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ARTICLE I.

## THE SUFFERING SEABOARD OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Among those who encountered the severe trials induced by the late war, none have experienced greater sufferings than the people who dwell on the seaboard of South Carolina. We propose to make some remarks in reference to the past and present condition of this people. We are led to do this by a desire to chronicle events which are but transiently under the eye of observation—*quæque ipsi miserrima vidimus*—and because we are deeply interested in the welfare of near neighbors, and cannot but profoundly sympathise with them as they walk in the furnace of affliction. We are so constituted as to be more thoroughly moved by actual instances of suffering and want, than by any abstract description of their nature, or by the most vivid portraiture of scenes which practically involve them. However forcible may be the expositions of the obligation to exercise pity, or however touching may be the narratives of remote cases of distress, we are more intensely excited by the spectacle of the object in affliction. The account of a starving fellow-creature may to some extent call forth our sympathy; but it is the sight of the emaciated form, the hollow eye, the sunken features, which stir the deepest emotions of the heart. The presence, in an Athenian court, of the wife and children of a man charged with the commission of a capital offence, more moved the Judges than the

most affecting appeals of his advocates. Justice herself ceased to be blind, and, looking upon the silent but eloquent suppliants before her, shed the tears which spring alone from the fountains of mercy. In the sad and dejected condition of some of our own people, which for years has thrust itself upon daily observation, we have a powerful incentive to sympathy, a resistless motive to beneficent offices in their behalf.

We are, too, by our natural constitution, always affected by nearness of relationship to objects of distress, especially when it is influenced by that principle of association which is denominated the law of contiguity in time and place. Even the general feeling of human brotherhood forbids our insensibility to the sufferings of our fellow-men. When, some years ago, accounts reached us of the afflicted condition of Ireland, the whole country was thrilled, and generous contributions were sent for the relief of her distress. We cannot read the narratives of the calamities induced by any providential visitation upon a people, however distant from us, without a strong impression upon our sensibilities. The sufferings to which we now advert, however, are not merely those of our fellow-men, but of our own countrymen and neighbors. They breathe our air, speak our own dialect, are characterised by the same type of sentiment with ourselves, and in the past shared our sorrows and our joys. They and we belong to the same school of thought, and worship at the same altar. Their social life, their politics, their religion, are ours.

Nor can we be indifferent to the reflection that the vessel in which our comrades sunk, carried us also—the crushing force of the tempest fell upon them and us alike. If there be any whose efforts to recover themselves from the disasters of the great shipwreck a benignant Providence has blessed, the memory of a past companionship in misfortune would impel them to extend their sympathies to their unhappy brethren who still swim for life in the waters of the mighty gulf. It is such feelings as these which lead us to present a brief description of the suffering condition of the seaboard of South Carolina, in contrast with that happier one which preceded the war, and which is now remembered only as a charming vision which has vanished forever.

It may be observed, at the outset, that the very nature of the country on the seacoast of South Carolina is such as to engender in those accustomed to it from childhood, an attachment amounting to a passion. There is something in this affection which is almost singular; at least it is not merely that love of locality which is, to a greater or less extent, a common attribute of the race. It is true that the Laplander, when removed from his ice-bound home, pines in a foreign clime, and sighs for a return to his fields of everlasting snow; and the red man of the West, though for years impressed by the influences of civilisation, nurses in his breast a longing for the free airs of his native prairie, and the hunting grounds of his boundless forests. The reason of the discontent of the Laplander or the Indian with any other home than that of his boyhood is obvious. In addition to that affection for the soil on which one was born, that belongs to all men alike, there is an utter unfitness for the habits of civilised life, which converts its palaces into prisons, and its restraints into fetters. The unhappy victim, incarcerated amidst its stiff conventionalities, like the caged eagle, beats against the bars which confine him, and pants for his former liberty. The case is different with the lowland Southron. He may be polished by a culture the most refining and exquisite; but standing on Alpine summits, or beneath Italian skies, his "heart untravelled, fondly turns" to the densely wooded shore, kissed by the glittering waters of the Atlantic. This ineradicable love for the scenes of his childhood, exerting an enchanting spell upon his heart when absent from them, has been expressed by a gifted son of South Carolina, whose genius once adorned her literature and illuminated her halls of science, in the simple but touching lines beginning,

"I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,  
Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine."

Nor is this devotion entirely extravagant, or the natural expression of a mere narrow provincialism. The early European explorers, when they first touched the southern coast of this continent, could not refrain from bursts of admiration at the beauty of the new country, which exercised a sort of intoxicating influence

upon their senses. The Florentine, Verazzano, the Frenchmen, Ribault and Laudonniere, and the Englishman, Walter Raleigh, each, in turn, in the quaint but racy language of the time, gave vent to his joyful emotions. "The great spreading oaks, the infinite store of cedars, the palms and bay-trees of so sovereign odor that balme smelleth nothing in comparison, the meadows divided asunder into isles and islets interlacing one another—these made the place so pleasant that those which are melancholick would be forced to change their humour." The hands which penned these graphic descriptions have long since mouldered into dust; but none of those who have, after their day, lived and died amid the scenes which so vividly impressed their ancient beholders with their beauty, would have been willing to blot out a single line of the glowing picture. There is a loveliness in the very face of the country, which, stealing into the opening senses of the child, dwells ineffaceably in the heart of the man, and, like a rich perfume, lingers in the memory of the aged when sinking into the decline of life upon some distant soil. Those who have left it, to dwell on the banks even of the majestic Mississippi, find themselves unable to forget these peculiar features of their native lowlands, and tell us that they turn with inexpressible fondness to the blue waters of the sea, and the strong, booming spring-tides of the Chicora and the Etiwan. We have, on some calm and mellow evening of autumn, stood on the margin of one of our ocean inlets suited to be a gateway of nations, and have kindled into a species of rapture at the matchless beauty of the prospect. The unrippled stream rolled its deep and noiseless current before us, reflecting from its bosom the roseate hues of the fading light, and lined on either hand by a beach of snowy whiteness thrown into bold relief by the background of forest dense with mingled oak, palmetto, cedar, and myrtle, and now embrowned by the deepening evening shade; while in the distance the leaping breakers threw up their white and flashing crests against the darkening amethystine haze that blended sea and sky. Or, perhaps, we have stood on the crumbling edge of some thickly-wooded bluff on some glorious night at summer-tide, and watched the placid stream, silvered by moonbeams, and eddy-



Group all in close embrace. Vast skeletons  
Of forests, that have perished ages gone,  
Moulder in mighty masses on the plain,  
Now buried in some dark and mystic tarn,  
Or sprawled above it, resting on great arms,  
And making for the opossum and the fox  
Bridges that help them as they roam by night."

There was, too—we scarcely know how to describe it—a sort of inspiration derived from the recollections of the old Revolutionary struggle that delivered this land from foreign rule, which seemed to be infused into the natural features of the country—a fragrance of heroic deeds lingering around the cedars growing amid the ruins of old homesteads, the venerable avenues of oak curtained with moss, and the almost impenetrable swamps which the imagination ever converted into the strongholds of freedom and peopled with the shades of partisan heroes. The very air was charged with the breath of liberty; for was it not in the glades of this low-country that the almost extinguished spark of revolutionary fire was kept from altogether expiring? The unwritten traditions of the great partisan chieftain—the incarnation of gentle courtesy, of indomitable bravery, and of quenchless devotion to patriotism—are yet rehearsed in the ancient homes which line the banks of the Santee. Noble, chivalrous Francis Marion! The storm of another conflict, with widely different results, has swept the theatre of his exploits; but distant, far distant, be the day when the ruthless spirit of change shall efface the memory of as true a patriot as ever led a forlorn hope, or nursed with vestal care the dying flame of constitutional right!

But not only did the inhabitants of this section of country rejoice in the natural beauty of their fair heritage, and in the thrilling associations which clung to it; they were also blessed by a beneficent Providence with a rich and fertile soil. The earth brought forth abundantly of her fruits; their herds of cattle roamed over green savannas abounding in nutritious grasses of native growth; their labor was seldom disappointed of its reward, except through the occurrence of some unusual calamity; their corn, rice, and cotton fields yielded an ample subsistence to themselves, while thousands were fed and clothed by their gener-

ous products. Nothing seemed to be wanting to complete the pleasantness of their physical condition but the guarantee of its stability.

Another source of happiness to this seaboard people was their peculiar social condition. That was of such a nature as in great measure to exclude those turbulent and disorderly elements which prove the bane of so many communities that boast the possession of a superior civilisation. This result, we are persuaded, arose mainly from the mechanical displacement of these disturbing forces by the peculiar character of the laboring class, and from the absence of that bitter struggle for supremacy between capital and labor, which is the fret of modern society, and thrusts upon it one of its mightiest practical problems, with no apparent hope of any peaceful solution. Whether there were other and less obtrusive causes of that social quietude, that freedom from agitation which we are noting, we will not now inquire. It is sufficient to the purpose in view, that the fact be signalled. Our people were more free from social difficulties, from tumults, disorders, and the violence of mobs, than any population on the face of the globe, not held down by the strong arm of despotic power. Social abuses there were, of course, for there is no Utopia on earth. And had those abuses constituted the rule and not the exception, no just claim to happiness could have been made by the society which tolerated them. No community can uniformly and habitually violate their social relations and disregard the duties which spring from them, without invoking the destruction of its peace as the retributive reaction of its sins. We would no more apologise for cruelties suffered by slaves at the hand of masters, than for those experienced by factory operatives at the hands of employers, or by wards at the hands of guardians, or by children at the hands of parents and teachers, or by soldiers at the hands of officers, or by subjects at the hands of kings.

It may now be urged that the hardships endured by former slaveholders, in consequence of the liberation of their slaves, is a just retribution inflicted upon them by Providence for their crimes. It is always a venturesome, often a presumptuous and

wicked thing, to interpret the sufferings of our fellow-men as expressions of the punitive justice of God against them. We are all sinners, and therefore all deserve, in ourselves, to suffer. But no Christian can overlook the fact that the mediation of Christ modifies the relations of men to the retributive justice of God. Suffering is frequently calamity, falling upon the righteous and the wicked alike, and therefore incapable of being construed as the discriminative measure of a vindicatory Providence. It is sometimes disciplinary, and designed, as the expression of fatherly kindness, to develop the character and promote the good of the sufferer. And it is at other times exemplary, and intended to furnish a specimen of heroic constancy and patience as a stimulus to virtue and holiness in others. Surely no one would contend that the martyr, in consequence of his suffering a fiery death, is proved to have been a capital sinner. That would be to confound the highest exercise of piety with the lowest development of crime. It is safe, it is right, for those who were slaveholders, to humble themselves, in their sufferings, under the mighty hand of God. But it does not follow that it is either safe or right for others to interpret their sufferings as expressions of God's penal displeasure against them. Still less is it warrantable in others to infer from their great sufferings that they were great sinners—sinners above all other men, because they suffer such things. And least of all is it legitimate to conclude from these sufferings that they are punished because they had been slaveholders. To say that because they suffer as slaveholders, therefore slaveholding was a sin, is to prove too much. The same line of argument might be used to show that because certain men suffer as Christians, therefore Christianity is a sin! We intend no comparison between the things themselves; we only point out the fallaciousness of this mode of argumentation. It is one thing to say that a man ought to suffer because he is a criminal, and another thing to say that a man is a criminal because he suffers.

It is possible to conceive that this question as to providential retributive visitation may meet a settlement, on their principles, altogether unlooked for by those who raise it. It must not be forgotten that there two parties in the case. There is not only

the slaveholder, but the slave. Their relations were reciprocal, and, according to the Scriptures, reciprocal obligations were involved. Now, if suffering is to be assumed as an indication of retributive dealing, it would be a question to be decided, which of these parties will be proved by his sufferings to have been the greater sinner in the matter of his relative duties? And if ultimately it should chance to be proved that the emancipated slave is the greater sufferer of the two, then, according to this method of interpreting Providence, he will be shown to have been the greater offender. We are seriously disposed to counsel these interpreters of Providence, for the sake of their own cause, not to press their method too warmly. The indications even now are that they may fall on their own swords. We really pity the negro, and hope that our people may have grace, in the event of his becoming a greater sufferer at the hands of friends, than his master at the hands of enemies, not to infer that his calamity is an evidence of divine retribution against him. We are all sinners together, and equally stand in need of the mercy of God, through the blood of his dear Son.

Were we inclined to retort, we might say that it is a gigantic problem, and one hastening to its solution, whether the party which for forty years agitated the country in behalf of emancipation, has not, in the very act of grasping the long-sought prize, wholly defeated itself—whether, in liberating the negro race from slavery, it has not dug its grave. We confess to great shortsightedness in regard to the future. We know not the ends of divine providence in the solemn events which have befallen us as a people. There may yet occur unexpected changes in our affairs which will upset the calculations of the shrewdest observers of the signs of the times. But should the unnatural political and social antagonism to the white race, into which the colored race has been thrown, produce its logical results; should natural causes tending to the deterioration of the latter not be checked in their development; it will be no impossible consummation of the whole matter, that the Rationalism which animated the abolition movement may meet an extraordinary sort of refutation; not by argument, but by fact—a refutation which would

prove that its fundamental intuitions were blunders, that its boasted philanthropy was a real misanthropy, and that its efforts to save a race were crowned by its destruction. If the colored race should degenerate and die out, that is the kind of refutation which a rationalistic abolitionism would receive. There is a way in which, to our poor wisdom, it is conceivable that such a result, which without its adoption we think not improbable, might even now be averted; and had we the ear of those who have influence with the colored race, we would most earnestly urge them, as they would save themselves from signal failure in their efforts to benefit that race, and would preserve it from ruin, to counsel the negroes to place themselves in the position, mainly, of a laboring class, to cease from political aspiration, and to avoid that competition with and attrition against the white race, which must ultimately wipe them out. Could that be done, we have no doubt that the old kindliness of relation between the two classes would, in great measure, be restored, and the Southern white race would throw its skirt over its dark neighbor, and cherish his interests as identical with its own.

But to return: the abuses which disfigured the relation of master to slave were, we are confident, so far as the people of whom we are speaking were concerned—and we speak as of personal knowledge—of an exceptional character; that is, that they were departures from the general rule, which was that the benefits of the relation preponderated over the evils; and they tended almost inevitably to the punishment of their authors, by arousing against them a public sentiment which had the force of unwritten law, and extended its ægis of protection over the dependent and the powerless. It deserves to be considered, moreover, that as the planters were very generally persons of culture and refinement, and were limited in numbers, the force of this check to the wanton and arbitrary exercise of power was an effective one, and was of necessity felt by every individual member of society. If he ventured to disregard and outrage this conservative sentiment, the effect was his loss of the respect of his neighbors, and his exclusion from their fellowship.

Great changes have come over us; and novel social experiments

are now making, but the record of past facts must stand. Let the world believe it or not, seldom, if ever, has a happier civil society existed than that which was embosomed in that fair country of which a brief and imperfect description has already in these remarks been furnished. The innocent holiday festivities in which the children of masters and servants partook together; the reciprocal offices of kindness in the chamber of sickness, at the bed of death, and at the grave; the common participation of the sacred ordinances of the Church—these were anything but evidences of unhappy relations between the different classes of society. Take the scene which used to be presented on any bright and sunny Sabbath in the country. Plantations are astir, cheerful groups of servants in their best attire are pouring into the roads which lead to the house of worship; some who are feeble and aged go on horseback, or are taken up into their masters' vehicles by the way; kindly greetings and polite courtesies are exchanged; both classes occupy the same floor in the sanctuary, and join with each other in the tender services of a common religion; together they sing the psalm of praise, awaking melodious echoes in the surrounding forest; together they reverently approach the throne of grace; together, as consciously in the presence of him who is the Maker of them all, they listen to the salutary instructions of the same gospel, and the affectionate counsels of the same pastor; together they approach the sacramental table, eat of the same bread and drink of the same cup; and receiving from the same healing fountain consolations in their afflictions, hope to meet, life's journey ended, in nobler services on high.

Thus peacefully and contentedly did this seaboard people dwell in that goodly land bequeathed to them by their fathers, favored with a fair proportion of the bounties of Providence, and endeared to them by a thousand hallowing associations of the past. It was not an Eden; for Paradise was once lost, and has not yet been regained; but it was a pleasant country, and they were satisfied with it and loved it. Begrudging no other people the blessings they enjoyed, interfering with the rights of no other men, happy would they have been to have been permitted to dwell

under their own vine and fig-tree, and to pursue without disturbance their quiet and useful avocations. That happiness they were not destined to enjoy. A day, dark and ominous, came, when the tempest which had so long been gathering and muttering, began to emit angry flashes and discharge its bolts upon their heads. The thunders of opening war, louder and deeper than those of the ocean's surf that beat upon their shores, resounded in the woodlands which environed their peaceful homes. Nothing was left them but to flee. Reluctant to go, they dared not stay. Taking a long—and to many of them a last—look upon the scenes in the bosom of which so many happy days had been enjoyed, grey-haired sires, bending under the infirmities of advancing age, collected their wives, and their sons' wives and their daughters, and sought in the interior and upper portions of the State a refuge from the fury of the storm. None but those who have experienced them, can appreciate the pangs of that separation. To many of them it was felt to be a final parting. The course of nature must needs soon be finished; the few remaining sands of life could not be expected to run until the fearful conflict should be over. They had fondly hoped that when "the inevitable hour" should come, and the closing passage of nature be reached, they would be permitted to breathe their last amidst the gentle ministries of kindred and neighbors, and lay their bones beneath the shadow of the churches in which they had worshipped, and in the burial-grounds already consecrated by the sleeping ashes of their dead. This hope they were compelled to relinquish, and in profoundest sadness they took their departure from their homes, to seek a dwelling-place among strangers, and to encounter, in age, the hardships and the toils of youth.

There was a four-fold form of suffering to which these unhappy refugees were exposed. In two respects they were subjected to trials which were common to them with their fellow-citizens at large; but in two others they were called to endure afflictions which pertained almost exclusively to themselves, and to those whose lands, like theirs, were permanently occupied by the enemy. Like all around them, they were harrowed by anxiety in reference to the issue of the struggle in which their people were

engaged. They had regarded it as one which was demanded by love for the sacred principles of constitutional liberty, and consequently had not hesitated to send their sons to the field with their blessings on them and the cause in which they had embarked. As the fearful drama moved on, and hopes and fears alternated with each other at every fluctuation in the progress of the great conflict, they were tortured on the rack of suspense, or agitated by every presage of defeat. In common, too, with the body of their people, they were kept in continual perturbation and alarm in regard to the fate of their sons, husbands, and brothers, who were exposed to the awful hazards of war. Many and severe were the hardships, privations, and sufferings which those objects of their affections and prayers were forced to undergo during the course of the sanguinary struggle; but it is doubtful whether, even when wasting with sickness or suffering from wounds, they experienced a bitterer anguish than that which wrung the hearts of their fathers and mothers, their wives, sisters, and daughters, at home. The quick glance with which each column of casualties in a daily journal was scanned; the anxious groups which gathered at every passing train, to glean some tidings from the seat of hostilities; the unutterable agony depicted in the face when some doubtful hint was received touching the fate of those they loved; the broken voice of the aged father, pouring forth at the family hearth prayers for God's protection of beloved sons—all betokened a suffering of soul which none but those who felt it could know. And then, when the long-dreaded intelligence came at last, and the faintest hope of seeing their loved ones on earth again was extinguished, a sickening death-qualm came over the heart, and a deep shadow settled upon it, which it was felt no earthly light could ever avail to dispel. Ever after, the imagination became a bier on which lay stretched the loved form that had fallen in gore, or had sunk into death amidst the official attentions of the hospital-ward.

In addition to these trials, which were not singular to these people, except as they had to be borne by them when away from home and among strangers, they had to undergo others which were peculiar to themselves, and those situated as they were.

Cut off from their usual means of subsistence, driven from their lands and homes, many of them were dependent upon the scanty pittance of a depreciated currency which their relatives in service were able to send them, or upon the products which their own hands could extort from a soil less productive than their own, or upon the charity of sympathising neighbors. Gentle women, nursed in the lap of affluence, toiled in the field to secure bread for themselves and their children. One such case we knew, in which a lovely Christian lady, laboring, hoe-in-hand in the corn-field, contracted from exposure a disease which, though endured with saintly patience, caused her distress for two long years before death released her to the enjoyment of her everlasting rest.

These greatest sufferers of the war, moreover, were kept in a state of continual anxiety in reference to their estates, from which they were compelled to be absent, and which they knew to be daily threatened with devastation. Imagination was busy in presenting, among other shapes of terror, the images of their blazing homesteads; images which, in the case of many of them, were destined to become stern realities. But why farther recite the troubles of these refugees? They constituted but the first bitter lesson which they were called to learn in their dreadful school of affliction; and to many of them they were in measure relieved by hope in regard to the great issue which absorbed all minds—a hope which, indeed, was never realised, but which, while it lasted, served to check their apprehensions and alleviate their woe. It would have been well with them if, with the termination of their dreary period of refugeeness, the end of their sufferings had been reached. Could the hopes which they had cherished through four years of agony untold, have been at length fulfilled; could they have welcomed the dawn of peace as the precursor of that golden day on which their aspirations had been centred; all the sacrifices and sufferings, in the midst of which they had walked as in the fire, would have been counted as naught, or forgotten in the transports of an overwhelming joy. But peace came not with the bursting glories of the morning. It came as the tempest comes which rushes on the wings of dark-

ness at the dead hour of midnight. The great crash was felt, and hope gave up the ghost. There was weeping and wailing for the loss, not of homes and firesides; not of earthly goods and possessions; not even of fallen kindred; but for that loss with which no other can be put in comparison, save the loss of honor or the loss of the soul. There was lamentation, deep, heart-rending, indescribable, over the loss of a country. Country! Sweet, potent, magical name! All that the human mind conceives of as great, noble, sublime, all that the human heart clings to as dear, precious, priceless, on earth, is wrapped up and consecrated in that one talismanic word. A grand unity, it embodies in itself all ideas of the true, the beautiful, the good; of home, wife, child, friend; of justice, purity, liberty; of honor, virtue, and piety. It embraces the joys of childhood, the loves and hopes of youth, and the venerable honors of age. Like a mighty outspread wing, it spans the changes of human life, and throws a grateful and protecting shadow from the cradle to the grave. Who can ever forget the horror of thick darkness that settled upon him when the awful fact confronted him that the country of his love was no more, and that he must accept another in her room, or else be an expatriated exile on his native soil?—that his mother was dead, and that he would be required by the stern challenge of brute force, to stifle his filial instincts, and call another by that sacred and inalienable name? But one fearful image seized the soul, and froze the currents of life—the image of that country wrapped in the winding-sheet of her own battle-rent ensign, descending into the grave, with all her disarmed and dejected children around it and shedding tears of blood. The heavens appeared to be clothed in sackcloth, the earth to be covered with a funeral pall, and the voices of nature to be chanting a mournful requiem. And as memory instinctively turned homeward and swept the happy, happy past, the scenes of childhood seemed to be clouded with woe, the air to be laden with death, the fountains of youthful association to be poisoned, and the once free and flowing streams of one's birth-place to be dammed up with everlasting barriers. Who, without infinite sadness, could ever lift his eye again while passing Mount Ver-

non, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, and the swamps of the Pee Dee and the Santee? One felt ashamed to live, since all that was worth living for was gone. Nay, hold! Two things remained—memory and religion. With the one we might still live in the glorious past, and with the other for the more glorious future. Thanks be to God, there is a treasure which no change of circumstances can tarnish, of which the gates of hell cannot rob us; for though Liberty dies when bound, Religion survives, though immured in dungeons and manacled with chains!

Under the crushing weight of such feelings was it that the disconsolate refugees turned their steps once more in the direction of their dismantled lowland homes. The close of the war was to them the beginning of new sorrows. To many it brought the dawn of a reviving material prosperity; the gloom of reverse and disaster has been lighted by the success which has attended their efforts to resuscitate their fallen fortunes. Not so has it been with these children of affliction. The ground-swell of the great storm has continued to heave beneath them, and to make them feel that they are still tempest-tossed and not comforted. Some of them have failed to recover even the land on which their dwellings stood. In these cases, the aged and infirm, and the women and children, have been compelled to become the recipients of charity; and we would take this occasion to say, that in many instances most timely and effective assistance has been rendered by generous and noble-hearted persons residing at the North. We have been made the medium of transmitting not a few of these benefactions to those who needed clothing and food, though they themselves had once dispensed them to the poor. May God requite these disinterested donors according to the riches of his grace on earth, and the riches of his glory in heaven! One could not contemplate the lot of these victims of want without feelings of the deepest condolence. Reduced from circumstances of comfort to absolute poverty, unaccustomed to hard and continuous labor, and yet obliged to perform it, they have exhibited a fortitude and a cheerfulness which were almost incredible. Silent under their trials, their inclinations would have led them to

be ; but it is affecting to know that they have sometimes been forced by a hard necessity to confess their wants and seek relief.

Others returned to behold the ashes of their former comfortable homes, and to find every vestige of property swept away, save the immovable earth itself. In the spirit of an unyielding manhood, they have lived in humble cabins, and have strained every nerve to achieve a support for their families. They have plied the hoe and driven the plough in their little fields of corn, potatoes, and cotton, though enfeebled by disease, wetted by the unhealthful dews of morning, and scorched by the heat of the summer sun. It has, however, pleased an inscrutable but all-wise Providence in great measure to withhold from them the expected fruits of their labors, and in some cases toil seems almost to have been in vain. An unusual succession of calamities has befallen this afflicted people. Caterpillars have appeared more frequently than in the past ; storms and drought have damaged their crops ; and, to crown this accumulation of trials, the price of our great staple has been ruling lower and lower, until it has reached a point at which the question arises, whether production does not cease to be remunerative.

In addition to these trials, they have not only, in common with their countrymen of the South, experienced that form of suffering which results from the overthrow of their political ideas, and the necessity of accommodating themselves practically to a condition of things to which they had always been theoretically opposed, but they have been subjected to an aggravated pressure of that difficulty from the circumstance that the great majority of the population is negro, and the political and civil power in their hands descends to the most subordinate local offices. They are incessantly brought into contact with ignorant officials of every sort. The field-hand of to-day sits in judgment upon his employer to-morrow. Intelligence belongs to the class which is ruled, ignorance to that which rules.

These are facts which the faithful chronicler of the times cannot fail to note, and the bare statement of them furnishes a picture which, in contrast to that which has been presented of the condition of this people before the war, is sufficiently affecting. But

we are far from intimating that there is any necessity that they should take a despairing view of their situation, however humiliating and depressing it may now appear to be. It must strike even the casual observer, that the sufferings to which this people have been subjected, have, in the main, originated in causes which lay beyond their control. The most of them have been the direct appointments of divine Providence; and from that fact we are disposed to extract a strong and confident hope of their beneficial results while they last, and of their removal at no distant day. We think we can see in these providential ordinations a tendency already manifested to the production of real good. It must be admitted that a strong disposition was displayed on the part of many to pass by a leap into a recovery of their former prosperity—to rehabilitate themselves with the golden estate of other days. To accomplish this, large sums were borrowed, and extensive outlays made. Had this policy proved successful, the ends contemplated by the painful but salutary discipline instituted by a wise and merciful Providence would have been defeated. The lesson of dependence on God could never have been learned as now it has been, and in all probability there would have been a speedy return to the defects and follies of the society which existed before the war, without its compensating virtues and advantages. Very soon, for instance, a snob aristocracy would have taken the place of that which formerly existed, (though perhaps it ought never to have existed in a society which should have been conformed to the genius of republican institutions,) but which, whatever were its faults, was not purely based in wealth. Even to our limited judgment, it seems better that our people, peculiarly circumstanced as they were after the war, should acquire habits of patient industry, dependence on Providence, and submission to the divine will, even though these inestimable lessons had to be learned in the painful school of affliction.

It is, moreover, encouraging to reflect, that He who has been pleased to inflict these troubles is able to remove them. Their continuance is contingent upon his will. The caterpillar, the rain, the drought, the storm, are ministers of his providence, and

are subject to his control. The hearts of men are in his hand, and he turneth them whithersoever he will, even as the rivers of water are turned. The destinies of peoples and nations are ordered by him. His merciful providence has brought us through great and sore trials in the past; there are others which now oppress us; but Christian faith may surely comfort itself with the assurance addressed by the great Trojan leader to his followers, in circumstances of distress not wholly unlike our own: "God will also grant us an end of these." Meanwhile, it becomes us to await in patience the accomplishment of his will. It is not difficult to see that the swift removal of these evils might have wrought incalculable damage to us. Sudden inflation might have proved the greatest, because a moral, ruin. It was not meet that a deeply afflicted people should be exposed to the temptations which pride and fulness of bread are sure to engender. Our poor human nature cannot bear with moderation these rapid transitions. Character is developed, in this world, in the school of discipline. Prosperity without discipline would be prosperity without character. In view of that consideration, it must, in some measure, reconcile to the trials through which they are passing, even the old and infirm, upon whom they press the hardest, to know that the youth of this generation are training, in the gymnasium of hardship and self-sacrifice, for a future of usefulness and honor which could in no other way be reached.

Our deliverance from these sufferings is, in some degree, conditioned upon our conduct under them. There is a sort of covenant into which God enters with communities, in which he pledges them that if they will adhere to him, he will adhere to them, but denounces the threatening that if they forsake him, he will forsake them. It is our privilege to throw ourselves upon the provisions of such a covenant. If we humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, which it were worse than vain to resist, if we confess our sins and turn to him, he will, as in the case of the penitent individual, transmute the retributive measures of justice into the healing chastisements of fatherly love. And if we call upon him in the day of our trouble, he will answer and deliver us. It were folly in us to struggle like a bull in a net.

The deliverance must come from God. For him to will is to act—to speak is to do. Our emergence from present troubles, however great, would be the easy result of the putting forth of almighty power.

Moreover, it was not to be expected that we could pass either suddenly or comfortably through a social revolution so radical and fundamental as that which has swept over us like a storm. Our people are in a situation very much akin to that of a new colony, endeavoring to establish its distinctive forms of life in a strange country, and in the midst of a disaffected population, from which it seeks to obtain the materials of labor. Principle has to be retained, but something also has to be conceded, in order to secure a necessary adaptation to novel circumstances. The process must needs be slow, and attended with difficulty; and precisely those hardy virtues which are necessary to ensure the success of colonists, are now required of us. The case is very peculiar. The same peoples which occupied the territory before, remain together upon it now; but their relations, how changed! The slave laborer of the past is the free laborer of the present. Nor can his labor be dispensed with on this seaboard territory, so far as we can see, without its speedily taking on the aspect of a wilderness. White labor is insufficient in quantity and incompetent to cope with climatic difficulties. The great industrial problem, consequently, of this seaboard country, is the reconciliation of capital in the hands of intelligence, with labor in the hands of ignorance—the closing up of the race schism which was opened by a revolutionary force. And as the colored race is massed in heaviest numbers on the seacoast, that region becomes the theatre upon which this mighty problem is emphatically to be worked out. We have the hope that if wisdom, moderation, and patience rule our counsels and control our actions, that problem may there, with God's blessing, notwithstanding the great difficulties in the way, be brought to a successful solution. The chief obstacle in the way of reaching this end, is the theory that either race on the seaboard can be independent of the other, in regard to material interests—theory, we say; for it is ideas which regulate action and give shape to policies. So long

as this theory is entertained, there can be no practical blending of the interests of the races. But the result may soon be different, if the idea prevails and is explicitly confessed, that intelligence needs labor, and labor needs direction—in other words, that the two classes are mutually interdependent. From the nature of the case, self-interest must be the principal factor in the production of this effect, as it is the chief practical bond which for the present relates the races to each other. We hope that the day will arrive when other and higher feelings will come prominently into play; but the exigency presses, and it is the dictate of wisdom to appeal to the motive which is now an operative and powerful one. A man overboard seizes the first plank that floats by him.

The perplexities which oppress our people in general, in regard to their future, are peculiarly enhanced to the inhabitants of this seaboard territory, by the vast preponderance in numbers of the colored race over the white. But it is not inconceivable that, in the wonder-working providence of God, what seems to be the greatest cause for apprehension may ultimately prove to be the chief source of prosperity. If, in the changes which are possible, it should come to pass that the political power now lodged in the hands of the colored race, should either pass out of them, or, continuing in them, should no longer be used by a hostile partisan faction, but be employed favorably to the interests of the Southern white race, one great barrier to the realisation of the supposition we have made will have been removed. We are not shut up to the necessity of judging that our future must be a disastrous one. We have at least the consoling privilege of trusting in a merciful Providence, which has so far signally preserved us from imminent and obvious perils. Prayer and faith are our best guarantees for the future. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." Now, should it please God to order the change which has been mentioned, it is at least possible that the mass of laborers on the seaboard may become more and more manageable. There are formidable difficulties which, even on that supposition, would remain, growing out of social and industrial relations. But who can tell what the future may develop in the

shape of wise and moderate legislation by which the superior race may yet control the inferior to the advantage of both? The judgments of the most sagacious thinkers in the past, in regard to the probable results of emancipation, have not altogether been sustained by events. Mr. Calhoun, in his second speech on the Force Bill, in 1833, expressed the opinion that the effect of enforced emancipation would be the expulsion of the white race from the Atlantic States. That, however, has not taken place, though ten years have elapsed since the accomplishment of that fact; and without the occurrence of new and extraordinary causes, it is not likely that it will. Chancellor Harper, in his profound *Memoir on Slavery*, gave it as his judgment, that the result would be one or other of three alternatives: either the expulsion of one race by the other; or the extermination of one by the other; or the reënslavement of the former servile class. So far, neither of these alternatives has been realised. The possibilities of the case are, however, not yet exhausted; and with great diffidence we venture a few thoughts in regard to them. The last of these hypotheses we consider as out of the question. We have no idea that the Southern people, even if they had the power, would be willing to restore the relation of slavery. The whole genius of the age precludes the supposition. The maintenance of an existing institution, in the teeth of such a difficulty, is one thing; the restoration of it when it has ceased to be, in the teeth of the same difficulty, is a very different thing. Nor could that unity of action be secured which would be necessary to effect the result. The second hypothesis we regard as extremely improbable. It could only be realised by concerted aggressive action on the part of one race against the other; certainly not by mere local collisions. Common benevolence, the spirit of the gospel, and the dictates of self-interest, would combine to deter the white race from such a course. To the colored, the requisite organisation to accomplish such an end would be impossible. The first hypothesis naturally falls apart into two subordinate suppositions: either, first, the white race would expel the colored, or, secondly, the colored would expel the white.

The former supposition is wholly unlikely. The whites have

not now the power to expel the blacks ; and if they should ever have, it could only be possessed in consequence of such a change in their relations to the colored race as would give them the opportunity of using it as a laboring class ; and then self-interest would lead to its retention and not its expulsion. The deportation or colonisation of the colored race, for obvious reasons, could only be accomplished by the agency of the General Government, or by that of State Governments in combination. That is out of the question for the present. What the future may develop, "not knowing, we cannot say ;" but it appears to us that the scheme would be opposed alike by philanthropy towards the colored race, and by the material interests of the white. It would be to remand the former to barbarism, and to deprive the latter of what, through providential agencies and by means of a judicious policy, may become available and profitable labor. The remaining supposition—that the colored race may expel the white, by the direct agency of force, we do not regard as probable enough to justify its discussion.

There is a supposition which can only be settled by the facts of the future, and about which it would be rash to adventure a definite opinion—that is, that the whites may be induced to abandon the seaboard belt, in consequence of not being able to live either comfortably or profitably upon it. Granted the possibility of its realisation, still it is strongly opposed by such considerations as the following : the *vis inertie* of the population would render them indisposed to remove. In addition to this must be taken into account their attachment to a soil endeared to them as the heritage of their fathers, and as the scene of a thousand tender associations, and their unwillingness to abandon it into the hands, not of a co-equal race, but of an inferior, which formerly toiled upon it as a servile class. Their retirement, moreover, would be a tacit but emphatic acknowledgment of banishment enforced by the aggressions of that class—a consideration which would appeal to the pride of race, and may retard the growth of a tendency to emigrate until the necessity for such a measure would fail to press. A practical difficulty, besides, powerfully opposes this supposition : the owners of lands—and lands constitute the

bulk of the property of this people—cannot carry them with them, nor dispose of them at compensatory prices; and the parties who would, in the greatest number of instances, be purchasers, are precisely those to whom the possessors would be least willing to sell. Finally, the Providence which in answer to the prayer of distress has saved this people from imminent perils in the past, may, in response to the same call, avert from them this climax of calamities. We presume not to dogmatise, but bating the possibility of revolutionary causes, or others of an extraordinary character, such as those which originate in a state of war, which may of course occur at any time, we are disposed to think that the two races will continue to live side by side, and that they will be more and more impelled, as time rolls on, to cultivate friendly relations to each other, and so, by helping one another, to help themselves. And if the colored people could only be persuaded to abandon their suicidal pretensions to political and social equality; or if they should be compelled by the operation of providential causes to relinquish them, and if they should assume the attitude of a subordinate laboring class, we see no reason why they may not be conserved and cherished by the whites as contributors to the material interests of the country. Otherwise the friction of the great, growing, developing Caucasian race against them, must ensure their ultimate extinction. Are there not some, having influence with them and perceiving their critical emergency, who will at once and urgently point out to them these alternatives, and help them to know the day of their visitation?

There is one other form of suffering endured by this seaboard people, to which, before closing, we will advert—their destitution of the regular ministrations of the gospel. They have been precisely in that condition in which they were most needed. In happier days, they were accustomed to enjoy them, and also to impart them freely to those who were dependent on their care. They had supported a great network of missions among the slaves, embracing almost the whole extent of the seaboard territory. Churches which had been the almoners of the gospel to surrounding populations have been brought to the verge of ex-

tion. Obligated to struggle for the means of keeping soul and body together, they had no ability to recall their pastors to their ancient folds, or when they had passed away, to invite others to take their places. The pulpits were silent, the communion-tables were unspread, and such sanctuaries as had escaped the torch were hung with cobwebs. Sometimes it happened that the transient preacher, summoned from a distance to unite a youthful couple in marriage, would enjoy the mournful privilege of ministering at the dying bed of some lovely saint who would otherwise have met the last conflict without the soothing words or the sympathetic prayers of the servant of God. And so he would pass from the couch of suffering and death to the festivities of the wedding-party. Broken in spirits, low in hope, they possessed not the powerful supports and encouragements of a stated ministry. They who had been the sustainers of missions, became themselves the glad recipients of occasional missionary supplies. And when the evangelist would arrive, it was most touching to see those who had formerly been accustomed to traverse distances in comfortable equipages, now repairing in carts and on mules to the house of God. Still more affecting was it to witness the avidity with which they would listen to the dispensation of the blessed Word, and the tearful gratitude with which they would drink in its cheering consolations. The calamities through which they had passed were sufficient to test the faith of the stoutest believer, but they were not made infidels by the defeat of hopes grounded even in prayer, and the shocking reverses of their earthly circumstances. They bore the long night of sorrow and hardship with a marvellous patience; and now, partly through missionary services rendered them in their time of need, gathering them periodically into church assemblies, and partly in consequence of their own unbroken energies and indomitable perseverance, they are beginning to emerge from their ruins, and to group into pastoral charges, to be supported by their own contributions to the maintenance of gospel institutions.

The fiery discipline to which they have been subjected, has, under the influence of grace, trained them as in the school of sacrifice. Again, as they begin to recover from their prostrate

condition, are they endeavoring to resume their old missionary functions; and like the Samaritan, although excommunicated in part from the fraternal communion of those who were formerly pensioners upon their bounty for evangelical blessings, are ready to pour oil and wine into the spiritual wounds of their political foes. The negro will yet, we venture to say, find in them the truest friends of his soul. When his temporary inflation shall, like a delirium, have passed away, and the hard necessities of life shall again call out the parasitical tendencies of his nature, he will once more receive through them the bread of life, and be welcomed to drink again with them from the fountains of living water which he had been influenced to forsake. They who are impressed with the transitoriness of all earthly relations and the imminence of eternal destinies, will, in the spirit of a Christ-like charity, forget past animosities and shake hands across past dividing lines. Either the colored race is destined to live and prosper, or to wither and die. If the former supposition be realised, then must the pure gospel be given to them, not only for the sake of their own highest interests as immortal and responsible beings, but also as a preservative of the temporal welfare of the community—as a check to turbulence, anarchy, and crime. There are, we believe, worthy exceptions; but, as a rule, it is certain that they are under the lead of utterly incompetent spiritual guides. Our conviction has never slackened, that the gospel is the true remedy for the evils which now oppress them and us, and which frown upon both alike from the future. Christianity is at once our cheapest and surest defence. We hail it as a harbinger of better things, that the minds of our youthful candidates for the ministry are turning to this great home missionary work. We look upon it as a star of hope. If the second supposition we have made should prove true—that the colored people may deteriorate and ultimately die out, then, as we would bear the last consolations of our religion to an expiring individual, much more should we carry them to the dying-bed of a fading race. Unless the churches of this section of country shall sadly decline from the spirit of their Master, which even now moves in them, the generation may not be far off which will witness the realisation of this picture. And

if so, one of the sublimest examples ever given in this sad world will be furnished of the power of the cross of Christ to obliterate bitter memories, to overcome political antagonisms, and to heal the otherwise irreparable schisms of conflicting races. Not that we are so vain as to dream that distinctions springing from the ordinations of Providence and stamped upon the very face and form of men, will be discarded in obedience to the dictates of a leveling and infidel theory ; but that spiritual unity will be approached which the apostle assigns to the new man, where there is neither male nor female, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all.

God may yet confer upon this people and their brethren of the South, so long *tabooed* by Christendom, the high honor of refuting charges which originated in unscriptural hypotheses of human rights, by such an exhibition of magnanimity as the world has seldom seen. Magnanimity we say ; for they have been exposed to strong temptation to resent the harsh interference of the Christian world, and to abstain from efforts to benefit that race which, though in the past it received through them the institutions of the gospel, has in great measure withdrawn from ecclesiastical fellowship with them, and allowed itself to be thrown into political hostility to them. They cannot but feel that injustice has been done them ; and human nature is apt, in that case, to cherish feelings of resistance, if not to exact reparation. Up to the beginning of the late war, the Christian sentiment which dictated the melioration of the condition of slavery, and the extension of the instructions and privileges of the gospel to the slaves, was rapidly growing. We speak as interested eye-witnesses of its progress. The hindrances to its legitimate expansion were largely due to the interference of an outside sentiment, which induced in many minds the conviction that restraints upon the culture of the colored population were demanded by considerations of safety. Abolitionism was the parent of most of the police regulations which appeared to bear hardly upon the rights of the negro as a man. Had the Christian sympathies of the slaveholders been permitted an untrammelled development, a primary school education for the negroes may have been in time

the logical result. As it was, with all these obstructions to its growth, as the white people themselves passed more and more under the moulding influences of the gospel, and the slaves for the same reason receded farther and farther from the savagery of their original condition, and required less restriction upon its manifestation, Christian instructions and privileges were more freely imparted to them. The seaboard of South Carolina, where large masses of that people were gathered, may furnish an illustration of the historical truth of these remarks. A distinguished statesman and pure Christian gentleman, now venerable in years\*—we had it from his own lips—decades ago suggested to the Rev. William Capers, afterwards a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the idea which subsequently expanded into a great scheme of Methodist missions, which reticulated the rice-fields and cotton-fields of the coast, from the Santee to the Savannah. That great system of missions among the slaves was mainly supported by the voluntary contributions of the planters, of different religious denominations. Concurrently with the working of that enterprise, the pastors of the churches on the seaboard, of all denominations, gave their personal efforts by preaching and catechising to the evangelisation of the slaves. The pastoral charges were composed of both whites and blacks—the latter largely preponderating in numbers. We speak what we know when we say that from plantation to plantation, in the cold of winter and the heat of summer, by day and by night, these missionaries and pastors faithfully wrought among the slaves; preaching to congregations, teaching the children, and visiting the sick. We would not boast, but for a thorough-going impression of the knowledge of Christianity upon a laboring population, we believe that a parallel to this system was not to be found among the nations. Indeed the missionary spirit and the missionary efforts of the churches in this

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\* The Hon. Robert Barnwell Rhett.—Since writing the above, we have been informed that the suggestion is regarded by our Methodist brethren as having first emanated from Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. It is likely that the two suggestions were nearly contemporaneous. We undertake not to say which preceded the other.

section of the country were largely expended upon this interesting field. In the city of Charleston alone, the negro communicants in the various churches were not far from ten thousand, out of a total colored population of twenty thousand. Yet, near the close of the war, a celebrated preacher from another section, preaching in the largest church-edifice of that city, to an immense congregation of the emancipated colored people, congratulated them on their deliverance from the hardships of their former condition, but made no allusion to the fact, known to them, that the house of worship in which he was speaking, was built at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, by the white people of the city, for the special benefit of the blacks. Nor did he advert to the fact that white pastors of the flock which worshipped there, had been supported by white people, and that, through the blessing of God upon their labors during a few years from the inception of the enterprise, more than five hundred colored people had been gathered into the fold of Christ.

Are we not warranted in saying that injustice has been done to the Christian people of this section of the land? When, in the face of such facts as have been mentioned, they were generally regarded and stigmatised as tyrants and oppressors, and the tendency was a growing one to banish them from the communion of the faithful, had they not reason to feel aggrieved by this treatment at the hands of brethren? And would they not act in the spirit of Christian magnanimity, if, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the past, and the peculiar trials of the present, they should still exert themselves to communicate the gospel to the colored race? We trust that they may be enabled to furnish, under these circumstances, a noble exemplification of that Godlike principle which is the crown of their religion—the greatest of its three fundamental and abiding graces. “And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.”