonged to. Every man who was in favor of a Free State, and every man who was not emphatically pro-slavery, without any regard to his merits as a workman, was instantly cashiered. A handbill appeared in Lexington and other Missouri towns a few weeks afterwards, telling workmen that this firm needed help; but it contained this ominous, and in view of the author's connection with the Government, this significant postscript: "N.B. None need apply who are not sound on the Southern question."

Months elapsed and the war was resumed. The territory was covered with guerillas, gangs of highwaymen, horse-thieves, and house-breakers from Missouri, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina. An immense *posse* was gathering at Leecompton to sack the town of Lawrence. The firm had about

a hundred men at their establishment preparing to start across the prairies. They were told to go and fight the Yankees, furnished with arms and powder, and had the same pay that they received for their services at their ordinary work.

This same firm appealed, with Atchison, to the South for men and arms; one of them acted as the treasurer to the Southern contributors, and disbursed the treasury of desolation and civil war as the exigencies of their guerilla forces and armies required.

This firm has made *millions* by the government contracts.

For a specimen of the manner in which they have been rewarded, I refer you to the last report of the Secretary of the Treasury, from which you will see that they have been paid at the rate of \$187 per barrel for transporting each and every barrel of flour forwarded to the army at Utah.

If, then, as Charles Sumner says, "he who is not for freedom in her hour of peril, is against her," be true, and be equally true of slavery, how will the South and her oligarchy ever be able to defray their indebtedness to the Democracy? and how, too, will New England and the North ever be able to square *their* accounts, even when the terrible day of reckoning does come?

III.

SLAVE-HUNTING IN KANSAS.

THE most romantic passages of Kansas history have never yet been penned. I will relate two authentic incidents, as specimens of these narratives suppressed; and will give them, as nearly as I remember, in the language of a noble friend, who related, and participated in the scenes described.

I had been speaking of the first slave who escaped from Missouri by the Kansas and Nebraska Underground Railroad, and remarked that I was proud of the fact that I had armed them, and otherwise assisted them to continue their heroic and arduous journey.

“That railroad,” my friend said, “does a very brisk business now. I’ll tell you an incident of its history.”

CLUBBING SLAVE-HUNTERS.

“A slave, named ——, escaped from Bates County, Missouri, and succeeded in reaching Lawrence. There, he was put in the track of the Underground Railroad, and was soon safely landed in Canada. He wrote to our President, announcing his arrival, and urging him to tell his wife of it and to aid her to escape.

“Next morning after the letter arrived, our mutual

friend — left Lawrence for Missouri. He went to the woman, told her of her husband's wish, and, after sunset, started her for Lawrence. They reached it in safety, and were beyond Topeka, when the slave-hunters overtook them, overpowered them and arrested the woman. She had two children with her. They put them in their covered wagon, and drove rapidly towards home. They gagged her; but, in passing II——'s house, she tore off the bandage and shouted for help. He happened to be out of doors at the time—it was night—and instantly mounted his horse. He came down to Lawrence, and roused us from our beds. We dressed ourselves hastily, (there were three of us,) ran to the stable, and put after the Missourians. We rode at full speed for nearly four hours, when, shortly after midnight, in turning a bend of the road in the woods, we came up right suddenly on the slave-hunters. There were three of them on horseback, and one driving the wagon. They had heard us coming, and waited for our approach, and fired simultaneously as soon as we saw them. Crack, crack, crack, went our pistols in return! One fellow tumbled from his horse, which ran away, dragging him along as it went.

“ ‘Charge!’ shouted Col. —. ‘Club them!’

“ We were mounted on splendid large horses, while the slave-hunters were on shabby little Indian ponies. This gave us a great advantage over them in charging. I seized my navy pistol by the barrel; rode straight upon one fellow; and, raising the weapon, brought it down with all my strength on his head. The colonel did the same with the other man. I supposed that we killed them, for they fell and never moved again. The first man who had

been shot, was badly wounded; but, I supposed at the time, not fatally. Yet, I do n't *know* it; for we did n't wait to see!

"When the fellow who was driving the wagon saw the first man tumble, he lashed his horses and tried to keep them at a gallop. But the negro woman sprang up, caught hold of him by the neck, and tried to pull him over into the wagon. — rode after the fugitives, overtook them, cocked his revolver, and put it close to the slave-hunter's head. He shouted savagely:

" 'Surrender! d-- you, or here goes!'

"He did n't need to repeat the order. The fellow cried for mercy, jumped out of the wagon, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

" 'I'm cursed sorry he surrendered!' said —, 'my mouth was watering for a shot at him!'

"We turned round the wagon, let the horses of the slave-hunters go, left the bodies of the Missourians lying on the prairie, and drove back as rapidly as we came from Lawrence. — drove the wagon a couple of hundred miles. It is now regularly employed in the service of the U. G. R. R.

"The fire of the Missourians injured a hat, and a cravat; a ball went through them; but that was all the damage done."

"All?" I asked.

"Yes, that's all."

"But, the Missourians?"

"Oh! yes; we heard that they were found on the prairie, *dead*; but, then, the woman and her two children, once mere property, are now human beings, and *alive*. I guess they will answer instead of the Missourians, when the great roll of humanity is called!

“No one but we three (with H—— and the woman), ever heard of this affair. We reached Lawrence before sunrise, put our horses up, slipped quietly to our rooms in the hotel, and no one supposed we had been out of bed.”

FATE OF THE —— GUARDS.

“But that scene was nothing when compared with the charge on the —— Guards. Oh, God!”

My friend shuddered violently.

Everybody who is familiar with the history of Kansas has heard of the —— Guards. They were a gang of Missouri highwaymen and horse-thieves, who organized under the lead of —— —— ——, the Kansas correspondent of a leading pro-slavery paper, when the Territorial troubles first broke out in the spring of 1855.

After sacking a little Free-State town on the Santa Fé road, and committing other petty robberies and misdemeanors, they were attacked, in the summer of '56, by a celebrated Free-State captain, and defeated by a force of less than one-half their numerical strength. They were kept as prisoners until released by the troops. Capt. ——, satisfied with his laurels, then retired from the tented field. But the company continued to exist and still lived by robbery. Shortly after the Xenophon of the Kansas prairies left them, they elected, as their captain, a ruffian of most infamous character and brutal nature. He presently was known to have committed outrages on the persons of three Free-State mothers.

I will now report the narrative of my friend:

“Capt. — and the boys, when they were convinced of the crimes these marauders had committed, resolved to follow them and fight them until the very last man was either banished or exterminated. We heard one night that they were encamped in a ravine near ——. We cleaned our guns, filled our cartridge boxes with ammunition, and left our quarters with as stern a purpose as ever animated men since hostilities were known.

“It was about midnight when we began our march. A cold, misty, disagreeable night. We marched in silence until we came within a mile of the ravine. Then the captain ordered us to halt. There were thirty men of us. He divided us into two companies or platoons in order to get the highwaymen between a cross fire. We could see their camp lights twinkling in the distance. We then made an extended detour and slowly approached the ravine. Not a word was spoken. Every man stepped slowly and cautiously and held in his breath as we drew near to the camp of the enemy. We knelt down until we heard a crackling noise among the brush on the opposite side, which announced the presence and approach of our other platoon.

“The ——— Guards heard it also, and sprang to their feet. They numbered twenty-two men.

“Our captain, then, in a deep, resounding voice, gave the order:

“‘*Attention!* COMPANY!’

“The ——— Guards, hitherto huddled together around the fires, tried to form in line and seize their arms.

“But it was too late.

“‘*Take aim!*’

“Every man of us took a steady aim at the marauders, whose bodies the camp fires fatally exposed.

“ ‘FIRE!’

“Hardly had the terrible word been uttered ere the roar of thirty rifles, simultaneously discharged, was succeeded by the wildest, most unearthly shriek that ever rose from mortals since the earth was peopled.

“I saw two of them leap fearfully into the air. I saw no more. I heard no more. That shriek unmanned me. I reeled backward until I found a tree to lean against. The boys told me afterwards that I had fainted. I was not ashamed of it.

“ ‘March!’

“I obeyed the command mechanically. We marched back in truly solemn silence. I had walked a mile or two before I noticed that the other platoon was not with us.

“I asked where it was.

“ ‘*Burying them,*’ was the brief and significant response.

“ ‘Were they all killed, then?’

“ ‘Every one of them.’

“I shuddered then: I can’t think of it yet without shuddering.”

My friend did not speak figuratively when he said so; for he shuddered in earnest—in evident pain—as he related these facts. But it was not an unmanly weakness that caused it, for he instantly added:

“That scene haunts me. It was a terrible thing to do. But it was right—a grand act of retributive justice—and I thank God, now, that I was ‘in at the death’ of those marauders. No one ever missed them; they were friendless vagrants. God help them! I hope the stern lesson taught them humanity!

“What do you think of it? Don't you think it was right?”

“It was the grandest American act since Bunker Hill,” I said.

THE END.

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