REMINISCENCES
OF
GEORGIA:
BY
EMILY P. BURKE.

"These I distinctly hold in memory still."
Pollok.

JAMES M. FITCH.
MDCCCL.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by

EMILY P. BURKE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.
PREFACE.

These letters were originally written to avoid the trouble of verbal replies to the individual questions of many who were anxious to learn more of the private, domestic arrangements and manners of the South, than are found in the journals of those, who in their descriptions of places, usually delineate their general features rather than particular ones. In issuing these communications the authoress had in special view many of her New England pupils, who in anticipation of being engaged in teaching at the South, were desirous to collect as much information as possible relative to those customs by which their future comfort and happiness might be greatly enhanced or diminished.

I have now collected these articles which at first appeared in one of the New England journals, and in compliance with the earnest solicitations of friends and pupils at the West, consented to republish them in the form of a book, which I now most cheerfully dedicate to that noble hearted friend, whose house has been the home for the homeless and the refuge of the oppressed.
who, when I was a stranger in a strange land, gave me a cordial welcome beneath her hospitable roof, with the soul reviving assurance, that I “should have a larger place in her heart than she could give me in her house.”

To this dear friend I would say, in view of that separation which must ere long take place between us,

“Farewell! If ever fondest prayer
For others’ weal avails on high,
Mine shall not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.”

E. P. B.
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In attempting to give you some account of my journey to Georgia, and my residence in that State, I can hardly expect to interest you who have read the journals of so many, who wield a much abler pen; but if an imperfect description of some of those objects and incidents which came under my observation after I left the shores of my own New England home, can in any wise contribute to your pleasure, I shall feel myself well compensated for my labor.

It will hardly be necessary for me to give an account of my journey to New York, or a particular description of my passage from thence to Savannah, as it did not differ essentially from accounts of the same kind that we see almost
daily in our newspapers; therefore the incidents that I shall relate as connected with my passage from New York to Savannah, I intend shall belong to that class of events which are usually passed over by tourists; the same course also, I shall pursue in speaking of other things with which I was conversant while in Georgia.

We sailed from New York on one of the most gloomy days of an equinoctial storm. The rain beat upon us so severely while we were making our way to the wharves, that we found our umbrellas to be of little service; and by the time we had passed through those muddy streets and over the decks of three or four vessels so slippery we could hardly retain an upright position, we saw after we were safely deposited in our own quarters, that we had brought away upon our shoes and the bottom of our dresses not a small share of the filth and dirt of the city: but I endured this inconvenience much better than I should have done, if I had not seen, by looking around upon my companions, that all were in the same predicament; and in this case, certainly, I felt that “misery loved company.”

On board of the vessel, I found myself one of a hundred human beings, that were all crowded together in one not very large ship, besides vari-
It was a cold day; the wind blew; the rain poured down in torrents, the horses were impatient in their stables, the pigs squealed, and the fowls cackled; the children cried, and the older passengers were cross, and the very patient captain and sailors, arrayed in oil cloth, were doing their best to put to sea, and get this little world of uproar and confusion set in order, but I learned that nothing proved so effectual in calming this fault-finding assembly, as a few heavy rockings of the vessel, when she had fairly got on her way to sea.

It was really quite amusing to me, although no one on board suffered more from sea-sickness than myself, to see how soon we were all brought down to a level after our ship began to sail. We had on board "the high and the low, the rich and the poor," the haughty aristocrat from the South, and the shrewd merchant from the North; the proud cadet in full uniform from West Point, and the poor emigrant from the East, as well as the down-trodden slave; and in less than one hour after we left the harbor, one was no higher in the world, in one sense of it, than another, unless we except those who were prostrated in berths instead of lying upon
the floor as the slaves were obliged to do. When I observed this, I could not help making this sage reflection, that though our stations in life may be one hour much elevated above that of our neighbors, the next we may, by some providence unforeseen by us, be reduced to a level with the meanest serf.

The first day of our voyage was so cold and stormy, the captain was obliged to set up a stove in the cabin, which was not needed, however, after we had sailed about three days towards the South. The next day it cleared off pleasant, the wind went down so that there was scarcely a breath to fill the sails; then followed what the sailors call a calm, which continued four or five days. I never experienced anything more tedious and discouraging. The motion of the sea caused the ship to rock just enough to make us suffer from that most of all unpleasant sensations that one feels after having been performing a series of rapid revolutions upon his heel; and what made this still more disheartening was the consciousness that we had to suffer all this to no purpose; for we were making no progress all this time towards our much desired haven.

For several days we had nothing to cheer up our gloomy spirits but our own wise reflections,
for we were too sick to see and converse with each other, and we found our own thoughts but sorry comforters when rolling upon the wide ocean, deathly sick and far from our loved homes and all their comforts. During this time our eyes rested upon nothing beyond our own little floating world, save the blue arch above us and that same incessantly rolling ocean, beneath us.

But nothing seemed so homelike during my voyage as to be awakened every morning by the crowing of the fowls, and my first impressions were, invariably, on awaking, of being at home in my own chamber, and that I was aroused by the inhabitants of the same barn-yard which had in the days of my early youth so many times reminded me that it was morning.

The first part of our voyage was very monotonous, owing to the dead calm I mentioned before. The sailors went through their regular routine of duties: the cook laid the table three times a day, whether the passengers were able to eat or not; sometimes a passenger as pale as a corpse would crawl out of his berth to get a reviving breath of air upon the deck, while perhaps a couple more having strength enough to sit up an hour, would try to while away the tedious time by a game at chess or back-gammon.
But no incidents happened worthy of notice, till one morning we were visited by a flock of "Mother Carey's Chickens," a circumstance which created quite a sensation, not only among the sailors on board, but among the passengers also; for it is one of the easiest things in the world for people, after they have been out at sea a few days, to imbibe more or less of that superstition that seems to be so natural to sailors, and they believe beyond a doubt, that the appearance of these birds portends a storm. I did hope that this old-timed omen would fail this time; for I dislike to see what appears to be nothing but a most natural occurrence received as a special forewarning of some event; but I was disappointed; though at the time we saw the ominous birds, no one could have judged from any other circumstance that a storm was approaching. The day was unusually pleasant; not a cloud flitted across the sky, and the gentle breezes that fanned our brows, were scarcely strong enough to expand the sails; but before three hours had elapsed from the time we first saw the Stormy Petrel skimming over the face of the waters, the wind had arisen to a hurricane, and the blackest and the wildest clouds overspread the sky. I never experienced anything more dreadful than the storm that ensued
and lasted three days. We could reasonably look for nothing but to be swallowed up in the frightful abyss that yawned beneath us. The ship was one scene of confusion. The children screamed, and the older passengers were terrified. Bottles and dishes were thrown from the shelves, trunks and boxes of all kinds were hurled from one side of the ship to the other; tables, chairs and settees, broke from their fastenings, and those who were reclining upon them were turned over backwards, being at the same time too weak and feeble to help themselves up again. The horses in the stables became so frightened by the violent pitching of the ship and the roaring of the wind among the ropes and shrouds, that they strove and dashed against the timbers, till their flesh, in many places, was torn from their bones. After the storm had abated a little, I went on deck to see one of these poor animals that was then almost dead. It was a noble creature, which a young man on board had purchased at the North for two hundred dollars, and was taking South. He was literally covered with blood, and to put an end to his sufferings as soon as possible when it became apparent that he could not recover from his bruises, he was thrown overboard.
Irish People—Table Furniture—Sea Birds—Sea Monsters—Cape Hatteras—Pilot Boat—The Savannah Bar.

There was nothing on board I commiserated so much as the Irish people. During the storm they were all shut down in the hole together, as many as sixty or seventy of them. As soon as the storm was over, the hatches were taken up, and these poor creatures began to crawl out, so sick and weak they could scarcely support their own weight, and for two or three days, I saw them lying all around on the barrels, boxes, timbers, and hen-coops, the most forlorn looking creatures I ever beheld.

These wretched beings had recently emigrated from Ireland, landing in New York first, where they expected to find all the luxuries of life in abundance without labor; but being disappointed, again set sail, directing their course south, still hoping-to find somewhere in the "new country" those golden dreams of prosperity realized, for which they had abandoned their own coun-
try and homes. Here again as everywhere they are destined to disappointment. When they have gone as far as the Southern States, they generally give up the search for pleasures that are never seen only at a distance. Many females soon die of hardships and broken hearts, while the men, to drown thoughts of disappointment in the intoxicating cup, go to drinking whiskey which causes the climate fever to set in, from which they seldom recover. Thus ends every year the existence of thousands of these deluded beings.

Before I went to sea, I had often wondered how the plates, knives and forks, and so on, were made to retain their places on the tables. In the first place, the tables are furnished with small strips of wood nailed on so as to form little squares in which are placed all the plates and large dishes as well as knives and forks, and spoons; then all such dishes as castors, creamers, sugar bowls, etc., are fastened to the table by tying strings to them, and pinning them by a fork. Then after all this precaution, when the sea is rough they are often forced from their places, and dashed upon the floor. Sometimes our seats broke loose while sitting at our meals, and before we had time to help each other we would find ourselves on the opposite side of the cabin.
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One day during the storm a lone sea-bird came and rested upon one of the yards. It was probably driven out to sea by the heavy winds, and had lost its reckoning. The bird had apparently been a long time on the wing not finding a resting place till it descried our vessel; for it could hardly move its wings when it reached us, and I seldom ever had my feelings more wounded, than when in mere wantonness, several young men seized their guns to shoot the poor bird, which had flown to us for refuge; but not finding it a place of safety, it again exerted every weary muscle to hasten from the abode of man, from whom instinct usually teaches the brute creation to fly.

Though the storm had abated, the sea continued rough for many days; a circumstance which seemed to give us an opportunity of seeing some of the monsters of the deep. Perhaps this had nothing to do in rousing up the inhabitants of the great sea, but it appeared so to me; for before the storm we saw not a fish, but afterwards the ocean seemed to be alive with whales, grampuses, porpoises, and other sea-monsters. For two or three days the porpoises passed our vessel by the thousand; they would be seen riding upon every wave as far as the eye could reach. I have stood for hours at a time leaning upon
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the gunwale, to see these fishes swim by me, and sometimes they came so near I could almost reach them with my hand.

After the storm had passed, I learned that during the worst of it we were going round Cape Hatteras, where I had a great many times before heard that mariners usually found a storm. Whether it always storms there or whether it so happens that a storm always comes up just as a vessel is passing, is not known; but the fact that it is generally squally when a ship is off the point, is well authenticated. I have inquired of a great many persons who have been round the cape, if this was true; and in every instance they have told me it held true in their own as well as in all others' cases with which they were acquainted.

Finally, one morning after we had all become heartily tired of being crowded together in one small unwholesome apartment, the captain informed us we could go no further without a pilot, consequently all eyes were in search of a pilot boat. Some ascended the tops of the highest masts, while all either on the yards or deck, eagerly looked for the much desired object. At length a little speck was descried in the far off distance, which in the course of an hour, to our great joy, proved to be a pilot boat. A
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Flag was immediately hoisted, and all necessary preparations made to receive a pilot on board. Soon the pilot boat put out a little skiff containing a pilot with two sailors to row it, and when it came so near our vessel that the pilot could reach a rope from it, one was thrown to him, by means of which he ascended to the deck amid the loud huzzas of the passengers and crew. The ship waited till the captain had prepared a present for the pilot crew, then amid the hearty cheers of their sea-faring brethren, they retraced their path in the mighty deep, and soon disappeared from our view among the far-off mountain waves.

As soon as the pilot had partaken of a little repast, he took the command of our ship, and communicated to us the joyful intelligence that we should see the port of Savannah by "sun-down." About the middle of the afternoon, we came in sight of the shores of South Carolina, which really looked so green and sunny, I could hardly realize it was the fall of the year, having left the gardens and groves of New England in their robes of sere and yellow leaves. As the pilot had promised, we came in sight of the long and much desired haven, just as the sun was going down behind the distant steeples. Here we anticipated some trouble in passing the bar, for
in our last war with Great Britain, to prevent the ascent of the British ships up the river, our navy sank a row of vessels on the bar, reaching from one shore to the other; so that now all her Majesty's ships are obliged to remain out at sea, and all her imports and exports are conveyed to and from her ships in boats. Our vessels can usually pass the bar, as they have lighter bottoms than the British ships. We got over, however, without any difficulty, and while the gentlemen were shaving, a duty they had not ventured to undertake before, as they said "fearing suicide," the ladies enjoyed a portion of the twilight hour in watching the beautiful shores of the Savannah.

Here the weeping willow bent its pliant branches above many a little hut, and the tall marsh grass grew over the water's edge. We ascended the river as far as we could in our vessel, it being low tide, then took boats to go into the city. As soon as we cast anchor, which was at some distance from Savannah many gentlemen who had an interest in our arrival came in small boats to meet us, and gave us a welcome which appeared to be gratefully received by all. They informed us that they had spent the greater part of the day on the observatory, waiting to get a glimpse of that well-known banner they had so
many times seen floating from the top of our fine brig, that they began now to fear had been wrecked in the storm. As soon as we were ready to disembark, they accompanied us to the shore, where we took leave of those who had been companions during a long and tedious voyage.

It was about half past eight when we entered the city, and here let me say, I never pictured to myself any scene described in fictitious narrative half so novel and romantic as Savannah appeared to me, the first evening I entered her streets.
LETTER III.

Savannah—The Pride of India—Pulaski Monument—Market—A colored woman's head-dress—Low life in Georgia.

Savannah received its name, originally, from its general appearance, which was justly called by its founders a savanna, a term that signifies an open, marshy plain, without timber, as its first settlers found it. But though it still retains its first name, with merely the addition of one letter, it can no longer be literally applied to it; for now it looks like a city built in a forest, so numerous are the shade trees in every part of it. Beneath these trees, the lamps are suspended that give light to the city in the evening. These lights, interspersed with the many long, black shadows, that fall every where around, heighten the romantic effect that the first sight of these streets would naturally produce in the mind of one unaccustomed to Southern scenes.

The city is laid out in squares, each of which is surrounded by a beautiful growth of orna-
mental trees. The Pride of India is the most common, the preference being given to these trees because they attain their full growth sooner than any others. They become large trees in six or seven years, and when they arrive at maturity, they are as large as our oldest elms. For a long time in the summer season, they are completely covered with blossoms, in color like our lilac, and growing in clusters like the snowball. Then the blossoms are succeeded by a yellow, dry kind of fruit, about as large as our English cherry, which remains on the tree till the blossoms again appear. Trees of all kinds come to maturity much sooner at the South than they do at the North, owing to the climate, which allows them to grow the year round, while here the severity of the climate, entirely stops vegetation during the greater part of the year.

Many of the squares in Savannah are left open for places of public resort and promenade, and planted with beautiful shade trees of various kinds. In the midst of these grounds, wells are dug for the accommodation of the public, there being but few, if any private wells and reservoirs of water. One of these beautiful sites is ornamented with a splendid monument, erected to the memory of General Pulaski, who
lost his life near this spot in the defence of our country's liberties.

As all these grounds are named from some particular circumstance, this is called the Monument square; another is called the Market square, because the city market stands upon it, and so on. On the evening of my arrival, seeing none but white people in the streets, the fact that I was in a land where the largest proportion of its inhabitants were slaves, did not occur to my mind, neither was I forcibly reminded of this unpleasant truth, till the following morning; for all the slaves in the city are obliged to retire within the precincts of their own dwellings at eight o'clock in the evening, the hour when the bell rings to summon the city patrol to their several posts. After that hour, every slave who is found in the streets without a passport is taken up and confined in the guard house till he has had a trial. If then he can prove he had a reasonable excuse for being out at an unreasonable hour, he is liberated. If it is found he is a run-away slave, then he is advertised for a certain number of days, and sold at public auction, if the owner of the slave does not make his appearance, and prove property before the advertisement is out. A pail carried by a slave in the evening serves
for a legal passport. The propriety of this law I do not understand unless it is this, that a slave, running away, would not be likely to encumber himself with so much of a burden; and besides, the pail would naturally signify an errand.

Soon after I had taken tea, I retired to a chamber already prepared for my reception, and never was a couch more grateful to one, than that which rested my weary body that night. I never experienced any thing half so comfortable as to be sensible that my bed once more stood upon “terra firma.” Words cannot express how sweet it was to be once more where the creaking of masts and the eternal clattering of the ropes and sails, and the dashing of the waves against the sides of the ship, could no longer reach my ears. I could not for some time sleep, I so much enjoyed the consciousness of being where I was not constantly tumbled from one side of my bed to the other, and where too I was not expecting to be thrown out of my bed if I did not exert all my strength in clinging to it all night.

In the morning, no sooner had the sky began to look a little grey, than such a confused jargon of strange sounds broke upon my ear, that in a few moments I found the sweet influences
of sleep had entirely taken their flight and gone so far away they could not be recalled again that morning; therefore I arose and threw aside my curtain to learn the cause that had deprived me of my morning nap, when to my surprise I saw a great many colored persons, with now and then a white man among them, and animals of various kinds, among which mules were the most numerous, all of which were assembled together under a sort of shelter, that from the appearance of things I soon judged to be the city market, a description of which, perhaps, will not be uninteresting to those who have not visited the South. It is not a close building, like our markets at the North, but merely a roof, supported by pillars. This roof covers quite an extent of ground, laid with bricks for a floor. In the middle stands a pump, where water is obtained that is used in the market. This building is furnished with stalls, owned by individuals in the city, who send produce there to sell. In each of these stalls stands a servant woman to sell her masters property, who is careful to deck out his saleswoman in the most gaudy colors to make her as conspicuous as possible, that she may be successful in trade. I once heard a gentleman say, whose saleswoman had not been very successful, "he
must get her a new handkerchief for her head, and see if she would not sell more." Bonnets are not worn by the colored people at the South, not even to church. The fashion of their head dress is a sort of turban, made by folding a cotton handkerchief in that peculiar kind of way known only to themselves. They select for this purpose the most gaudy that can be found. As I never saw any of the kind before or since, I have concluded they were manufactured for this express purpose by those who well understand what was most congenial to their tastes. During my stay in Georgia, I saw so many of those red and yellow articles worn by the colored people, high colors have never been endurable to me since. These turbans are so arranged, as to entirely conceal their own hair; but those who are particularly desirous to make a good external appearance, wear false braids and curls as long as those that grace the face of any white lady. The market is free for trade from five o'clock in the morning till ten. Then the bell rings and all are obliged to disperse and take with them their unsold articles, for every thing that remains on the ground after ten o'clock belongs to the keeper. Trade is not allowed in the market excepting on Saturday evening, when it is more crowded than at any
other time; for the people come then to purchase for the Sabbath, and many go just because they want to see a great crowd. It has been estimated that on some pleasant evenings there are no less than four thousand people in the market at one time. Here almost every eatable thing can be found. Vegetables fresh from the garden are sold the year round. All kinds of fish, both shell and finny, may be had there; birds of all kinds, both tame and wild, and the most delicious tropical fruits, as well as those which are brought from cold countries. People travel a great distance for the purpose of buying and selling in the market. I have known women to come one hundred miles to sell the products of their own industry. Those who do this live in the northern part of the State, and differ much in their manners and customs from the people in the low country. They have no idea of style and refinement in living; a great many of them own slaves and they all work in the field together, white men and black men, white women and black women, without distinction. I have been told it is not an uncommon occurrence to see a white woman holding the plough, a task, however, not so difficult there as it would be at the North, owing to the lightness of the soil. When the morning's
work is done, they all repair to the house, both masters and slaves, where a pot of homony has been prepared for dinner, then all sit down on the floor, and help themselves out of the same dish.
LETTER IV.

Habits, Pursuits, and Ignorance of the People in the Northern Part of the State.

In the northern part of the State of Georgia, the people manufacture all their own clothing, excepting their hats, and sometimes thin shoes. In the spring they go to work, and plough the soil, plant and raise the cotton, then card, spin and weave the cloth by hand. Next they gather the weeds from which they make their dyes, such as indigo, &c., and when the cloth is colored, it is ready to be made into all kinds of needful apparel. Then when their new garments are completed they are ready to take a journey to the city. Accordingly, they take their mules and fasten them with a pair of white cotton cords to a little covered cart with one pair of wheels, very much such vehicles as the Irish people use on the railroads, then load them with chickens, ducks, geese, hominy, and perhaps a swine or two, or a wild deer; lastly, they put in their cooking utensils, not only to be
used on the way, but also in the city to save the expense of lodging at an inn. Thus equipped they set out on their journey. When night comes, they stop by the way side, detach their mules from their burdens, and turn them into the woods to seek their food, while they make preparations for their suppers. First they gather up a parcel of dried leaves and old limbs of trees, with which they kindle a fire, and then proceed to make their coffee and boil their homony. When they have partaken sufficiently of this simple repast, they creep into their carts for a night's repose. In this manner half a dozen of these women will perform a journey of eighty or a hundred miles. They make their calculations, so as to reach the city about night fall, in order to be ready to take their places in the market as soon as it is open in the morning.

When they arrive, they go directly to the market place, tie their mules round about upon the outside of market square, kindle up little fires in the street near the market, and cook their suppers as before described. But here, instead of sleeping in their carts, they camp down upon the cold, damp bricks in the market, exposed to the chilly and unhealthy air of a Southern climate at night, with no other bed than what one coarse blanket makes for them.
As a highway path leads through the market, I have often passed that way in the evening, and seen a good many of these miserable females lying fast in sleep. Early in the morning the poor mules arouse the whole neighborhood by their loud and doleful brayings, which is enough to frighten any one not accustomed to such sounds. It was this braying of the mules, together with the loud conversation carried on between the vendors and the purchasers, and the squalling of the fowls brought alive to the market, that aroused me so early on my first morning in Savannah.

These people, who live in the manner above described, are known by the name of "Crackers," so called from the circumstance that they formerly pounded all their corn, which is their principal article of diet. It was done by placing the corn on a flat rock, and then beating it with another, but now the hand-mill is used by many, which facilitates the process of cracking the corn, although the meal made by the mill is not much finer. There are but a few water-mills in the south part of Georgia, owing to a want of falls; but in the upper part of the State it is owing to a want of enterprise in the people. The northern part of Georgia, I have been told, very much resembles New Hampshire, being
hilly and rocky. Those who have traveled
in that section of country, say that when
compared with New England its inhabitants are
all of one hundred years behind the times in
education, and in all kinds of improvements. In
building their houses, they change little, if any
more, from one generation to another, than the
robins do, who build their nests now just as the
first robin did that gathered her sticks and moss,
and hatched her innocent brood in the garden of
Eden. As it respects conveniences for cooking,
they have none. Ovens built of brick are seldom
seen; when they are used, they are built out of
doors, separated from any building. Iron kettles
with covers, sometimes called Dutch ovens,
are used when any thing of the kind is needed.
Most of the bread is baked before the fire on a
piece of wood or earthenware. Cellars, which
we consider so indispensable, are never dug, to
my knowledge. I never saw one either in the
city or country; consequently, we never see
good butter there in the warm season; its fluid
state always required a deep dish when it came
upon the table. Meat is not salted and barreled
as here, but smoked and dried, and generally
tainted during the process. I never saw any
meat preserved in this way that I could eat;
and it was more than I wished to do, to sit at
the table where it was. I was once passing a corn-house on a plantation with a servant woman, where I observed the smell of putrid flesh; and on making inquiry what it was, the woman informed me that it was beef drying upon the top of the house; for they dry all their meat in the summer, when they can have the benefit of a good hot July or August sun. To those educated in New England, the ignorance that is seen in many portions of the northern part of Georgia is truly astonishing; many cannot read a word, or write their own names. I have heard merchants say, that in transacting business with many men of great wealth, they have found them obliged to use a mark for their signature. This deplorable state of ignorance is owing to the circumstance, that the government has made no provision for common schools, and no children can be educated, unless they are sent from home; and board and tuition in the Southern cities are so expensive, that it requires a large fortune to educate a child; consequently but a few are educated.

Their religious privileges are very limited. They have some churches; but they are few and far between. Some cannot hear preaching without traveling twenty, thirty, or forty miles; knowing this, how could we expect to see men
otherwise than illiterate? For nothing so speedily tends to ignorance and barbarism, as a deprivation of Sabbath day and sanctuary privileges, Georgia, as well as many other of the Southern States, affords abundant room for missionary labors, even now, and when the slaves are emancipated, if we are as solicitous to christianize and educate our own heathen as we are now those abroad, a great many more ministers and teachers must be raised up than we have now, or we shall have none to spare for foreign nations.
LETTER V.

Savannah—Its Churches—Destruction of the Pulaski.

As I began in a previous letter to describe some of the public buildings in Savannah by noticing the market, I will continue my description in this, beginning with the churches, of which there are two Presbyterian, one Lutheran, two Episcopal, one Roman Catholic, a Jewish Synagogue, one Baptist church, one Unitarian, one Methodist, a Seaman’s Chapel, and two African churches. Some of these I shall notice particularly; of others I shall say nothing, as they do not differ enough from Northern churches to make a description of them interesting to you.

The Independent Presbyterian church, though rather old, is the most noble building of the kind in Savannah. It has an air of costliness within and without peculiar to itself. Its walls are built of fine hewn granite, which there is an expensive article, as every block of stone is imported. The house is surmounted with a steeple so much taller than all the others in the city, it
is often styled, "the High Steeple church." The finishing of the inner walls is quite as rich as that of the outward, and much more unique, being ornamented with many of the most beautiful specimens of ancient architecture. The floors in the aisles are composed of black and white marble, so arranged as to display a good deal of taste as well as skill. All around in the walls between the windows are niches, in which are placed slabs of various kinds of marble to commemorate the death of some distinguished individuals of the church. All these give the church a gloomy and very antique aspect. I have seen on some of these slabs the names of individuals lost in the steamboat Pulaski, an event of such recent date, and so melancholy, that it must be still fresh in the memory of all who ever knew any thing concerning it. At the time this noble steamer was blown up, seventy-five persons, mostly belonging to the first families in Savannah, lost their lives. The boat was a new one, and the captain held out as an inducement for many to accompany him on his first trip, that he should be only one night at sea in making a voyage from Savannah to New-York. Accordingly a great number of ladies and gentlemen embarked, while almost the whole city, assembled on the banks of the river,
sent their loud huzzas after them till they were out of sight, little dreaming how soon the same voices would be raised in lamentations and woes. It was near sunset when the Pulaski left the port, and to almost all that gay and light-hearted company it went down for the last time. Only a few hours’ sail completed their last voyage on earth, and landed them in the haven of eternity. In the twinkling of an eye this entire assembly of people were scattered to the four winds, and the vessel in a thousand fragments floating everywhere at the will of the great deep. A very few escaped to tell the dreadful tale. I was acquainted with one gentleman who was taken up by a vessel at sea, after he had floated eight days in a potato box, at the mercy of the winds and waves. A recollection of this dreadful scene was always attended with so much distress to this gentleman, that his friends were careful never to allude to it in his presence, and they even cautioned others not to speak of it to him. I knew another, a young man about eighteen years of age, who swam almost all night, and finally, when life was nearly extinct, landed upon the shores of Georgia. A lady told me that as soon as the news reached Savannah in the morning, that men, women, children, and servants, bareheaded and barefooted, and some
not half dressed, it being very early in the day, almost frantic with agony, were rushing to the bank of the river, to learn something concerning the fate of some dear member of their own family, and she said that all day, nothing was hardly heard in any part of the city, but shrieks and cries, and groans, and of the most agonizing nature; and when the corpse of a dear friend washed on shore, then a new burst of anguish broke forth. The churches were dressed in black, and the whole city observed a season of mourning for several days. Some of the bodies washed ashore, but horribly mangled; some were recognized, others were not. Some limbs were washed up, and one arm and a hand of a female were recognized by her husband, and decently interred in his front yard. I often passed a residence in the city while I was there, the exterior of which was so elegant and princely, it might almost be called a palace, and not unfrequently did I covet the ease, elegance, and comfort I doubted not was enjoyed within; but one day when passing this same mansion with a friend, she told me a tale, which taught me never to judge of happiness by external appearances. The owner of this beautiful dwelling, she informed me, lived there alone in solitude and grief, attended only by a few servants. His
wife, all his children, two or three sisters, and some other relatives belonging to the family, together with his house servants, were lost in the destruction of the Pulaski. My friend then directed my attention to some monuments in the court yard, that she said had been erected by the bereaved husband and father in memory of the sad fate of his entire family.

But to go on with my description of the churches. The Roman Catholic church is rather a small building, to which all the Irish people resort for worship; and as in all other places, the priests are careful to make them as bigoted and superstitious as possible. Many of them attend mass daily, and high mass as often as it occurs. Many will rise early, and take a long walk in the morning for the purpose of crossing themselves with the holy water that stands in the court, belonging to the church. The synagogue is a neat brick building, without a cupola, and withal very unique in its appearance. Here the Jews congregate on the last day of the week to observe all the ancient customs of worship practiced by their ancient fathers. They observe all their feasts, such as the passover, the feast of tabernacles, &c. When the period arrives for them to observe the feast of tabernacles, in memory of that time when the Israelites...
wandered in the wilderness, they carry into the synagogue trees and shrubs, and place them all about, so that their branches may cover their heads, and then they come during seven days, and worship, according to the injunction, "Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths. And ye shall take the boughs of goodly trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

The African churches are large, old but very decent buildings, formerly occupied by white people for places of worship, but now every Sabbath, as well as some week day evenings, well filled with colored people. The pastors of these churches are colored men also, who are the descendants of those persons in Savannah to whom freedom was granted at the time of the declaration of American Independence. They are very well educated, and indoctrinated in the great truths of the Bible. While looking in upon one of these congregations one evening, I was so much struck with the novelty of the scene, greatly increased by the multitude of those gaudy turbans I have before described, I could hardly realize that I was in my own country, and I do believe I should not have felt more
like a stranger, if I had been in a church among the South Sea Islanders.

Among the many other beautiful and public buildings of which much might be said, I will only notice those in these letters in which, on account of some particular circumstances, I feel the most interested. Of this class is the jail, the Female Orphan Asylum, the Soldiers' Barracks, and the city Hospital. These buildings are situated at a convenient distance from each other just in the suburbs of the city, and in my next letter I shall commence a somewhat particular description of them by beginning with the Asylum for Female Orphan children.
LETTER VI.

Orphan Asylum—Children of Different Nations—Piety and Happy Death of an Orphan Girl nine years old.

The Asylum was erected at a great expense by the ladies of Savannah, for those children whom Providence has deprived of natural guardians and the means of subsistence. It is a very large three storied brick building, plastered on the outside, and polished with hard finishing, to give it the appearance of being white marble. The steps leading up to the second story in front of the building, are built of pure white marble, costing twelve hundred dollars, and presented to the institution by a gentleman in Savannah. A beautiful wrought iron fence and gate enclose the front yard, and a high brick wall the back yard.

The greatest number of pupils at a time in the institution, is from twenty-five to thirty. At the time I taught the school, the scholars were mostly the descendants of foreigners, who had emigrated to this country, where sudden and
fatal diseases had caused their hapless offspring to be left to the mercy of strangers. There were at the same time in the family, all taking their meals at the same table, English, Irish, Dutch, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Germans. It was not unfrequently the case, that those came into the institution who could not even call for a glass of water in a language we could understand. I remember one instance in particular, when a little girl tried for some time to make known her wants; but when she perceived that none of us understood her, she wept as though her heart would break; finally seeing that we were anxious to learn for what she asked, she put her hand to her mouth; and when one of the girls hastily handed her a glass of water, she seized the cup as though she was nearly famished. In studying the characters and dispositions of these children, I found them very just representatives of the several nations to which they belonged. The peculiar kind of honesty and simplicity that always characterizes the Irish people, readily distinguishes their children, even after they have for a long time associated with other children. The Portuguese I always found to be artful, sly, suspicious, and never to be trusted, of violent temper, knowing no bounds to their anger when irritated. The
French were gay, naturally easy and polite in their manners, but exceedingly fickle, one day the warmest friends, the next, if slightly provoked, the bitterest enemies. The Spanish, I could always depend upon; if I once succeeded in gaining their friendship there was nothing to fear of losing it; for they will give you the whole of their true and faithful hearts; but they are as capable of hating an enemy as they are of loving a friend. They make no loud professions of their love, but the sincere and deep devotedness of the inmost soul is expressed towards a friend by every glance of the eye and expression of the countenance. The purely English children, as soon as they can talk, exhibit all that dignity and nobleness of character, so natural to the English people, as well as those strong powers of the mind which have made that nation a mistress over so many others. I found that even in the little child, there was always something to command a sort of deference and respect from even those of superior age. The Germans were sober, grave, thoughtful, and one might say, in appearance rather cast down, of strong minds, and much given to study and reading. I had one German scholar, of very superior intellect; though of only fourteen years of age, she could read, write, and cipher, with
perfect ease, both in her own language and in English, and she spoke our language with so much correctness, that no one could ever mistrust she was German by birth. She read in her own language every day, and I observed when she read the Bible she always selected one in that language in preference to ours.

But as I am so partial to the English character, before I leave the Asylum I cannot fail to give a brief account of one of the most interesting children I ever met with, whose name was Margaret Pritchard. Though my acquaintance with this lovely child was short, it will ever be cherished with the tenderest emotions of sympathy and pleasure. She was a native of England; but at a very early age her parents emigrated with her to this country, and took up their residence in one of our northern cities. Here God in his wise providence saw fit to visit this family with affliction, and remove from it the husband and father, leaving Mrs. Pritchard with her little daughter, without friends or home—strangers in a strange land.

She then, with Margaret, removed to Savannah. But the great destroyer had not completed his work of devastation in this family. The delicate constitution of Mrs. Pritchard began to sink under her severe hardships and trials, and
it was evident that disease had already commenced its ravages upon her naturally feeble body. Her money was almost expended, and before she had time to make known her condition, disease had made such inroads upon her system as to prevent her from going out to procure food for herself and child. How long they had been languishing in this condition is not known; but just before Mrs. Pritchard breathed her last, their helpless situation was discovered by a humane gentleman, while seeking subjects for charity. The poor mother was beyond the reach of assistance; she needed but a little more than a coffin and a shroud. The little girl, who was nearly famishing, was kindly nourished for a few days in the gentleman's family, then placed in the Asylum. I was soon attracted by her correct deportment, and remarkably amiable disposition. She always wore a forlorn countenance, but still did not appear unhappy. There was something in her countenance calculated to excite pity from all who beheld her. She never appeared to feel an interest in the plays and amusements of her companions in the Asylum, and was always very careful not to soil or tumble her dress. I shall never forget how soon and quietly she would resume her seat in the school room in time of recess.
But I soon found she had a source of happiness not derived from this world. Although young in years, she had learned to love her Savior. She had given her affections to God, and it was her delight to be alone, where she might without interruption enjoy his presence. She was often found on her knees in prayer in some secret corner, and many times was overheard imploring mercy for herself, her teachers, and companions. It was evident to all who knew her, that she was speedily finishing her work in this world. She grew in grace every day, and made rapid advances in the divine life; she was not like many children, afraid to be alone, neither was the darkness of night any terror to her.

I remember one evening, a few weeks previous to her last illness, she was missing; and search being made for her, she was found alone in a dark chamber, in the third story of the institution, a room appropriated in time of illness to the sick and dying. She had retired to this gloomy apartment, into which the other children, on account of the many unpleasant associations connected with it, were afraid to enter, to commune with her Savior she so much loved. When the door was opened, she was walking, with her arms folded upon her bosom, up and
down her room, singing in a low, sweet tone some devotional words expressive of that sweet peace which pervaded her soul, and which at the same time lighted up her countenance with a smile more than earthly. Thus she continued to exhibit to all around her the reality of religion, every day giving an example worthy of imitation both by young and old. But her days were numbered and nearly finished; she had long been ripening for heaven, and God was about to take her to Himself.

She was suddenly seized with a fatal disease, and after a short and most distressing illness of only three days, which she endured with uncommon Christian fortitude, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, at the early age of nine years, and we followed her dear remains to the "potter's field," where dust was consigned to dust, till the morning of the resurrection, when that which was "sown in corruption" shall bloom in immortality.
LETTER VII.

Punishment of Slaves—Their Opinions—The Barracks.

Not far from the Asylum stands the city jail, the occupants of which are mostly slaves, not only those who have been caught while endeavoring to obtain their freedom, but those also who have been sent there by their masters to undergo a course of punishment for some misconduct. The laws of the city forbid the master to whip his own slave; therefore when he considers his slave deserving of punishment, he sends him to the jail, with orders to have him whipped so many times a day for a certain number of days; these seasons always occurred at stated intervals, so the poor victims knew when the hour was to arrive for them to endure their cruel discipline. I have seen the runaway slaves dragged to this place of cruelty with their hands tied behind them, attended by two or three white men, who made free use of the lash over their heads and shoulders, while they called upon all the powers of darkness, accompanied
by profane oaths, to curse their masters, or im- 
plored God to redress their wrongs, according to 
the spirit of the sufferer. I knew of one female 
slave while I was in Savannah, who was sent 
here and beat daily during one whole week, not 
for any particular crime, but because she did 
not happen to please her mistress. But this 
course of treatment so disheartened the woman, 
she was never afterwards of any service to her 
owners. After she was taken out of the jail, 
she began to grow ill, refused nourishment and 
medicine, till she had so far declined that her 
mistress, beginning to have some apprehensions 
that she was in danger of losing a valuable arti-
cle of property, undertook to force medicine 
into her stomach; but all to no purpose; as her 
master said, and I presume it was even so, she 
was determined to die; all the means that could 
be used could not prevail upon her to take any 
things into her mouth the least calculated to 
nourish her or invigorate her debilitated system. 
She said she had nothing to live for; she could 
look forward to nothing but hard labor and 
cruel treatment and she preferred to die; and 
God was pleased to grant to her her choice; she 
survived her cruel beating and incarceration in 
the jail but a few days, and was gathered to her 
unhappy and unfortunate fathers.
Just before she died she told a friend of mine, that her mistress was very cruel to all her slaves, and she believed God would not suffer her to go unpunished, even in this world; and as far as I am acquainted with that woman's history, she has already had so much trouble and misfortune as in some measure to verify this prediction. This same woman had a colored boy, about twelve years old, to whom she often entrusted the care of a young child. One afternoon while the mother was out making fashionable calls, the child was so fretful for the want of its mother, the boy was obliged to carry it in its arms from one place to another all the afternoon to pacify it; finally, near evening, when the babe had nearly exhausted itself by crying, and its nurse by carrying it about, it began to appear sleepy, and the boy laid it upon the bed, and then leaning over it, with his own face touching that of the child's while endeavoring to soothe it to sleep, his own wearied nature was soon overcome by sleep, and unconsciously sunk down upon the couch beside the sleeping infant, where the mistress, enraged at the sight, found him; and, as she boastingly informed a friend of mine, "gave him such a beating as he deserved for such an outrage." But she did not long enjoy the privilege of beating a poor harmless boy for acci-
dentally falling asleep on the bed with her child when overcome by fatigue; the same summer, and I believe only a few weeks after this event, he was seized with a fever which he survived only two or three days; by his death his master lost five hundred dollars, by the death of the woman I have just spoken of, he lost seven hundred, all the same season.

If a slave is to be punished only once for some act of omission or commission, he is not often sent to the jail, but accompanied by his master to the market place, where he receives as many lashes from the knotted thong as his master chooses to order, from the hand of the man who takes his place there every morning for this purpose, and is recompensed for his labor.

It was easy enough to know when the hour of flagellation in the jail had arrived, from the dreadful groans and shrieks that poured forth from the iron grated windows of that dark and gloomy abode of wretchedness and cruelty. During my residence in that city, two of those miserable beings were hung in the jail yard to atone for crimes which, if they had been perpetrated by white men either at the North or South, instead of meeting with such a fate, would not have debarred the perpetrators from the most honorable station in society.
In this place I will say one word respecting the singular notions of the future, maintained by the more ignorant portion of the black people. In the first place, they believe when people leave this world they go to some locality where they can converse with and enjoy each other's society free from interruption; and that persons on leaving this world, can carry messages from this to the one beyond the grave: accordingly a colored person about to be executed is surrounded by those who wish to send some endearing message to a departed father or mother, husband or wife, brother or sister or children. Further, they believe, and I have myself heard them assert the same, that in the life to come there will also be white people and black people; but then the white people will be slaves, and they shall have the dominion over them. I never saw a negro a Universalist; for they all believe in a future retribution for their masters, from the hand of a just God.

At a little distance from the jail were situated the barracks. It was quite a relief to turn my eyes from that ugly abode I have just been describing, to these fine buildings. While the old black exterior of the former exhibited a striking picture of what was within, so no one could but judge from the outward appearance of the lat-
ter that they were the homes of refinement and pleasure, for while I was there, only the officers of the army and their families resided in the barracks. These buildings were only two in number, fronting each other on the opposite sides of a square, leaving between them a beautiful little court-yard, in the middle of which stands the lofty standard from whose top on every pleasant day floated our country's star-spangled banner.

Both of these buildings were furnished with two piazzas each, which looked towards the court-yard, and each supported by twenty-four white pillars. On these places of promenade might be seen almost any hour of the day young officers standing in little groups, or reclining at their ease on sofas, smoking cigars, or half asleep. Sometimes it would seem that a romance had quite absorbed the attention of some one sitting apart from all the rest with his feet higher than his head, and resting upon the balustrade, while in another shady corner the more thoughtful and grave air of the politician told plainly enough that the columns he held in his hand had furnished him with matter for serious reflection concerning our country's interests. From these pleasant abodes also the sound of martial music often broke upon the stillness of
the evening, and the cheerful song from a light heart was not unfrequently mingled with the early matins of the birds, but nothing could be more discordant, both to the ear and heart, than when these sweet sounds on one hand went forth to meet the heart-rending sigh and groan that fell upon the ear from the other.
LETTER VIII.

The Hospital—A Little Friendless Girl—Her Sickness, Death and Burial.

The last public building I design to speak of at present, is the Strangers' Hospital. This stands alone beyond the city, just in the edge of the woods. It is an old moss-covered brick building, above which the tall overgrown pines have long stretched out their tall branches on every side, almost concealing it from the public eye. The gloomy air and dreary solitude that reigns everywhere around these premises, almost gives one the impression that he is approaching a charnel house, rather than the abode of the living, and indeed this feeling is not without a just cause; for when one takes a peep a little farther into the woods in the rear of the main building, he just catches a glimpse of a little brown house half concealed in a clump of small trees and vines, where dissecting operations and post mortem examinations are conducted by the young student and novice in the
“healing art.” I shall never forget the unpleasant sensations I experienced the first time I visited this Hospital. While I was in the Asylum, a little girl, apparently about eight years of age, came into the school, who could not utter a syllable we could understand. Her health appeared to be very feeble, but the cause was ascribed to a want of proper food and nursing, rather than to any disease; for she was found in a miserable old hut all alone with the corpse of a female, probably that of her mother. It appeared she had belonged to a family who all but herself had been swept off by some of those fatal diseases common to the sickly season of the year. As soon as the child’s situation was discovered, she was taken to that home for such fatherless strangers, the Asylum; but she remained with us only a few days, and was removed again before she had been taught to speak one word by which we could learn anything concerning her history. It soon became evident that she had some alarming disease upon her; and fearing contagion, it was thought advisable to place her in the Hospital. This circumstance first called me where afterwards I became a frequent visitor. Hearing one day soon after her removal, that the patients in the hospital often suffered from want of suitable atten-
tion and nourishment, I at once resolved to go and satisfy myself concerning the child's situation. Consequently I furnished myself with such necessaries as I thought she might need; and procuring an old German for my cicerone as well as interpreter, the latter being absolutely necessary, as the steward spoke German, I started on my errand. But I almost regretted, when I found myself in the street, that another time would not answer as well for the purpose I had in view, for the evening was one of those starless ones, when night's blackest curtains drop their folds so closely around us, we cannot discern the companion at our side. But going upon the principle not to "put the hand to the plow and look back," we proceeded on our way, and a few moments' walk across the common brought us in sight of here and there a dim light peering through the thick boughs of the trees that stood before the hospital. Soon we found ourselves before the gate, and while we waited without for the porter, I must confess I felt a sort of chilliness creep over my limbs, for even the sound of our own footsteps fell back again upon our ears. No sound was there to interrupt that death-like silence, save now and then a dying groan, heard above the gentle rustling of the leaves, so low and soft, it seemed to
me those poor dying, friendless, and homeless inmates might almost fancy they heard the whisperings of angels about their windows already waiting to bear them away from a world of sorrows. No sound of mirth echoed through those long dark halls, and a stranger would have known this was not the home of joy and gladness, and the half-hushed growl of the faithful watch-dog, as he eyed us askance without raising his head from his paw, seemed as if instinct had taught the brute to ward off the gay and thoughtless intruder.

A few faint streams of light fell upon us from the casements above, just enough to make darkness more perceptible and to reveal to the sight fitful shadows of all surrounding objects, so that one might fancy he saw the ghosts of the departed, still hovering around their late abode, as if loth to leave the place.

At length the porter arrived and ushered us into a spacious but antiquated hall, and from thence into the third story of the building, where we found the object of our visit lying upon a little mattrass on the floor in one corner of the room. We did, indeed, find the poor child in a most wretched state; she could ask for nothing she wanted, for she spoke a language that not even the old German understood; and
those who had the care of her, I judged, did not take much pains to anticipate her wants; but God in his infinite goodness soon saw fit to close her earthly sufferings and take this little, forsaken lamb to Himself. After my first visit, I went regularly every day to see her, as long as she lived. Finally on the sixth day, when I requested to be admitted to her, I was conducted to a room that had been occupied by masons and carpenters as a work shop. There, after clambering over all sorts of tools, boards, shavings, and heaps of clay and lime, I came to the emaciated remains I sought for, laid on a joiner's bench, merely covered with the fragment of a coarse tattered sheet. The body had not been washed, and the little uncombed, flaxen locks, hung carelessly over that cold marble brow, and not one of those duties had been observed generally practised previous to interment.

I proposed to have the corpse moved to the Asylum, decently laid out, and funeral services performed; but this was not considered prudent on account of the disease she died with; consequently the corpse was put into a rough unstained coffin, and carried away without ceremony to that last home for all strangers, "the potter's field," and there its little grave lies un-
noticed and unknown. There no fond mother comes at the evening twilight to bedew the low grassy mound with her tears, or to plant around it the willow and the myrtle, to mark the sacred spot; but there its guardian angel will watch over all its dust "till God shall bid it rise."
LETTER IX.

The Stranger's Hospital—Sickness, Burial, and Death of the Deserted Woman.

During my visits to the sick child, I spoke of in my last letter, I had an opportunity to become acquainted with some other persons confined there by illness. Generally in the summer and fall, the hospital is crowded with these unfortunate strangers, who are sick there at the public expense. This accounts for the neglect and ill treatment they often receive. I believe thousands die there, who might recover if properly taken care of. Young physicians are permitted to go there and try such experiments as they choose upon those patients, and it is not unreasonable to suppose, under such circumstances, more would be killed than cured. In one of those rooms I found a very pretty female, in whom I soon became much interested. She informed me she had been there seven years, and for the last five had not once supported her weight upon her feet. Notwithstanding her
extreme helplessness, she always contrived, somehow, to keep everything belonging to her own dress and bed remarkably clean and white, making quite a contrast between her appearance and that of many around her. This woman was a native of one of the Northern States, where at an early age she had, as she supposed, married a man worthy of her hand. For a time they prospered and were happy; but at length he began to form unsteady habits; and when he had spent nearly all his property, in order to retrieve his wasted fortune, took up his residence in Savannah. But he carried his evil practices with him, till finally, he deserted his wife entirely, leaving her among strangers, without a farthing to purchase bread. Then she sought for employment among the families of the rich, and at last was obliged to accept of a situation as kitchen maid. In this capacity she toiled till she had accumulated five hundred dollars, when she was taken ill; but not considering her sickness alarming, she administered to herself a dose of calomel; and instead of resting from her labors during the operation of it, went to washing windows and doors on one of the coldest days of a southern winter; the consequence was, she caught a severe cold, then the fever followed, which finally terminated in
ulcers, which broke out in every limb. When I saw her she had lost so many of the bones in her limbs they were not only useless but utterly deformed. I never saw a person who was more an object of commiseration. Without money, without friends, in a land of strangers, supported by public charity, and exposed to the caprices of a hard-hearted old steward, who would, or would not, just according to the disposition which governed his actions at the time she asked for it, grant her a few drops of some soothing antidote, or any other little necessary she might want. Yet she was a perfect example of the utmost resignation. It was early in the spring when I first saw this female, and I continued my visits to her till the latter part of the summer when the sickly season set in, which in common with many others prostrated me upon a bed of languishing, from which I did not rise until thousands had been conveyed to their long homes, among whom was my friend, whose suffering on earth had ended. From the situation of my room, through the whole of my sickness and confinement I could see what was passing round about the hospital, without raising my head from the pillow; and here, day after day, and a good many times a day, I saw coffin after coffin removed to the "potter's field,"
which was located but a stone's throw from it, as if to remind those whose unfortunate lot had fallen in that unhappy place, that they had taken their last step towards their final home.

Though what transpires after death does in no wise affect the inanimate mass of clay, yet it was melancholy to see those bodies laid in the grave, with not much more ceremony than would have been observed if they had been brutes. As soon as the soul had taken its flight from the body, without even being disrobed of its death-bed apparel, it was put into a coffin, of which a large supply was always kept on hand, and buried as soon as possible, without even one short prayer being repeated. The good old sexton, who had so long been in company with the dead that he seemed to have forgotten how to smile, with a faithful servant who conducted the hearse, made up the whole funeral procession, and certainly, so far as their deportment was concerned, it was not wanting in becoming seriousness and respect for the dead; and even while the old slave and his master walked along slowly and silently on either side of the hearse, the slow and measured steps of the old gray mule seemed as though he had learned becoming reverence for the scene and the spot he was approaching. When the corpse
is brought to the grave, it is carefully lowered into its narrow house; and then, as is the custom on all occasions of the kind, the sexton takes up a handful of earth, and assuming a respectful and solemn attitude a few moments, he lets it fall slowly upon the coffin, while he repeats, "and dust returns to dust."

As soon as I was able to walk out, I hastened to the hospital to learn if my friend was still living, or whether she had shared the same doom of so many others there. I went to the gate, and finding it unfastened, I entered the yard; then seeing no living objects about the premises, I stood awhile, and listened to ascertain if there were voices within the building; but not a sound fell upon my ear; even the faithful watch-dog, with whom I had become so familiar that he would always wag his tail as soon as he saw me approaching, being no longer needed at the gate, was gone. I ascended the steps, and rang the bell; but when I found there was no porter to answer to its call, I applied my hand to the door, and it readily gave me admittance to those halls of utter solitude. I passed from hall to hall; and while every step reverberated from the top to the bottom of the building, I became more and more convinced I should find no human being there. I opened every door on
each side of the hall as I passed along, and everything told plainly of the dreadful havoc death had made. I went into the repository of coffins, where a few still remained; but from the great number that had disappeared in my absence, I learned how great the work was that fell destroyer had completed. At last I ascended to the room, where I had been accustomed to find my friend; but that voice, which once was so ready to hail my approach with the expressive words, “O, I knew it was you, as soon as I heard your steps on the stair case,” was not there to bid me a cheerful welcome after so long an absence. I went to the door, satisfied I should never behold that calm and heavenly face again. I opened it; there stood the bedstead, stripped of all its furniture excepting the light pavilion which was thrown carelessly upon the frame above it; but the body it had so long protected from the depredations of the musquitoes was gone. There was the small stand near the head of the bed, just where it formerly stood, with a few vials and a cup or two upon it; but the medicine was no longer needed; all was as silent as the grave; that voice which had so long been heard there, not only in groans and sighs, but in prayer and praise, was hushed in death; and that body
which long had endured so much pain, had returned to its kindred dust; while its tried spirit, I doubted not, had returned to the bosom of its Father. I felt sad while I reflected upon these things, but could not regret the happy exchange. I could only wish that I had been favored with a parting interview, and received her last blessing.

After I had walked through those halls and rooms, reflecting upon the end and instability of all earthly things as long as I desired, without seeing any human creature, I took my departure from a place where I had witnessed so much sorrow and distress, never to return to it; and now, fearing I have already wearied your patience by a detail of such gloomy scenes, I will also take my leave for the present of this kind of subjects; and in my succeeding letters I will try to throw more light into my pictures, though to my eye, every picture in human life presents more "shadows than light."
LETTER X.


Before carrying my description into the country, which I design shortly to do, I must dwell a little longer in the city, in order to note a few particulars, in whose relation I hope you will be interested. And first, I could wish that my descriptive powers would enable me to give you a somewhat correct idea of the beauty of some of the streets in Savannah, as well as of some of those places of resort that lie beyond it. But, at the best I can do, my delineation will fall so far short of the reality, I almost shrink from the undertaking.

Running parallel with the Savannah river there are six, which are called the principal streets. The first lying adjacent to the river is called the Bay street. Upon this most of the business in the city is transacted. No respectable families reside there. The buildings on
this street are mostly stores, besides a few dwellings for colored people and sailors' boarding houses. The seaman's chapel is on the south end of the street, and the Exchange about the middle way of it; besides these I do not recollect that there are any other buildings of note there. The Exchange is a fine new building, and has the only observatory in the city, and this is, at all seasons of the year much resorted to, by those who are anxiously waiting the arrival of some friend at sea. This street is always so thronged by sailors, slaves, and rowdies of all grades and color, that it is not safe for ladies to walk there alone, and it is considered very disreputable for them to be seen there unaccompanied by a gentleman, even if several ladies are together. I regretted much that this was the case, for nature has done more for this part of the city than any other. Savannah is built upon a high bluff, and this is the first street that lies upon it; so there is from that side of it nearest the river a sudden descent towards the water, of perhaps twelve or fifteen feet, which gives to one standing upon the highest part of the bluff a most delightful view of the broad river that rolls below. Bay street runs the whole length of the city, and the greater part of it is shaded by trees on both sides so tall, and having
branches so broad, that in many places they overlap each other, making the cool arch-way beneath one of the most delightful retreats from the feverish air, and the hot, red brick walls of the inland streets. It was one of the greatest luxuries I could enjoy, to escape the burning sands of the city, and spend a few moments of pastime upon those shady banks, and while the soft cooling breezes from the ocean’s bosom fanned our heated brows, to stand and view the busy world “who go down to the sea and do business in great waters.” There the observing and reflective mind sees scenes so emblematical of human life, he can not fail to draw fresh instruction from what is passing around him. There, beyond the bar, the eye rests upon the noble ship that first was launched in British seas, lying at ease in all her proud majesty, unmoved and as little heeding the movements of all smaller barques, as the lordly nabob revelling in wealth and luxury, does the every day events of a laboring world. Still farther on, the eye just catches a glimpse of the powerful steamer, as it irresistibly ploughs its deep path in the great sea, and forces itself against wind and tide into the long sought for haven, reminding one of that class of persons on life’s theatre, who, regardless of the rights and wrongs, lives and
possessions of their fellow creatures, rush on through seas of blood to glory and to fame. Then again, nearer to the shore, the light skiff almost destitute of ballast, not venturing its frail timbers among the heavy waves of deeper seas, skims along so lightly and smoothly above the rocks and quicksands that lie below, one is at first almost ready to believe the situation of those thoughtless gay, and almost brainless people, to whom these light barques are slightly analogous, was far the most desirable of any; for while many, whose hearts are more capacious, and whose brains have more solidity, are constantly not only mourning over their own ills, but also lamenting the woes of others, these careless, unconcerned beings seem to float along upon the surface of society far above human cares and sorrows; but like the little skiff which is suddenly capsized if only a squall strikes her sails, so let but the blast of adversity sweep over their fortunes, and having none of that ballast in the day of trouble, which is acquired only by cares and toils, and all their bright hopes and prospects for the future are wrecked forever.

At the bottom of the bluff there is quite a space of land, furnishing room for numerous store houses and for the unlading of ships and
boats as well as for all the exports in cotton, corn, rice, and tobacco, brought there from the country. If the situation on the top of the bluff is one of the coolest and most desirable in a hot summer's day, the one at the foot is one of the hottest and most undesirable. There not a tree spreads out its branches to ward off a single ray from the scorching sun, neither does a spear of grass spring up there to protect the feet from the burning sands, yet here through all the long tedious days of a Southern summer, where the height of the bluff forbids almost every current of air, not only colored people, but many white men, are compelled by the love of filthy lucre, to pass their hours from morning till evening in the vending and purchasing of goods. I knew one young man, whose father dealt largely with English merchants in the trade of cotton, who had been long kept in this unhealthy situation, because his father considered his services indispensable. Finally, after much persuasion on the part of the son, the father condescended to let him go for a while into the country, giving him some encouragement that he would put him in charge of a plantation there. It so happened that I was staying at the place where he came to spend a few months, and I often heard him express the
most ardent desires that his father would let him remain in the country, and not call him back again to that burning place. I shall never forget the almost childish enthusiasm with which, from morning till night, he roamed the woods for wild deer and turkies, or sailed the creeks for fish; and when his father sent for him to return to his old post again, I heartily pitied him, it was with such deep regrets he took leave of his rural sports. But he immediately obeyed the summons, and almost the first news we heard from him was, that he was dead and buried. The heat of the sun to which he was compelled to be exposed through the long days of summer, seemed to be unusually intense that season, and it caused one of those fatal fevers which sweep off many in those hot climates; and, when it was too late, the father in the deepest anguish of his soul learned that he had sacrificed a son, one of the most beautiful specimens of blooming manhood, to his own avarice.
LETTER XI.

Browton Street, and an old Dilapidated Building—Its aged occupant—South Broad Street—A Rural Retreat—Captain Abraham's Place.

The next street that runs parallel with the river, and is worthy of particular notice in these letters, is Browton street, so named in honor of an old pilot, who had amassed great riches in his seafaring profession. This street is very broad and beautifully shaded by rows of trees extending through the whole length of it. As this was one of the first streets laid out in the city, we see more ancient dwellings here, than we do in many other parts of it. I remember one old building in particular, that had not been altered or repaired for more than half a century. It was a very long building and rather low, for a house having two floors; old clay covered chimneys stood upon each end on the outside, and a piazza extended the entire length in front of it. There I frequently saw the ancient tenant of this ancient dwelling sitting upon a bench.
with his chin resting on his hands clasped above the top of his staff, while the long silver locks, bleached by a hundred summers, fell upon his shoulders, causing him to look so old, I could not wonder he did not wish to have any thing around him assume a more youthful appearance. The same three cornered hat that had covered the locks of blooming manhood, still sat upon that head, and the long waisted coat with wide skirts, the small clothes, and large silver buckles at the knees and smaller ones on the tops of the shoes, were all in strict keeping with the old dilapidated moss-covered tabernacle of its aged master. I could not help reflecting how unlike and how much more becoming was the garb of this old man than that of many at the present day, who, so, it would seem, endeavor to retard the wheels of time, by various repairs and white washings of their decaying clayey tenements, supplying the place of the long wasted 'grinders,' and with false wigs and curls trying to conceal the blossoms for the tomb, making every thing around them look youthful but deep furrows upon the face, which art has never yet been able to fill up.

Now I must speak of the most beautiful street in all Savannah, which is South Broad street, laid out on the south side of the city, and of
great width as its name implies. In this street there are five paths, two for carriages and three for foot passengers. Between each of these is a row of trees which are of the largest size, whose widely extended branches mingle with each other from one side of the street to the other, forming long leafy archways which on a moonlight evening resemble so many shadowy and mystic aisles in some old Gothic Cathedral, which to one at the entrance continually diminish in magnitude till they are finally lost in darkness and distance. The middle pathway being overgrown with grass is only promenaded in pleasant weather and during those hours of the day when the ground is free from dew. In the morning and evening, and on rainy days, the side-walks paved with bricks are resorted to. There are but a very few paved walks in Savannah, owing to the circumstance that all the stone used there is imported, and if bricks were extensively used, the atmosphere would become unhealthy from the moisture they would collect. I never saw a rock even of the smallest size while in Georgia; even gravel could not be obtained there, consequently those kinds of walks which at the North are graveled, at the South are filled with sea-shells, laid down with the rounded side up. Though there may be some-
thing lost in a pecuniary point of view in being obliged to have recourse to such an expedient, yet certainly there is not as far as the beauty of the walks is concerned.

I have often thought how great the wonder and surprise of a person would be, who had never been out of the low country in Georgia, if he was to be suddenly transported to the North and dropped down among some of the rocks and hills of New Hampshire, for there are many so unaccustomed to any thing but extensive plains they can hardly realize what a mountain or ledge of rocks looks like. I have frequently thought if the people in Savannah could have our old Kearsarge set down among them, they would almost fall down and worship it, and surely I could not much blame them if they did. for I believe when I was there, if I could have caught a glimpse of its old hoary head or inhaled one pure breath right from its top, I should, for once at least, have been guilty of mountain idolatry; for all the time I was South my eye never rested upon any thing that even resembled a little hillock, excepting the embankment that was thrown up round about the city in our last war with Great Britain. This formed a rather pleasant little rise of ground, and it seemed to be a luxury to many besides myself.
to resort thither, for a walk at the close of a hot summer's day.

There was also another beautiful little retreat not far from the old fortification, where I spent many a pleasant half hour when it was not occupied by its lawful owners. It was a little sweet romantic grove, just out of the city, that on Saturdays was frequented by the coit club, an association of those young men in the city, who, by their noble birth, or wealthy parents, or professions, consider themselves entitled to the appellation, the "Aristocracy." They had selected this spot for the theatre of their pastimes, and cut down all the small trees and shrubs, leaving only a sufficient number of the largest growth to make one of the most delightful of nature's arbors. In one corner of the grove stood a small lodge, where they store their coits, footballs, and settees, the latter being taken out and placed around in different parts of the grove when they assemble together. Here also they keep their eating and drinking establishments. I imagined from appearances that it was not a small proportion of the company that loved a good jolly hour over the convivial glass.

About eight miles from the city was a plantation that every stranger, even, was told he
must visit before leaving Savannah, called Captain Abraham's place, a term meaning no more nor less than the plantation where Captain Abraham, an eccentric old bachelor, enjoyed all the sweets of solitude; and found his amusement in causing the trees and plants to assume all those fantastic forms, which his own odd fancy might happen to suggest; he was one of those men of whom Pollok said,

"He made acquaintance with plants and flowers,
   And happy grew in telling all their names."

His plantation was seven or eight miles from the city, isolated from all others, and laid out in a beautiful romantic spot bordering upon the South Newport River. Every part of the plantation not only gave evidence of high cultivation, but also showed that its lord took pleasure in sporting with the vegetable kingdom. Here the trees were growing in all shapes according to the will of the cultivator. Some were in the form of cones and pyramids, some grew like the spires of a church, and many cedars bore a perfect resemblance to center tables. The fences were all overgrown with vines and the walks were everywhere adorned with the choicest flowers, even, the twining vines and fast accumulating moss was not suffered to be disturbed by the workman's hammer in repairing the old
decaying cottage; and all was so still and peaceful around this little shady covert, the feathered tribes were not afraid to congregate there to chant their early matins, and when all other birds had gone to sleep in their leafy bowers, the whipporwill gladly hastened back to this enchanted spot to repeat her evening serenade, and if justice had been done to the beauties of this place, it would have long been called Captain Abraham's Paradise.
A place called Boniventure is another favorite resort for all who desire the luxury of the shady forest, and on certain days, particularly for those gentlemen who are fond of rolling ninepins and of other like sports. It was a little spot in the midst of a thick wood, where a good many years ago all the trees were cut down excepting those that formed seven or eight rows for a considerable distance. These trees have now grown to the size of our largest elms, the branches of which not only overlap each other on either side, but also in many places reach the ground.

But what makes this place appear unusually romantic and delightful to the stranger’s eye, is the moss with which these trees are heavily loaded. This moss, if suffered to grow, in a few years so accumulates that the tree looks as if covered with coarse tow cloth; that which
 hangs upon the lowest limbs often touches the ground; then that which grows upon the next branches reaches those beneath, and so on to the topmost branches of the tree. After all, to have a correct idea of one of those moss covered trees, one must see it with his own eyes. This moss is gathered in large quantities by the colored people to be used in filling mattresses; when dried it looks like coarse black hair, though one would think it was already dry, when he saw it on the tree, if he did not examine it. In this place stood a large, fine monument, erected over the grave of a distinguished citizen of Georgia, and enclosed by a high brick wall that time is now fast leveling to the ground. When I stood by this solitary grave I could not but reflect how great his surprise must be at the resurrection, who had selected this lone spot for his last repose, to find myriads springing into life on all sides of him, “and claiming their proper dust from the same spot.” Though I am one of those who are always ready to think that every excursion of pleasure, whether by land or water, is attended by a thousand pleasures, yet I think I never enjoyed any thing of the kind half as much as an equestrian excursion among the shades of Boniventure, accompanied by twelve or fourteen choice
companions, each having perfect command of his own beast. There one party was often met by two or three more, each of which would appear to be not a little solicitous to see which could exhibit the most skill in horsemanship; and it was not uncommon for the ladies to vie with each other in the speed of their horses or in endeavoring to see who would show the most dexterity in guiding them through the most difficult labyrinths that could be found among the deep entangled thickets round about Boniventure. While some would be running races over the fallen trees, and among the vines and bushes of the deeper woods, others would secure their beasts beneath a wide spreading and moss covered oak, to amuse themselves at the nine-pin alley, and others again more fond of rural scenes than such sports would walk about the old monument, gathering from it here and there a bit of moss, or a creeping vine as a pleasing memento of Boniventure. Never did I visit a spot that seemed so classical; and while the student might here fancy he enjoyed the sweets of "Academus sacred shade," a Walter Scott might there recline upon a grassy mound, and while the chattering squirrels hopped from branch to branch, "and dropped their nutshell on his head," and while the music from the
neighboring boughs enchanted his soul, he might lay the scene of a romance not inferior to those which have long been read with so much interest. Here the poetical "mistletoe" might be seen in large bunches growing upon the trunks and limbs of the oak, and I wondered how squirrels could be so numerous there, if the sportsman's gun had often frightened them from their beautiful haunts. The fox squirrel was the largest animal of the kind I ever saw there, and of the same color as our fox, perfectly resembling the grey squirrel in form, and in size about half way between the grey squirrel and the fox; and a stranger seeing these merry little creatures skipping from bough to bough, would almost think a parcel of young foxes had taken to the trees.

From what circumstance Thunderbolt derived its name I never knew, but now the same might be said of it, as of ancient Tyre, "it is a place for the spreading of nets." This also is about seven or eight miles from the city. It is a little settlement of fishermen upon the bank of the river, where boats of all sizes might be seen upon the water, or drawn upon the shore for the purpose of being dried and repaired. Fishing nets and lines were spread all around to be dried, and many an old fisherman might be seen
here, taking his noon-day nap beneath the shade of a weeping willow, while his favorite spaniel, couchèd at his side, enjoyed the same repose. I remember the last time I ever visited this spot was on horseback, and feeling very thirsty, I rode up to one of the fisherman’s huts and asked for a glass of water, and presently the good mistress of the house herself appeared with the cooling beverage. When I handed her back the cup and was about turning to go away, she said, "You must call again when you ride out this way." I told her it was the last time I ever expected to see that place; with a good deal of surprise depicted on her countenance, she asked, "why." I told her I was a stranger there, and in a few days I was going to my own loved home; she then replied, "O well, you will come back again; for any one who has once quenched his thirst from these wells will thirst for this water again." And O! how many times since, when I have sat alone in the dreariness of my own chamber, through a long winter’s evening, and listened to the cold northern blasts as they swept past my window, have I remembered that good dame’s words. It is not merely the cup of water I now pine for, but the luxury of those soft, cooling breezes, as they blow from the
bosom of the ocean, and of those sunny skies and ever green groves. But after all, if I was now in Georgia, I might long for some of the good things that are to be had only in our favored New England. The human mind is seldom satisfied with its present enjoyments. It is prone to magnify the evils of its present situation and enhance the blessings that may be enjoyed in those far off. As far as my own experience can testify, where there are great advantages to be possessed, there are also disadvantages equally great to balance them; and I have about come to the conclusion that good and evil in this world are more equally dispensed than at first we are apt to suppose. I was never more forcibly reminded of this than one evening while taking a walk with a dear friend at the South. To enjoy a sweet twilight hour, at the close of a hot summer's day, we had retired to the shores of a beautiful creek, which at a little distance from us opened into the Atlantic. The tall cedar and bending cypress darkened our path in many places, and among their thick branches the birds that had sung all day, warbled out their last sweet strains before retiring to rest. The stars were just peeping out one by one, and afar off in the east, where the blue mountain waves seemed to dash against
the vaulted sky, a little red spot began to make its appearance, as the harbinger of the rising moon. The evening sea breezes stole most agreeably upon us, and to an eye taking a perspective view of us, it would seem there was nothing to mar the pleasure of our walk; but alas! there must always be a thorn to sting the fingers that plucks the rose; so in our case, among the thickly matted grass, that, to look upon, appeared to form a soft green carpet for our feet, there lurked ten thousand little prickly burs that compelled us every few moments to stop and pick them from our shoes and the bottom of our dresses, to prevent them from wounding our feet. Speaking with my friend about the little vexations we must always endure, even when the prospect for pleasure seems brightest, she remarked, that a friend of hers, who had traveled a great deal in every quarter of the globe, told her that “all things considered, one place in the world was as good as another.” To conclude this article I will quote a few lines written by a friend at New Orleans, as they will better express what I wish further to say upon this subject than my own words. “And now for the contrast between the North and the South. How often in my imagination have I compared my situation this winter with
that of my friends in New Hampshire. Whilst you are all wading through snow and ice, I am walking on nature's green carpet; and while you are crowding and shivering around great fires, I am carrying an umbrella to protect my head from the scorching sun. While you are listening to the whistling wind and the jingling sleigh bells, I am charmed by the music of the grove, the martin, and the mocking bird. While you are peeping out of your frosty windows, to catch a glimpse of your snow-capped hills, I am gazing upon the green foliage, and trees covered with blossoms, and plucking flowers from the field, and oranges from the trees; and whilst you are feasting yourselves upon baked beans and pickles, tables here are loaded with green peas and lettuce, fresh from the garden. But I have carried the comparison far enough. You can imagine the rest. Let me say, however, that with all this seeming preponderance in favor of the South, there are drawbacks here, that, with me, give the counterpoise, or rather turn the scale completely in favor of the North. Yes, to say nothing of her institutions, just think of the misery of writing this letter with one hand and fighting musquitoes with the other; and after my day's work is over, and tired nature
seeks repose,' instead of enjoying the free circulation of air in my room, I must needs crawl under musquito bars, like a whipped dog into his kennel, to protect my body from being eaten up alive. O horrible! give me a New Hampshire snow-bank."
LETTER XIII.

Condition of the Slaves—Two Little Girls trying to learn the Letters of the Alphabet—The Colored People’s Asylum—Dogs—The Militia of Georgia.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great precaution which is used to prevent the mental improvement of the slaves, many of them steal knowledge enough to enable them to read and write with ease. It is often the case, that the white children of a family impart much of that information they have acquired at school to those among the black children who happen to be their favorites; for it must be understood that not only every little boy and girl has each a favorite slave, but also every young man and woman have their favorite servants, to whom they not only often impart much useful information, but confide in them more as companions than merely waiting men and women; and it is not uncommon to see the favorite slave nearly as wise as his master. A lad about eleven years of age, in the family where I once visited, made it his prac-
tice, unknown to the family, to spend an hour or two every day in teaching a black boy to read; an act exposing the father of the noble hearted boy to a heavy fine if found out. This fact come to my knowledge by a colored woman, who had sufficient confidence in me to believe I should not betray the child. Clerks often instruct the slaves who labor in the back stores, and many by this means acquire a decent education. I have often seen a young man belonging to one of the largest firms in Savannah, who could read, write, cipher, and transact business so correctly, that his masters often committed important trusts to his care. The firm valued him at fifteen hundred dollars. He read with great eagerness every northern paper that came within his reach, and had by this means gained a good knowledge of the political state of our country. At the time I was there, he was deeply interested in the election of President Harrison, as were the slaves generally in the Southern States, for they were all Harrison men, and they were bold enough to assert publicly that "when William Henry Harrison became President of the United States, they should have their freedom;" and, believing as they did, who could lament the death of the worthy President more than the poor slaves?
I do not know that ever I was more deeply impressed with a sense of the cruelty of depriving the slaves of the means of instruction than one evening while on my way to my room I met two little colored children, apparently about eight years old, trying to find out between themselves some of the letters of the alphabet. It appeared that one of them had found an old, crumpled, soiled leaf torn from a toy-book, upon which a few of the large letters were still legible; and then they had seated themselves upon the stairs to study them out. One of the children was saying just as I reached them, that she heard somebody say that the round letter was O; the other replied that "she heard such a little girl say the straight letter was L;" so alternately each was teacher and scholar. O, if the children at the North, who are almost compelled to go to school, could have witnessed that scene, it would I think have taught them a lesson not soon to be forgotten. I longed for an opportunity to give them that information they seemed so desirous to obtain; but I hastened up to my room, fearing to be found there, lest it might be thought I was attempting to instruct them.

As a general thing the slaves in the city wear good clothing. Many even dress extravagantly and decorate their persons with a great
deal of costly jewelry. I have seen colored men with no less than six or eight rings upon one finger. Many in the city have good houses and expensive furniture. I have seen ladies in the streets with such light complexions and dressed so elegantly that when told they were negroes I could not willingly credit the assertion. I ought here to say that at the South all who have a drop of the African blood in their veins, however white their skins may be, are called negroes. But those who dress and live in the manner above described, purchase their time, and all they can earn besides paying a certain sum per week or month to their masters, they use in any manner they choose. A gentleman informed me he had a slave who accumulated more property than himself, after paying nine dollars per month for his time. It is quite common for a master to give his slave all his time, if he will take care of himself after he has become so old and worn out as to be of no service to him. It often happens that infirm old slaves are by the death or failure of their masters left without any sort of a home or means of subsistence. As a remedy for this evil in Savannah, a kind of asylum has been prepared for all such helpless old people among the black population; but from what I have been able to
learn respecting the institution, it is next to hav-
ing no home at all; and those who avail them-
selves of the comforts it affords, only do it
when every other resource for the means of
subsistence fails them. I have known poor old
men almost bent to the ground by hard labor,
with locks which age had bleached as white as
newly washed wool, rather than to go to this
asylum, travel from one plantation to another,
begging a potato from one slave and a morsel of
homony from another, sleeping at night in some
corner of an old out-house or in the woods,
till they were finally compelled by those who
thought themselves doing a deed of mercy,
to take up their residence in a place as much
dreaded by these unfortunate creatures as the
alms house is at the North by poor people.

But those among this down-trodden race of
people in our country, whom I commiserated as
much as any while in Savannah, were the little
chimney sweeps. These were the most forlorn,
half-starved, emaciated looking beings I ever
beheld. Their masters always accompanied
them about the city, because they could not
trust them to go to their labor alone; for they
were invariably obliged to beat them before they
would ascend a chimney, the task was so revolt-
ing even to those who are accustomed to this
barbarous practice of using live flesh and blood for chimney brooms. But notwithstanding this task seemed so dreadful, extreme hunger often compelled them to climb upon the outside of the house in the night time, and then descend the chimney to steal something to eat.

I suppose every one who knows anything about slavery would expect, if he went South, to see all shades of color among the slaves; yet after all it is an odd sight to see them with light complexions, red hair, and blue eyes; and as strange as this might seem, I have seen all these characteristics of the European blended with the short curly hair, (though red,) flat noses, and thick lips of the African race. I have seen heads about half covered with red hair, and the other half with black, and all of it short and curly.

The slaves carry all their burdens upon their heads, and to me it is quite unaccountable how they can sustain such weights as they do in this manner. They will transport from one place to another, tubs of water, large, heavy, iron-bound trunks, or any other burden they can raise to their heads. I have seen the man who had the care of the city lamps going from one street to another, with a ladder in one hand, a large wooden box in the other, and a heavy can
of oil on his head. Even the white children often learn from their nurses to carry things in this way. It is quite common to see a little group of school girls with all their books on their heads going to or returning from school, and almost the first thing the little child tries to do when it begins to walk is to balance its toys upon its head. I have often heard the old washerwomen complain of pain in their necks after supporting on their heads a large tub of water or basket of wet clothes.

The dog is the negro's favorite pet, and almost every man and woman owns one or two of these faithful animals; consequently they are exceedingly numerous in the city. Efforts are often made to diminish their numbers, but they seldom avail much, as their owners generally succeed in concealing them when their lives are threatened. For myself I was glad the poor slaves had something they could call their own, and think it extremely cruel in those who would take from the oppressed servant the only thing he might venture to set his heart upon. In the daytime the dogs usually left the city to seek their food in the woods, but they always returned at night to the city; and they often collected together in such companies on moonlight nights that people could not sleep in consequence of
their howling and barking; this circumstance made the poor beasts many enemies, though I could not see why it should, for it is a sound I always like to hear; for there is something so painful to me in the solemn stillness of the night that the barking of a dog, or even the hooting of an owl, is preferable to total silence. I was never more deeply impressed with the beauty and force of an expression of the Psalmist, than I have been while listening hour after hour to the howling of these dogs, as they answered one another from every part of the city. "They return at evening, they make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city."

Just hearing the sound of martial music, I am reminded of the appearance and of the manner in which military parades are conducted at the South, of which I will say a few words before I close this letter. In the first place all their musicians are colored men; for the white gentlemen would consider it quite beneath their dignity to perform such a piece of drudgery as to play for a company while doing military duty. These colored musicians are dressed in the full uniform of the company to which they belong, and on the morning of the day in which the several companies are to be called out, each band in uniform, one at a time, marches through
all the streets to summon all the soldiers to the parade ground. This performance also calls out all the servants that can obtain permission to attend the training; and it is not a few of them, that not only follow, but go before the companies wherever they march. They are excessively fond of such scenes, and crowds of men, women, and children, never fail of being present on all such occasions, some carrying their master’s young children on their heads and shoulders, while many are seen with large trays on their heads, loaded with fruit, sweetmeats, and various kinds of drinks to sell, to those who always wish to purchase on such days. In Savannah there are five of that kind of companies that exist in all the States, and are called by all names, composed of all such persons as only perform military duty because they are obliged. In Savannah they are called ragmuffins, and I never heard a name more appropriately applied. Scarcely any two were dressed alike or took the same step; and whenever I saw them approaching some with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, some with their guns wrong end up, and others with them on their shoulders, wearing their knapsacks bottom up, and wrong side out, I could not help thinking one might suppose they were learning how to catch up their guns.
and knapsacks and effect the most speedy escape in time of danger instead of facing an enemy. The independent companies are a credit to the militia system. They are well disciplined and wear elegant and expensive uniforms. The hussars are a noble and splendid company, mounted on fine spirited steeds so well-trained that they understand the word of command nearly as well as their riders.
LETTER XIV.

A journey into the country—The Church in the woods—A dinner by the way side—Wells on the highway—The little haven—Arrival at the Plantation.

After having spent several months in the city, I left it for a residence in the country during the summer season. As we had a journey of fifty or sixty miles to perform in one day, by private conveyance, it was necessary to set out very early in the morning. Accordingly, long before the dawn of day, or the morning sun began to lift the dense white fog from the tops of the trees and houses, the carriages were at the door, and all things ready for our departure. Here I took a reluctant leave of those friends whose acquaintance, though it had been short, I highly valued, to go again among entire strangers. One friend abundantly supplied me with the richest tropical fruits and sweet meats for my journey, another loaded me with papers, periodicals and books, very opportunistly remembering that the mind as well as the body needed refreshment, while all heaped upon me thei
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best farewell wishes. Never did I feel sadder when taking leave of a place than I did that morning. When I looked back to catch the last glimpse of the place where lived the few in a strange land who cared for me or I for them, and when I cast my eye around upon the companions of my journey, and saw not one among them whom I had ever seen before, my heart misgave me for the step I was taking. On leaving the city, we took a south-easterly course, and a few moments' ride carried us into the dark woods, where certainly, if I had not been traveling in a little caravan, I should have had some apprehensions concerning our safety; but our company was large and well provided with means of defence, which is always necessary when traveling in the woods of Georgia, and was particularly so at that time on account of the Indians, by whom many were robbed and killed that year while traveling. Seeing that our personal safety had been cared and provided for, I endeavored to make myself as comfortable as possible in my no wise enviable situation, thinking, too, we should shortly come to open land and cultivated fields, but in this I was disappointed. The further we went the more dark and gloomy every thing grew. Trees on each side of us, heavy with moss,
stretched out their limbs over our pathway, shutting out almost every cheerful ray from the sun, which at that time, we greatly needed, it being the winter season, and the morning was cold and damp. In this manner we rode, hour after hour, meeting with nothing to vary the scene save now and then a little country cart drawn by a mule and conducted by a woman, or a slave with a swine, or deer, or bunch of live fowls upon his head, going to market. Occasionally our approach would start a timid hare from the path, or scare up some large wild bird, which then would flap its lazy wings and disappear from our sight. Finally, about the middle of the forenoon, we passed a building in the woods, by the way side, that I supposed was a barn, yet why it should be there, so far from any cultivated field or human habitation, I could not divine; consequently I made inquiry concerning the matter of the gentleman I was riding with. He looked quite surprised at my interrogation, and certainly I was no less so at his answer, when he said it was a meeting house. I then asked, as a matter of course, where the people came from who worshipped there? He replied: "Oh, out of the woods, all around here." But I was no more enlightened upon the subject; it was all beyond my comprehen-
sion what the church was there for, or from whence the people could come who assembled in it, for we had then rode perhaps twenty miles and had not before seen a single spot of cleared land, or any thing that bore the least resemblance to a building, and the whole remained a mystery to me till I had been in the country long enough to know more of its manners and customs. I had observed, all the way along, little dark avenues leading off into the woods on our right and left, but never for once dreamed they were more than such paths are at the North, which we often see while traveling on a road through the woods. Here such roads are made by lumber men while clearing timber in the winter, but there each one of them leads to a plantation. In all that country one might travel a week on the main road, and see nothing of the plantations. To have a view of these, one must turn off from the highway and pass through one of those narrow avenues for two, three, or four miles, then after passing a gate he will soon find himself among luxuriant crops of corn, cotton, and tobacco. So I was much nearer the abodes of men than I supposed through all that long day in which I thought we were all the time going farther and farther from human habitations. If
I had known this at the time, it would have saved me a good many unhappy regrets for having left the city. In such a path as this we traveled long after I had begun anxiously to look out for an inn, greatly needing rest and refreshment; but just as I began to despair of finding the desired entertainment that day, as the woods all the time seemed to grow thicker and darker, the gentleman in the forward carriage who took the lead of our little party stopped and called out to the company, "if it was not time for dinner." I was not a little surprised as well as amused, and began to think this was going to be another incomprehensible meeting-house affair, but all mystery vanished when I saw saddle-bags, portmanteaus, and wallets brought out and emptied of their contents upon a cloth spread upon the ground. Then I found, for the first time, how convenient it was to be independent of a public house, and that our necessities could be well supplied right in the woods, and save our half dollars into the bargain; for our good host had well considered our wants before leaving the city. After a little rest, and man and beast had sufficiently partaken of their repast, we set forward on our journey again, while the plumed songsters sent forth their sweetest and most en-
chanting notes to cheer us on. We often passed in the course of the day wells of water by the way-side, dug for the comfort of the wayfaring man and his beast in that "dry and thirsty land," where there are no cooling streams nor fountains of water. Here "the old oaken, iron-bound bucket hung in the well," from which our horses many times during the day quenched their thirst. About the middle of the forenoon we came to a river where we had a toll-bridge to pass. Here was a toll-house and blacksmith's shop, the first buildings we had seen, excepting the meeting-house, after leaving Savannah. We tarried there a little while to have one of the carriages repaired, and then plunged into the dark woods again. Near evening we reached a small settlement on a wide creek where large boats and sloops run up from South Newport river to land various kinds of merchandise. It was one of the sweetest little spots I ever saw. Weeping willows grew plentifully up and down the shores of the creek, extending their slender branches over the barges there lying upon their oars, while the sailors who manned them, added the sound of the bugle and violin to the music of the surrounding forest in chanting the evening's parting lay to setting sun. Now for a short season we en-
joyed the evening twilight, then the darkness of night began to close in upon us. Trees on either hand formed arches above our heads, and though occasional openings among the boughs suffered us to get a peep at a star or two, the darkness before us the remainder of the evening appeared impenetrable, yet we always found the darkness to recede as we advanced. So we may always find it in life's pathway. When our course appears the darkest and most hedged up, if we but persevere we shall find when we arrive at the spot which seems impassable at a distance, like Mary at the tomb of our Savior, that “the stone is already rolled away.” If Bunyan’s Pilgrim when he saw the lions on the hill of Difficulty, had then turned back he never would have known that they were bound. So we should never give up a laudable undertaking because doubts and uncertainties often seem to obstruct our path; these are placed before us to test our fortitude and perseverance rather than to prevent us from doing what we thought to be our duty. At length we came to one of those dark avenues I have before spoken of. After having gone about two miles in this road, so narrow we were often obliged to make use of much adroitness in order to avoid the limbs of the trees, we came to a gate which
opened upon an extensive plantation, as I rightly judged was the one to which we were bound. At the farther extremity of this wide plain we saw faint lights through the branches of a cluster of trees, when one of the company observed that when we reached the spot where those lights were we should complete our day's journey. It was grateful news to me, for then it was past eight o'clock, and besides being chilled through by a cold December dew, I was never more faint and weary, but still the thought almost froze my soul that those warm hearts which would gladly have welcomed me to a good warm New-England fire, were not waiting there to greet my coming. When we arrived at the planter's house we were met at the gate by half a score of servants, who came out to take the horses and assist us from our carriages. I was then conducted beneath a beautiful growth of shade trees, then up a short flight of steps on to a broad piazza, and from thence into one of the principal rooms of the house, of which in my next letter I will try to give you some description, and if I succeed in giving you a good idea of this, you will well understand the general appearance and situation of all the buildings of the kind in that region.
LETTER XV.

A Southern Planter's House.

The house of which I promised in my last letter to give a description, according to general custom, stood upon four posts about five feet from the ground, allowing a free circulation of air beneath, as well as forming a fine covert for the hounds, goats, and all the domestic fowls. It was only one story high, though much taller than buildings of the same description at the North. It was divided into four apartments below, and two in the roof, and furnished with two broad piazzas, one in front of the building, which there is always the gentleman's sitting room, and one on the back of the house, where the servants await their master's orders. Houses are built low on account of the high winds they are exposed to, their foundations being so frail that if high they would be easily thrown down in one of their heavy gales. The building was slightly covered with boards, arranged like clapboards to shed the rain. This was the
entire thickness of the walls, there being no ceiling, lathing, or plastering within. The floors were all single and laid in so unworkman like manner, I could often see the ground beneath, when the carpets were not on the floor, and they are always taken up in the summer to make the apartments cooler. The roof was covered with long shingles nailed to the timbers, to save the expense of boards beneath, the ends of one tier just lapping upon the next, and this executed so shammily that not only the wind, but the light and rain often finds free access into the upper apartments, through ten thousand holes among the shingles. Two chimneys, one upon each end, built of turfs, sticks, blocks of wood, and occasionally a brick, plastered over with clay, ornamented the outside of the house. The windows were furnished with panes of glass, a luxury but few enjoy; after all glazed windows were used more for ornament than comfort, for in the coldest weather they were always raised, and in stormy weather the piazzas protected the inner rooms. The above is as true a description as I can give of the singular fashioned house to which I was conducted on my arrival in the country. My appearance there was altogether unexpected by the whole family, therefore there was no small
stir, nor little inquiry among the negroes and the younger members of the family, what I was there for, who I was, and from whence the strange lady had come, who had so unexpectedly dropped in among them. From the room in which I sat, I could look into all the other apartments about me, and I was not a little amused to see the many dark forms with bare feet and noiseless steps flitting about from one place to another, to get a peep at the new comer, and to hear the whisperings on all sides of me, of which I well understood I was the subject. The servants would come to the windows on the outside, and lift up one corner of the curtain to steal a look at me, others would creep softly up the steps of the piazza and peep into the door, while one old woman, less bashful than the others, ventured into the room, dressed in a coarse ozenburg gown, extending a little below the knees, with bare feet, neck, and arms, and came before me and made a low courtesy, accompanied by the formal salutation, "how de Misse," and then sat down on the floor at a little distance from me, and in a very respectful manner entered into conversation. She was one of the oldest women on the plantation, and though she was one of the field hands, she had free access to her master's house,
and she possessed such a good share of common sense that her master and mistress always consulted her on important matters, and she was looked up to and reverenced by the whole family as a sort of mother. While I remained on the plantation she frequently called at my room to spend an hour or two in conversation, and I never failed of obtaining some useful information from her on these occasions. All this time I was eagerly watching to see if I could discover any preparations going on preliminary to a supper, but as I could discover none, and it was then near nine o'clock, I had just summoned all my fortitude to meet my hungry fate with the most becoming resignation, when a robust young woman made her appearance up the steps of the back piazza into the room where I was, and brought out two or three large tables, nearly reaching from one side of the room to the other, and began to lay them for supper. Presently another of the same description came from the same quarter, bringing the eatables. When all these preparations were complete, the tea-bell was rung from the piazza, which to my great surprise, for I had seen only two or three white persons, excepting those I came with, brought around the table a family of twenty or twenty-five persons, consisting partly of tran-
sient members and visitors. Where they all came from, was as mysterious to me as where those people lived who attended the church, for I had not yet forgotten about the meeting house in the woods. Soon after tea I was conducted to the room I was to occupy while a resident in the family, one of the chambers in the roof. Though my first impressions concerning my future comfort in it were very unfavorable, yet I found, after I had learned that my accommodations for that place were of a superior order, and when I had had a view of the surrounding scenery from my windows, that it was one of the most delightful of situations, but the darkness of evening when I first entered my apartment shutting out from my view every object but the rough walls around me, it could not be thought strange if my forebodings were not of the most pleasing kind. Though the house was of but one story, it was so constructed that I had three windows in my chamber; these were closed with heavy board shutters. The floor was smooth and white, and the walls ceiled to the windows, the remainder being rough boards. Over head there was nothing to be seen but the unfinished timbers and shingles, warped into all shapes. The furniture was brought from the North, and consisted of all those articles usual-
ly used in furnishing such rooms, and looked very natural, all but my bed. This had very high posts, and was covered with a spread so small that it gave the bed the appearance of standing on stilts. My doubts concerning my future convenience did not at all diminish by taking a view of the surrounding objects; nevertheless I made haste to avail myself of all the comforts my apartment afforded, and shortly was nicely ensconsed beneath the quilts and coverlets; but when I had extinguished my light I was utterly thrown into the horrors, to find instead of a close warm shelter for my head, a complete seive was stretched out over me, and being raised in a land where every one is taught to be afraid of the least crevice that will admit the cold air, I could not shut my eyes to sleep for perfect terror at those thousand of holes in the roof, through which the light of the then rising moon was staring in upon me; they seemed to me, through the greater part of that night, to be so many cold and freezing eyes trying to look me out of countenance. In the morning, on throwing open my blinds, and taking a view of the surrounding scenery, I began to feel much more reconciled to my situation than on the previous evening. At the south east the ever rolling Atlantic stretched itself out.
as far as the eye could reach, and where the sky and water seemed to meet, now and then a sloop would lose itself to the sight, or a little white speck would appear which would grow larger and larger till a ship under full sail would ride majestically over the mighty waves. On all other sides of the plantation the dark green forest of the long leafed pines completely hemmed us in, separating us from all other plantations and leaving us a little world by ourselves. As I said before, the plantation was an extensive plain, which at this season of the year was covered with the decaying stalks of the last years’ crops, waiting to be gathered and burned to make room for a new harvest. The dry, black cotton stalks were still standing, and though it was very early in the morning the slaves were busy in pulling from the bursting burs the snow-white cotton. Here and there in different parts of the field the little curling smokes betrayed the bon-fires at which the poor women warmed their frost-chilled fingers. The plantation was beautifully dotted with oak and mulberry trees that fortunately for those who love to hear the birds sing, did not share in the general wreck when the plantation was cleared. I found, also, that on this as all other plantations, it required more than one building to make up a
family residence, and that instead of having all the necessary apartments under one roof as at the North, there were nearly as many roofs as rooms. In my next letter I will speak of all these separate little buildings.
LETTER XVI.


Agreeable to my promise in my last letter, I will now go on with my description of the buildings belonging to a Southern plantation.

In the first place there was a paling enclosing all the buildings belonging to the family and all the house servants. In the centre of this enclosure stood the principal house, the same I have already in a previous letter described. In this the father of the family and all the females lodged. The next house of importance was the one occupied by the steward of the plantation, and where all the white boys belonging to the family had their sleeping apartments. The next after this was a school house consisting of two rooms, one for a study, the other the master's dormitory. Then the cook, the washer-woman, and the milk-maid, had each their several houses, the children's nurses always sleeping upon the
floor of their mistress' apartment. Then again there was the kitchen, the store-house, corn-house, stable, hen-coop, the hound's kennel, the shed for the corn mill, all these were separate little buildings within the same enclosure. Even the milk-safe stood out under one great tree, while under another the old washer woman had all her apparatus arranged; even her kettle was there suspended from a cross-pole. Then to increase the beauty of the scene, the whole establishment was completely shaded by ornamental trees, which grew at a convenient distances among the buildings, and towering far above them all. The huts of the field servants formed another little cluster of dwellings at considerable distance from the master's residence, yet not beyond the sight of his watchful and jealous eye. These latter huts were arranged with a good deal of order and here each slave had his small patch of ground adjacent to his own dwelling, which he assiduously cultivated after completing his daily task. I have known the poor creatures, notwithstanding "tired nature" longed for repose, to spend the greater part of a moonlight night on these grounds. In this way they often raise considerable crops of corn, tobacco, and potatoes, besides various kinds of garden vegetables. Their object in doing this
is to have something with which to purchase tea, coffee, sugar, flour, and all such articles of diet as are not provided by their masters, also such clothing as is necessary to make them appear decent in church, but which they cannot have unless they procure it by extra efforts.

From this you see the slave is obliged to work the greater part of his time, for one coarse torn garment a year, and hardly food enough of the coarsest kind to support nature, without the least luxury that can be named. Neither can they after the fatigues of the day repose their toil-worn bodies upon a comfortable bed unless they have earned it by laboring many a long, weary hour after even the beasts and the birds have retired to rest. It is a common rule to furnish every slave with one coarse blanket each, and these they always carry with them, so when night overtakes them, let it be where it may, they are not obliged to hasten home to go to rest. Poor creatures! all the home they have is where their blanket is, and this is all the slave pretends to call his own besides his dog. But I find I have wandered far from the morning which commenced the period of my residence in the country, so now I will return to my own strange quarters again.
Early I went to work to make such a disposition of my books and all other things pertaining to my own apartment as I fancied would contribute most to my own comfort and make it appear the most homelike. When this was done I left the house for a walk in the woods, hoping there to be able to shake off those evil spirits, sometimes called the blues, which I found were determined to haunt me at all events. Although it was now the last of December the forests were still green, and scarcely a tree had shed its summer leaves, yet there was not that freshness in the verdure that characterizes the young leaves of spring, but age was written upon every little shrub and twining vine, and an autumnal hue tinged every thing with a sort of melancholy. I went far into the woods, and finding a little grassy mound in the midst of a sort of opening among the trees, I seated myself to think of that sacred spot in the land of my fathers I still loved to call my home, and if fancy's airy wings could have as easily transported the material as the immaterial, how soon should I have been there basking in the sunshine of a mother's love! Though I always make it a point in whatever situation I am placed "therewith to be content," yet I must confess a degree of sadness came over me I do not often experience, and I shall
never forget how opportunely a lone robin came and seated herself upon the ground at a little distance from me. I would have pressed the dear bird to my bosom, for she was one of my own country's sweet songsters, and I knew that like myself, she felt that she was a stranger there. She looked sorrowful and timid as though she thought she must be careful about her deportment while from home, and it is a fact that the robins do not appear to be the same cheerful, happy birds while at their winter homes that they are at the North. I never heard a robin sing while I was there, and instead of coming around the buildings as they do when they are with us, they appear shy and tarry in the woods. People at the South never see their nests and young ones, but when spring comes they hasten home, and every little child here knows with what glad songs they return to their old nests again.

I found after I had been in the country a few months that the season when I first went there was the most gloomy part of the year. At this time there were but few slaves upon the plantation, many of them being let out to boatmen who at this season of the year are busily engaged in the transportation of goods and produce of all kinds up and down the rivers. The sweet sing-
ing birds, too, were all gone to their winter quarters still farther South, but when they had all returned, and the trees began to assume the freshness of summer, and the plants to put forth their blossoms, I found it was far from being a dull and gloomy place. During the greater part of the winter season the negro women are busy in picking, ginning, and packing the cotton for market.

In packing the cotton, the sack is suspended from strong spikes, and while one colored person stands in it to tread the cotton down, others throw it into the sack. I have often wondered how the cotton could be sold so cheap when it required so much labor to get it ready for the market, and certainly it could not be if all their help was hired at the rate of northern labor.

The last of January the servants began to return to the plantation to repair the fences and make ready for planting and sowing. The fences are built of poles arranged in a zigzag manner, so that the ends of one tier of poles rests upon the ends of another. In this work the women are engaged as well as the men. They all go into the woods and each woman as well as man cuts down her own pine sapling, and brings it upon her head. It certainly was a most revolting sight to see the female form
scarcely covered with one old miserable garment, with no covering for the head, arms, or neck, nor shoes to protect her feet from briars and thorns, employed in conveying trees upon her head from one place to another to build fences. When I beheld such scenes I felt culpable in living in ease and enjoying the luxuries of life, while so many of my own sex were obliged to drag out such miserable existences merely to procure these luxuries enjoyed by their masters. When the fences were completed, they proceeded to prepare the ground for planting. This is done by throwing the earth up in ridges from one side of the field to the other. This work is usually executed by hand labor, the soil is so light, though sometimes to facilitate the process a light plough, drawn by a mule, is used. The ground there is reckoned by tasks instead of acres. If a person is asked the extent of a certain piece of land, he is told it contains so many tasks, accordingly so many tasks are assigned for a day's work. In hoeing corn, three tasks are considered a good day's work for a man, two for a woman and one and a half for a boy or girl fourteen or fifteen years old.
LETTER XVII.

Why the Southern Planters build no better houses—Hand Mills

In answer to the question, "Why the planters have no better dwellings," I would reply, that they are under the necessity of changing their places of residence so often, on account of the soil, which in a few years becomes barren, owing to the manner in which it is cultivated, if they invested much property in buildings, they would be obliged to make great pecuniary sacrifices; therefore they have but little property that is not moveable. Their possessions generally consist in slaves, herds of swine and cattle, horses, mules, flocks of goats, and numerous fowls of all kinds, fine carriages, furniture, plate, etc., which can be transported when occasion demands a removal from one old worn out plantation to another of new and fruitful soil. A Northerner, who is accustomed to judge of a farmer's property by his buildings, would suppose, when he first went into the country at
the South, that many of great wealth were poor men, their buildings are so miserable. The manner of estimating a planter's pecuniary circumstances is by the number of his slaves, consequently a man ambitious to be called wealthy, strives as hard to increase the number of his slaves, as a man North does to add to the number of his acres of land, or dollars in the bank. I have visited plantations where the master's residence had not a pane of glass in the windows, nor a door between the apartments, and even the outside doors would have been dispensed with, if it could have been done with personal safety. Neither was there the shadow of a board to intervene between the ground floor and the coarse unhewn shingles, as seen on the inside of the roof, yet the table was loaded with an almost endless variety of the richest delicacies that could be obtained from the woods, fields and creeks, and when night came, beds of the softest down were ready for our reception. The fields, too, were full of men servants and women servants. The poultry yards were full to overflowing, and the woods teemed with numerous herds of cattle, horses, mules, and goats, while scores of red and yellow swine literally turned up the meadows in search of worms; yet with all these posses-
sions, that which we consider so indispensable to comfort, was a mere shell, and could all be taken down and removed in a few hours.

In traveling in that section one often meets deserted plantations, and I have often been told such is the case throughout the Slave States. This is occasioned by no means being used to enrich the soil. A plantation is cleared, and a sort of temporary huts erected, then covered with slaves who cultivate the soil as long as it will produce any thing, then left for another to be used in the same way. I have often visited these ruined grounds, but never could I walk over the spot where the poor slave seated himself to partake of his scanty meal, or where he couched down upon the hard ground in his tent for a short repose after a long day of hard toil, without thinking of the many tears that had probably fallen there, and of the sighs and groans that had been wafted to heaven from that very spot, and when I looked over those desolate and barren wastes, I was superstitious enough to think that even the toil of the stolen son of Africa had cursed the soil, and that his sweat bedewing the ground had been transformed to a blighting mildew.

I have, in a previous letter, spoken of the slaves grinding corn; this is done by hand-
mills constructed of two round flat stones, the upper one being turned around upon the other by hand labor. One person can, though, with a good deal of difficulty, grind corn alone, but it is customary for two at a time to engage in this labor. This mill is probably the same in kind with those used in Oriental countries, respecting which our Savior said, “Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken the other left.” The time for the grinding of corn was always in the evening after the daily tasks were done.

About seven o'clock, in the summer season, the colored people would generally begin to assemble in the yard belonging to the planter’s residence. Here they would kindle little bonfires, not only to ward off the mosquitoes, but because they are considered essential in the hot season to purify the air when it is filled with feverish vapors that arise from decayed vegetable matter. Then while two of their number are engaged at the mill, all the rest join in a dance around the burning fagots. In this manner were spent the greater part of the summer evenings, and it was usual for the white members of the family to assemble on the piazza to witness their pastimes, and sometimes at the request of a favorite slave, I have seen the white.
children engage in the waltz, or take their places in the quadrille. Slaves from adjoining plantations would often come to spend an evening with their acquaintances, and bring their corn with them to grind. The grinding generally commences at about six in the evening, and the hoarse sound of the mill seldom ceased much before midnight.

Though the slaves in general, notwithstanding all their hard toils and sorrows, had their happy hours, there was one old woman on the plantation who always looked cast down and sorrowful, and never appeared to take any interest in what caused the joy and mirth of those around her. She was one of Afric's own home born daughters, and she had never forgotten those who nursed her in infancy, nor the playmates of her childhood's happy hours. She told me she was stolen one day while gathering shells into a little basket on the sea shore, when she was about ten years old, and crowded into a vessel with a good many of her own race, who had also been stolen and sold for slaves, and from that hour when she left her mother's hut to go out to play she had never seen one of her own kindred, though she had always hoped that Providence might bring some of them in her way; "but now," she replied, "I begin to
despair of ever seeing those faces which are still fresh in my memory, for now I am an old woman, and shall soon get through all my troubles and sorrows, and I only think now of meeting them in heaven." When requested she would favor us with a song in her own language, learned before she was stolen, but when she came to sing of her native hills and sparkling streams, the tears would trickle down her sunburnt and furrowed cheeks, and my heart could but ache for this poor creature, stolen away in the innocence of youth, from parents, kindred, home, and country, which were as dear to her as mine to me.

Of all the house-servants, I thought the task of the cook was the most laborious. Though she did no other house-work she was obliged to do every thing belonging to the kitchen department, and that, too, with none of those conveniences without which a Northern woman would think it was impossible for her to prepare a meal of victuals. After having cooked the supper and washed the dishes she goes about making preparations for the next morning's meal. In the first place she goes into the woods to gather sticks and dried limbs of trees, which she ties in bundles and brings to the kitchen on her head, with which to kindle the morning fire;
to get as much fuel as she will want to use in preparing the breakfast she is often obliged to go into the woods several times. When this is done she has all the corn to grind for the hominy and bread, then the evening’s preparations are completed. In the morning she is obliged to rise very early, for she has every article of food that comes on to the table to cook, nothing ever being prepared till the hour it is needed. When she has gone through with all the duties connected with the morning’s repast, then she goes about the dinner, bringing fuel from the woods, grinding corn, etc. In this manner the cook spends her days, for in whatever department the slaves are educated, they are generally obliged to wear out their lives.
LETTER XVIII.


Besides rice, I believe corn is the only kind of grain produced in the Southern part of Georgia, and this differs very much in the size of its kernel, color and taste from the kind which is used among us. The flour that is made from it is as white as our wheat flour, and makes much better bread than our corn. As no wheat is raised there, corn meal and flour are used in cooking almost every dish. It is served up in harmony, to be used as a vegetable with meat, generally three times a day. On the plantations but a very little bread is used besides the corn bread, and this is prepared hot for every meal. In its growth it is very stout and tall, reaching to the height of eight or nine feet. I have been in corn-fields so extensive and the stalks so much above my head that I thought one might be in nearly as much danger of losing his way out.
as he would be in a forest he was unacquainted with. The Southern corn is much longer in coming to maturity than ours. It is planted two or three months earlier, and gathered about the same time. The next thing that is planted after the corn is the sweet potato. This vegetable is of two kinds, called yams and slips. The yams are raised by planting the root in the spring as our farmers do the Irish potato, then when the tops of these are about six inches high, slips are cut from them and planted on another piece of ground. This is done on rainy days, or in the morning and evening, when the dew is on the ground. The potato obtained in this way is called the slip, and is long and slender in form while the yam is short and thick. Great quantities of pea-nuts are raised there, not only as an article for export, but to fatten swine upon. They are planted in the same manner as potatoes and when they have come to maturity the swine are turned in upon them to dig their own food. It is not usual for planters to feed their swine in any other way, and this only in the fall previous to slaughter. At other times they procure their own food, either by digging roots in the woods, or hunting for snails and worms in the marshes. When they are fed the performance is attended to every day just between day-light
and dark. First, their suppers are all made ready for them, then a horn is sounded which occasions a truly swinish concert from every hole, nook and corner in the surrounding woods and marshes, from which one or two hundred of these noisy creatures might issue. It was strange to me they could so readily distinguish the horn that was sounded for them from the one that called the dogs to hunting; but they perfectly understood the difference, so did the hounds. The cattle also in that region procured their own sustenance, both in summer and winter, in the woods and swamps. It is common for one man to own one thousand or fifteen hundred cattle, all of which, except a very few, being too wild to come out in the open fields. In the summer season the slaves kindle little bonfires on the borders of the plantation every evening, around which crowds of cattle gather to escape the dreadful bite of the gallinippers, a kind of mammoth musquitoes. When a beef is to be killed, several men, mounted on fleet horses and followed by a pack of hounds, hunt them down as they would other wild game. Of all the productions of slavery, the cultivation of no one is attended with so much physical suffering and loss of life as that of the rice plant. This is owing to the circum-
stance of its being raised in a swamp overflowed with stagnant water. I never visited but one rice field, then I was obliged to go on horseback, as it was inaccessible on foot, all the ground lying round about the field being covered with mud and water. Rice grounds are those over which the tide flows, but to make them suitable for the production of this grain, the salt water is turned off by dikes, and overflowed with fresh water, which soon stagnates in that hot country; this is what makes these fields so unhealthy. Formerly, all the land bordering on the Savannah river, from its mouth up a good many miles, both on the Georgia and Carolina sides, was cultivated with rice; the consequence of which was those yellow fevers which proved so fatal to thousands in Savannah several years ago. Now the government forbids the cultivation of those grounds, and being cleansed and purified twice in the course of twenty-four hours by the rising of the tides, Savannah has become one of the most healthy cities on the Atlantic coast. The swamp I visited was cut out in the heart of the woods, and the stumps of the trees were all standing among the rice stalks, which were then about five feet high and almost covered with water. When the rice is ready for harvesting, the
water is drained off a few days before it is gathered. Mosquitoes accumulate in these swamps beyond all conception. The few moments I tarried at the field it seemed as if I should be devoured alive, and I believe those monstrous gallinippers, if they had an opportunity, would have in a little while transformed myself and beast into mere skeletons. Yet in such horrible places as these, filled with pestilential vapors, scarcely less fatal than the deadly simoon of the desert, not only men, but thousands of poor, feeble, and half-starved women and girls, with flesh and blood like our own, are compelled by the lash to drag out their wretched and miserable, but short existence, merely to procure an article of diet for those of their brethren in the human family who were born with little fairer complexions.

Melons of all kinds, the nicest and richest I ever saw, were raised in such abundance on the plantation where I was that they were brought from the field by cart loads. Their fruit consists principally of figs and oranges;—attempts have been made to raise the Northern apple, but with very little success; if they succeed at all in raising apples, they will be crabbed and spongy. Some planters try to cultivate
the Irish potato, but they are as miserable as is the sweet potato when it is cultivated here. Figs are raised in abundance in the Southern part of Georgia. This fruit, when fresh from the tree, is extremely delicious, and bears no sort of resemblance in taste, color, or shape to the same fruit when dried. When on the tree, it resembles in shape a bell pear, in color our purple grape. To preserve figs they are placed on tins, covered over with sugar, and dried in the sun. In beauty the fig-tree holds a high rank in the vegetable kingdom; its branches are long and slender, and all the lower ones reach the ground, while its broad, palmate leaves are so numerous that the tree not only forms a cool and shady covert from the sun, but also a safe retreat from wind and rain. I have often thought, while sitting beneath one of these beautiful trees, completely hidden from the view of those round about, that Nathaniel might well think that our Savior must be divine, if he saw him "when he was under the fig tree." Habakkuk says, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom," but it is an anomaly in the vegetable kingdom that the fig-tree never does blossom. I have examined very closely the little stalks from which the fruit makes its appearance, and I never could discover the least appearance of
anything that resembled the organs of fructification. I suppose, however, they are contained in the fruit itself. Before closing this letter I will say a word or two about plants and flowers. In the Southern country we see a great many more flowering shrubs than we do here. Many plants that are annual here, and have soft fibrous stems, become perennial there, and their stems grow hard and woody. Geraniums almost become shrubs at the South. Some plants which we cultivate with care, as the chrysanthemum, are there regarded as noxious weeds. The prickly pear almost covers the uncultivated soil, and the colored people with their unshod feet often suffer very much in consequence of traveling among them. Among the forest trees, the different species of the laurel, as the bay tree and magnolia, might be considered as the pride of the woods. They all bear beautiful, large, white blossoms, even more fragrant than the pond lily; and when they are in full bloom, they fill the air with their delicious fragrance. The leaves of the magnolia are large and lustrous, and I have often plucked them for sun-shades, and as long as they lasted found them equally as good as those manufactured of silk and whale bone. Many of the Southern forests are literally hedged up with all kinds of tough vines, so
interwoven among the trees that the woods in many places are utterly impenetrable. Many of these vines bear the sweetest flowers of every rich hue that can be described, literally forming a hedge of blossoms. Cedars are among the most common trees that grow in the open fields and on the banks of the creeks, and many have been the twilight hours I have spent among their dark shadows.
LETTER XIX.

Birds of the South—The Buzzard—Alligator—Deer Hunting—Fishes.

I should be doing violence to my own feelings if I did not honor the most lovely part of creation with a place in my letters, not that I expect with my feeble powers to do justice to the downy singers of Georgia, but it surely would be wanting in respect, for me to pass them by, when I speak of so many other things belonging to the place.

Of all the birds I ever heard sing, the mocking bird has the greatest compass of voice. This bird very much resembles our little ground sparrow in color; in size it may be a little larger. One would never suppose, just to see her, she could afford such rich entertainment as will at times pour forth from her little throat. I never heard them sing excepting in the night, and then their sweet melodious songs have kept me awake during many of the hours of darkness.
Some nights I have hardly closed my eyes in sleep before daylight began to dawn. During the day they generally concealed themselves in the woods, but when evening came, and everything about the buildings was hushed and still, then they began to collect among the boughs that overshadowed my windows, and there for hours at a time, vie with other in variety and sweetness of strains. In the woods they will imitate every bird they hear. Sometimes they will draw around them flocks of birds by counterfeiting the soft tones of their notes, and then all of a sudden throw them into a terrible fright by screaming like a hawk. They will often lead the hunter astray by imitating the notes of the game he is in pursuit of. When she is domesticated she will not only make her little voice accord with every tone of the piano, but she will mock with precision every other sound she hears. Sometimes she will cluck like a hen and a flock of chickens will be running in all directions to find their mother; she mews like a hurt kitten, and old puss runs to see what has happened to her young ones; at another time she will collect together a pack of hounds, which thought their master had called them to hunting. Not less sweet and charming, though not of that endless variety as those of the mock-
ing bird, were the notes of the rice birds. The plumage of this bird was very beautiful; the body being covered with feathers as black and lustrous as that of the raven; the wings were nearly red, tinged with a golden color, and a tuft of yellow feathers ornamented its head.

I have sat for hours at my window to see these gay birds clinging firmly to a slender twig at the utmost extremity of a branch, waving in the air at the slightest breath, while the more rudely the winds seemed to sport with their frail situations, the more widely they opened their mouths to warble out a louder song. These songsters continued through the day, and when twilight came, the whip-poor-will appeared, to finish out the song, so we had our evening as well as morning music.

In the latter part of the summer the rice bird becomes very fat, then vast numbers of them are killed and served up on the table; but it always seemed to me to be a sacrilege for us to gorge on such little sweet musical instruments; to cut these little throats that filled the air with praises to God.

The most useful bird in all the South, is the buzzard, more properly called the vulture. It is about as large as our tame turkey, and is a
very ugly, filthy-looking bird, though there are none more harmless. They are so useful in clearing the ground of all putrid flesh, that the public authorities impose a fine of five dollars upon any person who intentionally kills one of them. As they are never frightened by being fired at, they have become so tame they will enter the front yards, and perch upon the fences and the tops of houses and chimneys, and they can scarcely be driven away. I have counted thirty of them at one time sitting close together upon the paling enclosing the house. In no way are the buzzards more useful to places on the sea-board than in destroying alligator's eggs. It is said the buzzard perches upon the top of a tree and there watches the alligator when it comes up out of the water to deposit its eggs in the sand, then as soon as it returns to the river, he calls a great many other buzzards to the spot where they uncover the eggs and eat them. The alligator lays from one to two hundred eggs a year, and if a great many of them were not in some way destroyed, the whole coast would be so overrun with these terrible animals no one could live there. They came up in the creeks all about the plantation where I resided, and a gentleman told me they would often spring out of the water, and seize a dog, a swine, or a calf
REMINISCENCES OF GEORGIA.

Two years old, if any of these animals happened to be on the shore of the creek, and plunge with them into the deep water again. He said, also, little colored children had been caught in their ponderous jaws while playing on the shores. I have often seen their places of concealment when walking in damp places and near the marshes. The slaves caught one soon after I went on to the plantation, and dragged it up uninjured to the house. This one was about sixteen feet long, and its jaws not less than three quarters of a yard in length. A gentleman tried several times with a pistol, to shoot it, but the balls would bound from the scaly covering as soon as if they had been fired upon a rock. There are two places, however, just back of each eye that may be penetrated by a ball. Many of the plantations near the sea board are bordered on one, or all its sides, by extensive marshes, which are overflowed twice in the course of every twenty-four hours by the tide. In these marshes, thousands of birds, called marsh-hens, build their nests upon the ground, and when the tide came up and drove them from their eggs they would make the marsh resound with their cackling till one was nearly stunned.
Many large birds lived in the marshes by digging worms and snails. The largest of these are the gannet and "poor job." The gannet is a grey bird, with very long legs, neck, and bill, and about as large as the crane. The poor job is a good deal larger and as white as snow, with a long yellow bill about ten inches in length, and legs in proportion to its bill. The mourning dove is a solitary bird nearly as large as the robin, and of a light brown color. They seemed to keep aloof from all other birds, and were seldom seen in pairs. They had a very forlorn appearance, and their mournful cooing has given them the name of "Mourning Doves." Wild turkeys were very common in the woods, and were hunted a great deal, not only for the flesh, but as a source of amusement.

Of all the amusements resorted to, at the South, by gentlemen, to pass away time, I always looked upon deer hunting, as one of the most cruel. When I saw half a dozen men on horse-back, followed by as many hungry hounds all in hot pursuit for one of those helpless and innocent animals, I always wondered how men could enjoy such sports. When closely pursued, they would often retreat to the plantations, and when I have seen them panting for
breath, and almost dead with fear, shifting and
turning, sometimes retracing their own steps
to elude the hounds, my sympathies were al-
ways with the poor animals rather than the
cruel hunters, and I always wanted to lend a
helping hand to effect their escape. Deer hunt-
ing days are always hailed as the most joyous
and merry, and when the company was about
setting out, the prancing of the horses and the
barking of the hounds testified their eagerness
to be in the chase; but I never could see these
preparations, without commiseration for the
poor animals, at whose expense all this merri-
ment was to be purchased.

As I have a little more room in my sheet, I
will say a few words about the fishes I saw
while in Georgia. The most valuable of the
finny tribes was the drum fish. These attain a
very large size; I have seen them as large as
swine, weighing four or five hundred, and they
somewhat resemble this animal. A good deal
of danger attends the taking of them; unless
much precaution is used, they will upset the
boat of the fisherman. The white fish, black
fish, and even the cat fish, came on to the table
as frequently as any other; shell fish, such as
the crab, shrimp, and prawns, were more salea-
ble than those with fins.
Oyster banks were very numerous; rising out of the rivers like a ledge of rocks, and when these banks occur near the plantations the slaves are able to add a very valuable article of diet to their otherwise coarse food.
LETTER XX.

Sabbath at the South—Going to Church—Visit to a Cemetery—Service at Church—Refreshments—Stubbornness of a mule—Pastimes of Slaves.

That my readers may have some idea of the manner of spending holy time at the South, I propose to relate in this letter some of the events as they occurred on one of the Sabbaths in July, while I was in the country, and this will give you a pretty good idea of the way of spending the Sabbath in general. But in attempting to do this, I am aware that I may show a picture that to New-England’s daughters, who have been brought up within the sound of the church going bell, could hardly appear true to life. For even, after I had been there so long as to become somewhat accustomed to that mode of society, I often found it difficult to realize the return of holy time, so much labor was performed and so many kinds of amusements were indulged in; but still I felt that I was culpable for losing sight for one moment of that day of
rest, which seems to be a prelude to that long
and everlasting rest which is in reserve for
God's dear children; for notwithstanding there
was so little distinction made between the days
of the week, it seemed as though there was
something in nature itself, that said, "This is
the Sabbath; remember to keep the day holy;"
and so did it speak to me on the morning of
that day, whose events I am now about to re-
late, as I arose and threw aside my curtain to
enjoy a rich view of the broad Atlantic, as it
rolled and dashed its briny waters far upon the
shore.

Though nature was not silent, her voice was
not the hum of a busy world, but a sublime an-
them, sung as a prelude to the worship of this
holy day, in which the lowing cattle made sweet
harmony with the songsters of the groves,
while the ocean's loud peal formed the bass to
the whole; and even the flowers, whose lan-
guage is that of the deaf and dumb, seemed to
lift up their heads and smile a welcome to the
coming Sabbath. But I dwell too long upon
the most pleasant, the most sacred part of the
day, for the purpose I had in view when I sat
down to write this letter, but I have done it be-
cause it is so painful to reflect that the rising of
that being from a night of sweet repose for
whom the Sabbath was alone designed, should cause its violation, and now I almost regret that I have thought of exposing those customs and arrangements which so much interfere with a strict observance of the Sabbath; but as I intended at the commencement of this letter I will begin with the morning.

After the first duties of the day had been discharged, which were, to serve up the morning repast, the family was called together (that is, the white portion of it,) to attend prayers, a ceremony, which, for want of time, could not be attended to on any other day of the week. This duty was succeeded by one, that by the spirit which accompanied it, I judged was considered by the family the most important of the two. This was a loud exercise in scolding, and long enough to last all day, preparatory to the white people going to church, and the slaves staying at home to work or play according to the indulgence of the master.

I never very well understood the philosophy of this kind of discipline, unless it was the same which prompts some men to beat their cattle in anticipation of what they may possibly do.

The next thing that was to be done, was to assign to the house servants the various kinds of labor each must perform before he could be
allowed to play. Some were sent to churn the milk, some to grind corn, and others to the fields to prevent the depredations of jackdaws, a kind of birds that are equally as well skilled in the art of pulling up corn at the South as our crows are at the North; and there instead of stuffing old coats and hats, to be a terror to all the birds, it is only necessary to command some half dozen colored boys and girls, and the cotton fields and corn fields are well supplied with the most effectual scare-crows. After all these duties had been discharged it was time for us to prepare for church.

As all the plantations in that section of the country are five, ten, or fifteen miles from the place of worship, it was customary for people to go there in coaches; but that day, as all the horses on the plantation had been on a journey, I was either under the necessity of staying at home or be conveyed to church on the back of a mule, and being very fond of this kind of exercise, I chose the later alternative; so in due time my mule was properly equipped, and when every thing was ready for our departure, I was glad to turn my face from the spot where old and young, boys and girls, servants and dogs, had all assembled to see how I should look going to church mule-back.
On leaving the house my path to the highway carried me across the plantation among numerous luxuriant fields of cotton, corn, and tobacco; and now will you suffer me to depart from my subject long enough to say, that I never saw any thing in the vegetable kingdom more beautiful than an extensive cotton field in full blossom. The blossoms of the cotton plant are about as large as a half blown hollyhock, and red, or yellow, or white, according to the kind of cotton. The beauty of these fields is greatly enhanced by high cultivation. The slaves watch over them with such paternal care, that every stalk seems obliged to grow to the same stature, and not a noxious weed ventures to show its head.

Here, as I rode along, I had an opportunity to see a plenty of those human scare-crows I referred to a few lines above. One of these poor oppressed daughters of Africa roused my sympathies more than all the rest. I judged she was about the age of fifteen. Her form, instead of being thick and robust like colored girls in general, was slight and delicate. She was standing in the open field, exposed to the intense heat of a July sun, with not a vestige of any thing to shield her head from its rays or her body from being scorched, but an old tattered garment,
she was trying to draw around her form, that was so amiaciated the crows could not have been considered culpable if they had mistaken their prey.

The first thing I saw after leaving the plantation, worthy of note, was a burying ground. Though a sight of these last resting places for all the living, must always cause the reflective mind to feel sad, I do not recollect of ever having a scene create such a feeling of desolation as I experienced during the few moments I tarried to view this home of the dead. Perhaps the day and my own situation, being separated from all my dear friends, contributed to these feelings in some degree; but the place itself was one of dark shadows; it was far from any human habitation, laid out in a dense dark forest of lofty pines, surrounded by a high brick wall once plastered but now almost overgrown with moss and vines. It was an ancient burying ground, where the silent repose of its long forgotten dead had not been for ages disturbed by the sound of the spade or shovel. The gloomy cypress had been left to grow till its branches touched the graves it sheltered. The willows too, upon which the long grey moss of that country had been suffered to accumulate for ages, looked as though they hung their heads
in sackcloth, and were the only beings left to mourn the fate of the departed. Here the whippoorwills, mistaking the gloominess of the place for evening, came and seated themselves upon the graves and shouted a requiem to the dead, while the midnight owl hooted from his hiding place among the old pines a warning to him who might intrude upon their silent repose. Though this place was enshrouded in gloom, I could have tarried there for hours; and indeed, if I had, I should have received more instruction than I did from the sermons I listened to.

At length, having rode several miles further in the woods, I came to what the people in that country are obliged to call a church, but what we should call a barn, situated among the trees of the forest. This building was merely a frame covered slightly with boards, set up on four posts five or six feet from the ground, and having neither bell, cupola, or glass windows; finally the most that can be said of it, is, that it was only a shelter on the Sabbath for those who went to church, and a great bird-house, where all kinds of the feathered tribes congregate on week days to sing songs and build nests.

When I arrived I saw by the number of horses and carriages that were standing beneath the trees, that I was late to church; I rode up
to a stump in front of the house, dismounted, and when I had fastened my mule in nature's own stable, I went into the church.

In that part of the country both the white people and colored people are seated upon the same floor, with only this difference, the white people sit nearest the pulpit. The services were conducted much as they are at the North, excepting the singing. As the slaves join in this part of the worship, and can not read, the minister to accommodate them only reads two lines of a hymn at a time, and when these are sung, he reads two more, and so on through the hymn. At the close of the morning service the white part of the congregation retired for refreshment to their seats in the woods erected for this purpose. These places seemed to be the general depot for all the news of the week. All letters and papers from the post office were distributed there, strangers introduced, and the state of the cotton market discussed, and, as in all other assemblies, the faults of neighbors slightly hinted at. While all sorts of news was in circulation, the servants at the same time were busy in passing round on trays those luxuries provided for our physical wants, of which the heavens above and the waters beneath had not furnished a meagre part. Our repast being
finished we were once more ready to listen to the eloquence of the pulpit, and having again been entertained by a very fervent appeal to "servants to obey their masters in all things," we were ready to turn our faces homeward.

But as the wind and tide are not always favorable to the course we wish to take, so was not my mules disposition to the direction she was desired to go that evening, for when she was coming towards me, all of a sudden she stopped and planted her feet firmly in the ground, and all the beating, pushing, and coaxing that could be urged by all the men, boys and servants, that had collected on this very important occasion, could not make her move one step for nearly an hour, and notwithstanding it was a very serious affair, I could have enjoyed a good hearty laugh; but as my situation was a very conspicuous one; being through the whole of the scene perched upon a high stump in front of the meeting house, I thought it would be too irreverent to indulge in a propensity so natural to me. Finally, after having more trouble to mount this stubborn creature than I ever had before to do any thing of the kind, I succeeded, and going upon the principle that what had been lost in time should be made up in speed, I soon found myself before the gate of the plantation.
There a new scene presented itself to my view. The slaves had finished the tasks that had been assigned them in the morning, and were now enjoying holiday recreations. Some were trundling the hoop, some were playing ball, some dancing at the sound of the fiddle, some grinding their own corn at the mill, while others were just returning from fishing or hunting excursions.

In this manner the Sabbath is usually spent on a Southern plantation; and when I retired to my own room that evening, and remembered the sanctuaries in my own land, I truly longed for that day when I might once more go up to the house of God in company with those "who keep holy day."
LETTER XXI.

Evils of Slavery as felt by the Master—Early training of Children at the South—Theft and Robbery.

Those who have never lived in the Southern States, can have but a faint conception of the evils that accrue to the master as well as slave, from their peculiar institutions. Incidents of such a nature have many times come under my own observation, as almost to cause me to feel that the master lived in the greatest bondage.

But it would be impossible for me to make you believe there is any truth in such an assertion, without something more tangible than the simple statement, therefore I will relate a few facts, not only to show that slaveholders live in constant fear for the safety of their lives and property, but also the corrupting and demoralizing influence such a system has upon everything that comes in contact with it.

Of all the evils that a country under the dominion of slavery is heir to, I consider that the greatest which arises from the early training
of its youth. Nothing in my opinion seems so
calculated to sap the very foundation of all
their institutions, both moral and religious, and
even government itself, as this. Just think of
the very individual who is destined to wield the
scepter of government, receiving the first im-
press upon his mind from an ignorant, degraded,
and perhaps profane nurse, to whose almost en-
tire charge his mind as well as his body has been
consigned ere his infant tongue has been taught
to utter its first syllable. Yet such is the case
in a thousand instances, and instead of all those
holy influences that hover around the cradle in
the Christian mother's nursery, the very atmo-
sphere in which the slaveholder's son draws his
first breath, is infected with that moral miasma
which poisons the soul, and corrupts all the
virtuous principles of the heart; and when the
Christian mother would hush her little one to
slumber with the sweet assurance that "holy
angels will guard its bed," the untutored slave
rocks the cradle of its infant master to the song
of "Old Dan Tucker," or "Lucy Long." "The
manner of training children at the South ac-
counts for that pugilistic spirit and uncontrolla-
ble temper when excited we all know is charac-
teristic of the Southerner. At that tender age
when the heart is in its most plastic state, no at-

tempts are made to subdue the will or control
the passions, and the nurse, whether good or
bad, often fosters in her bosom a little Nero, who
is taught that it is manly to strike his nurse in
the face in a fit of anger. I have seen a child
plunge a fork into the face of its nurse, and no
punishment was inflicted upon the little criminal.
If the boy is allowed to make such free use of
the fork, what could we expect to see in the
hand of the man but the pistol and bowie knife,
ready to be used upon the slightest provocation.

Another of the many evils of slavery and one
which in its immediate influence is felt probably
as much as any other, is that which arises from
the universal want of confidence in the honesty
of slaves. The fear of theft haunts the slave-
holder at all times and in all places. In harvest
time he is obliged to set a strict watch over his
corn fields, orchards, and melon patches, when
night comes every moveable article of property
must be put under lock and key, even the fowls
have to be all collected together every evening
as soon as it is time for them to go to roost, and
locked up in coops. It is really amusing to see
kitchens, stables, cotton houses and graneries
all fastened with great padlocks, and that too
in the day time if not occupied. A slave can
not be trusted for a moment with the key to the
granary, if a peck of corn is to be measured, it must be done under the eye of a vigilant steward. It is just so too in the department that particularly belongs to the mistress of the family. She is obliged to weigh and measure everything that passes into the hands of the cook. In a large family, this duty is so arduous that I have often thought the mistress was the greatest slave. Every cupboard, closet and drawer, in those apartments to which the slaves have access are kept constantly locked, and I myself found by experience that it was not safe to leave my work box in the drawing room unfastened.

Then to sum up the whole, a family living on one of these isolated plantations must, when night comes, be all fastened up within windows and doors bolted and barred like a prison house.

In the city it is not unusual to hear of colored boys gaining admittance to a house by descending through the chimney. An instance of this kind came under my observation, while in Savannah. Two young men who boarded at one of the public houses, lodged in rooms over their office, one of which they had furnished for a parlor. It was their custom to send a servant into this room every evening to prepare a table of refreshments, which having done, he would lock the door and hand the key to his masters.
At length they discovered that depredations were committed every evening upon their wines, cigars, etc., and notwithstanding they took great pains, they were not able to get the least clue to the source of this mischief, till one evening when going into the room as usual, they found the culprit lying upon the floor in a state of intoxication. When he recovered his senses sufficiently to give an account of himself, he confessed he had been in the practice of entering the room by the way of the chimney, and taking whatever he wanted, this time he had partaken to freely of champaigne to escape detection.

The propensity for stealing among the slaves is so great that even the dead are often exhumed for the purpose of securing their grave clothes. In some parts of Georgia where I have been, it is customary to bury the dead in full dress. For example, a man is interred in every article of dress he would wear in life, even to a coat and boots. A female would be laid out in what would be called a full dress for church. When such is the custom, there is a strong temptation to disturb the grave for the wardrobe it contains. Such a violation, however, of the sacredness of the tomb, if found out, meets a penalty more cruel than death itself, though I could
never see why such an act should be considered
more criminal than it would be to steal the
body and all, a theft that is committed as fre-
quently by the medical student at the South as
with us, and the student if detected is only
sentenced a heavy fine.

But the fear the slaveholder often has for his
life is much greater than that he suffers for his
property. When I was living in the southern
part of Georgia, a lady whose husband expected
to be gone on a journey for several weeks
sent for me to come and stay with her in his
absence. While there she gave a particular
account of her domestic trials. She said when
her husband was not at home, there was not a
person on her plantation she dared trust her
life with, and as she could not defend herself
with fire arms in case of an attack upon her
life, she never retired at night without an axe
so near her pillow she could lay her hand upon
it instantly. In this instance, the fear of this
lady had been greatly increased by an attempt
a few years previous to an insurrection among
her own slaves. This plantation was situated
on the sea coast not far from Florida, in the im-
mediate vicinity of the live oak timber. Here
the slaves came in frequent contact with the
lumber men from Maine, who go out there every
winter in great numbers, to cut the live oak for ship building. Through the instigation of these men, every slave on this plantation united in a plot to rise on a certain night and massacre every member of their master's family. The plot was revealed however, just in time to prevent the execution of the dreadful deed, by one old servant, who felt she could not stand and see her master and mistress and all the children murdered.

In '35 deep measures for the same dreadful purpose were concerted in South Carolina, extending through that and several other contiguous States. The time then fixed upon was Christmas eve, in order to prevent any mistake. In this case, thousands were saved from a dreadful death by the warning one faithful slave gave to her master to take care of himself and family on Christmas night. Circumstances like these have excited so much fear among slaveholders, especially in the extreme South, where the plantations are large and slaves very numerous, they generally go armed with pistols or bowie knives. I have seen young men just on an equestrian excursion for an evening, conceal in their bosoms a brace of pistols loaded with balls, and others only going out a little distance in a gig, take with them their guns, and I had
no reason to think that either had any other motive in doing so than self-defense. I must say, myself, if the use of carnal weapons could ever be justifiable, I should think it was in this, for the same season not far from the plantation where I was staying, three white men were murdered while passing from one plantation to another, by slaves who had secreted themselves for that purpose.

Ladies even, under certain circumstances, provide for their own defense in the use of firearms. I have known ladies that would not dare to go to sleep without one or two pistols under their pillows. A lady in Savannah came very near being the executioner of her own husband in consequence of such a custom. He had been from home on a journey, and wishing to give his wife an agreeable surprise, made his arrangements to return a few days sooner than she anticipated. Arriving at a late hour for retiring, he thought he would make her surprise to see him still greater by appearing without the least warning in her own room. Accordingly he succeeded in effecting an entrance into his house, by forcing a shutter in the basement, and with noiseless steps was making his way in the dark up to his wife's apartment. He had gone as far as the stairs, when that
slight creaking which every one understands who has ever tried to walk stealthily in a noiseless house at night, reached her ears, and being prepared by every unusual sound to expect thieves and robbers, she sprang out of her bed, seized a pistol and commanding her chambermaid to follow, she stepped into the hall and then towards the stair case when she indistinctly saw the figure of a man cautiously approaching her. At the first sight she leveled her pistol, and the next instant would in all probability have fixed a bullet in his brain, had not one screech from the well known voice of her husband paralyzed her hand for the moment and caused the deadly weapon to fall harmless at her feet.

I think I have now said enough upon this subject to convince you that slaveholders are by no means, with all their possessions, the happiest people in the world. Sin and iniquity are often accompanied by their own reward, but in this case this truth is strikingly apparent.

Although it is now late in the evening and all around me are lost in the forgetfulness of sleep, still, as I see I have a little more room in my sheet I will trim my midnight lamp and add one more paragraph, though upon a subject a little different from the one contained in the first part of my letter.
The question has often been asked me, can a person under any circumstances be justified in owning property in slaves. I will state two instances of persons possessing property of this kind, with which I was well acquainted in Augusta, Georgia, then leave the question to be decided by my readers.

A large company of slaves had been brought from Virginia to Hamburg, which lies just beyond the river over against Augusta. This place is the great slave market for both Georgia and South Carolina. Among these poor creatures who were mostly purchased for markets again still farther South, was one female with an infant at her breast. When it came her turn to stand under the hammer, the highest bidder would give no more for the mother with the child than he would without it. The auctioneer would not let the child go for any sum less than one hundred dollars, and as he could not dispose of the woman to a better advantage, he concluded to separate the mother and child and the former was dragged off to New Orleans. Finally after many fruitless attempts to sell the infant and the commiseration of a good many had been excited in behalf of the little sufferer, a lady in Augusta hearing of the circumstance, went over to Hamburg, paid the hundred dol-
lars demanded by the owner, and took the child home to her own bed and bosom.

The other instance I thought of mentioning, was that of a gentleman from the North who had been in Augusta several years and up to the time of my story, although wealthy, had never purchased slaves, and was resolved he never would, on any condition, own property in human flesh, and instead of purchasing help he hired it. When he began to keep house, he secured of a gentlemen who had slaves to hire out the services of one for a cook. This woman brought with her an infant child, and as she proved to be a faithful servant, she continued in the family of Mr. P., retaining her child with her till she arrived at the age of fifteen. About this time the owner of these slaves, having occasion to make out a sum of money, offered this girl for sale, and as she had been well trained and had a fine personal appearance, a satisfactory price was soon proposed for her, and the bargain ratified before Mr. P. was apprised of the matter. When the gentleman who had made the purchase came for her, the whole family was thrown into affliction. Mrs. P. had always retained her in her own immediate presence, more in the capacity of a child than of a domestic, and she had never felt the oppressive
chains of slavery, and now the thought that she was to be dragged off, and consigned over to slavery, made her nearly frantic. Mr. P. made great efforts to repurchase her, contrary to his principles, but all to no purpose, and she was taken by main force, put into a carriage and carried away to a distant plantation. After several months, Mr. P. received a letter from this gentleman, saying the girl was so homesick, she was of no service to him, that she appeared to be wasting away every day, and if he wanted the girl he might have her for the price he gave for her. Mr. P. did not allow many hours to elapse after receiving this intelligence, before he was on his way to bring her home. The last time I was in Augusta, I saw Lucy, and a happier face I scarcely ever met. I will now ask one question. Would my readers purchase a slave under the same circumstances? According to the laws of Georgia she was safe no longer than Mr. P. held his claim upon her person as an article of property.
LETTER XXII.

Runaway slaves—The Swamps—Cruelty to slaves—A family in concealment—Murder of an old slave—Elopement of an Orphan Lady.

Supposing many of my readers always associate the term "Runaway slave," with "Canada," or the "North Star," I will devote one letter to the purpose of showing them that there are thousands in the woods and swamps of the Southern States, who have fled from the galling shackles of slavery, that have never heard of Canada, or even learned to distinguish from all the rest that one star which has to so many pointed out the way to the land of free and equal rights.

It has been thought that there are as many south of "Mason and Dixon's line," who have escaped from their masters, as there are north of it. As strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with these things, there are whole families secreted in the uncultivated portions of the slave States, who subsist year after only by
plunder and stealing. To show you how this can be possible, I must give you a little idea of the situation of the Southern plantations, and the unimproved grounds belonging to each, that you may see the opportunity the slaves have to furnish themselves with hiding places.

In the first place I will remark that the land at the South never becomes as extensively cleared of all its forest timber as in the Northern States, the reason of this is, the Southern planter never resorts to any artificial means to enrich the soil when once it becomes unproductive; the only way old and worn-out fields are ever improved, is by turning them wild and suffering them to rest for forty or fifty years, in which time the trees attain their full growth, and these fields once covered with cotton, corn and tobacco, assume again every appearance of native forest.

During the time these grounds lie waste, the foliage from the trees and other kinds of vegetable matter, which accumulates and decays from year to year, in course of time, renders the soil as rich and fertile as that which has never been cultivated. This is one reason why the Southern country, although it has been settled longer than ours, always has the appearance of being a new country, just beginning to be settled, for
all the land that is not ploughed and planted every year soon becomes a forest of pines. One accustomed to the growth of the pine, can judge very correctly by their size before they reach their full height, how long the field has been uncultivated. I have seen fields completely covered with little pines just springing from the ground, then others again where they had not grown to the height of a foot, in this case the soil has not been disturbed for about two years. When the sapplings are five or six feet in height, then one calculates the ground has not been cultivated for five or six years, and so on up to the time of the maturity of the trees.

Then again, many of the planters own hundreds and even thousands of acres of land, which on account of their being swampy and infested with snakes and other venomous reptiles, they scarcely ever venture to explore, and when they do, it is only on horseback, when some occasion like hunting cattle and swine that run wild in the woods and swamps, calls them out, yet there are thousands of human beings who can find no other retreat from the cruel hound and knotted scourge, than in the pestilential swamps of the Southern States. To show how many provide for themselves in these lurking places, I will give you one account just
as I had it from the same gentleman who himself assisted in searching out one of these long lost families.

This family consisting of nine persons disappeared all of a sudden, and after many long but fruitless attempts to get some clue to their place of concealment, farther search was deemed useless, and all this property in human flesh and blood, was given up as irrecoverably lost. They were however at last found after they had been gone six years, by one of their number being detected in plundering from the plantation, and followed to his place of rendezvous. The course they had taken to elude the search of the hounds, was to hide themselves where the ground was covered with water, consequently this cut off the scent of the hounds. These poor creatures after having gone several miles through deeply entangled swamps covered with water to the depth of more than a foot, went to work to erect for themselves a little shelter. First they drove posts into the ground upon which they could lay a foundation above the water, then with branches of trees skilfully and ingenuously woven together, they constructed the floor, roof, and walls of this their most rural habitation. To complete the structure they overlaid the whole with long marsh grass and
the tough palmetto leaves, till it was quite comfortable even during the winter season. The gentleman who gave me this account, said when he found them they had collected together a good supply of food of various kinds, such as meat, potatoes, meal, etc., as well as many other little domestic comforts. They even had a good supply of live fowls, but they had cunningly taken the precaution not to bring into the camp any of the feathered tribes whose loud voices might betray their place of concealment. Many secure themselves among the branches of trees as their best refuge from hounds and snakes, and wild beasts that prowl about in the night in search of prey. I have many times seen the tree in which a slave was concealed six months. He had carried into the tree sticks of wood and broken branches, and so arranged them as to make a sort of platform, upon which he spread grass and leaves sufficiently thick to make a place of repose quite comfortable when wrapped in his blanket. He afterwards returned to his master of his own accord, and told him the men and dogs in pursuit of him, many times passed beneath the very tree where he was secreted.

The planters are greatly annoyed by the slaves who live in the manner above described,
coming out in the night to plunder every thing they can lay hands upon. They kill their master's cattle and swine, they pluck the corn from the field and dig the potatoes from the ground, rob the poultry yards, brake into the milk house and even go into the same kitchen night after night, to cook their stolen vegetables and meat. You may ask where the watch dogs are all this time, when these depredations are going on in the fields and yards, and why the cook did not lock the kitchen door? In the first instance, those who are on theiving excursions, are careful to go where they are acquainted with the dogs. As to the kitchen, the very cook who is so loud in her vociferations about the operations that have been going on all night in her kitchen, in all probability is accessory to the whole affair.

As harsh treatment is more frequently the cause of the slaves running away than merely the desire for freedom, I will give you one example of that cruelty which scattered and drove into the woods almost one entire plantation of slaves, as I had the account from a friend who was herself a party concerned.

Mrs. B. informed me that when she was at the age of ten, and her only sister sixteen years, they were left orphans with eighty slaves to be
divided equally between them. Her sister soon married one of her many suitors, who had been attracted by so large a fortune. To secure to himself the property of both, Mr. S. succeeded in being appointed guardian over his wife’s sister, which gave him complete control over the whole. He very soon abused the power with which he had been invested by a course of treatment that proved him to be one of the most cruel of tyrants. Mrs. B. said he once beat a boy of about ten years of age till his steps for several rods could be traced by the blood that issued from his lacerated back and limbs. Although she gave me many instances of her brother-in-law’s cruelty to the slaves, I will only mention one more.

Among the slaves that fell to Mrs. B.’s share, was one old woman, who had been, not only her nurse in childhood and infancy, but also her mother’s. She had raised her mother and had had almost the entire charge of her from the cradle to the grave. She had taught her infant feet to walk and tongue to speak. She had soothed her childhood’s sorrows, and from one season to another had carried her in her arms to and from the school room. In maturer years she had been her mother’s counselor and comforter, standing by her bedside in sickness
and death, and her ever faithful hand smoothed the dying pillow and closed the eyelids for their long and lasting sleep.

After the death of her mother, Mrs. B. said there was no person on earth dearer to her than was old Charity. This woman had never labored in the field till she came into the possession of Mr. S., and being then very aged, and unaccustomed to that kind of labor, she often failed, for which she was like the rest cruelly beaten. One day after they had been on this plantation three or four years, Mrs. B. said her brother-in-law returned from the field in the forenoon about ten o'clock in great haste, and said he was called away to another town on business of great importance and probably should not return for several days, and took his departure with so little preparation, as not only to excite in the family great curiosity, but a kind of apprehension of evil no one dared to express. He had not been gone many minutes when several slaves from the plantation, nearly out of breath, rushed into the house, saying, "master has killed old Charity." Mrs. B. said, with feelings that could never be told, they hastened to the spot and found the dreadful intelligence too true. Her master had in the morning driven this old feeble woman with the lash
from her bed, when she was scarcely able to support her weight upon her feet. Fearing she would not labor when she was in the field, he went there to see, and not being satisfied with the manner she used the hoe, he gave her a blow upon the neck, and she fell dead at his feet. She was carried to the house and after these bereaved sisters had exhausted their strength mid sighs and tears, in vain attempts to resuscitate that life that had been so precious to them, they gave up the body to be buried. After several days, the report having been circulated that this old slave had been murdered, several medical men came up and asked permission to have the body disinterred. It was granted and a post-mortem examination being held, it was found that her neck was broken. For a time this circumstance caused a good deal of excitement, but as Mr.'S. could not be found, nothing was done. Finally the excitement died away, and as it was only a poor old slave, when the cruel tyrant did return, the whole matter was nearly forgotten excepting by his own family. Mrs. B. said, that by the time she was fifteen, there were but a few slaves left upon the plantation; a good many had died of hardships, and others had fled to the woods, where being exposed to the pestilential miazma of the swamp,
they suffered from fevers, or had their fingers and toes frost bitten till they were greatly mutilated, by exposure to the chilly atmosphere of Southern winter nights, and having an offer of marriage from Mr. B., although very young, she thought she would try to secure for herself a better guardian and for her slaves a kinder master. As soon as Mr. S. became apprized of her determination he was so enraged he locked her in her chamber and forbid her holding any communication with Mr. B. Through the assistance however of faithful servants, she found means to correspond with him, though to her peril, for every letter she received, if her brother-in-law found it out, he would go into her chamber with a cow-hide and beat her just as he did the slaves. Finally as soon as arrangements could be made, she consented to elope with Mr. B. and be married before her guardian should have time to veto such an act. Accordingly the time of midnight was fixed upon, and she leaped from her chamber window into the arms of faithful servants who were there ready to hasten her away with the greatest possible speed to the carriage that was in waiting at the end of the avenue. She said sometimes they actually carried her along without her feet touching the ground in their great fear
she might be overtaken by her guardian who was already on his way in hot pursuit. In a few hours they reached the spot where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, and just as the words were pronounced that made Mr. B. her lawful husband and guardian, Mr. S. rushed into the room and forbid the marriage, but too late, she was no longer exposed to his oppression, and in a few days she had all her slaves under a very different master. I was well acquainted with Mr. B., and I believe but a few slaves find a better one. To use Mrs. B.'s own words, "and now many are the evenings that these old servants come in and sit with me till near midnight, talking over the sufferings we all endured from the hands of my brother-in-law." This depraved man lost every slave, all his property, his wife died, leaving him with two little girls who were in the Orphan Asylum when I taught there. Finally he fell into that state of mind similar to one who has the delirium tremens, and at last died such a frightful death, people shuddered to stand near his bedside, all occasioned, as Mrs. B. believed, by remorse of conscience.

Before I close this letter, suffer me in justice to the good people of the South to say, that such cruelty is not countenanced by them any more
than crime is by the same class of persons at the North, and when incidents such as I have just related do occur, they form for months the leading topics of conversation in the sitting room and parlor, and wherever there is a little collection of persons, the same as criminal acts do with us.
LETTER XXIII.

A visit in the country—A Southern kitchen—Pleasure excursions—An equestrian scene.

To-day an occurrence recalled to my mind a visit I received when in the Southern part of Georgia, from a friend who came from the North, and was like myself engaged in teaching in that country. My friend came and spent a week with me, and as the season we were together, was one of events and amusements to us both, I will give you some account of it, hoping it will furnish you with a few moments of entertainment, and at the same time enable you to see that in almost any situation, if persons are so disposed, there are many sources of pleasure to avail themselves of, even if they are strangers in a land that is not theirs, and far from all the sweet scenes of childhood's happy hours.

Besides Miss S., there was no other person in all that section of the country with whom I ever had a previous acquaintance; the same
was true also in respect to my friend. Though we were situated at a distance of six miles from each other, we found opportunities for frequent interviews, though many of them were but of a few moments' duration. To understand the import, in all its force, of the expression, "birds of a feather flock together," you must be situated just as we were, surrounded by those who had but a few sentiments and interests in common with our own. It was only in each other's society we ever felt at home. Yes, those were angel meetings when we could escape from every watchful eye, and alone and undisturbed, where only squirrels chattered, and the birds sung, heart could meet heart, and voice mingle with voice in sweet and hallowed communion.

"Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting-spot, our chosen, sacred hours,
Our burning words that uttered all the soul."

A few weeks previous to the visit I am about to describe, my friend had been brought very low by a fever. As soon as she recovered sufficiently to ride out, I sent for her to come and spend a few days with me, thinking she would recover more rapidly if she could be with some one a short time who would try to cheer up her gloomy spirits, that had become very much
depressed by a long illness, through which, she had been surrounded only by strangers, and besides I had the most implicit confidence in yankee nursing, and I was anxious to test its efficacy in the case of my friend. She received my invitation with great pleasure, and in the course of two or three days I had the privilege of trying the potency of my skill in the restoration of the wasted energies of the physical being as well as in dispelling the dark clouds that hung about the mental. I soon learned after her arrival, that she had since her illness, suffered much from want of that kind of food she could relish. Nothing that the cooks there could suggest, would in the least tempt her appetite. She only could think of some dish she had been accustomed to at the North, and after the best directions that could be given, it would be prepared altogether different from what it would have been, if served up by a Northern cook. Finally, after a considerable consultation upon a matter of so much importance, I told her I would go to the kitchen myself, and prove my abilities in the cooking line. But I never was more disheartened about any undertaking of the kind than this, when I found myself surrounded by such an extensive array of culinary apparatus as is always furnished for a Southern kitch-
en. Now if you will suffer me to turn aside from my story a little while, I will tell you something about a kitchen on a Southern plantation.

In the first place, this was built of large, rough logs, the ends of which were standing out in all shapes and at different distances on all its corners. At one end was an immense, but low chimney, not much higher than the roof of the building, built of sticks and mud and the opening at the top was of such great extent one would have the impression, when in the kitchen that a part of the roof was gone. On one side was a wide opening which was used both as a door and windows. Within I found tubs, pails, Reelers, piggins, pots, kettles, spiders, Dutch ovens, wafer-irons, and every thing else one could think of belonging to such an apartment, all in one room not over fifteen feet square. After making a few observations upon this homogeneous collection of iron and wooden-ware, I concluded to leave the cook in the quiet possession of her own sanctum, and do my cooking in the open air. I apprised my friend of my sage determination, and told her she could seat herself before the window, and be an eye-witness of the operations that were then in contemplation, and if I judged correctly
The effect of the scene upon her health was as salutary as the supper itself.

The next day Miss S. was able to walk out, and we commenced a series of excursions that lasted through the week, our good host in the mean time so providing for our accommodation that we had at our command, horses and mules, saddles and carriages, boats and rowers to be used at our discretion or pleasure. Of course, we tried them all; we rode horseback and muleback, in carriages with servants and without them, we sailed the creeks, caught fishes and cooked them, very much to the amusement of the servants who beheld all our operations with perfect amazement and could only account for the whole on the principle that we were yankees and of course would do a great many unaccountable things.

I shall never forget the merriment our first horseback ride occasioned among the servants. As my friend was very timid in the management of a horse, I requested that two of the most gentle saddle beasts should be brought to us that afternoon. Accordingly, Peggy and Van Buren were soon saddled and waiting our pleasure before the gate.

I might as well say here, that it is quite as customary at the South to give names to all...
their horses, mules, oxen and cows, as it is to the hounds and dogs. I have often been puzzled to know, when I have heard old Peggy or Sally spoken of, whether the conversation referred to a mule, a cow, or a woman. Sometimes my ears have just caught the isolated word Van Buren, and it was impossible for me to tell, which was meant, a horse, an ox, or the Ex-President of the United States. This time, however, we understood the term Van Buren to mean a noble animal of the horse kind, and Peggy an old, grey mule with exceedingly long ears which seemed to stand up unusually erect that afternoon.

These two animals were so accustomed to go together and were so attached to each other, that although the universe could not have persuaded old Peggy to take the lead one inch, yet she would have followed Van Buren if he had gone over the top of the house. But unfortunately for our ride that afternoon, I found my friend too much in the condition of old Peggy, though from a cause altogether different. One was under the influence of a mulish will, the other, that of fear. After we were seated upon our animals, Miss S. upon the back of Van Buren and myself upon Peggy, I found she was as much afraid to make the first move in
advance, although having at her command a beast willing to go at her bidding, as my mule was determined she would not take one step first. I never felt myself in such a comical predicament before. I exerted my persuasive powers to the utmost to induce Jane to exchange beasts, but all my persuasions and arguments were nothing to her, whenever she looked at those great ears that stood up so high before me, and there we sat, surrounded by a large concourse of men, women, boys and girls, who made the plantation resound with their shouts of laughter at our expense. Even the dogs looked as though they wanted to laugh as loud as their masters. At last one of the servants took my mule by the bridle, and led her out a little distance on the plantation, Van Buren following in the rear; but no sooner had he let go his hold upon the bridle, than in direct opposition to all that I could do, she would turn right about, and go back to the gate again, with a great deal more speed than she went from it, Jane, of course, following all the time, most obediently. Finally, all the ride we had that afternoon, was just in semicircles, never getting further than a couple of rods from the house. The next time we contemplated an equestrian excursion, we succeeded a little bet-
ter, for we had the precaution to leave Peggy out of the company.

At the distance of about six miles from us in an opposite direction to the plantation where my friend Miss S. was teaching, was a Southern lady who was also engaged in the same vocation. Out of nineteen female teachers who were located in that section of the country, when I was there, she was the only native teacher; all the rest were from the North. If you ask how she would compare with Northern teachers in qualifications for such a station, I would answer, by no means unfavorably. Her intellectual attainments and personal accomplishments were of a high order. During this week, our Southern friend who had heard we had dismissed our schools for a vacation, dismissed hers also, for a few days, and sent us an invitation to come and spend a day with her. According to the general practice of that country when a ride is to be taken in the Summer season, we were up early the next day, and started on our way long before the morning flowers had faded, or the dew had disappeared from the leaves. Never did I enjoy a morning ride more than this. It was just at that season of the year when the woods of Georgia were decked in their utmost loveliness, and the open
fields were waving with luxuriant crops of grain cotton and tobacco, in full bloom.

From all directions echoed the merry laugh of the refreshed and invigorated slaves now going to their morning tasks. The young men arrayed in their sea-green hunting garbs were busily engaged in collecting their rifles, balls and powder, for a deer-hunt, while the horses already at the gate, impatiently pawed the ground at the sound of the bugle and barking of the hounds that always accompany the preparations for a hunting day. After leaving the house we went about one mile on the open plantation before we entered the avenue that led to the highway. This path was about a mile in length, and so narrow, and the branches of the trees so low, we often got sprinkled with the heavy dew that was still on the trees, if we were so careless as to let our bonnets touch a bough. The highway between the plantations was one complete arch of lofty oaks and giant cypresses, crowned from their roots to the topmost branches with the woodbine, honeysuckle and trumpet-flowered jessamine, all in blossom, rendering the atmosphere deliciously fragrant with their sweet odors, while multitudes of birds with every variety of gay plumage, made the woods vocal with their early music. Though
we had prolonged the time of our morning ride as much as possible for the purpose of enjoying the beauties around us, still we found ourselves at an early hour before the gate of the plantation where we were to spend the day, and were cordially met at the carriage by those who even then had been waiting our arrival with fears that we were not coming. The situation of this plantation was more pleasant than that of any one I ever saw on a Southern sea-coast. In my next letter, I will give you a little account of it.
LETTER XXIV.

A plantation on the sea-coast—Different kinds of trees—Rising of the Tide—A storm—Return from a visit.

The plantation to which I alluded in my last letter, was bounded on the North and West by a forest of the oak, cypress, and long-leaved pine, with which were beautifully mingled the dogwood tree, bay, laurel and magnolia. The Southern dogwood bears a little white flower very much like the wild rose; it puts forth its blossoms before the green leaves appear, and they so completely cover the tree that at a distance it strikingly resembles our New England trees when loaded with snow in the winter. The magnolia is about as large as a full-grown pine and a few rods distant it might be mistaken for one, on account of its height. The blossom of the magnolia is of a cream color, the corolla bell-form, and about as large as a pint measure. When the tree is full of these blossoms it presents a most beautiful appearance. The flowers are very fragrant, and I have known one tree to
fill the air with their sweet perfume for more than half a mile in every direction. The bay and laurel belong to the same class of trees as the magnolia, but of different species. All the difference I could discover between them consisted in size.

On this plantation I had an opportunity for the first time to see what was to me a great curiosity in the vegetable kingdom. This was the cabbage-tree, or more properly in botanical language, the "cabbage palmetto." I could call it nothing more nor less than a huge cabbage, consisting of two parts only, the body twenty or thirty feet in height, and perhaps a foot and a half in diameter, surmounted by an enormous head of coarse large leaves snugly rolled up like our garden cabbage, and ten to twelve feet in diameter. I have been told that the leaves in the middle of the head are often served up on the table, and could hardly be distinguished from the common cabbage. These trees I have since heard are very common in Florida. Their trunks are filled with the same kind of vegetable matter that composes the heart of the garden cabbage stump.

On the South and East the plantation was bounded by a beautiful green marsh which separated it from the Atlantic. Every where
through this meadow, quietly crept the clear, smooth creek, advancing and retreating in its serpentine course, sometimes coming very near the plantation, then softly retracing its path, till finally its waters are mingled with the parent fountain. This creek was navigable for sloops which were constantly coming and going laden with imports and exports to and from the plantation. These articles of merchandize were landed at a small wharf but a few rods from the house. Fishing boats and canoes in various directions moved leisurely among these green meadows, and flocks of wild geese and ducks appeared as if propelled by some magic power, as they sailed upon these still waters with so little apparent motion. No scene of the kind was ever to me fraught with so many rural beauties, perfectly enchanting to the eye as well as ear as this, for in addition to that sweet music from the trees, with which the singing birds of Georgia are ever ready to regale the ear, such melodious strains from the bugle, the violin and the harp, often issued from these little barques, that one could not feel it would be compromising the dignity of Orpheus to suppose he had resumed his harp again. Between these streams of water, fowls of the gralic order, the bittern and crane, "with bills
engulfed, shook the surrounding marsh " in gathering from the muddy soil their snails and worms.

This plantation was nearer to a level with the ocean than perhaps any other on the coast of Georgia. This circumstance in part accounts for the distressing event that occurred there, several years previous to the time we were there, to the family of the lady with whom we were spending the day. Mrs. G. informed us that a few years subsequent to the time they took up their residence on this plantation, the sea rose one night to the distance of ten or twelve feet above the ordinary height of the Spring tide, a phenomenon that had never to their knowledge previously occurred on the Atlantic coast. At first, they only beheld the tide rising to an uncommon height, with surprise, but when they found the water was overflowing that part of the plantation the tide had never reached before, they began to feel alarmed, and this alarm increased, as Mrs. G. said, to a consternation that could not be described, when white people, children and servants, all saw the waters with a rapid course still upwards, reaching their own doors. Then one thought only pervaded the minds of all, which was to escape to a little eminence at the distance of one or
two miles. Then almost instantly women and children flew from their dwellings, plunged into the tide two or three feet deep, hoping to save their lives by securing this rise of ground, but soon, the waters rose with such great rapidity, all hope was abandoned of reaching the spot excepting by those who could swim, or had in the first place been thoughtful enough to secure some of the boats, of which there are generally a good supply upon those plantations abounding with creeks.

By this thoughtfulness many of the slaves saved their lives. Mrs. G. said her husband and herself started with their three children, carrying the two youngest in their arms, while the oldest trying to follow on foot was soon swept away by the flood. Finding after they had gone a few rods that it was useless for them to try to stem the current any longer, they ascended a high stump with their children in their arms, still the course of the waters was upwards and about midnight it reached their chins, then all hope of life was lost, they were nearly exhausted, they had but little strength to resist the mighty waves that swept over them, and the little ones they had till then, held in their arms were carried away by the raging billow. Mrs. G. said herself and husband stood in that situa-
tion, with their heads just out of the water, till the morning began to dawn. The flood rose no higher than this and by the following noon the tide had entirely subsided, and they were enabled to return to their house. Only a few rods from where they spent the night, these bereaved parents found the bodies of all their children. A good many of the slaves were drowned, and their bodies left upon the dry ground on various parts of the plantation, as also the bodies of swine, cattle, horses and mules.

Mrs. G. always wore a melancholy countenance, and she often said to her friends, she could never again be that cheerful happy woman she was previous to that dreadful night.

A circumstance took place during the afternoon of the day we were visiting this plantation that first taught me how the land at the South is cleared of its timber when needed for cultivation, and as a little information upon this subject may be interesting to you, I will speak of it in this place together with an incident with which this information will always be associated in my own mind. When a piece of forest is to be brought under cultivation at the South no other labor is required but to clear the spot of all the underwood, girdle all the large trees, then plough and plant the ground. I have seen slaves
planting cotton on these grounds when they were so much shaded by the thick foliage of the trees, that was still green, one would think their labor must all be lost. But by the time the seed has vegetated, and the plant ready to appear above ground, the foliage is generally withered and fallen, and the first crop produced from such a field is usually the most abundant. The trees left standing in this way are never removed till they become so decayed as to fall off themselves, or are thrown down by heavy winds. As soon as this occurs, they are taken away one by one, till the field is free from timber, but it requires a good many years to clear a plantation in this way. Nothing is more common at the South than to see hundreds of acres of land covered with these ghostly looking trees stripped of their bark and leaves stretching out their naked limbs as if imploring pity for their forlorn condition. At a distance a forest of these old dead trees very much resembles an extensive Navy Yard with its thousand of tall masts and its yards extending in all directions.

No sight presents a more gloomy aspect in the night than one of these decaying forests. Whenever I have found myself in the evening surrounded by these spectre-like objects, I have invariably experienced the same kind of sensa-
tions one feels while walking at the same gloomy hour among the tombstones of a church-yard. When these trees have become a good deal decayed, it is very unsafe to be within their reach during a heavy gale of wind. It greatly adds to the terror that always accompanies a tempest of wind and rain to hear those giant oaks and pines falling in all directions with one dreadful crash after another, till it would almost seem that the heavens above were tumbling to the ground. The Southern States are subject to such violent winds and the soil is so light and sandy, that it is not a few, also, of the live trees that are upturned from their roots during these gales. I have lain hour after hour on a stormy night in breathless silence, through fear that the next heavy blast would prostrate upon the roof above my head the very tree that in the daytime sheltered my window from the scorching sun.

During the afternoon of the day I have been speaking of in this letter, one of these dreadful storms arose, and this was the first time we ever witnessed one of these terrific scenes. Contrary to our expectation, after the storm came up the wind ceased, and the rain so far abated towards evening, though the clouds still looked ominous, we were encouraged to turn
our faces homewards. Accordingly we set out, little dreaming of the trouble we should have to encounter on a dark evening without any one to protect us, for in the morning we had refused a driver in order to enjoy our ride without the embarrassment a third person usually occasions. Although the evening was very dark, we proceeded on our way for a considerable distance without any difficulty, but how greatly had the scene changed in the course of a few hours.

In the morning all was music, pleasure and sunshine; in the evening there was no pleasant light to cheer our path, and no sound to greet our ears save the screeching of the owls and the croaking of frogs. After we had left the highway and gone a few rods in the avenue that lead to our home, all of a sudden our carriage stopped, but it was impossible for us to see from what cause, so great was the darkness that surrounded us.

On leaving the carriage I immediately found that the gale in the afternoon, had thrown across our path a huge pine, for a few moments we were completely at our wit's end. We could not go forward, and the road was so narrow, it was impossible for us to turn the carriage round to go back. We soon decided there were but two alternatives. One of us must go to the plantation for assistance, the other stay...
with the carriage. My friend said she would choose the least of evils to her, and in a few moments I heard her retreating footsteps in that dark place, with fears for her safety that almost caused me to forget my own. For more than an hour I held by the bridle the beast that was attached to our carriage, with as great a degree of excitement as my physical strength was able to endure. Every moment he became more and more furious in consequence of the dreadful biting of the gallinippers that seemed as if they would devour us alive. I received several blows from this tortured animal, in his attempts to brush away these insects that would have thrown me to the ground if it had not been for my hold upon the bridle. At length I heard in the far off distance the barking of the hounds that were accompanying the servants to my relief. Never did a more grateful sound fall upon my ears, than was the one that assured me that dark night that assistance was so near at hand. In the course of a couple of hours I met my friend at the house, where we received the hearty congratulations of the whole family that we had met with nothing worse than a severe fright. It is now several years since I have seen my friend, but we have never forgotten the week we spent together on a Southern plantation.
LETTER XXV.

Schools in Georgia—Public Examinations—A Barbacue—Macon Female College.

Among the many evils that arise from the peculiar institutions of the South, I look upon those which are connected with the present system of education as by no means the least to be deplored. As long as slavery exists, I can not see how education can be universally diffused even among the white population. On the other hand, the legislators of the South are fully aware that as soon as means are taken for the promotion of education among all classes as at the North, a most effectual blow has been given to slavery. The reason why slavery has existed until the present time, is owing in a great degree to the ignorance of so large a proportion of the white people. If the free people of the South had as a general thing, education sufficient to enable them to read and write with ease, the slaves, who must necessarily come in frequent contact with them, would soon acquire
the same knowledge. Even now, it is but a small proportion of the white servants that belong to educated families, who cannot read a little and write at least their own names.

As I have said before, each child has its own servant, who is always a few years its senior. This servant is not only a kind of body-guard and waiter, but a companion of private hours and an assistant teacher during the school days of his young master. It is frequently the case that a lesson that is to be given to the pupil is first taught to the servant, whose duty it is to repeat it to his infant master, till it is thoroughly committed to memory. Those who have ever had the care of children, very well know how readily they imitate and catch words and expressions from each other. Such is the case at the South among the children of the educated and the slaves. While the former, previous to going to school, are repeating over and over again lessons in reading, spelling, grammar, and geography, the latter are curious and eager listeners, and generally, by the time the lesson is called for, those who stay at home are as well prepared for recitation as the class who go to the school room.

Now if the mass of free people at the South were as well informed as they are in New Eng-
land, the slaves would soon acquire sufficient knowledge to enable them to realize their situation and power, and the consequence would be, they would lay plans to unite their strength and free themselves and their posterity from the oppression of slavery.

But it is much easier to criticise the present school system of the Southern States than to suggest plans that would improve this system, and at the same time meet with a favorable reception from those whose interests must necessarily be affected either for the better or worse by any change.

The great expense that attends an education in the Southern States, has placed an impassable barrier between the rich and poor. It has been so, that the wealthy only were educated, and this is true now in the country. Within a few years, however, cities have been at the expense of supporting some free schools, but in the slave States the term "free schools" is synonymous with "schools for poor people." Though these institutions prove a great blessing to many, still the odium attached to them prevents many more from availing themselves of the privileges they afford. Among a certain class the feeling prevails, that it is quite as reputable not to have an education, as to have it said they
were educated at a free school. Even teachers often shrink from incurring the stigma of teaching in these institutions.

This state of things as deplorable as it is, must continue till common schools are recognized and provided for by law as at the north.

In the country, where the plantations are so large, families are separated at the distance of several miles from each other. Education was formerly confined to those whose wealth enabled them to support private teachers at a great expense. Consequently many in affluent circumstances made no attempts to educate their children. But now efforts are being made by planters in various parts of Georgia to collect together in little communities during a portion of the year, in order to unite their funds in sustaining select schools and academies. This arrangement has been the means of establishing a great many excellent schools, for the education of those children whose parents have sufficient property to constitute them respectable citizens, and many of this class now enjoy the privileges of education, that they did not when teaching was confined to families.

In order to secure the advantages of society, many of the planters now, who live within the compass of twenty, thirty, or forty miles, select
some healthy spot among the sand hills and there congregate and erect their summer residences, a church, academy, and other public buildings. Then the prospect of school and church privileges, soon attract to such a village mechanics, traders, and professional men, who, as they have no occasion, like the planters, to retire for the winter, sustain the schools and meetings and other forms of society through the year.

These schools are prized so highly, and parents, who themselves have never been educated, witness the progress their sons and daughters make from year to year in the various sciences they are pursuing, with such delight, they are ready to incur a great expense for the purpose of entertaining those who will often travel the distance of one hundred miles to attend their examinations.

These annual exhibitions usually occur on the fourth and fifth of July, at which time the people are entertained with speeches, orations, and public songs, in addition to the exercises of the school, at the same also they are treated to a "barbacue," a term that means at the South, one or more swine roasted whole.

These feasts are prepared and given in the woods in a most rural manner.

Animals cooked in this way are generally undergoing the roasting process, at least one
night previous to their being served up. Pits are dug in the ground and then filled with live coals, which are frequently renewed from another great fire at a little distance kept constantly burning for that purpose.

At a convenient distance from this scene of preparation, a sufficient number of tables to accommodate hundreds, are provided with every luxury that it is possible to furnish in the country. The last course at these entertainments is usually made up of healths to friends, songs, toasts, and speeches upon political or scientific subjects, according to the pleasure of the speaker.

This practice of leaving the rich and consequently unhealthy soil during the summer season which the planters are obliged to select in order to have productive plantations, has proved to be so effectual in promoting the health of their families, that setting aside all the extra privileges it affords them, it is decidedly a matter of economy to be at the expense of moving twice every year. Every planter of course makes an effort to secure the richest soil, but in doing this, he is obliged to take with it an atmosphere productive of fevers and agues and infected with a miasma that in the summer season would prove nearly as fatal to a stranger as the
deadly simoom of Sahara. The slaves, who are not so readily affected by these unhealthy influences as the white people, remain on these plantations through the year.

In the winter, as this is the time for the picking, ginning, and packing of the cotton for market, the oversight of this work constantly needs the vigilant eye of the master, consequently as soon as this kind of labor commences, he is obliged to move back to the plantation and remains there till the time of planting returns again. I have known gentlemen who went regularly three times a week to their plantations, through the summer season, at the distance of twenty miles.

It is quite common now, too, for the children and youth who attend these schools to board at home when they live at no greater distance than from four to six miles. I have myself boarded at the distance of four miles from the school room, and would always prefer to do so under the same circumstances, and with the same company of jolly school girls.

Little girls will ride four or five miles every day on horse-back to attend school, and consider it no more of an hardship than children at the North do to walk half a mile for the same purpose. They always set out on their little
journeys early in the morning, taking their dinner with them, and do not return till the cool of the evening.

The mules and horses that convey them to and from school twice every day soon become so accustomed to their tasks, and the childish freaks of their riders, they are as docile and easily managed as sheep. If a hard lesson is to be studied a little more before recitation, it can be done just as well on the way to school as anywhere else, for without the least guidance, these faithful animals would take their previous burdens directly to the academy door, or if a bird’s nest is to be hunted or a few choice flowers collected for an herbarium, they are equally obedient to the will of their youthful riders.

As a general thing, pupils at the South are not as far advanced in intellectual attainments at the ages of ten and twelve as the same class of students at the North. This can be accounted for from the circumstance that children there are not put into schools at as early ages as they are with us, but as far as my experience goes, when they are brought under good intellectual culture, their minds are more vigorous and intellectual developments more rapid, than has been the case with children of the same age I ever had the care of at the North.
For the encouragement of those of my readers who may be expecting to locate themselves as teachers in the Southern States, I would say, that of all my pupils both at the North and South, who were of the same age and have made the greatest progress in their studies in the same given time, and who have evinced the greatest enthusiasm in the various sciences they were pursuing, and especially in the study of the Bible, they have been among the dear youth I have had the privilege of teaching in Georgia.

While as a general thing the Southern States are far behind the age in popular education, still they can boast of some of the finest literary institutions in the United States. To say nothing of the medical schools, law schools, and colleges for young men, many of which every one who knows any thing about them is ready to acknowledge have always taken a stand in the literary world second to none in the country, Georgia will ever have the honor of founding the first college for ladies in the United States. This institution is located at Macon, a fine flourishing town, about eighty miles North of Savannah. Its principal building is a large brick edifice erected at a great expense by the Methodist denomination, which is the most wealthy and popular religious sect in the South-
ern States. In this institution ladies furnish their own apartments and change rooms as they advance in their classes from year to year according to the usual college custom.

The President and most of the professors of this college were, when I was in Georgia, gentlemen from the North. From personal acquaintance with ladies from this institution, I am prepared to give it as my opinion, that in point of literary excellence and all those privileges calculated to raise the standard of female education far above its ordinary level, Macon Female College stands the highest in our country excepting the Oberlin College in Ohio. To this institution as far as advantages for extensive female education are concerned, although it has many faults, I must give the pre-eminence to all others in our country, till institutions shall arise, which I trust all the friends of female education hope soon to see, that will take a stand upon a platform far higher and broader and more liberal than Oberlin has ever done. When such is the case, then may the females of our country, thousands of whom are now crushed by hard service in kitchens and workshops, or wearing out their lives at the looms and spindles of our manufacturing establishments, look up with joy and gratitude, for the day of “their redemption draweth nigh.”
LETTER XXVI.

The sand-hillers, their habits, poverty and ignorance.

Although praise-worthy attempts have been made in various parts of Georgia, to diffuse the means of education more extensively than was formerly thought necessary, still there is a class of people in that State, as also in the Carolinas, who have never been benefitted by any of these privileges; and these individuals, though degraded and ignorant as the slaves, are, by their little fairer complexions entitled to all the privileges of legal suffrage. These people are known at the South by such names as crackers, clay-eaters, and sand-hillers. I have previously mentioned the circumstance from which they derived the appellation of crackers. They are called clay-eaters, because all this class of people, from the oldest to little children, are as much addicted to the eating of clay as some communities are to the use of tobacco and snuff. This senseless habit is indulged in to such an extent, that when a person has once
seen a clay-eater, he can, ever after, instantly recognize any one of their number by their sickly, sallow, and most unnatural complexions, let them be seen in never so large a crowd. Children, by the time they are ten or twelve years of age, begin to look old, their countenances are stupid and heavy and they often become dropsical and loathsome to the sight. Those who survive this practice thirty or forty years, look very wrinkled and withered, their flesh shrunken to their bones like that of very aged people. They are also called sand-hillers from the grounds they usually occupy, which are the barren and sandy districts of Georgia and South Carolina, to which these poor wretched beings have been driven by the powerful and rich planters, who have wealth and avarice sufficient to secure to themselves all the best soil.

This part of the population of Georgia and some of the contiguous States, are the lineal descendents of those paupers from England, whom Gen. Oglethorpe brought to this country and by whom Georgia was first settled. The same crushed spirit that will ever suffer one to accept of a home in an alms house, seems to have been transmitted down to the present posterity of these emigrants, and their situation has always been such, they never have had the
power to acquire education or wealth sufficient to raise them above their original degradation or enable them to shake off that odium they have inherited from their pauper ancestry. They have no ambition to do any thing more than just what is necessary to procure food enough of the coarsest kind to supply the wants of the appetite, and a scanty wardrobe of a fabric they manufacture themselves. If they should ever cherish a desire for any other life than such as the brutes might lead, it would be all in vain, for the present institutions and state of society at the South are calculated to paralyze every energy of both body and mind. They are not treated with half the respect by the rich people that the slaves are, and even the slaves themselves look upon them as their inferiors. I have seen the servants when one of these poor women came into a planter's house, dressed in her homespun frock, bonnet and shawl, collect together in an adjoining room or on the piazza and indulge in a fit of laughter and ridicule about her "cracker gown and bonnet," as they would call them.

Slavery renders labor so disreputable, and wages of slave labor so low, that if places could be found where they might hire out to service, there would be but little inducement to do so.
Sometimes a young man who has a little more ambition than usually falls to the lot of his people, will succeed in obtaining a situation as overseer on a plantation. As such an office is to them quite honorable, they will almost give their services for it. I knew one young man about the age of nineteen who took the entire charge of a large plantation, and even labored with his own hands in the time of preparing the cotton for market, for the paltry sum of fifty dollars per year besides his board.

The sand-hillers usually cultivate a few acres of that barren land they are allowed to live upon, in the labor of which the females are obliged to take a part as well as the man. In this way they raise their corn, vegetables, and cotton, sufficient for domestic manufacture and sometimes a small quantity for market. When they do this, they can provide themselves with such luxuries as coffee, tea, sugar, etc., though besides coffee they seldom use any thing that is not the product of their own industry.

While I was residing in the interior of Georgia, one of these women sent her little daughter for me on horseback to go and make her a visit. I returned with the child on the beast with her; in the evening she carried me home in the same way. I found this woman living in a
small log house, very neat, but there was nothing belonging to it, to which the term comfortable could be applied. She had a bed, a table, two or three benches that were used instead of chairs and a very little crockery. The kitchen was a separate little building, of course scantily supplied with cooking utensils. The entertainment she prepared for me, while I sat with her in her little kitchen on a stool, consisted of coffee without sugar, fried bacon and corn bread mixed with water only. She had neither vegetables, or butter, or any other condiment we consider essential to any repast. In the course of the afternoon she showed me a roll of cloth she had just taken from the loom, which she told me, was all the product of her own hard labor, commencing with the cotton seed. On inquiring if she could not purchase cloth much cheaper than she could manufacture it, she replied, "she could if her time was worth any thing, but there was no labor she could perform that would bring her any money."

At that age when the youth of the North are confined at hard lessons for six hours a day from one season to another, these children are wasting the spring time of their lives, in the fields and woods, climbing trees, robbing bird's nests, or breaking up the haunts of squirrels,
and engaged in every such kind of mischief, enough of which is always to be found for idle hands to do. These are the children and youth that the advantages of education which some enjoy at the South, have never yet reached, and probably never will, till some special effort is made in their behalf by missionary labor. As long as the present feeling between the rich and poor exists, they can never be brought together into the same schools and if this could be effected it would not be expedient. I have seen the results of such an experiment in my own school. While I was teaching in the north part of Georgia, I gave two little girls belonging to one of these poor families, their tuition for the purpose of encouraging them to come to school, but the neglect and scornful treatment they received from those who considered themselves their superiors, because they had wealthy parents and servants and could dress fashionably while they were obliged to wear their coarse homespun dresses, contributed to make them so miserable they could derive but little advantage from their instruction, and such will always be the case if attempts are made to bring them into the schools of the wealthy.

Efforts have been made to persuade these parents to put their sons to useful trades, but if
they do this they are obliged to labor in the shops with the slaves, and this being placed on a level with the colored people, they feel is a degradation they can not submit to, therefore they choose to bring up their sons to hunting and fishing.

I have been thus particular in my account of these oppressed people, with the hope, that this little book may fall into the hands of some philanthropic person who may, in the hands of God, be instrumental in educating and elevating a class of people now surrounded by all the intellectual and religious privileges of our boasted free and happy land, who might almost be termed heathen.

Those who have been from early youth partakers of all the blessings of the sanctuary and Sabbath schools, and day schools, and religious and scientific lectures, books, periodicals and papers of every name and description, can have but a faint conception of the darkness of that mind to which the door to all such mental discipline has ever been closed. If such minds are ever brought within the doors of the church, they are so illiterate, that to them the sermon they may hear is only an idle tale. As far as I have been able to learn, they universally believe in God and a crucified Redeemer, but their ideas
of Him and the great plan of salvation are extremely vague, like "the poor Indian," their untutored minds.

"See God in clouds, or hear Him in the winds."

Having no instruction but that which nature affords, their minds become an easy prey to superstition in all its forms. The screeching of an owl or the barking of a hound at midnight are harbingers of some dire event. The ticking of the death-watch in the wall foretells the death of some friend, and the matron with her iron-bowed glasses can distinctly see in the inverted coffee cup prosperity or adversity, a marriage or a funeral. To the benighted traveler, the barkless tree or innocent guide post, becomes a ghost in a winding sheet, and as a favorite poet says,

"What at evening played along the swamp,
Fantastic, clad in robe of fiery hue,
He thought the devil in disguise, and fled
With quiverings heart and winged footsteps home."

I can devise no other means by which these people can be properly educated and trained to all kinds of useful labor than, by sending individuals among them with funds to erect institutions, into which children and youth shall be collected, to remain for a certain number of years till they have been taught some useful
trade and received sufficient instruction in the fundamental branches of education to render them useful members of society.

Now will not some of those self-denying young men and women, who are contemplating the life of missionaries in some foreign field of labor, just cast an eye over this broad vineyard, now already white for the harvest, before they decide that their mission calls them to California or Oregon, or the islands of the Pacific?

And does not the National Popular Education Society hear the cry from the South, "come down and help us," while it is gathering its hundreds of teachers from among the rocks and hills of New England, for the great valley of the Mississippi, Texas and the Rocky Mountains?
LETTER XXVII.

The residence of an aged matron—Affection and fidelity of her servants.

I will not trouble my youthful friends with but one more account of one of those enchanting scenes it was my privilege to resort to, while in that part of Georgia where I never met but one individual with whom I ever had had a previous acquaintance. This was one of those hospitable and precious homes God always provides for his dear children, when He has seen it good in his wise providence, to remove them far away from that consecrated spot the fond heart loves to call home, and with which every tree which once formed a shelter for a play-ground, every shrub where was found a brood of young birds, every clear stream wherever was caught the tiny fishes with a pin-hook, every grassy mound where sported the snow-white lambs in childhood’s happy hours, must ever remain imprinted upon the tablets of the heart among the names of its earliest friends.
This spot to which I always fled as a refuge from home-sickness and discontent and every such evil was the residence of an aged lady from whom God had removed her husband and all her children, and for years she had lived almost in solitude in this lone retreat, surrounded only by her slaves.

This residence, more secluded than any one I have ever described to you, was situated at the distance of six miles from the highway. Between the public road and this house was nothing but a dense forest, through which to have access to the plantation an intricate path just wide enough for a carriage to pass was kept open by frequently clearing away the underwood and fallen limbs and renewing the marks on the trees as soon as they had become erased. Trees marked in this way are said to be blazed, and this is the usual way of laying out roads and commencing the foundation of cities at the South. In that country one often hears the remark made, "that it takes only a few blazed trees to make a city."

I was introduced to this good old lady by a company of young people who occasionally visited her, and wished much to have me enjoy the privilege with them. The day preceding the one that had been appointed to go and see
her, a message was sent respecting the contemplated visit and she was prepared to welcome us at the gate with the cordial salutation, "The Lord bless these dear children for remembering an old woman in her solitude."

Unlike plantations in general, all the cleared land belonging to this, excepting about twenty acres, was concealed from the sight, by a piece of heavy wood land that completely surrounded the buildings, and these few acres that were occupied by yards, gardens, orchards and vegetable-patches of various kinds. It was truly one of the loveliest little spots I ever visited, and I gladly accepted the invitation I received that day to make it my home as long and whenever I chose. After this I went frequently to see Mrs. A., and often spent the night. I found her a devoted Christian, and was happy to learn that the result of Christian example and kind treatment, was to make the most docile and faithful servants. They appeared to take the same interest and pleasure in contributing to the comfort of their old mistress, that children would cherish towards an aged mother. She trusted in them as parents would in children in whom they had implicit confidence. They took the charge of the plantation, and carried to market the cotton and the other
products, and attended to the sale of them, and made all the purchases for the whole plantation, and all the slaves looked so happy and contented, and were so well clothed and fed that even slavery there seemed to wear some pleasant features.

The last time I visited Mrs. A., I went with a sick friend, who I trust is now waiting to welcome my aged friend and myself to that bright world, to whose joys earth's elysiums are scarcely able to give the faintest prelude. At this time we found her sitting by a window that looked into the court-yard, with a large family Bible spread open before her, on a little stand, from which she raised her eyes as a servant ushered us into the room, with her accustomed salutation, "The Lord bless you."

This was one of the most beautiful afternoons in May, which at the South is always the most pleasant month in the year. Trees and shrubs had on their foliage of the freshest green. Altheas and pomegranates never looked more beautiful, and jessamines and rose-trees never sent forth a more delicious fragrance. No place of residence was ever more quiet than this, as it was so far in the woods and removed at such a distance from that part of the plantation where the slaves labored. This afternoon it
seemed to me like a second Eden. The few servants that waited on their mistress were all in their own little apartments quietly at work.

The dogs and goats were taking their siestas in the court-yard, and scores of white chickens and cooing doves, had gathered among the branches of the trees above them. Here no unpleasant sounds fell upon the ear to interrupt the harmony of those sweet songs that were poured forth in such endless variety from the neighboring trees it would almost seem as if all the birds had collected in this little paradise below to give those who resided there, a foretaste of the everlasting songs of the paradise above. Here, surely, "the animals as once in Eden lived in peace."

In the course of the afternoon, our friend gave us an account of those afflictive dispensations which had made her so desolate, but at the same time she acknowledged the goodness of God in giving her the kindest and most faithful of servants. She appeared to look forward to the rest that "remaineth for the people of God," with all the joy of one anticipating a speedy return to the friends and youthful scenes of an earthly home after a long absence. With saints of old she "confessed she was a stranger and pilgrim on the earth and that she desired a"
better country, that is an heavenly ® one. This last interview and the parting words of this good friend who many times made me welcome and happy in her quiet home, will never be forgotten, and often now in the silence of my own chamber do I recall those scenes with longing desires to live them all over again.
LETTER XXVIII.


For a few months while in Georgia, I resided on one of the largest plantations of Burke Co.; this circumstance furnished me with an opportunity to become acquainted with all the domestic customs of one of these extensive families, and as the same system of arrangements I saw here, as far as I am personally acquainted and have been able to learn from others, are to be found on all large and well-conducted plantations in the Southern States, I hope my readers will not find this letter I am about to write to them this morning altogether unprofitable.

This County, as I have been told, has more wealth, larger plantations, and richer soil than any other in Georgia. But at the same time, according to the laws of nature which have so provided for every country that where there are
great local advantages to be enjoyed there are also great evils to be endured, this is also the most unhealthy county in all the State, and is universally known at the South by the appellation of the "Grave Yard of Georgia."

The rich soil and impure atmosphere of this part of the country, are both attributable to the same cause; its low swampy grounds, acres of which previous to cultivation were covered with stagnant pools of water.

The lands are prepared for cultivation by digging deep ditches through them in various directions. I have frequently seen excavations of this kind sufficiently deep when filled with water to float a good sized sloop. This kind of labor furnished employment for a great many Irishmen, who have already learned in their own "green isle," the art of draining low wet lands. At first this work is attended by a great outlay of funds yet it requires but a few seasons after these fields have been brought under cultivation to restore to the pocket of the landholder not only the sum that was originally expended upon them, but also a liberal interest.

The plantation which furnishes the subject of this letter, consisted of forty-nine square miles of land. My readers will at once see that this one plantation extended over an area, equal
if not larger than many of our New England towns. Several of its fields contained no less than from two to four hundred acres each, still, a large proportion of the whole remained a forest, and was only occupied as a range for large herds of swine and cattle, and numerous flocks of sheep and goats, the latter being raised solely for the flesh of the kids, which is considered in that country as an article of diet far preferable to that of lambs.

Although the raising of sheep for their fleeces, as a general thing, at the South, is not considered a very lucrative kind of business, still many plantations in the more northerly part of Georgia, realize quite an income from this source. The expense and care attending the raising of sheep at the South is far less than it is with us, as they are turned into the woods and seldom require any other attention than what is bestowed upon them at the time of shearing their fleeces, but at the same time the wool raised at the South will never command so high a price by several cents per pound, as the same article does when produced in a cold country, for in hot climates it will always be coarse and hairy, and consequently unfit for any soft, delicate fabric, yet the Southern wool furnished a strong, coarse material quite valuable for the manufacture of
carpets and other kinds of heavy cloth, for which it is always used.

As it respects the swine, I believe the people of the South would not think they could subsist without their flesh; bacon, instead of bread, seems to be their staff of life. Consequently, you see bacon upon a Southern table, three times a day, either boiled or fried. This custom of course demands the slaughter of a great number of these animals on every plantation during the year. On the one of which I am speaking in this communication, during the Fall I was there, one hundred passed under the butcher's knife at one time, and all for home consumption. I will leave my New England friends, who well know what a disturbance the butchering of one of those noisy creatures creates with us, to judge what a scene would be occasioned by the collecting together and massacre of one hundred at a time.

Pork at the South is never to my knowledge, salted and barreled as it is with us, but flitches as well as hams are hung up without being divided, in a house built for that purpose, and preserved in a smoke that is kept up night and day through the year.

Cattle in the Southern States are raised for those purposes to which the milk, flesh, skins
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and horns, could be appropriated, but seldom as beasts of burden. The Southerner knows nothing about the Northern manner of training steers for labor. It is one of the most comical sights in the world to see a slave trying to drive a yoke of oxen in the manner they always do when they attempt any thing of the kind. When oxen are to be used as beasts of burden, they are chased and caught in the woods like wild animals, then half frightened to death, yoked together in pairs, and fastened to a cart; the driver, either mounted on their backs, or standing in the vehicle behind them, attempts to urge them forward by a whip and guide them by the ropes he had previously fastened to their horns. Of course, the poor brutes know nothing about what such things mean, and while their eyes indicate that they are almost frantic with terror and rage, they shake and toss their heads first one way, then another, hook and crowd and then pull in opposite directions, and as any one would readily imagine, take all courses excepting a straight-forward one.

But I fear you will think I have digressed very far from the design of my letter as proposed at its commencement, therefore I will try to retrace my steps a little, and say that this plantation which was a township of itself, had
within its own borders so many resources of convenience, that setting aside those things that can only be termed the luxuries of life, it could be quite independent of any foreign aid or article of merchandise. It had its own mills and shops of various kinds, its milliners and mantuamakers, tailors and barbers, and its cards, looms and spindles, and every article for the table, which was always furnished luxuriously, was usually the product of home industry, excepting tea, coffee, and the spices.

Teachers in the languages, music and the other sciences, received good salaries, and while I was there, the master of this plantation, anxious to live independent of all the world, was endeavoring to make such arrangements that he could have his own church and chaplain. On some plantations this is always customary. Often the preacher on the Sabbath is the family teacher during the week.

On most plantations it is customary to measure out to the slaves weekly a certain quantity of grain, potatoes, meat, etc., and let every one do their own cooking, but on this, a plan had been adopted, much more economical to the master, and convenient for the servant. Instead of each person being obliged to spend a portion of each day in the preparation of their own
food, it was the business of a few to cook for the whole and call all the slaves together at regular hours to take their meals. The first thing in the morning about four o'clock, every living creature on the whole plantation is aroused from its slumbers by the blowing of trumpets which is invariably and almost simultaneously answered by the cackling of fowls, the barking of dogs, and braying of mules. In a few moments, the slaves are collected together, and receive their orders for the day from the overseer. They then go to the field and labor till nine o'clock, when the trumpet sounds again to call them to their breakfast. At two o'clock, P. M., they are called up to dine; they take their suppers late in the evening after the day's labors are all completed. During the season of ploughing, the scene that is acted six times a day by the servants with their mules going and returning from the field, is extremely amusing and novel to a stranger, and appears to be attended by a great deal of jollity among the actors themselves. At the time to which I am alluding, there were fifty ploughs running every day: there were one hundred ploughs belonging to the plantation, one-half of which in ploughing-time, were always kept in the field, the other half in the blacksmith's shop which
belonged also to the plantation. As soon as one set had become dull, they were returned to the shop, and exchanged for those that had just been undergoing repairs. These ploughs are light, and are always drawn by one mule and held by one man or woman, who at the same time guides the beast by leading lines that are fastened to their own persons. In those large fields of which I have previously spoken, thirty and forty men and women promiscuously run their ploughs side by side, and day after day, till the colter has passed over the whole, and as far as I was able to learn, the part the women sustained in this masculine employment, was quite as efficient as that of the more athletic sex. In the harnessing and unharnessing of the mules and in the distribution of the provender among them when they returned from the field, I always observed that the females displayed the most agility, and usually completed their tasks first. Every man and woman has the entire charge of the beast they drive before the plough, and there is not a little ambition excited among them to see who shall have the finest looking and most spirited animals, and they usually test their fleetness by running races with each other, in going and returning from the scene of their labors, which they always do
on the back of their mules. I have been an eye-witness of these sports a great many times, and have generally had the gratification of seeing the women go a little ahead of the men.

The overseer on this plantation was an active, intelligent colored man, very gentlemanly in his deportment and much respected by the white people and beloved by the slaves. Although he was himself a slave, he lived in good style in a framed and well furnished house close to his master's door, who treated his favorite slave more like a companion than a menial, and always consulted him upon business matters of much importance. I have often overheard their conversations together, and as far as that was concerned, there was such an equality and frankness, and friendliness in expression between them, I never should have for once supposed that one was a master and the other a slave. His master told me that since he had made this man his superintendent, he had had more peace and order upon his plantation and much more work done than when he employed white men for that purpose, that the slaves were treated better and consequently were happier and more contented with their lot. This overseer so arranged the work upon the plantation that the slaves not only had considerable leisure to cul-
tivate a few acres of land for themselves, but also their seasons for pastimes. All the cotton, vegetables, and poultry the slaves could raise for themselves, their master always purchased from them at the market price. They kept their own accounts and their master settled with them annually, as he would with strangers, and paid in cash for all he had purchased of them during the year. I was in his family at the time of one of these settlements and he said he had paid some of them seventy and eighty dollars for their produce, and he doubted not they would expend it all in tobacco and whiskey.

The slaves upon this plantation had their holidays and seasons for frolics as frequently as anyone could think was reasonable, and occasionally their entertainments, the provisions of which were furnished at the expense of their master. Such privileges as these are seldom enjoyed by the Southern slaves; in this instance they were always the rewards of good behavior, and their indulgent, yet calculating master was wise enough to see that nothing so speedily tended to make faithful and affectionate servants as such a course of treatment. While I was on this plantation, the overseer's wife made a quilting at which she invited the field slaves, both
men and women. It may seem strange to my readers to hear of men being invited to a quilting but I can say to them, that among the Southern field hands, the women can hoe as well as the men, and the men can sew as well as the women, and they engage in all departments of labor according to the necessity of the case without regard to sex. This quilting party was held in the night, the first part of which was devoted to work on the quilt, the latter part to festivity and dancing. Caroline, the overseer's wife was one of my best friends on this plantation, and from her I had learned the minutiae of the preparations for this scene, and when her guests had all assembled and were seated around the quilt, she sent for me to go and see them at the work. It was most assuredly an amusing sight; the men and women were seated promiscuously around the frame, very quietly yet as expeditiously plying the needle to all sorts of lines, both crooked and straight, as if their lives depended upon having the quilt out before midnight, but in justice to them I must say that there was a good deal more order and less talk among them about their neighbors than is usually observed at parties of the same kind that I have many times attended in the "Yankee land." But oh! what
quilting; it was, however, executed very much as one would suppose it would be by hands much more accustomed to wield the spade and shovel than the cambric needle. They quilted with darning needles and traced their designs with charcoal, and I can assure you, those athletic fingers drew no microscopic lines, but every one of them exhibited a width and distinctness worthy of a heavy hand.

The entertainment Caroline served up for her company, with the permission from her master to provide just what she pleased, was well calculated to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. Pastry of various kinds and frosted cake that would rival any thing of the kind coming from the confectioner's oven, tea and coffee that a Frenchman might consider it a luxury to sip, and fowls and ham, and other meat most deliciously prepared, all together contributed to make up a feast that any ambitious landlady might be proud of.

Weddings and funerals among the slaves, as far as I know, are always conducted in the night. As a general thing the marriage ceremony is but a little regarded among the slaves, but there are instances when the favorite slave of a wealthy master is honored with as extensive prepa-
rations for a wedding as an own daughter might expect from her parents.

But it was always a melancholy thought to me that after a life of hard toil, no other hours but those of darkness could be allowed for the poor slave to be returned to his kindred dust. When a slave dies, the friends and companions of the deceased assemble together on the night of the same day on which the death occurred, and for an hour or two they sing and pray, and weep and wail for the departed. Then the body is taken up and carried to the grave. On a starless night the gloomy path of the mourners is lighted by pitch-pine torches, which every one forming the funeral procession holds a little above his head. But the body of the poor slave that is now so little heeded and cared for, when it can no longer minister to the pleasure of its master, and is now hurried to its long home amid the darkness of the evening, is destined ere long to rise in a new and glorious form in the brightness of the morning, and though all that remains of this once afflicted and crushed body is soon mingled with its native soil and forgotten by every thing earthly, "yet our Father's care shall keep this little dust."

"Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep."
In a previous letter I spoke of the packing of cotton by hand labor. When I wrote that article I had never seen it put up for market in any other way, but since that, I have made a second tour to the South, and have learned that this method has now given place to the machine, which greatly facilitates the process and compresses the same amount of cotton into a much smaller compass. The machine will press into a sack one yard and a half long, three quarters of a yard wide and the same in depth, from four to five hundred pounds.

Tales are often circulated at the North about the infant children of slaves being left unprotected in the field while the mother is obliged to continue at her task. All the time I was at the South, I never saw or heard of any such incident, and as I believe such statements are false, and know them to be altogether inconsistent with the solicitude the slaveholder always evinces with respect to this kind of property, I thought I would in this letter speak of the manner in which the young children are provided for in their mother’s absence. On all plantations of much extent there are always nurseries where all the children from infants a week old, up to ages of four or five are cradled and nursed as well as the aged women to whose
care they are entrusted while their mothers are in the field, are capable of doing. But even then it seems cruel that a mother can not see her little nursling oftener than three times a day, and then for only a few hasty moments, and I doubt not from the cries I have heard from those nurseries, that those helpless little ones often suffer from want of that nourishment nature has provided for infancy.

The situation of those who have the charge of these houses demands as much if not more commiseration than that of the children themselves.

The individuals to whom such a task is consigned, is generally those women whose great age incapacitates them for any other labor. It is no small task for two or three of these females, themselves in a second infancy, to rock the cradles and attend to the wants of twenty or thirty young children.

But slavery in its best form is nothing more nor less than a cruel bondage of which any country ought to be ashamed, much more one that makes such loud boasts of freedom as ours is always ready to trumpet far and wide.
LETTER XXIX.

A Southern Camp-meeting—Preparations for the same—Removal to the camp ground—Scenes on the camp ground—Meeting for the colored people.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to furnish my readers with a full account of a Southern camp-meeting, if I could be assured it would afford them half the entertainment I have myself enjoyed from a scene so extremely novel. Those of my readers who have had the pleasure of mingling with such congregations in the Northern country, may suppose I can present nothing new upon this subject, but if I fail of clothing this account with interest, it will certainly be owing to a defect in the descriptive powers of the writer, rather than to a want of what is in itself truly novel, amusing and exciting, for I can assure you, a Southern camp-meeting is very unlike any thing called by the same name at the North.

To the country people in the Northern part of Georgia, the season of the annual camp-meeting furnishes a date, from which and before
which, all the most important events of the whole year are reckoned. This convocation is to them, what the Thanksgiving day is to the New England people, and it occurs at about the same time of the year. By it, the time for the closing of the summer schools and commencement of the winter schools is regulated, and many business transactions refer to this time, and for months previous to an event of so much importance to all, every member in the family from the oldest to the youngest, anticipated an addition to his or her wardrobe, and this is so well understood by the city merchants and milliners, they endeavor to make their arrangements, if possible to meet all the demands upon their stock of fancy and dry goods, during this, as I have heard them say, their best harvest-time in all the year, and while Christians in anticipation of a glorious revival of religion, often recall to mind the most eloquent speakers of the past year, and ask who are expected to be, the coming season, the principal topics of conversation among the young and gay will be, costly and elegant articles of dress, and who was the "belle" last year and who probably will be this; and this rage for dress is not confined to the parlor and keeping rooms, but extends with equal ardor to the kitchen and field,
and you might hear the cook at the corn mill and women bending over the plough, each saying, she must have a new pair of shoes or a new frock, or a new handkerchief for her head.

All past events are reckoned from the last camp-meeting. For instance, you will hear one woman say, "she has had a bad cough ever since the camp meeting, such a person was taken sick with a fever soon after the camp-meeting, another died or was married so many months after the camp-meeting.

The removal of planters from their summer to their winter residences occurs at this time, for the hospitable and generous planter of the South, on occasions such as I am now describing, not only makes provision for the entertainment of his own family and numerous relations, but also for a large company of strangers; therefore he is obliged to take with him all those household conveniences that are indispensable to the comfort and good order of a well regulated family at home. Consequently they make their arrangements, in order to avoid the trouble of one extra move in the year, to go with all their goods and chattels from their summer homes to the camp ground, and from thence to their winter quarters.
The camp ground I visited was a beautiful square lot of forest land about one acre and a half in extent, laid out amid a native and gigantic growth of oaks several miles from any plantation. Upon one corner of this square stands the oldest church in the United States, and I believe the only one, for the erection of which a grant was obtained from the king of England. This building accommodates the usual Sabbath-day congregation, but for all large assemblies, and the annual county meetings, another large building called the Tabernacle has been erected upon an opposite corner of the same square. This latter house of worship, in construction, more strikingly resembles the city market, which I have already described, than it does a church, as it consists merely of a roof of great extent everywhere supported by pillars standing at regular distances from each other.

On every side of the square, all fronting the centre, the fathers of the principal families constituting these assemblies, have each their own family residence. These little habitations are built of logs, having a piazza in front, and their number is sufficient to enclose the entire square, while in the background are arranged all the outhouses belonging to each, such as the kitchens, stables for the horses, as also pens for the swine.
and folds for the herds and flocks, and coops for the chickens, all of which have been previously stalled for the coming slaughter; and I ought not to forget to mention in this connection, the kennels for the hounds and watch dogs, which are needed even more at such places than on the plantations, and which in many parts of Georgia and South Carolina, constitute the only police of the place.

But while such ample provision is made for the entertainment of those who assemble together for a season of spiritual refreshment, arrangements are also made to supply the wants of those who congregate in the out skirts of this little village to drink whisky, smoke cigars, play cards and steal horses. For the accommodation of this class of persons, a large framed saloon has been erected just a little beyond the church square, which was well furnished with all those things calculated to tempt the appetite, that one usually finds at resorts of the same kind in the city. I think I can truly say, I never saw a congregation of people, where the extremes from good to bad were so great as in this. It appeared to me that if it was ever true, that "when the sons of God assembled together, Satan came also," it was in this instance, for while the fervent and incessant prayers of
the righteous ascended on high like holy incense from within the camp, the curses and blasphemies that were poured forth from the throats of those who had encamped round about this place of prayer and praise, were sufficient to induce one to conclude he must have fallen somewhere near the precincts of the infernal regions.

For several days previous to the commencement of worship, persons from all quarters within the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, are busy in the transportation of all kinds of food and articles of furniture; chairs, tables, beds and bedsteads, cradles for babies, and coops for chickens, all heaped upon cotton Jersey carts, together with scores of men-servants and women-servants accompanied by a large supply of the canine race equally as well pleased as their masters with every thing new and exciting, all on the move to the same spot, composed a scene that was to me amusing beyond expression, and very forcibly recalled to my mind a little couplet associated with my early school days, which probably some of you will recollect having seen in Adams' old Arithmetic:

"Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

But after every article of household furniture is arranged in its proper place, as the sailor
would say, in "sea trim" and every thing reduced to order and quiet, the whole scene within the camp-ground assumes an aspect not only imposing but beautiful and romantic in the extreme, and particularly so in the evening and during the intervals of worship, when hundreds of young and joyous people, richly and gaily dressed, could be seen moving in all directions, or standing in small groups beneath the shade of some wide spreading tree, in this little city of oaks, as it might justly be called; for when the ground was prepared for the purpose for which it is now used, a sufficient number of the native forest trees were left standing to form a complete shade for the whole area. And now the branches from one tree to another have become so interwoven and the foliage so thick and heavy the sun's rays hardly ever reach the ground, but the same dark and green shade which renders this little spot so delightfully cool and refreshing during a hot summer's day, would also prevent those who spent the night there, from ever enjoying a moonlight evening, therefore to compensate for this apparent loss of the moon, every man has erected in front of his own house a platform about six feet from the ground and four or five feet square, upon which is laid earth to the depth of about one foot, for the
purpose of making a foundation for a fire, which is lighted every evening as soon as the stars begin to appear. This light is kept burning till towards midnight by a constant supply of pitch wood furnished by boys whose business it is to see that the whole camp-ground is sufficiently lighted during the convocation. These great fires at this elevation sent forth such a broad and brilliant sheet of light in all directions, that those who seated themselves in front of their dwellings could read with perfect ease without the aid of any other light, and while millions of sparks emitted from the burning fagots were carried up amid wreaths of curling smoke and lost among the thick boughs of the trees. The older members of the families would seat themselves beneath the piazzas to witness the past-times of the children, all collected together to vie with each other in the dexterity of trundling the hoop, throwing the ball, jumping the rope or running races, in all of which sports the dogs sustained a part by no means the least conspicuous, with caninish glee running to pick up the fallen hoop, bringing back the ball that had bounded too far, and in the race, often outstripping all the children.

But how I regret that a want of descriptive talent must prevent me from giving you a full
and complete idea of a scene so rich and beautiful, the best that I can do, it will fall far short of the reality and I must submit to this meagre description of a scene I now contemplate with interest and pleasure. The first thing in the morning, just as the sun is rising, this sleeping congregation is aroused from its slumbers by several loud and long blasts from a hunting trumpet, to attend early prayers, consequently with a slight attention to the toilet, the members of each family are soon collected together for worship. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind, the first time I ever had the pleasure of being present at one of these scenes. The master of the family in which I was most hospitably entertained for several days was a young man of about the age of twenty-six or eight, yet he presided over one of these extensive household establishments with all that ease and dignity becoming a patriarch of three score and ten. On that morning to which I have just alluded when for the first time I constituted one member of his family, now greatly increased by a large number of strangers, as soon as we were assembled he arose and in a sweet, clear and strong voice, sung,

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify," &c.
We were assembled in that part of the house called the "dining hall," the front of which was all open to the public view, and as all the other families were similarly situated, the songs of praise which went up from each could be distinctly heard by all the rest, as they resounded that morning through every part of the camp-ground. I never expect to enjoy another scene like this beneath the skies, but in the language of the poet I could sincerely say,

"My willing soul would stay,  
In such a scene as this."

During the meetings we had usually four sermons in the day from different speakers, the first in the morning at eight o'clock, then at eleven, one and four in the afternoon. As the most commanding eloquence of the Southern pulpits is collected on such occasions, one would not fail of having at least, an intellectual feast if not a spiritual one.

Before closing this letter, I will just notice an assembly of the colored people, who are during these meetings exempt from all labor, excepting what is connected with their masters' establishments. A good many of the servants, especially the females, prefer to go to the Tabernacle to meeting with their masters' families, but as there are hundreds more who want that free-
dom in speaking, singing, shouting and praying, they could not enjoy in the presence of their masters, efforts were made to accommodate them at an out-of-hearing distance, as any one would suppose from the white congregation, but after all, the sound of “glory to God,” shouted from the top of a strong sonorous voice on a still evening, would often fall upon the ears of those seated on the camp-ground. The ministers in their turn went down to preach for the colored people, and they frequently returned with the tale that there, they had had the most interesting meetings. Now I will close this letter by saying, I can never recall the scenes connected with a Southern camp-meeting, but with emotions of the deepest interest and pleasure, and when with a retrospective glance of the mind’s eye, I review scenes such as I have described in these letters, my soul invariably thirsts for a return to Southern life.
LETTER XXX.

Conclusion.

Before I close these letters, I will observe, that if I had allowed a predilection for Southern life to have influenced my pen, I should have withheld every incident that would in the least be calculated to militate against the character, manners, or institutions of the South, but I have laid aside as far as I was able all my own individual prejudices, and endeavored honestly to present things in a true light, sometimes exhibiting the light side of the picture, then again the dark side, and that too, by showing the state of my own feelings under different circumstances, as for instance, my readers could not help seeing I was unhappy when I saw the Sabbath spent as I have described, when I was in the Southern part of Georgia, then again, when I was in an other section of the country and under other circumstances, I enjoyed the camp-meeting, and if my Southern friends should be
disposed to think I have been too severe, I would say to them, if I were to give an account of the manners and customs of any place wherever I have visited at the North, I could draw one side of a picture with many shadows.

I would not be so illiberal as to wish to expose the mote in your eye while a beam is in ours, but while I regret the oppression that exists at the South, I can only wish for that place, with which many of the fondest recollections of my life are associated, that the morning of that day will ere long dawn upon her, when her laws shall annul the right

“To buy and sell, to barter, whip and hold
In chains a being of celestial make,
Of kindred form of kindred faculties,
Of kindred feelings, passions, thoughts, desires,
Born free, an heir of an immortal hope.”

But with all the faults of the South, I love her still, her sunny skies and forests ever green, her birds of song with voices sweet and plumage gay, are painted in indelible characters upon the tablets of my memory and often present themselves to my mind with all the freshness and vividness of a pleasing dream when one awaketh, and if I did not hold in grateful remembrance a place where I have received so
many favors, my conscience must plead guilty for the sin of ingratitude, for I never received any other treatment while in the Southern country, but that of the utmost politeness and kindness, and I do not know how I can express the sentiments I now entertain for all my Southern friends and acquaintances better than in the words of the valedictory I gave to the institution with which I was last connected at the South just before I left to return home, and as the expressions of respect, gratitude and affection which it contains are equally applicable to all the students and officers of the different institutions in which I have taught in that country, as well as to friends in general, I will repeat the same to all my Southern friends who may happen to see this work.

"As my labors in the A—— Female Seminary are now about to close, I deem it requisite for me to address a few words to the patrons and members of the Institution before I leave, therefore I have chosen this time as the one most convenient and proper for this purpose, and it may not be unmeet for my friends and pupils to learn my feelings when about to bid adieu, and that perhaps forever, to a place that by many hallowed associations, has found a deep place in my affections."
REMINISCENCES OF GEORGIA.

"Till within a few weeks I have considered A—— my home, but an overruling hand of Providence has recently caused me to change my purposes, and now seems to bid me return to my own country and people, and leave that situation which I have occupied for the few past months, to be filled by another who I trust will discharge the duties of one of the most responsible and difficult stations with no less acceptance to all than her predecessor.

"In justice to the young ladies who have been committed to my care, and for the satisfaction of their parents and guardians, I will now say, that your lady-like deportment in school and the strong attachment you have universally manifested towards me, has not only won my highest respect for you but my most sincere affection. The interest the greater part of you have felt in your studies and the rapid progress you have made in the various sciences you have been pursuing, has been a source of extreme satisfaction to me, and I think we can all say we have enjoyed ourselves much in each others society, notwithstanding we have had many occasions for deep sorrow. Death has been permitted to make inroads upon one little number, and to some of us under the most af-
flictive circumstances,* but in these trying hours we have shared each others sympathies and our tears have flowed together, but now we are about to separate, and though hundreds of miles shall intervene between us, I trust we

* Within the short space of five months, while the writer of these letters was connected with this Institution she buried her husband, lost one pupil who died of a fever, after an illness of only a few hours; another, a young lady of fifteen, in a most horrible manner by fire, and that too, in the school room in time of recess. As the day was rather cool for a Southern winter's day, this young lady with several of her companions had drawn around the stove for a few moments, which was an open one, and at the time had but a little fire in it. While standing there, earnestly engaged in conversation, her dress caught fire, and having on a great number of inflammable garments, she was in a moment enveloped in such a flame it was out of human power to extinguish it before her flesh was burnt to a crisp. The muscles in her limbs were so contracted, she said to one standing by her bedside, "aunt, I shall never straighten these arms again." After she was removed from the spot, where she had been burnt, the entire skin of one hand, all in shape like a glove, with the nails upon each finger, and two rings upon the third finger, was picked up by one of the young ladies which was buried without informing the bereaved friends, of the painful circumstance. She survived her first dreadful agonies but a few hours, then her soul, as we doubted not by her Christian life, took its flight to a better world, without a groan or struggle.
shall ever maintain a strong place in each others' memories and affections, and if you would show your love for me when I am gone, let your deportment on all occasions be such, that no one shall have reason to reproach me, for having been remiss in my instruction to you, and now may God grant that if we are never permitted to meet again this side of the grave, we may at last all be united where separation is never known.

To the Honorable Board of Trustees:

Sirs:—To a stranger as I was when I came among you, cast upon the mercies of those to whom no claim could be laid by any natural ties, for that friendship and protection which a lone female so much needs, nothing could be more acceptable than the tokens of kindness, which I have received at your hands since my lot has fallen among you, and nothing could have been more opportune, nor more gratefully received than was that recent testimonial of yours which so warmly expressed your approbation of my course in school, and reassured me of your firm and unshaken friendship, and now for this as well as for all other favors you have bestowed upon me, please accept my most cordial thanks.

To my friends in general, I would say, that I hope I fully appreciate all your efforts to make my situation among you a pleasant one. That
hospitality towards strangers, for which the people of the Southern States are so distinguished has ever been shown to me. I have visited many of you and never failed of receiving the most cordial welcome, and when affliction has nearly overwhelmed me, you have been ready to soothe my sorrows, and pour the balm of consolation into my wounded heart; but though every kind look and word, and every token of affection I have received from you, are treasured up in a heart that can never forget them, yet the favors I value above all price are those which were bestowed upon him whose mortal remains I must leave when I go away, to slumber in your soil.

It is with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure that I think of leaving a place that has become so dear to me. Year after year will pass away, and with them those who now know me here, and I shall be forgotten; but while life remains, I cannot forget A——, for with that name must forever be associated not only the most pleasant, but also the most painful reminiscences of my life.

Now with the desire that you may be abundantly rewarded for all your kindness to me, and that you in like circumstances will receive like favors, I will bid you Adieu.