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THE PRO-SLAVERY ARGUMENT,

AS MAINTAINED BY THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WRITERS OF THE SOUTHERN STATES:

CONTAINING THE SEVERAL ESSAYS, ON THE SUBJECT,

OF CHANCELLOR HARPER, GOVERNOR HAMMOND, DR. SIMMS, AND PROFESSOR DEW.

PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & CO.
1853.
THE MORALS OF SLAVERY.*

INTRODUCTION.

The original of the essay which follows was originally published in the pages of the Southern Literary Messenger, sometime in the year 1837. At that period the subject had not so greatly engaged the attention of the Southern people, as in more recent years; the progress of the anti-Slavery sentiment, in the Northern States and other regions, not having shown itself so active, pressing and insolent as it has since become. The very favorable opinion with which the article was, at the time, received, and the demand for copies, prompted its republication, in the form of a separate pamphlet, which appeared in 1838. This pamphlet was dedicated to the Honorable, the Delegates from South Carolina, in the Congress of the United States, in the following language:

"Gentlemen:

"If I did not regard you as representatives, not less of the interests of the slave of Carolina, than of the rights of his owner, I should not trouble you with this inscripition, nor the press with the publication of this little essay. Originally put forth in one of our Southern periodi-

* Being a brief review of the writings of Miss Martineau, and other persons, on the subject of Negro Slavery, as it now exists in the United States. By W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., of South Carolina.
cals, it has been so far honored by the approbation of its readers, as to make it desirable, in the estimation of many, that it should have a more extended circulation. This it should not have, if I could bring myself for an instant to believe, that I was moved to its preparation by any motive but a sincere desire for the truth; or, if I could doubt that it contains principles which no sophistry can subvert, and no misapplied ingenuity, whether of sheer cunning or of self-blinding philanthropy, could keep from the ultimate reception of mankind. The argument, indeed, is chiefly drawn from what would seem to be the inevitable sense of mankind upon the subject of which it treats, as that sense is illustrated and shown by the practices and the necessities of men throughout the world, and through all its successive ages, from its known beginning. I will not seek, therefore, to fortify my views by the accumulation of authorities which he who runs may read. In my humble notion, the whole world of human experience is tributary to their maintenance; and I would as soon doubt that it is truth which I profess, as question the final triumph of those opinions upon which the practice of all nations has invariably settled down. I speak now, only, as I deem it desirable that we should facilitate the advent of truth, and not because I have any doubts of her final coming. We should labor in her assistance, not so much because she may need our service, as because our feeble race stands so grievously in need of hers. This we can best do, not by persuasive and specious doctrines, and fine flexible sayings, but simply by a firm adherence to what we know, and to what we think we have already gained. As yet, we have, confessedly, but partial glimmerings of her divine presence,—her fixed and all sufficing light!—we must treasure up these gleams and glimpses, few and feeble though they be, until, to our more familiar eyes, star by star, she unfolds her perfect form; and,
with the loveliness and the light of heaven, irradiates the dim cloud that now hangs between her and the earth. That we shall pray long and vainly for this ideal of the moral world—that we shall look for it, with but little hope, whether in your day or in mine,—is not a matter of difficult prediction while there are so many, and so bold, prophets that proclaim themselves adversely throughout the land. But, that the continued and cheering presence of this blessed hope in the hearts of the few, will at length achieve what they so earnestly seek and sometimes die to realize, may be predicted with not less confidence. Let us, at least, labor that we may verify our own desires, and find renewed impulse to our labors, as we behold the industry of those who toil against us, and those things, which we conceive to be justified by their perfect consonance with the divine law. We may neither of us do much in this holy cause, but, if we gather, each, but a single shell from the great ocean of truth—to employ the fancy of one whose constant thought was the best philanthropy—we shall at least diminish the toils of those who shall follow in our footsteps along the shores of the same solitary and unknown regions."

There is nothing in the tone or sentiment of the preceding that the author would change, and the interval which has elapsed since the publication of the essay and the present time, has confirmed him in most of his convictions, while enabling him greatly to enlarge the sphere of his observations, and to add to the number of his facts.

It is thought by the present publishers, that the views here expressed, may still serve a useful purpose, in connection with those of others, in the defence of a domestic institution, which we hold to be not simply within the sanctions of justice and propriety, but as constituting one of the most essential agencies, under the divine plan, for promoting the gen-
eral progress of civilization, and for elevating, to a condition of humanity, a people otherwise barbarous, easily depraved, and needing the help of a superior condition—a power from without—to rescue them from a hopelessly savage state. In consenting to this republication, I am not unaware of the disadvantages under which it must labor, in comparison with other essays subsequently written. When I wrote, but little had been said in defence of African Slavery in America. Prescription was against it everywhere. All our maxims, our declamation, the pet phrases, equally of philanthropy and of demagogucism, were designed to render it odious and criminal; and, in the defence usually offered, on the part of those who maintained it, it was generally admitted that a wrong had been done, and that a social evil did exist, which expediency alone denied that we should seek to repair, or put away from us. The author was among the very few who took other and higher grounds. He denied that any wrong had been done to the African, in making him labor in America. He denied that any evil, but rather a great good and blessing, accrued from his appropriate but subordinate employment in the States of the South. He contended, that the institution of Slavery, per se, was not in violation of the divine law; that it had existed, in all ages, and from the earliest periods, under the immediate sanction of Heaven; and that most nations, while it endured among them, were in the enjoyment of the highest human prosperity. But the argument of the essay need not be anticipated here. Enough that, under certain slavish habits of thinking, many of these opinions were regarded as heresies, even in the South. It was not easy, even with the interests of the community to support the truth, to eradicate that falsehood from their minds, which had been the growth of prescription and the habit of thought, of phrase and formula, for a hundred years—errors
of opinion, when habitual, being entirely hostile to all independent and honest thinking. But the progress of fifteen years, since the first publication of this essay, has effected a corresponding progress to independence in the opinion and sentiment of our people. Forced, by external and hostile pressure, to re-examine the argument, the grounds upon which their title rests to the labor of their slaves, they have found themselves fortified by higher authority than they had originally claimed in mere expediency. It is one of the happy results of evil always, according to the benign decree of providence, that it must ultimately work out the fruits of good, in despite of its malicious contriver; and it should be a subject of great gratification to the people of the South, that abolition, with all its annoyances and offences against our peace and safety, has resulted in our moral reassurance,—in the establishing, to our own perfect conviction, our right to the labor of our slaves, and in relieving us from all that doubt, that morbid feeling of weakness in respect to the moral of our claim, which was undoubtedly felt so long as we forebore the proper consideration of the argument. Twenty years ago, few persons in the South undertook to justify Negro Slavery, except on the score of necessity. Now, very few persons in the same region, question their perfect right to the labor of their slaves,—and more,—their moral obligation to keep them still subject, as slaves, and to compel their labor, so long as they remain the inferior beings which we find them now, and which they seem to have been from the beginning. This is a great good, the fruit wholly of the hostile pressure. It has forced us to examine into the sources of the truth; to reject the specious formula, which originally deluded us, and still deludes so many; and to feel the strength of our argument, by which we are justified to our own consciences, and to know our justification, as slave-holders, to be complete, according to all
proper morals, and in accordance equally with sacred and profane experience.

I have but to add that, in the revision of the review which follows, I have not confined myself to a consideration of the case, according to the condition of the country when it was written, the lights then possessed and the opinions entertained. I have not scrupled to make such additions, alterations and amendments, as my own longer experience, as well as that of our people, and the subsequent thought given to the subject, shall have suggested as proper and useful to the discussion. In the plan of my paper, I have made no changes. It has seemed to me proper that I should still address myself to Miss Martineau, as fairly representing that tribe whose restless eagerness, morbid self-esteem, and complacent philanthropy—never so well satisfied as when, preaching reform, it designs revolution—are at the bottom of all the dangers which threaten the existing civilization and safety of mankind. In showing up her mistakes of fact and opinion, I do but indicate those which are common to her sect; and, what is desultory in the manner of the essay, may be forgiven, in consideration of the freedom which it affords; by which the gravity of the discussion is relieved, and the occasional employment of what is personal and anecdotal, is made the better to illustrate the case.

Charleston, July 1, 1852.
THE MORALS OF SLAVERY.

In the course of my wanderings, last summer, in some of the Northern States, a friend, who had possessed himself of the volumes of Miss Martineau, descriptive of her Western Travel, drew my attention to those portions of her work which related especially to South-Carolina. He was anxious that, as a native of that State, who had resided in it all his life, and who might, accordingly, be assumed to know the condition and character of its society, I should say in what degree the good lady had erred in the statement of her facts. Her inferences in respect to them, we were both agreed, might be reserved for after consideration. Her report, I need not say, had been by no means a grateful one. She had seen many things which she understood unfavorably. She had reported many other unseen things, equally unfavorable, on the authority of others; and her conjectures, and doubts, and suspicions, were of a sort sufficiently to show, that the indulgent entertainment which she had found in Carolina, had not tended very materially to raise her estimate of a people, whom, it was evident, she was prepared to study only through the medium of her prejudices. My friend, who was a northern man, agreed that Miss Martineau was a very favorable sample of the more intelligent among the abolitionists; that she had embodied pretty generally their authorities and arguments, and that her alleged facts, and the inferences drawn...
from them, were such as constituted the materials of warfare commonly employed by the fraternity. To expose her errors and to answer her charges, was sufficiently to answer all; and as he was really curious, and, I believe, in good faith solicitous of the truth, I was not unwilling to undertake the task which he pointed out, and to go over with him, page by page, the two thick duodecimos of the philanthropic lady. Pencil in hand, we noted all her points, not only in respect to Carolina, but all the States, so far as the subjects were familiar to either of us; and the result was the expression, on his part, of a wish, that I should take up the matter in some of our periodicals, and answer to her, as I had done to him, the charges which she had made against my particular province. It was only a natural opinion that, to expose her blunders in regard to one of the States, we should reasonably compel a proper caution, on the part of the reader, in the adoption of her authority in respect to any; and it might be that the sectional labors of one citizen would thus persuade others, in other regions which the lady traveller had disparaged, to undertake the patriotic labor of following her footsteps, and correcting her blunders, as fast as she committed them. It was agreed, between us, that the first essential was to disprove the facts of the abolitionists. They had relied upon these alleged facts in the first instance, to create an antipathy to the slaveholder. To paint the horrors of Slavery, so as to revolt the sensibilities of humanity, was the first great means by which to show that the institution was unnatural and irreligious, and its tendencies necessarily inhuman. The rest was easy. Our first business, accordingly, was with the facts; to dispose of these, was to clear the way to an inquiry into the institution of Slavery, *per se*, as a moral question. No matter how seemingly insignificant was the fact asserted, it thus became important to the discussion; and the insignificance of the details
was not a sufficient reason for shoving them aside from consideration. The common mind rarely reasons independently of practical considerations; and its prejudices, by which the most wholesome laws are overthrown, are morally founded in matters of fact, which, intrinsically, have, perhaps, no sort of bearing upon the morals of the subject. To assert, as we do in argument, that there is no course so illogical as that which reasons from the abuse against the use, is scarcely sufficient for our purpose when dealing with the ignorant. It must be our care, also, to show the gross exaggeration, if not utter mis-statement, in the matter of the abuse;—show that the morals of the philanthropist do not deny that he should lie ad libitum, even when he proposes nothing less than a holy warfare in the cause of truth; and that if Slavery in the States of the South is to be overthrown, it must be by argument drawn from intrinsic considerations of the institution itself, and not from the alleged inhumanity of the slave-holder.

I was not unwilling to comply with the request of my friend—not unwilling to assist the stranger to our country in arriving at a knowledge—which appears so equally difficult and necessary—of a region of the world, which our foreign brethren are so well pleased to insist upon as barbarous. But here, at the very threshold of the subject, my pride revolted at the task. Why should we account to these people! What are they that they should subject us to the question! We are their equals; springing from the same stocks, in possession of the same authorities, learning at the same schools, taught from the same books, by the same great masters of thought and language, and in the full assertion of an equal civilization and freedom. Speaking once with Miss C. Sedgwick,—a lady whom, in spite of her abolition prejudices, I greatly esteem,—in respect to the gradual progress of the negro under our care and tuition, to the exercise of a higher
moral and intellect than he had ever exhibited, as a freeman in
his own or in any country, she asked "But what security do
you give us that you will continue to advance him?" The
natural reply was immediate. "Give you security? You
mistake. We offer you none. We are your equals. We
owe you no accountability. Our responsibility is to God and
our own consciences alone." The same natural pride would
prompt us to answer the scorned with scorn, and the assailant
with defiance. What we offer is voluntary. What we put
on record, is not in our defence, but in the assertion of the
truth, and that we may furnish the due authenticies to history.
The very approach to the subject, on the part of the stranger,
is an implied impertinence. It goes on the assumption of
our inferiority, as well as our error. The Southern people
form a nation, and, as such, it derogates from their dignity
that they should be called to answer at the tribunals of any
other nation. When that call shall be definitely or impera-
tively made, they will answer with their weapons, and in no
other language than that of war to the knife.

As individuals, the annoyance of such an approach is more
acutely felt, since it outrages their personal self-esteem. The
Southerner asks with indignation, why it is that he and his
people should be supposed guilty of brutalities and cruelties
to the negro race, which are inconsistent with the civilization
of that race to which he belongs? What do you see in us,
our manners, tastes, opinions or habits, to lead you to think
us less humane and intelligent than yourselves; less consider-
ate of the claims, less solicitous of the sympathies of the in-
ferior? And he may well ask these questions, with astonish-
ment, since, what he sees, elsewhere, is by no means calculated
to prompt his doubts of an inferior humanity in his own
bosom. Yet the daily narrative and clamor of the abolition-
ists teaches this very doubt, which it is their policy to incul-
cate. In conflict with this assumption of our assailants, it is usual to ascribe to the people of the South a somewhat superior refinement. Their grace of manner, courteous bearing, gentleness of deportment, studious forbearance and unobtrusiveness—their social characteristics, in general—all assumed to spring from the peculiar institution of Negro Slavery, as affording superior time, as well as leisure, to the controlling race—are usually admitted without question. The testimony of the intelligent European is commonly to this effect. That these traits should be held consistent with brutal practice, savage passions, and a reckless tyranny over inferiors, is naturally a great difficulty in the way of those whose habit it is to recognize good manners as, in some degree, a warranty for good morals. In regard to the former, the Southron, who is something of a traveller, has rarely occasion to feel mortified at the comparison with the people among whom he travels; and his wonder is even greater than his mortification, when he finds himself charged with crimes against humanity, such as are in strange conflict with his social attainments and position. To these charges it is not his custom to offer any reply; his scorn of the imputation usually rendering him unconscious of the assailant, whom he regards rather as a slanderer than an adversary.

What is true of the relations of the Southern people with the Northern, is, in a great degree, true of the general relations of both people with the British; and the inordinate self-esteem of the latter, coupled with quite an adequate share of ignorance, makes it almost impossible to teach them, through any processes, except those of war, to accord the simplest justice to their cis-Atlantic descendants. In ordinary cases—viewing the proposition abstractly—and a colony, it will be taken for granted, must resemble, in all substantial particulars, the country from which it goes forth. In its habits
and pursuits, its tastes and objects, its general modes of thinking, and the common carriage of society, its people will exhibit, with very trifling modifications, the race from which they sprang. This, which is true as a rule, is yet not without its exceptions; and it is the pleasure of the people of Great Britain to regard those of America as falling very far short of those superior standards, of mind and society, which they have set up as their own. Their travellers, accordingly, when they come among us, and write about us, do so with the air of persons surveying the savages of some newly found country—some Polynesia or Australasia—that fifth portion of the world for which they are only now providing fine names and probably foul destinies. Their very first approaches among us are made with an air of superiority; either of an insolence which contemns, or of a patronage which is scarcely less offensive; and they speak with certain assumptions forever in their mouths, by which we are required to waive altogether the advantages of ancestry—forego any claims that might result to us from the possession of an origin, a language and a literature, in common with themselves,—and content ourselves with that place, on the lower form, from which it is scarcely possible, or to be permitted, that we shall at any time emerge into honorable consideration. Our intercourse, in limine, begins with a distinct assertion of our inferiority and degeneracy; and the pert noble, or the unsexed spinster, never rising to a consideration of what has been done by our branch of the family, almost single-handed, will impudently set themselves up as the social and political teachers of a people, which, from its own ranks, has produced, in modern and recent times, many of the master spirits of the world. One of the consequences of this practice, is, to exclude all such persons from the society of those who could best enlighten them in American facts, and give them the most just notions of American morals and
manners. Persons having a becoming sense of their own claims, and those of their country, never permit these boors to enter their habitations. They fall, accordingly, into the hands of those only who seek notoriety;—of those who, conscious of inferior position at home, are eager to seize upon the titled or the notorious foreigner—any one, indeed, who can, by any possibility, lift them into local consideration. These persons conciliate the visitor by such concessions as, did they represent the nation, would wholly degrade it; and, not the least of the evils accruing from their toadyism is, that they suffer, without denial, the assumptions of the stranger at the expense of their country. This is the fruit equally of their desire to flatter the guest, and of their incapacity to engage in the argument. The enlightened Englishman will find little difficulty in recognizing the better society of the United States in those who make him the fewest possible approaches;—those who let him see, at the outset, that their desire of society, however eager, is not to be gratified at the sacrifice of their proper self-esteem. The reserve of this class, towards the foreigner, is in due degree with the eagerness with which the merely pretentious press torwads him. What he hears and learns from the latter, in respect to parties, sections, or the country at large, must always be taken with a due caution, which never, at any time, overlooks the doubtful moral of that authority which begins with the surrender of the individual amour propre.

The misfortune of Miss Martineau was in falling very frequently into such hands as these, when she came to this country; a circumstance which, in addition to the farther fact that her abolition sympathies conducted her naturally into the embraces of those who were hostile to the South, served sufficiently to fill her mind with false facts, as it had already been sufficiently stored with false philosophy. That she saw many intelligent and worthy people, besides, we do not deny;
but she saw them, and sought them, only that she might exercise her favorite passion for polemics. She sought them for the purposes of encounter; and frequently chuckled, in fancied triumphs, over statesmen and philosophers, who preferred temporary submission to her tongue, rather than encounter the toil of appealing to a mind which, on certain subjects, was, to the full, as inaccessible as her ears.

When Miss Martineau, after acknowledging the peculiar disability under which she labors, in being deaf, proceeds to hunt up and to dilate upon some of the advantages of such an infirmity; and, with an ingenuity which deserves credit, (and in New-England might have found it, had she withheld her remarks upon that region,) dilates upon the winning power which her trumpet exercises in a tête-à-tête—we, at once, discover the sort of person with whom we have to deal. Had she written volumes with the design of illustrating the peculiar properties of her own mind, she could have said nothing which better conveys the idea of the adroit casuist, ready and able to make the best case out of the worst;—to raise subtle hypotheses,—to suggest means of fight and defence in the worst cases,—to plan sorties and escapes; and, whatever might be the fate of the conflict, if she did not "change sides," at least "still continue to dispute." The passage of her preface, in which this singular stretch of self deception (if we may so style it) occurs, is truly an amusing one. Her accuracy of information, she insists, is not diminished in consequence of her deafness; for her trumpet is one of "singular fidelity," and she "gains more in a tête-à-tête, than is given to people who hear general conversation." This is one of those passages, with which the volume abounds, which most admirably illustrate the perfect assurance of the author. What person beside herself would undertake to argue for the advantages of being deaf? To prove that the ears are but surplusage, is certainly
to suggest to the deity a process of improvement, by which the curtailment of a sense will help the endowments of a philosopher. Here, she assumes cognizance of a subject, and decides a preference, which she is physically incapable of considering; and, without thought—for the reflection of a single instant would have saved her from the absurdity—proceeds to determine upon a point obviously beyond her capacity. Satisfied, herself, with the "charm of her trumpet," and fully persuaded, as she seems to be, of the truth of what she has said, she is yet dubious that there will be some unwisely skeptical whom it is yet necessary to convince; and the reason which she gives for the truth that is in her, may amuse many whom it will certainly fail to satisfy.

"Its charm (the charm of chatting through a trumpet with a deaf damsel of a 'certain age!') consists in the new feeling which it imparts, of ease and privacy!"

It does not seem to strike her for an instant that, among a people, like the Americans, who are singularly susceptible of the ridiculous, there would be nothing half so awkward as to be subjected to this charming tête-à-tête. Yet such was the case. We know many intelligent persons who declined to make the lady's acquaintance while in this country, simply on account of her trumpet, and the awkwardness of such a chat in company, who, otherwise, would have been very well pleased to know her, and who might have afforded her some very useful information. This latter opinion, she, perhaps, will not so readily believe; since she tells us, in brief, that, during her travels of nearly two years among the Americans, seldom more than two weeks in any one place, and thus dividing her time among fifteen or eighteen millions of persons, she made the acquaintance of nearly all of the distinguished people, and believes that she "heard every argument that can possibly be adduced in vindication or palliation of Slavery!" In a
note, only a few pages apart from this precious sample of assurance, she gives a little anecdote which will answer all the purposes of a commentary upon it. She says:

"A fact regarding Mr. Gallatin, shows what the obscurity of country life in the United States may be. His estate was originally in Virginia. By a new division it was thrown into the back part of Pennsylvania. He ceased to be heard of for some years. . . . During this time an advertisement appeared in a newspaper, asking for tidings of 'one Albert Gallatin,' and adding, that if he were still living, he might, on making a certain application, hear of something to his advantage."

So much for the story, which may be true or not. It is highly probable. And yet, it will be remembered—that the hardihood of our traveller may be the better understood—that Mr. Albert Gallatin has the reputation of being one of our most celebrated economists—a statesman highly distinguished for his acumen and frequently employed;—an ethnologist of no mean reputation. It was left for Miss Martineau, in spite of the "obscurity of country life in the United States,"—which is peculiarly the nation of great distances,—to find out all the distinguished men, and to hear all the arguments that were worth hearing. The "charm" of her trumpet, however, being taken into consideration, some of the difficulties of the achievement were, no doubt, readily overcome.

A little proem taken from a paper in the Edinburgh Review, furnishes the text for a portion of her preface. This text dilates, though summarily, upon the folly and impertinence of any traveller assuming, by a brief race through a neighboring country, to generalize, for the people thereof, from his own partial and hasty observations. Miss Martineau, with an air of no little humility at first, acknowledges the force of this
paragraph; and is almost resolved, as she felt the reasonableness of its suggestions, to say nothing "in print on the condition of society in the United States." But she does not keep in this mind long. Indeed, how could she, in utter disregard of the leading habit of her life? To quote the paragraph, was only to serve its suggestions, as she does so many conversational ninepins which she sets up, here and there, throughout her two volumes, simply to show how well she can bowl them down. This is her obvious purpose in making the quotation; and she concludes not to mind its arguments, but to print and generalize, for good or for evil; contenting herself with saying, most illogically, in defence of her resolve, that "men will never arrive at a knowledge of each other, if those who have the power of foreign observation refuse to relate what they think they have learned; or even to lay before others the materials from which they themselves hesitate to construct a theory, or draw large conclusions."

No wonder error should breed so fast, and attain a growth so vigorous, when this sort of morals is to be inculcated. "I am not sure," says our author, "that what I tell you is the truth, but never mind, it looks sufficiently like the truth for all common purposes, and with my dressing; and better that than nothing. If we scruple to say what we conjecture, we should perhaps know but little of each other, and an ingenious conjecture is certainly a good substitute for an unknown fact. Be thankful, with Sancho, and look not the gift horse too narrowly in the mouth."

This is the gist of the argument. It does not occur to the good lady that the task of unlearning the error is perhaps one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the progress to the truth. But allowing all the credit claimed for her reasoning, it could only apply to a region of which there is no means to acquire better information. In regard to the United States,
of which the people of Great Britain have it in their power to know so much; to which their travellers crowd daily; of which they publish accounts daily; with which their intercourse, of the most imposing and valuable kind, is constant, absorbing, and hourly increasing, the suggestion is a mere absurdity. The good lady knew of this intimate relation quite as well as any body else; but she had a policy in foretelling the opinions and inferences of others. It belonged to her philosophy that she should furnish the guide points and the clues to the traveller; that she should shape his facts and construct his philosophies; and this, not because she desired the perversion of the truth, but that she was sworn to the progress of a theory which served all the purposes of a perfect truth to her.

The same preface affords us another marvellous statement, in regard to the condition of Miss Martineau's mind, when she proposed to visit the United States. To those who know the lady, whether from her writings or from personal intercourse, the following passage will seem as perfect an absurdity as any of the many in her volumes. She tells us that she "went with a mind, she believes, as nearly as possible unprejudiced about America; with a strong disposition to admire democratic institutions; but an entire ignorance how far the people of the United States lived up to or fell below, their own theory. She had read whatever she could lay hold of that had been written about them; but was unable to satisfy herself that, after all, she understood anything whatever of their condition. As to knowledge of them, her mind was nearly a blank; as to opinion of their state, she did not carry the germ of one."

If this be the truth, Miss Martineau was capable of far more forbearance, on the subject of the United States, than is her usual habit on most other subjects. She was a democrat in England, writing incessantly on topics, and in regard to institutions and objects, which necessarily involved a close conside-
ration of a region which, to her class, conveyed in some degree an ideal realm of security and happiness,—perfect freedom and proper philanthropy. She tells us that she had read all that she could lay hands on in relation to America, yet had learned nothing. Is it possible that such was the case; that the people of Great Britain, down to this the day of her writing, had left themselves so utterly uninformed as to a people with whom their original relations were so intimate; with whom they had fought two bloody wars; with whom they carried on the most profitable commercial intercourse? Credat Judææ! Miss Martineau, at least, could never have left herself thus ignorant, whatever had been the indifference of her people upon this subject. She is one of those coarse, eager, bold, disputatious persons, strong of will, restless in search, keen and persevering, who are never satisfied with themselves, until they have acquired some leading notions upon every topic to which their minds may be addressed. She will store her memory with facts, or such as she deems so, drawn from no matter what quarter, and she will brood upon these facts until she shapes and resolves them all into tributary groups for the maintenance of whatsoever view of the case may have obtained predominance in her mind. She has formed a habit of speculating as she goes,—a very good habit, if her mind were not always subject to a bias,—and with this habit she has formed another, a far less valuable one, of declaiming her philosophies aloud, as fast as they accumulate in her thought. Nothing escapes her tongue, however much avoids her ear. No subject is felt too great, none proves too little, for her scrutiny. She shrinks from neither extreme. The shallows and the deeps, alike, form her elements, though she shows herself ludicrously striving to dive in the one, and to wade upright in the other. To those who, not caring either to wade or dive in such waters, will
content themselves with simply glancing at the ambitious heads of her chapters, her sections, and her subdivisions, the surprise will be unqualified at her universality. The distich occurs naturally as you read—

"Still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all she knows."

While other travellers, rating themselves modestly, are satisfied usually to relate only what they see and hear, and only now and then to dilate upon some single topic, with which they assume to be particularly acquainted; our author, with a surprising capacity, and a boldness rather remarkable than attractive, theorizes upon all. "Politics," "the apparatus of government," "the morals of politics," "public and private economy," "agriculture," "internal improvements," "manufactures," "commerce," "morals of economy," "civilization," "honor," "woman," "children," "sufferers," "utterance," "religion,"—"its science, its spirit, and its administration"—these are the heads under which come up a thousand specifications and subdivisions, upon all of which she is equally copious, bold and dogmatical. How far she may have been ignorant of the United States before she came to this country, and how utterly opinionless she was thereon,—though reading every book she could lay hold of, which treated of the subject,—I will not pretend to determine. Certain it is, she has been anything but slow in forming opinions since her visit. Her knowledge of the subject is another matter; and, after all her journeys and essays, I am prepared to give her credit for as little real information, in regard to America, as at the moment of her disembarkation upon our shores. But the want of knowledge in her case implies no want of speech. Her readiness to discuss the theme of which she hears for the first time, reminds us of the happy declaration, a few years ago, by a member of Congress, whose confession, like that of
Miss Martineau, should have prepared us for any other course. "Mr. Speaker," he said naively, "I know nothing of the subject under discussion, but I intend to go on arguing it, until I l'arn all the necessary knowledge," &c.

Miss Martineau argues, no doubt, with the same hope, though it is clear that her progress is not exactly in the direction of the desired result. I do not doubt her real ignorance of the subject of America, for the simple reason that all the facts in the world will not avail to make a simple truth, in the case of one who perverts them to the maintenance of a prejudice. As to the passiveness of her mind, in the formation of opinions touching this country, prior to her visit, we may be permitted to doubt a little. She deceived herself, I am very sure, as most English travellers do, on the subject of this dispassionateness. The Halls', Hamilton's, Trollope's, et id omne genus, all allege the same grateful impartiality; nay, the greater number of them insist, with Miss Martineau, upon their absolutely democratic tendencies; as if any well educated Englishman could be a democrat, in the vulgar sense of the term, and at the same time an honest man. But the word democrat, with the modern Englishman—I am not now speaking of the Chartists—has really no signification more profound than was implied in the old word Dissenter. Their notion of it implied no revolution—no absolute change, perhaps,—nothing more than a modification of existing conditions,—with a more indulgent recognition on the part of those in power, of the great merits of many, who sat in the king's porch, upon anxious benches—waiters upon providence, in better phrase. But American democracy was an argument in the mouths of these good people, since it is sometimes necessary to appeal to the apprehensions, as well as the wisdom, of men in power. For this reason, American democracy had to be studied, and, if possible, understood. A similar neces-
sity existed in France, and that gave us De Tocqueville. Miss Martineau, possibly, had some design of doing for England, in this respect, what the former had done for France. She might well fancy that there was some special call upon her to do this work. As a democrat after the English fashion—nay, something more,—as a perfect leveller, for the time, in England, the government and institutions of the United States (Slavery always excepted) might well loom up before her imagination in beautiful contrast with those of her own government. Our theories more completely harmonized with her own,—nay, most probably helped to originate them. She could not, accordingly, by any possibility, have escaped the formation of a large body of opinions in relation to our people, society, and institutions; and that she had formed such opinions, and very decisive ones, too, in respect to them, is everywhere apparent in these volumes. It is, indeed, from opinions thus previously formed, upon imperfect data, or facts vitiated by her anomalous theories, that most of her errors have arisen. Her notions of democracy, for example, lead her constantly to overlook the fact, that, whatever may be our abstractions or her own, we have a limited and restraining charter—a constitutional compact—which overrules and overrides, or should do so, every enactment of Congress and the laws. This fact is continually conflicting, in its operations, with the cherished idea in her head. Of course, whenever this happens, we fall short of our theories—our plan is defective—the charter is anomalous—the people are corrupt. The ideal of the good lady furnishes the only correct standard.

On the subject of Slavery in America, her detestation is avowed as having been entertained long before she entered the slave States. It was entertained long before she left England; and very naturally so. The subject, from the labors of Clarkson and others, had been the philanthropic hobby of the
British government and people for many years past. The wisest among their statesmen doubted of the wisdom of this; and the number of doubters among their wise men, increases daily, as the results of the emancipation experiment declare themselves. But, for a considerable period, it was the favorite subject of British declamation; that which cant most delighted to indulge in, and to which national vanity was most pleased to listen. The insane and cruel act which set free the slaves of the British West Indies, to the ruin of that region as well as themselves, was one of those tremendous acts of legislation, by which pride and vanity rear themselves monuments; but, too frequently, at the expense of their country. Abolition, naturally, under the sanction of such an act, became the national cry, the popular watch-word, the subject upon which every well-fed British subject felt himself entitled to expatriate. The habit was prescriptive. There was no opinion in the matter. It was the result of no thought, no examination of the subject. It was simply the embodiment of a self-glorifying phrase, uttered and uttered falsely long before, which proclaimed that the chains fell from the limbs of the slave the moment that he touched the soil of Britain; and this, while Britain was planting African Slavery in America, and subjecting the free-born chiefs and people of the East to war, havoc, spoliation, and the most cruel bondage. Verily, the only monument which truth and the future will rear to the atrocious hypocrisy of such an act of grace as the emancipation of the West India negroes, must be that "whited sepulchre," which, in Scripture language, is made to illustrate that shameless looking up, and challenging the praise of heaven, while doing the work of hell!

It belonged to the generally levelling tendencies of Miss Martineau's character that she should be hostile to the institution of Negro Slavery without regard to its facts. She
shared the prejudices of her times and country, and, though a strong-minded woman in many respects, it suited too well with her usual modes of thinking, to set aside the national prejudices, and, looking behind the mere name of odium, which attached to the institution, to inquire into its substantial working and results, by which, alone, the moral uses and propriety of any institution could be determined. Had it not been for this name of odium, and that Slavery had been assimilated with those features of government policy which it was her cue to obliterate, we shou’d have seen her, as we have in latter days seen Carlyle, boldly looking through all the mists and mystifications of the subject, and probing it with an independent analysis, with which neither prescription, nor prejudices, nor selfish policy, could be permitted to interfere. Her self-relying nature would have sufficed for this, had she not determined against Slavery, before acquiring any just knowledge of that condition which has received this name. On this topic, at least, her sentiments were decided long before she left Europe. When she reached New-England, the brotherly love of that region served to heighten this detestation, which thenceforward became so cordial, that all things and thoughts, whatever she saw or heard, only gave it added aliment. It was fed, we are not sorry to add, in most cases, at the previous sacrifice of truth. I do not mean to say that Miss Martineau wilfully related falsehoods, or willingly adopted them. Far from it. I must do her the justice to say that I regard her volumes, as written throughout in good faith, and with a mind of the most perfect integrity; so far as integrity may be predicated of a mind in a condition only of partial sanity. But on the one subject she is a monomaniac, with all the wonderful ingenuity, to pervert the truth, and shape the fanciful to her purposes, which marks the nature of the monomaniac. Biassed and bigoted to the
last degree on the subject of Slavery, she could neither believe
the truth, when it spoke in behalf of the slaveholder, nor ques-
tion the falsehood, however gross, when it fell from the lips of
the abolitionist. The morbid quality in her mind effectually
impair her ordinary capacity, strong in most other respects,
to observe and judge with vigilance and sagacity. Thus, for
example, in proof not less of this bias, than of its demoraliz-
ing influence upon her mind, we are told that the abolition-
ists sent no incendiary tracts among the slaves, and that they
use no direct means towards promoting their objects in the
slave States. "It is wholly untrue that they insinuate their
publications into the South." Such is her bold assertion;
yet, "Mr. Madison made the charge, so did Mr. Clay, so did
every slaveholder and merchant with whom I conversed. I
chose afterwards to hear the other side of the whole question;
and I found, to my amazement, that this charge was wholly
groundless." Here the lady undertakes to decide a question
of veracity, with singular composure, in favor of her friends,
and at the expense of the first names of the country. Would
Miss Martineau have done this, and that too in the assertion
of a negative, if she were in full possession of her wits? But,
so far from the denial being valid, "of the other side," the
matter is one of public notoriety throughout the country;
leading, in some cases, to demonstrations, which were beyond
question the gutting of post-offices, filled with incendiary
documents, and public bonfires of their contents in the streets
of large cities.

"Nor did it occur to me," she writes, "that, as slaves can-
not read," &c.

This is one of her assertions, her facts, which is as noto-
riously false as her previous statement. Thousands of negro
slaves do read, as any body may see who has ever visited the
cities of the South; but, the slaveholders allege—though the
abolitionists may deny—that, lest the slave should labor under this disability, and for the better conveying the lesson to the thousands that do read, gross cuts are employed in these abolition newspapers, and are even stamped upon manufactured cottons, of the kind usually furnished for negro consumption, and insinuated, here and there, at decent intervals, among the bales designed for the Southern market. Such bales were laid bare to public examination, in the city of Charleston, but a few years before the visit of Miss Martineau. She might have obtained ample evidence from New-England authority, on this point, had she desired it, when in that city.

"Slavery," says our author, "of a very mild kind, has been abolished in the northern parts of the Union." What knowledge had Miss Martineau, except from interested parties, by which to enable her to pronounce so authoritatively upon the character of the institution at the North? Slavery, properly speaking, never was abolished at all, in any of the States where it originally obtained. It simply died out, when it ceased to be profitable. In some of the States, no formal enactment was necessary; and we believe it is only within five years that Massachusetts placed any such decree among her statutes; if, indeed, she has yet done so. The New-England States were never, to any great extent, slave-holding; their virtues were chiefly exercised in slave-selling. To New-England and Old England, the South almost wholly owes her slaves. They stole the African from his native land, and bartered him away, without a care what became of him afterwards; their philanthropy by no means disquieted at the reflection that he might fall into the hands of those who might brutally entreat him—a people, not like themselves, proverbially God-fearing and men-loving. They kept but few of their captives among themselves, and those only who were least saleable. It was not profitable to use negro labor in
the cold and sterile regions of New-England; nor did any act of abolition, when it did occur, help many of the slaves of that country. The great bulk of their negroes were sold to the South long before it could go into operation. Few were suffered to remain to taste its benefits (?) except the infirm, and here and there an old servant of some wealthy family, who could very well afford to give him that liberty which the dependent rarely sought to assert. This is the true history of Slavery in New-England. We may add—what may be new to our British philanthropists—that it was from the Southern colonies that the prayer was first heard to arise, to the British Parliament, to arrest the further traffic in, and importation of, slaves; a prayer to which the mother country turned a deaf ear always. New-England continued to steal and sell the property which she did not care to keep, and for which she now refuses all warranty. She would still continue to do so, if she could. Her ships still continue the trade at the perils of piracy. The South gave up one of its best securities against New-England morals when it assented to the abolition of the slave trade. But, to proceed with our author.

It is one part of the policy of the abolitionists to urge the continual insecurity which attends the condition of the slave-holder; to show that he sleeps upon the pillow of fear, and that his own convictions forever prompt the dread of vengeance at the hands of his serviles. There is an argument to be deduced from this apprehension, if it could be shown to exist, since any human institution, thus guarded by terror, would seem to be in conflict with the design and decree of Providence. The condition would seem an unnatural one, and the moral which might be drawn from it would appear to be fatal to its propriety. Such, at least, is the assumption; and it is one which we should by no means deny, if the danger arose from the natural movements of the servile mind,
and were not instigated from without. But, without engaging in the discussion of this principle, it is enough that we join issue with our enemies upon the fact. Miss Martineau contributes, in a small way, to this portion of the subject, by retailing a number of petty anecdotes;—some ludicrous enough, and others merely foolish and vicious without being ludicrous, to show the feeling of insecurity of the whites of the South, and their dread of the negro population. I quote a single paragraph, by way of sample, from the collection of the lady, and will proceed to analyze it, in order to show the absurdity of the statement. In doing this, it will be seen how singularly obtuse the mind may become, even in the case of one so generally acute as Miss Martineau, when it is inveterate in the pursuit of a given object, and held in bondage to a controlling prejudice.

"At Charleston, when a fire breaks out, the gentlemen all go home on the ringing of the alarm bell; the ladies rise and dress themselves and their children. It may be the signal of insurrection; and the fire burns on, for any help the citizens give, till a battalion of soldiers marches down to put it out."

Now, I take it, that, in any city in the world, slave or free, the gentleman who happens to be absent from his family when the fire-bell rings, will be apt to hurry home to see that all is safe, and to quiet the alarm of his wife and children—particularly, indeed, in a large city, where it is not so easy, at all times, to determine in what quarter the fire rages. It may be in your precincts, or in mine, but while neither of us know, we had better both depart and see. There is nothing at all remarkable in such a proceeding, let it occur among men in any city. Were they not to do so, it would argue a singular degree of indifference to the fate of objects and interests, which, in every community, are considered sufficiently
precious. There is surely nothing remarkable in the fact, nor is it peculiar to Charleston, or to any other city in which slaves are held. But, in a city that is largely built of wood—which in comparatively recent times was almost wholly built of wood, and that of the most inflammable kind—the resinous pine—where a fire extends with amazing rapidity, and where the ravages of fire have been alike frequent and terrible,—it becomes especially necessary that the gentlemen should not only make all haste in getting home, but that the lady should be equally prompt in getting her children and other jewels ready for rapid flight. All this would seem natural enough, and these necessities would seem sufficiently justified on other grounds than those of Slavery. "But," says Miss Martineau, blindly as well as deafly blundering into speech, which a single moment of reflection would have made her quietly avoid—"The fire burns on for any help the citizens give, till a battalion of soldiers marches down to put it out." This is grave fooling enough. Who are the soldiers in Charleston, but the citizens, and how can soldiers extinguish a fire? By guns and bayonets? These two simple questions, had the lady allowed herself sufficient time for inquiry, would have saved her from the emission of such an absurdity. We have none but a citizen soldiery in Charleston, unless you regard the hundred and fifty cadets at the military academy as so many regulars, and count the score or two employés at the United States arsenal, as sufficient guarantees against the negroes in time of fire; but, it so happens, that neither of these bodies leave their separate stations, at such a period, or seek, in any way, the scene of conflagration. But it is easy to account for the lady's error. She had got hold of the tail, rather than the head of the fact, and was resolute to twist it to the required direction, in obedience to her fixed bias. There is just truth enough in her story for the purposes of false-
hood; but even this slender capital was too imperfectly understood by our author, to be used with effect. She was too eager to launch her shaft at the slaveholders, to observe that she aimed at them the notched, and not the barbed, extremity. Let us explain. There is an arrangement in Charleston, by which a certain portion of the city militia—amounting probably to two hundred men,—is required to appear on parade whenever the alarm of fire is given. This body acts simply as a military police, and is really auxiliary in its duties to the ordinary city police and watch. It did originate, we believe, at the period of the anticipated negro insurrection in Charleston, in 1822; an affair which, we are disposed to think, stands quite alone in the domestic history of that place, and the scheme of which originated in an imported mulatto. But the original cause for the creation of this military police is no longer recognized as the necessity for its continuance. It has other uses. It preserves public order, which is always liable to disturbance on occasions of fire, and protects the property which has been rescued from the flames. So little is the popular apprehension of the slaves, that, of fifteen or twenty fire engines owned by the city, a large number of these is entirely worked by negroes. Those who have seen their excitement on occasions of public duty, have heard the Babel-like uproar of their conflicting tongues, their shouts, cries, clamor, and peculiar eloquence, would be very apt to suppose that they had never been taught the first lesson in subordination.* Certainly no one would suppose that they

* These facts were true when this pamphlet was originally written. There may be some alteration in the present arrangement, with which the writer is less familiar; at that date, the fire system in Charleston was supposed to be particularly complete. The city had so frequently and fearfully suffered, that improvement in the system, and refinement upon it, was inevitable. The citizen soldiery, we
entertained any lurking jealousies or suspicions of their masters, or stood on such doubtful terms with them as might, by possibility, require sharp application from the bayonets of the guard on duty. A sudden shower from the engines would be more calculated to arouse their terror, and would be the most obvious resort of the firemen, in the event of their subordinates showing themselves lazy or unruly—the former exhibition being by far the most likely of the two.

But, even did there exist among the people of Charleston and the South generally, an apprehension of mutiny and revolt among their serviles, to what would it amount? What would it prove? What argument would Miss Martineau and the abolitionist brethren draw from the fact? That the slave is a discontent. That the superior authority anticipates trouble and prepares for strife! Suppose we grant it, and in what then does our condition as a community, and our relations with our slaves, differ from that of any European people? Why are there standing armies in all the states of Europe? Why do grim sentries environ the highways, the posts, stations, railway trains, public walks? Why do the citadels

need not say, do nothing towards extinguishing the fire, as the dear old lady states. That is left to well-drilled companies—hose, and axe and engine. The city watch consists of about 100 men. Thus, to a population of 44,000, is moderate enough; and, during a fire, would be of small value in preserving order. 'The fire guard, in brief, is an auxiliary police. The detachment is relieved every three months. Their duty, as stated in the text, is chiefly to receive and protect the rescued goods, and to preserve order; since fires are most commonly the work of incendiaries, who avail themselves of the public alarm to plunder. Nor is this the only respect in which the fire police in Charleston is superior. There is a salaried officer,—an engineer—who, with certain assistants, is required to appear at every fire, properly provided with powder made up into certain forms, and with the necessary cheveux-de-frise, for blowing up houses—not negroes!—in order to the more summary arresting of the conflagration by making a vacuum.
look down with grinning muzzles upon the streets of the peaceful city? Why is the simple traveller, the single man, compelled to carry his passport, and get it viséd at every stage in his journey—nay, why is he denied to journey in certain of the states of Europe at all? Why are the walks of the great city garrisoned with spies to report the sayings and doings of the populace? Why does England growl at the bare mention of Ireland, and present her bayonets, if she but stirs, in her stagnating sleep? And why does France burden herself with the support of half a million of armed men? Why does Russia the same? Why is Austria only a great camp? Why does New-York call out its militia to support the sheriff and collect the rents of the Patroon—and unavailingly? But why multiply the questions which can have but one answer? It is because authority every where dreads the revolt of the impatient, toiling, vexed, weary and ignorant inferiority—because, slavish and superstitious, anxious to luxuriate in forbidden pleasures; loathing the decreed toils which are wholesome; envious of the wealth which they have not patience to wait for, or virtue to forbear to crave,—they would have the day's pay without doing the day's work, and long to vote themselves ease and affluence out of the possessions of the wealthier classes. That the people of the Southern States should adopt some precautions—some regulations, by which to make their repose secure—is only what is done in Europe, at greater expense,—in more imposing array,—with greater ostentation of men and weapons. It is absolutely absurd to speak of such police regulations as prevail in Carolina, as of any significance at all, when we consider the precautions of the same sort which distinguish every state in Europe; but, when we add, that the civil and military police of South-Carolina, and of any of the Southern States, bears no such proportion to the total of the population as occurs in
the states and cities of the North, we may quietly suffer this count in Miss Martineau's indictment to remain without more waste of words in answer. The police of Charleston is nothing to that of New-York, making a due relative estimate of the two populations; yet, in the former, such a thing as a riot is never heard of. There, no portion of the population, the blackest and the poorest, is so degraded as to need to be shot down by scores for the maintenance of order and the security of society.

In the chapter devoted to "Revenue and Expenditure," we are told, in an extraneous sentence, which is closed with a note of exclamation, that in "South-Carolina there is a tax on free people of color!" Had it not been that Miss Martineau was too well satisfied with the surface of the fact, she would have inquired farther; in the New-England States she certainly would have done so; but it was quite enough to show that in Carolina a special poll tax was levied upon the unhappy free negro. Let us complete the fact, and probably do away with the mystery and injustice, by stating that the same free person of color enjoys an exemption from militia, from patrol, jury, guard and other duties, and is required to perform no military service in time of war. For such exemption the white mechanic and laborer—indeed, most white men—would be very well pleased to pay ten times the amount paid by the free negro as a capitation tax. But, says the abolitionist, these duties are privileges, and the exemption of the free negro, however grateful to his love of ease, is still in the nature of a forfeiture. Precisely; but it is such a forfeiture as is conceived proper to his natural disabilities. Our women are similarly exempt. The system with us, whether it regards the free negroes or the slave, goes on the assumption that he belongs to an inferior race, to whom such trusts, where the rights of the superior race are con-
cerned, would be improperly confided. I shall have something further to say on this topic in another place.

In the remarks of our author upon the policy and institutions of Carolina, to which I chiefly confine myself, there are numerous other points, like the preceding, involving error, either of fact or inference, which might be exposed with little difficulty, were it worth my while to pursue such small game. But, merely to multiply instances, when a few can be made to illustrate the whole, would trespass, without profitable result, upon the time of the reader. All these blunders of our author are to be ascribed to the one cause—her bias on the subject of Slavery. This bias has been of a character so tyrannical, as to derange her intellect, and utterly to baffle her reasoning faculties, the moment she recurs to it. She can make no correct observations, or exercise any proper judgment, in any matter with which this subject is coupled, however remotely or incidentally. To those who think for themselves, and examine honestly,—her errors, in the greater number of cases, as in those we have instanced, carry their refutation on the face of them. They were unavoidable in a progress such as hers, and could not but occur to a person who, like herself, pursued her travels, and made her observations, with regard simply to a support of her theories. What one wills to see is readily seen; what one resolves to believe, for that he will find sufficient proofs; and that which already constitutes a controlling faith in the mind, will never lack for a cloud of witnesses. Miss Martineau can summon any number. The vague apprehensions of women, filled with fears and suspicions in due degree with their ignorance, are already gravely written in her chronicles. Her informants are frequently Northern women, who have married and removed to the South. If not readily admitted into society, they revenge themselves upon it by their slanders. Such persons...
are always anxious to get away from a region where they can make no figure; and their lives are wasted in envious repinings, in complainings and vaporings, and in a studied misconstruction of the circumstances in which they live. What Miss Martineau hears of the fears of the Southern people, are from such witnesses; and they serve her in stead on all occasions. It needs, for all such persons, but the slenderest support of fact, to justify the most monstrous revelations. These charges against the South, drawn from such sources, are of the most hodge-podge character, and, of whatever sort, they are fastened, as a matter of course, upon Slavery. Of the rapes, hangings, burnings, murders, which have happened upon the Southern border for fifty years, Miss Martineau makes a grateful collection, and licks her lips over them with the air of one about to gratify a very avid appetite. She records many of which the people of the South never heard. She enters into no such statistics at the North,—but sets out, seemingly, with the assumption that they are to be looked for only in the precincts of the slaveholder. She does not seem to have asked about the offences against good morals in New-York and Philadelphia, or the quality and color of the offenders in those cities. If she hears that a slave poisons an owner in Carolina, though this event may occur once in a hundred years, she crows over it lustily. The very instance which she records was given to her as a remarkable one, yet she wilfully assumes it to be a common occurrence, in spite of its notorious isolation. But the crimes of the free negroes at the North, with whose condition alone, the comparison should be made of the Southern slave, entirely escape her attention. Crimes and atrocities which occur in all communities, and which simply indicate the bad passions and vicious heart of the criminal, are assumed to be peculiar to the state of Slavery; while, the truth is, the South is confessedly
the region of all the United States, where the criminal never prospers. Compare its criminal reports with those that reach us daily from the North. How many women are cruelly murdered in the Northern cities—sometimes by priests, sometimes by professors; by merchants and merchants' clerks. What a volume of depravity was unfolded in the trial of Robinson; and there was the case of Avery, and the case of Colt, and the case of Webster—a series of the most bloody, base, cowardly murders, and all for money, or to get rid of an importunate creditor. So deliberately done, too, the crime—beguiling the creditor to the shambles, butchering him and cutting him up, and pickling him, and packing him away, in boxes, coal holes, privies; decomposing him with lime, and acids and vitriol. And the criminals all among “our best citizens!” Of course, the offender mostly escapes, if he be not poor. If he be poor, he goes to the gallows or the state prison. The finding of the jury, declaring that the supposed murderer is not guilty, does not do away with the fact that the poor victim, man or woman, is murdered—nor does it diminish the aggravation that they are almost invariably murdered with impunity. The newspapers frequently record forgeries by priests, by priests’ sons, and by the founders of splendid cities; and while they wonder passingly that such good people should turn out so bad, their chief regrets are, the loss of such enterprising citizens to the fine cities for which they did so much. Alleged rapes, by negroes upon white girls, are frequently stated by Northern journalists. We refer to Mr. Tappan for such particulars as resulted from the examination of the Commissioners of the Magdalen Asylum into the morals of New-York; and we regret that Miss Martineau had not looked more closely into the negro quarters, and into the various police trials of negro offenders in the different cities of the free States. Had she done this, she
would have spared us the entire chapter on the morals of Slavery. Indeed, had she as narrowly examined the brothels, and the stews, and the alleys, and sinks of London—with as keen a nostril as she has thrust into the Southern country, she would have paused before taking ship for the New World; and, as a good Christian, would have addressed herself to the augean duty of cleansing out her own stables. It is a modern British statistician who tells us that, in London alone, there are five thousand persons who will cut your throat for a shilling. But why linger upon that royal lazaret-house of suffering, infamy and crime, which England offers, in all her recesses, to the hopeless inspection of the philosopher. We have only to read the narratives of her own statesmen, descriptive of the sable horrors of the collieries, to feel that rebuke from Britain is the saddest and stupidest of all imper- tinences. It is to take a harder test, for trying the South, that we invite the comparison with the free States of our own country. Our crimes in the South are not only fewer, but very different in character from theirs. With us, such a thing as the murder of a woman is never heard of, or so rarely as to make the event a marvel. Our men engage in deadly combat with one another—proud, passionate men, filled with mortified ambition, and goaded by public indignity. But secret murders are infrequent. Throat-cutting to escape a debt or dun, is not among our chronicles; you never hear, among us, of infernal machines sent into a family, in the guise of innocent mahogany cases, to explode when opened, and blow a fearful household into eternity. But why pursue the contrast? It is one that every day's intelligence only serves to heighten.

The antipathy of Miss Martineau to the slaveholder, sometimes results in an amusing exposure of her absurd injustice. Take a sample or two. At page 44, vol. i, she says:
"In the Senate, the people's right of petition is invaded. Last session, it was ordained that all petitions and memorials relating to a particular subject—Slavery in the District of Columbia—should be laid on the table, unread, and never recurred to. Of course the people will not long submit to this!"

Mark how her tone changes, in a case exactly parallel—when it is my bull which has gored your ox! At page 70, of the same volume, we find a similar proceeding of Congress dismissed with a complacency quite remarkable, when compared with the evident indignation of the preceding paragraph. She is now speaking of Carolina nullification, and the violent opposition of the State Rights portion of the country to the protective policy of the Eastern States.

"Congress," says she, "went on legislating about the tariff without regard to this opposition; and the protests of certain States, against their proceedings, were quietly laid on the table as impertinences!"

The hatred of the white towards the colored population is a subject of her notice, and she tells an anecdote, of which she has probably heard only a portion of the particulars.

"Lafayette," says she, "on his last visit to the United States, expressed his astonishment at the increase of the prejudice against color. He remembered, he said, how the black soldiers used to mess with the whites in the revolutionary war."

Had Miss Martineau asked the particulars of this change, which she should have done, she would have found that it was a change altogether confined to those regions where Slavery had been done away with! The black soldiers were employed, as such, at a time when their brethren (and themselves also, probably) were slaves, and were modestly satisfied with their condition of inferiority. By emancipation, and the
pettiness of philanthropy, the coarse and uneducated negro became lifted into a condition to which his intellect did not entitle him, and to which his manners were unequal;—he became presumptuous accordingly, and consequently offensive;—and the whites, who could have tolerated him in his proper and inferior condition, were naturally outraged by the impudence of the creature when lifted out of place. There is no doubt that he is an object of dislike and hatred in the Northern cities, and with good reason. He is a rival without being an equal; a competitor without like responsibilities with those to whom he opposes himself. He is presumptuous in due degree with his sense of irresponsibility. His habits of idleness increase his presumption, while lessening his moral, wretchedly feeble from the first. The complaint of the white population of the North is always to this effect. The blacks do not labor on the same terms with the whites. In fact, they will not labor at all if they can escape it. They will do jobs, do light chores, brush boots, go on errands, sweep, tinker, and thieve,—the latter upon the same petty scale which marks all their performances. They skulk all manly and honorable toils, such as the white prefers, boldly undertakes, and vigorously performs. The black still seeks the position of the menial, and is despised accordingly; in that position he is easily rendered impudent, for his conceit is intolerable when at large, like that of a monkey; when impudent he grows offensive, and hence hateful. He must be always despicable in any community which leaves him at liberty, and where he shrinks from grappling with the higher toils and purposes which alone can dignify the possession of freedom.

The case is far otherwise where Negro Slavery exists. In the South, the negro is not an object of dislike or hatred. There, he never offends by obtrusiveness; he occupies his true position, and, while he fills it modestly, he is regarded with
favor, nay, respect and love, and is treated with kindness and affection. And this would be the result, North as well as South, if he did not contend for an equality of position with a people to whom he is morally and physically inferior. When he does this, he provokes hatred inevitably, and must live in a condition of perpetual insecurity. If his moral were not so glaringly inferior to his assumptions, and those made for him, at the North, he would be torn to pieces by the laboring classes among the whites. As it is, he frequently incurs this danger. I need not surely refer to the frequent drubbings which he receives, even in his wigwam, in the negro quarters of the great cities. It is to him no castle. He is sometimes torn out of it, neck and heels, by the mob, and his den demolished about his ears. But, when these things take place, our benevolent abolitionists ascribe the outrage to the influence of the slaveholders. Listen to Miss Martineau, at one moment, and she will persuade you that these slaveholders absolutely rule the Northern cities; that their influence is sovereign for evil everywhere; and is mortally vexed at certain friendly relations between Boston and Charleston, of which cities she deals in terms not less insulting to their communities than complimentary to the minds by which they are supposed to be governed. But, a moment after, she forgets the prodigious influence over the North for which she has given credit to the South, and then tells us, that the latter seeks for disunion because she is without influence. She then treats us to a stock of anecdotes, showing the envy and hatred of the latter towards the North, because of this deficiency. Envy of the North by the South! The boot is on the other leg, perhaps. So far from envy, the error of the South is in the indulgence of quite too complacent an estimate of its own resources. The South is frequently made indignant at the assumptions of the North, resenting frequent injustice and wrong which, in
other countries, would be called rank robbery! But envy—never! That is not the Southern vice or weakness, though it may have many vices for which to answer.

I could multiply extracts, page on page, to show the heated, the malignant prejudices which darken the eyes, and baffle the faculties of our author;—but of what use? A few specimens may serve. She looks at all things in our country as through a blackened glass. The eyes of her mind are jaundiced—they are not healthy—they never will be healthy, until she substitutes Christianity for that shrewd sort of philosophy which is so grateful to human vanity, and which so betrays the heart. Her eyes need the helping hand of that benign occultist, Truth; and truth will only be able to touch them successfully, when she has first had them well washed by that gentle handmaid, whom moralists call Humility. As yet, neither of them can do any thing for her case. Could she enjoy the restoration of one faculty, by the forfeit of another;—could she recover her hearing by the surrender of her speech;—there might be hope of her. Now, she is too talkative to listen, too deaf to hear, too confident of herself to learn, even should Truth, in visible embodiment, descend divinely to become her teacher! But let us proceed with our instances.

"When to all this is added that tremendous curse, the possession of irresponsible power over slaves," &c.

There is no such irresponsibility in America. Ordinarily, and in most cases, the interests of the owner are sufficient protection for the slave. It is his policy to prolong his life, to preserve his health, to promote his strength, and to give him contentment. These objects imply adequate food and clothing, indulgent nurture, moderate tasks, and, as much, if not more leisure, than is allotted usually to the laboring classes in any country. The laws protect him also—as a being of infe-
rior caste, it is true—but they do protect him, in correspondence with what is the obvious policy of the master. He is as effectually secured against wrong and murder as the white man, and his securities are as unfrequently outraged. The murder of the negro, slave or free, is punished with death. Wanton injuries against him are redressed by the courts, as in the case of the white man, and the courts will entertain an action for damages for an assault even upon his character. That there will be instances in which he suffers wrong, blows, brutalities and loss of life, are undeniable; but these risks are not peculiar to the slave. It will be time enough to ascribe these offences against humanity, to the institution of Slavery, when it is shown that free states and communities enjoy exemption from them. We insist, and challenge investigation, that the crimes of all descriptions, brutality, murder and violence, occur less frequently in the slave than in the free States, and that, even as they occur in the slave States, the negro is less frequently the sufferer than the white man.

"A planter," says Miss Martineau, "stated to a sugar refiner in New-York, that it was found the best economy to work off the stock of negroes once in seven years."

Miss Martineau's credulity, on the subject of slave atrocities, is sufficiently English. Such an assertion should not be made but upon the most unquestionable authority. It would, I fancy, be a subject of some difficulty to point out the Louisiana planter who finds it the best economy to wear out his machinery as rapidly as possible. It would be equally difficult, I apprehend, to bring forth the sugar refiner to support the indictment. As an honest man,—as a man of any sort—he should have denounced by name the heartless wretch by whom the speech was made. But this is of a piece with the usual fictions of the abolitionists, which most commonly defeat their malice by their absurdities. It is possible that
such a speech was made; but supposing it true, it proves nothing. To show that there is an individual monster in the slave States, argues nothing against their morals. It must be shown that his case is not the exception, but the ordinary history. There is a work of fiction, recently published by Mrs. Stowe, which is just now the rage with the abolitionists; the great error of which, throughout, consists in the accumulation of all the instances that can be found of cruelty or crime among the slaveholders. Admit all her statements to be true, and they prove nothing. Her facts may be susceptible of proof, while her inferences are wholly false. Take an example from this very work of fiction, (Uncle Tom's Cabin,) which illustrates this error of reasoning among our enemies. She shows us a planter of Louisiana, as one of the most heartless, bloody, brutal, gross, loathsome and ignorant wretches under the sun. She gives us the most shocking details of his inhumanities; but, in doing so, she herself isolates him. She shows that he resides in a remote, and scarcely inaccessible swamp region, where his conduct comes under no human cognizance. How is society answerable for his offences? How does he represent the condition and character of the slaveholder? The very isolation of his position and of the case, is conclusive against its application. When to this we add, that the equal necessities of truth and fiction seem to have compelled her, though a Yankee, to admit that this brutal specimen is a Yankee also, we may reasonably, without shaking our skirts, refer his responsibilities back to his native parish.

We have been apt, in the South, to think and to assert, that there are few people so very well satisfied with their condition as the negroes,—so happy of mood, so jocund, and so generally healthy and cheerful. Such has been the general admission of the traveller. But Miss Martineau, seeing through her
own eyes, gives very different testimony. She never saw "in any brute, an expression of countenance so low, so lost, as in the most degraded classes of negroes. There is some life and intelligence in the countenance of every animal; even in that of the silly sheep; nothing so dead as the vacant, unheeding look of the depressed slave is to be seen."

The depressed slave, we suppose, will look depressed, just as the white man in a state of depression. There is no combating the statement as it is made; but it is so put as to convey the idea that such is the usual appearance of the slave, and as the natural result of his condition. Unless this be meant, the passage is simply absurd and gratuitous; nobody need be told that men who suffer will be apt to look like sufferers. It is the testimony of travellers generally—British mostly—and Miss Martineau among them—that the American countenance generally (that of the whites) is that of a people care-worn and prematurely old. This is ascribed by the same charitable persons to the greedy avarice of the people, the degrading, intense and uninterrupted worship of the "eternal dollar." The exceptions which they have made, when this sarcasm was to be established, were all in favor of the slave. Even in the pages of our author, we might find a dozen passages which go to this effect, and thus conflict with that which we have quoted; and, but that it appeared to serve the purposes of Miss Martineau's single object and argument, to show the brutalizing processes of slavery upon its subjects, we think it very probable that she would have seen very differently. The prevailing desire of the mind but too commonly imparts its own color to the eyes, and when it fails to do so, the perversely hostile soon discovers some ingenious method by which to evade the argument which is suggested by the senses. Thus, when Dr. Lardner was in this country, and on a visit to Carolina, he found himself
forced to wonder at the exceeding comfort, and great cheerfulness and contentment of the negro. He freely admitted that nowhere were the laboring classes better, if so well treated, as our slaves. Their sprightliness particularly commanded his notice, their buoyancy and happy abandon. So far, his eyes beheld things through a different medium from Miss Martineau; but the Doctor was philosophically perverse; and more ingenious, in the adoption and use of the fact, than the lady in rejection of it. His regret and complaint were that the silly negroes were so cheerful, so content, so happy, so well fed, clothed, and generally entreated. Why do you suppose? "Because, it permanently reconciled them to their condition!" We ask, with surprise—Well! if so, is not this *prima facie* evidence that the condition is the very best for them? "Not so!" the Doctor substantially replies, "for the sufficient reason that it conflicts with certain ideas in my mind on that subject!" This is the difficulty with all these people. The Doctor was a better observer than philosopher. He blundered in this case, as he did in his relations with Mrs. Heavyside. The Doctor's eyes showed him, truly, that the lady was fair to look upon; it was his moral philosophy that failed him, not his senses, when he broke the commandments, and lusted after his neighbor's wife.

In further illustration of the tendency of our minds to control our capacities for observation, and the just use of our senses, I give another instance, in the case of another traveller in the South. Mr. Charles Hoffman, of New-York, a gentleman of good family, and the author of several works of merit, recently (1838) put forth a couple of volumes of travels in the South and West. On his arrival in Virginia, he is startled with a spectacle, such as he has never before witnessed, and which painfully reminds him that he is in a slave
State. What is that spectacle? A stout, able-bodied white man is beheld, sitting, or lying at ease, in his piazza, while an old negro is at work, hoe in hand, in the contiguous fields! Is it not curious that Mr. Hoffman should never have seen this spectacle a thousand times a day in the streets of New-York;—should not have beheld the wealthy nabob at his palace windows, along Broadway, or Fifth Avenue, reclining in state, under crimson or azure curtains, canopied like a prince, while the aged laborer plies his weary toil, without cessation, in the streets below;—driving the iron ram down upon the unmalleable stone, paving the highways, or, in midsummer, piling bricks, bearing the hod to the house-top, sawing wood and lifting luggage, performing toils a thousand times more heavy than any task which is put upon the shoulders of the Southern slave? The one condition proves the existence of slavery no more than the other; and there is no sort of reason why the spectacle should give pain in one more than in the other instance. They both simply declare for the universal inequalities of fortune in all parts of the world. But it was the contrast of color which smote the eyes, and drew the attention, of our traveller to the fact in Virginia, which he had never witnessed in New-York. In New-York, the negro is seldom caught doing hard work of any sort, and he wins that sympathy in the South, from the Northern traveller, which the latter does not seem to have accorded to the sufferings of the working class at home.

"There is an obligation by law to keep an overseer, to obviate insurrection."

This is said of Alabama. It may be true or not. It is possible that there is a similar regulation in Carolina. If so, it is pretty nearly obsolete. There is scarcely any need of such a law; and certainly none, in reference to the event which is assigned as the reason for its enactment. It would seem
sufficiently to justify the practice of keeping an overseer, on estates where the owner is not present, that the profit of the plantation would dwindle to nothing without one. In Carolina and Alabama, as in New-England, the interests of the proprietor would sufficiently suggest the necessity of such an employée. I know, indeed, of no part of the world, in which, if the subordinates be numerous, the overseer can safely be dispensed with. He is employed, if not necessary, in every factory of the free States. According to Miss Martineau, the purpose of the overseer is to prevent that which, as a white man, it would be equally his policy to resist and prevent, though not employed as an overseer. He is in the same ship with his employer, and the storm which would sink the one, would not be likely to spare the other. But what would the efforts of one overseer, a single man, in charge frequently of an hundred slaves, avail against their outbreak? The suggestion is an absurdity. He is employed with regard to other objects; to regulate, to direct, the labor of the negroes; to see that they work; that they make a crop; to keep them from roving about the country, robbing hog-pens and hen-roosts, and doing those things which occur to the negro, as, perhaps, the only advantages that could possibly result to him from his freedom. As for insurrection, nobody who knows anything of the country, or its people, has any apprehensions on the subject. Men retire to their beds at night, on plantations surrounded with slaves, without locking a door or bolting a window.

"For any responsible service," says Miss Martineau, "slaves are quite unfit."

This is not true. But, assuming it to be true, she infers that it is because they are slaves that they are thus irresponsible. What is the fitness of the free negro at the North—what his responsibility? In the South, we have ample evi-
dence of their fitness, whenever they are faithful. The Virginia and Carolina negro is not only superior to the African savages, from whom they sprung, but, when they have had the advantages of training among the whites, they prove themselves very far superior to the free redmen of the country. The latter defer to them in most seasons of difficulty. They make them frequently their own and the "sense-keepers" of the nation. The negro slave, Abraham, was the master mind among the Seminoles. He guided the councils of "Micanopy" and others; and had the policy of the United States been a little more subtle, they might have prevented the last war with the Seminoles, by proper douceurs to Abraham. In respect to this subject of the negro intellect in the slave condition, Miss Martineau's book is full of contradictions. In one place, we are told that the slaves show themselves susceptible of education in numberless respects; in another, they are denied the capacity to cut out their own garments. In the assertion of either case, the good lady makes it prove the curse and crime of slavery. If the negro is shown to have improved, she insists that it is an improvement in spite, and not in consequence, of his subjection; and that his progress in a free condition would have been far greater;—if he fails, and shows himself incapable, it is only because he is degraded by his bonds into futility. In the South, nobody denies their susceptibility to training; none who do not readily acknowledge and assert their improvement. There are certain arts in which they may excel—certain employments for which they are specially fitted. Some of the best dress makers and tailors in the South are slaves. The mulatto has a genius for barbering and hair-dressing. The black makes a first rate butcher, and as a fish and melon vender is incomparable. His eloquence in crying his wares, however rude, is very efficient. In the cities of the South,
the barbers, many of the butchers, and several of the tavern keepers, are slaves or free negroes, quite respected, shrewd, intelligent, and usually prosperous in all these occupations.

Miss Martineau not unfrequently takes the position of the slaveholder, and argues his case for him, simply to show the weakness of his cause. The defence is usually pitiful enough. To show our own inequality to the argument, she records all our angry speeches; and the disputant whom, on another subject, she would scorn to notice, is honored with a heedful ear, and a chronicled remembrance, when he utters himself, in a heat, and savagely, on a topic which is at all times apt to provoke us. "We have our slaves and mean to keep them," was never spoken by any Southern gentleman, by way of argument on the subject of Slavery; but in defiance; shortly, to answer an insolent party seeking to exercise a power in the councils of the Federal Government, in relation to a subject over which the Southron denies that government shall exercise any jurisdiction; or in answer, perhaps, to some impudent foreigner, stupidly pressing upon a mood which his own provocations have rendered irritable to the last degree.

Speaking of the Southampton insurrection, Miss Martineau says—"It happened before the abolition movement began; for it is remarkable that no insurrections have taken place since the friends of the slave have been busy afar off;" "whereas rebellions broke out as often as once a month before; there have been none since." Of this frequency of rebellion we hear for the first time. In regard to the rest of this matter, we shall say but few words. Our author confounds cause with effect. She should have said that the Southampton insurrection broke out before the secret workings of the abolitionists had been generally detected or suspected. The insurrections ceased the moment that the loving labors of the abolitionists were discovered, and when they were constrained to
be "busy only afar off." The fact, as well as the phrase, is a very significant one. The moment that the South roused itself, grew angry, drove the abolitionists off, and burned their pamphlets and tracts, the insurrections, "which had broke out as often as once a month before," entirely ceased! There have been none since. The good lady needs glass eyes!

The failure of Christian preaching among the slaves, in making them any better, is next insisted on as the result of slavery; as if slavery, which requires submission and obedience on the part of the inferior, was not really an auxiliary to the Christian preliminary of humility. But any one who should report an improved condition of religion at the North, in the free States, black or white, would greatly peril his honest conscience.

"The testimony of slaveholders was explicit as to no moral improvement having taken place in consequence of the introduction of religion. There was less singing and dancing; but as much lying, drinking and stealing as ever."

The question might here be asked, who are the authorities for the statement? It is too general and sweeping to be true. In regard to some regions, the report is false; and in others it is, perhaps, only true, in consequence of the peculiar quality of the so-called religion which was taught. But the vices named are not confined to the slaves; and the budget of horrors, brutalities and miscellaneous crimes, which the book of Miss M. unfolds, as of occurrence among the free people of the country, should have taught her to hesitate ere she ascribed the short-comings of the negro to slavery. The very abolition of singing and dancing, as the result of the religion, must sufficiently show the sort of religion which was busy; and should certainly have produced some doubt, in the mind of one so subtle on most subjects as the writer, whether
the religion itself which, at the outset, subverted the innocent and natural recreations of a simple people, was not likely to produce even greater evils than it professed to cure. The philosophical mind has long since been anxiously watchful of the fearful progress of a gloomy bigotry throughout the land. Miss Martineau should not have treated it so blindly—suffering her own infirmity to obscure to her view a subject of the greatest popular importance. She should have remembered, while ascribing to slavery the defeat and failure of the professors of religion to make any impression upon the slaves, what she has herself said of their progress among the red men, who are freed from all the restraints which she deems so pernicious to the black. The gloomy and ascetic doctrines of our teachers have resulted only in the greater deprivation of the savage: while the French Catholics, who taught an easier faith, and indulgent laws of exercise and recreation, have been eminently successful in improving them. "Near Little Traverse, in the north-west part of Michigan," says Miss Martineau, "there is an Indian village, full of orderly and industrious inhabitants, employed chiefly in agriculture. The English and Americans have never succeeded with the aborigines so well as the French; and it may be doubted whether the clergy have been a much greater blessing than the traders."

There is one passage in Miss Martineau's book which calls for the serious attention of the philosopher. We quote the passage entire. She is describing the State asylum for lunatics, in Columbia, South-Carolina. "I observed that no people of color were visible in any part of the establishment. I inquired whether negroes were as subject to insanity as whites. Probably; but no means were known to have been taken to ascertain the fact. From the violence of their passions, there could be no doubt that insanity must exist among them.
Were such insane negroes ever seen? No one present had ever seen any. Where were they, then? It was some time before I could get a clear answer to this: *but my friend, the physician, said, at length, that he had no doubt they were kept in outhouses, chained to logs, to prevent their doing mischief."

It is singular, indeed, that we should find so very few insane persons among the blacks. The absence of all care for the morrow, for the future, for their own support in age, and the support of their children, together with the restraints of labor, tending to the subjection of those intense passions of which Miss Martineau speaks, and which are not in consequence so active, I am inclined to think, in the negro, as in the white man, must greatly abridge the tendency to insanity; and it may be that the generally inferior activity of their minds, is one cause of their freedom from this dreadful malady. Certain it is, that we have few or no madmen among the negroes. The idea that they are chained in outhouses to logs, is idle enough; since, in that condition, they would require the constant attention of one or more able slaves, which a master would not be willing to afford; and would be, in other respects, a monstrous annoyance. Were insanity at all common among them, "it would be," in Miss Martineau's own language, "the interest of masters to provide for their useless or mischievous negroes;"—and this—were there sufficient occasion—would have been the case. But, in truth, there is little or no madness in South-Carolina, whether among black or white.* The lunatic asylum is not a popular

* Since these passages were penned, the United States census confirms our facts, and thus justifies our inferences. The reader need not be reminded of the official statement of Mr. Calhoun, when Secretary of State, under Tyler, comparing the relative insanity of the North and South, and the blind rage which followed the exposure among the abolitionists.
institution in the State, as it is known to be unprofitable, and was believed to be unnecessary. The patients are usually very few—not enough to support the establishment—and these, in half the number of instances, are drawn from other States. The few cases of madness known in the State, prior to the establishment of the present asylum, were kept in a small building, devoted to the purpose, in Charleston, connected with the Poor establishment of that city. Among the inmates there were one or two negroes, both women—I do not think that there were more. The number was greater during the revolution, when the building appropriated to their confinement stood in the same neighborhood with the fabric more recently put to their use, and both within a short distance of the place of arms, or arsenal, which, when Charleston fell into the possession of the British, was assigned as the depot for the reception of the weapons of the defenders. A melancholy fate attended the maniacs, in consequence of this propinquity. The American prisoners, ordered to deposit their arms in the arsenal, under the feelings of mortified pride and shame, which, naturally enough, followed the surrender of their city, threw the weapons and ammunition confusedly together, into the hall designed for them, without any heed to the danger of such carelessness. The consequences were dreadful. The building was blown up, the guard of British soldiers, fifty in number, destroyed, and the contiguous houses, the poor-house and mad-house, destroyed also, with the greater number of their unhappy inmates.

But, to return to our author. Miss Martineau does not let this opportunity slip, of conveying an imputation of inhumanity at the expense of the slaveholders.

"No member of society is charged with the duty of investigating cases of disease and suffering among slaves, who
cannot make their own state known. They are wholly at the mercy of their owners."

We had almost called these wilful misstatements. The grand juries of the country are bound to take cognizance of all such matters, and do so whenever occasion requires. The slaves, themselves, will always contrive to make their sufferings known, and have few scruples in complaining, whether they have cause or not. A brutal master is sometimes punished, and always known; and his offences against law and humanity, in the treatment of his slaves, are quite as often the subject of public inquiry and prosecution, as in any other cases over which juries possess jurisdiction. But it is not often that he offends by their ill-treatment. His interest in the life and health of his slave obviates the necessity of any particular supervision of the subject by the public authorities. No better security has ever yet been devised by man, for the safety of man, and the proper observance of humane laws by the citizen, than that which the Southern slaveholder offers, in the continual presence of his leading interests. It would be fortunate for the country if the securities of the abolitionist to society were half so good. As for the chaining of the negro lunatic in outhouses, the notion is ridiculous. A case of temporary necessity like this may have occurred, but nothing more. A madman, chained in an outhouse, would be a sufficient source of disquiet to all the country round; and the neighborhood would soon rise, en masse, and compel his removal to a place of safe-keeping.

There is one painful chapter in these two volumes, under the head of "Morals of Slavery." It is painful, because it is full of truth. It is devoted to the abuses, among slaveholders, of the institution of slavery; and it gives a collection of statements which are, no doubt, in too many cases, founded
upon fact, of the illicit and foul conduct of some among us, who make their slaves the victims and the instruments, alike, of the most licentious passions. Regarding our slaves as a dependent and inferior people, we are their natural and only guardians; and to treat them brutally, whether by wanton physical injuries, by a neglect, or perversion of their morals, is not more impolitic than it is dishonorable. We do not quarrel with Miss Martineau for this chapter. The truth—though it is not all truth—is quite enough to sustain her and it; and we trust that its utterance may have that beneficial effect upon the relations of master and slave in our country, which the truth is, at all times, most likely to have everywhere. Still, we are not satisfied with the spirit with which Miss M. records the grossness which fills this chapter. She has exhibited a zest in searching into the secrets of our prison-house, in the slave States, which she does not seem to have shown in any other quarter. The female prostitution of the South is studiously looked after, as if it were the peculiar result of slavery. She makes no corresponding inquiry into the prostitution of the North. She picks up no tales of vice in that quarter—no rapes—no murders—no robberies—no poisoning—no stabbing. She has addressed her whole mind to the search after these things in the slave States; and, with a strange singleness of vision, she has entirely forborne the haunts of the negro at the North, and the degraded classes in the free States. She says nothing whatsoever about them. Had she demanded of Mr. Tappan a copy of the report of the Commissioners of the Magdalen Asylum, of New-York, of which he was the President, and one of the founders, she would have been told by that publication, that, in the city of New-York alone, not including blacks, there are ten thousand professional prostitutes. We do not answer for the truth of this assertion; but as Miss M. has bestowed,
elsewhere, a most lavish eulogy upon the veracity and general good character of the abolitionists, and as Mr. Tappan has been heretofore regarded as the very Coryphæus of that fraternity, she will be able to determine for herself the degree of confidence which she should yield to this statement. The fact is, that, in the Southern States, the prostitutes of the communities are usually slaves, unless when imported from the free States. The negro and the colored woman, in the South, supply the place which, at the North, is usually filled with factory and serving girls. The evil is one for which good morals can offer no apology in any region; but this may be said of it in the South, that it affects, there, a race which has not yet been lifted into sensibilities, the possession of which necessarily brings, with indulgence in the vice, the consciousness of degradation. It does not debase the civilized, as is the case with prostitution at the North. It scarcely, in any way, affects the mind of the negro, and does not materially affect his social status. The case is far otherwise with white prostitution. The only way to judge of the vice, in connection with slavery, is to compare its practice in both regions, North and South. Prostitution seems to be an incident of humanity, in its fallen state. Napoleon, finding it ineradicable from the community, legislated for it, and thus ameliorated some of its evils. If the practice were not great in, and common to, all communities, savage and civilized, bond and free, it might be permitted to dwell upon its aspects, as they show themselves especially in the slave States; but not as the matter stands with all. We may, and do, acknowledge our guilt in the South, but not as slaveholders; and, looking at all the regions of the earth, we may add, "those, only, who are least guilty, may be permitted to cast the stone!"

We are perfectly safe in saying that two-thirds of these volumes are devoted to the slavery question, and in the States of
the South. Now, the lady gives us a body of assumed facts; now, her declamations upon them; and, anon, a subtle topic of metaphysics, by way of novel speculation. Setting forth evidently with the resolve to uproot and utterly destroy an institution which she has previously resolved to be evil, she sees no aspect of it which is not so. The kindness of the master to the slave is likened to the kindness which he has for his dog; the affection of the slave, and his respect for one whom he looks up to as greatly superior, is ascribed to the fear of punishment, or the utter fatuity of his intellect. Every anecdote of cruelty which she hears is religiously written down, and honestly believed; and even the jealous apprehensions of a jaundiced wife, who fears that her husband is no better than he should be, are chronicled with a sad solemnity—which is amusing enough—as the fruit of slavery. The outrages of the borderers—the frontier law of "regulation," or "lynching," which is common to new countries, all over the world—are ascribed to slavery. Miss M., along with too many others, seems to think that none but well-bred, quiet, peaceable men, should tame the wilderness. All her stories of great crimes, of burning, and hanging, and stabbing, which she has raked up with such exquisite care, are stories of the borders. They belong to that period in the history of society, when civilization sends forth her pioneer to tame the wilderness. Your well-bred city gentleman is no pioneer—he belongs to a better condition of things, and to after times. It is the bold, reckless adventurer, the dissolute outcast, the exile from crime, or from necessities of one sort or another, who goes forth to contend with the wild beasts, the stubborn forests, and the savage tribes who prowl among them. These people, naturally enough, become as wild, almost, as those whom they conquer; but they have their uses. They are the lower limbs of civilization, and the links which connect
the wilderness with the city. They prepare the way for civilization, if uncivilized themselves; and, however much we may deplore the crimes which they sometimes commit, we must content ourselves with the knowledge that these crimes seem to be unavoidable, under the circumstances, and will continue to be committed, by the same class of men, whenever, in a new country, the presence of such adventurers becomes necessary. This is said simply, by way of statement. It is only a record of the fact, which I do not seek to excuse, let it happen South or North. I look upon all violence and all injustice as brutal, whether it be the burning of the convent, the assault upon the trembling nuns, and their subsequent denial of justice, the frequent murders of women in places professing to be civilized, and where they are pleased to declaim very much about the outrages upon the borders, or the cruel "lynchings," at the South, of the sturdy incendiary. These atrocities, in the settled communities of our country, may, most generally, be ascribed to the constant appeals which are made to what is called "public opinion;" an appeal to a something—a power beyond the law—which is expected to take the form of an equitable jurisdiction, and remedy its supposed deficiencies. This I take to be one of the great causes of so muchmobbing, and burning, and rioting, and lynching, in recent times, among us. "Public opinion," so called, is very apt to become public action; and the mob, whom an editor invokes to ridicule the militia law, will not hesitate long to tar and feather the colonel, who is something of a martinet, and desires to sustain it. But it is not public opinion which is thus invoked; it is popular passion, and a vain insolence, which are cherished and brought into activity by such appeals, and which then become a tyranny, being out of its place. Public opinion is of very slow, very temperate, and very judicious formation. It is the aggregate
of small truths, and the experience of successive days and years, which, heaped together, form a general principle, which is of final conviction in every bosom. It only requires to receive a name, in order to become a law; and a law which is precipitately imposed upon a people, in advance of the formation of this sort of public opinion, will soon be openly abolished, or become obsolete, in the progress of events. For my own part, I am satisfied with the existing laws, until the gradual and naturally formed convictions of the community, and the progress of experience, shall call for their improvement. I have no respect for those who set themselves up for makers of public opinion; and as for the "hell-broth" so compounded, I know not any draught which would not be more wholesome than that which makes the body politic a body plethoric, and leaves no remedy to the physician but the cautery and the knife. The evils of this sort, thus originating, are, by the way, far less frequent in the slave than in the free States, which really no not appear to possess a single principle of permanence and stability.

A goodly portion of the two volumes of Miss Martineau is compiled from the conversations and opinions of Americans, who are nameless, followed by her examination of them. She sets up these argumentative nine-pins with the utmost gravity, and bowls them down with great rapidity and wonderful adroitness. Many of her arguments are carried on with women; and as there are very few women so "cunning of fence," on her own ground, as this professional disputant, it is easy to see, not only that she obtains an easy victory, but that she derives no increase of knowledge from the controversy. Her own estimate of the mental pretensions of the American women should have saved her from a misplaced confidence either in their evidence or judgment. Indeed, she only confides in their opinions when it answers her purpose to
do so. She describes them as little above fatuity. The three chapters devoted to this subject, under the general head of "Woman," present a singular and contradictory compound of truth and error, which nothing but a rabid desire for publication could have suffered her to put forth. The minds of the American women, according to her estimate, with few exceptions, are little else than a blank. They have little or no practical philosophy—no thought;—and they confound learning with wisdom. Wherever she heard of a woman having a local celebrity, she was sure to find her a mere linguist; and she winds up her generally contemptuous estimate of the sex, by ascribing drunkenness to the more enlightened among them—a vice, perhaps, more utterly foreign to the American woman, than to the woman of any other country on the face of the globe. "It is no secret, on the spot, that the habit of intemperance is not unfrequent among women of station and education, in the most enlightened parts of the country. I witnessed some instances, and heard of more. It does not seem to me to be regarded with all the dismay which such a symptom ought to excite." The wonder is, with such an estimate of the sex, she should have drawn most of her authorities from them. This she does, commonly, on the subject of slavery. Her dialogues are mostly had with women; and those which she reports are certainly silly enough, in most cases, to support her estimate. Fortunately, since the days of Lady Blessington's protracted conversations with Lord Byron, men are not satisfied with reports of this description, unless they have proof that the stenographer has been by, all the while, and busy.

Another source of authority, with Miss Martineau, are the public men of our country—the members of Congress, of both parties, and those, seemingly, among the most violent. It does appear to me that she could not have erred more
strikingly than in this particular: since the furious partizan, whether in England or America, is usually the last person in the world from whom the unprejudiced and ungarbled truth can be derived. That she should not have given the most implicit confidence to their statements, is the legitimate conclusion from her own report of them. She tells us that they strove to make a partizan of her—sought to secure her favorable opinions—and, on all occasions, exhibited much more earnestness in making proselytes to the party, than they would have done in securing them to the cause of truth. It is true, she is, here and there, annoyed with something in their conduct that seems to startle her with the semblance of an inconsistency; but she does not, even then, doubt the good faith of the speaker—when it serves her turn, or supports her favorite idea. She suspects the judgment first—aye, always—with a self-confidence in her own, which is thoroughly English—the weakness—anything but the prejudice and the interest of party. The politicians of Carolina give heed, and bow ready assent to all her anti-slavery propositions; and when she believes that she has them all snugly within the hem of her garment, she is thunderstruck to hear them vote aloud in approbation of Governor McDuffie's thoroughgoing, yet only half-elaborated, opinions in favor of slavery. To this day, she does not suspect that a polite Southern gentleman, in a ball-room, would infinitely prefer bowing assent to all her propositions, than gravely undertake to refute them, through the medium of her "charming" trumpet.

"It was necessary to purchase Florida, because it was a retreat for runaways."

This was one reason, perhaps; but Miss M. seems to have been imperfectly acquainted with the history of Florida. It may be well to inform her, that the best reason for the pur-
chase of that country, is kindred to that which prompts the United States and Great Britain to maintain so jealous a watch upon the Island of Cuba, in order to keep it from falling into the possession of any great maritime power. From the first, Florida, under the Spaniards, had been the scourge of the Southern States. As Colonies and States, they were subjected to the continual incursions of the savages, under Spanish influence; and the wars of the borders, between the two people, were among the most sanguinary of those that ever took place in America. St. Augustine was emphatically styled, by the early English settlers in the South, as the "Sallee of America." In later days, a more urgent necessity arose for the acquisition of this territory, as it furnished a foothold, during the war of 1812, to our affectionate mother, England, to plant her standard upon it, and summon her red brethren to pile up the scalps of her banished children beneath it. Had Miss Martineau read the history, she might have found stronger reasons for the acquisition of this territory by the United States, than the recovery of its fugitive slaves; though that would be reason quite enough, in our estimation, to justify the purchase. But, he who knows anything of the American people, needs not to hunt up a necessity, of any kind, for their acquisition of territory, or any reason better than the greed and strength of appetite. It is quite enough that the land is in the neighborhood, and accessible, to be lusted after; and the lust does not often scruple at the process by which it gratifies itself.

Miss Martineau deals in unmeasured invective, in respect to the annexation of Texas, an event then only in anticipation. She has her nice little story, of abolition manufacture, touching this region also, which is quite different from that told by the Texans themselves. But I need not linger upon this topic.
Of the causes of the war with the Seminoles, she gives us the following history:

"According to the laws of the slave States, the children of the slaves follow the fortunes of the mother. It will be seen, at a glance, what consequences follow upon this; how it operates as a premium upon licentiousness among white men; how it prevents any but mock-marriages among slaves; and, also, what effect it must have upon any Indians with whom slave women have taken refuge. The late Seminole war arose out of this law. The escaped slaves had intermarried with the Indians. The masters claimed the children. The Seminole fathers would not deliver them up. Force was used, to tear the children from their parents' arms, and the Indians began their desperate, but very natural war, of extermination."

Such is the story of Miss Martineau. Without doubt, it came from the mint of the abolitionists—the people of such veracity. This version is entirely new in the South. It is a budget of errors, one growing out of the other. The laws of Florida do not prevail over the Indians. The children of slaves only follow the condition of the mother, where the laws prevail. If a runaway woman is recovered from the Indian territory, her child will, of course, follow her condition, under the laws of the State whence she escapes; and there may have been an instance where the child of an Indian father is thus recovered, with the slave mother, and carried back into bondage; but I am disposed to doubt even this. The occurrence is rare, if it ever does or did take place. The Seminoles own slaves, which are either brought from the Island of Cuba, or have been stolen from the whites, at remote periods. They are only transferred from one kind of slavery to another, since they are held by the Indians without any restraints of law whatsoever, and are liable to all their caprices, of sudden rage, drunkenness, gloomy ferocity, and a
malice which seems natural to them. Under these influences, the slave is frequently murdered, and the murderer goes unpunished. It is only such philanthropists as modern abolition provides, who esteem it better for the negro to be the slave to the savage than to the civilized man. The Indians do not often have intercourse with their slaves. They are a cold and sterile people, as is the case with most of the wandering tribes. Fecundity is one of the fruits of a settled and stationary population. The marriages among the negro slaves of the whites are much more formal, and quite as rigidly observed, as among the Indians, who are polygamists or anything. They are creatures of impulse, having nothing but the mood of the moment for their laws. The rule, that the child shall follow the condition of the mother, is not a stimulant to licentiousness among the whites, and we almost wonder to find Miss Martineau meditating such a matter. She certainly knows but little of human passion, if she supposes that, in matters of this nature, the mercenary desire of gain will prompt the white man to such excesses, other provocatives being wanting. So far from this being the motive, it may be stated here with perfect safety, that the greater number of the Southern mulattoes have been made free, in consequence of their relationship to their owners. In fact, mulatto slaves are not liked. They are a feeble race than the negro, and less fitted for the labors of the field. Of late years, some arbitrary laws have been passed in Carolina, which forbid the citizens to free their slaves. I do not approve of these laws myself; but they have their advocates among the majority, and reasons of State policy are given in their behalf, which are imposing enough, if not altogether sound. I am persuaded that it would be a wholesome policy to revoke these laws. It would, in the first place, prevent their frequent evasion. A more important consideration is,
that it would give to the owner a power now denied, of doing full justice to the claims of the faithful and the intellectual, without compelling him to banish them from their native homes, while bestowing upon them their own mastery. The war in Florida arose from other and more natural causes, which the philosophical mind of Miss Martineau would have soon enough ferreted out, if the demon of abolition had not possessed her brain, and too entirely darkened her vision. The hunting grounds of the red men were too much circumscribed, by the gradual gathering of the whites around them, to permit them to procure sustenance after their ordinary habits. The game had become scarce, and, as they had not yet been taught the first lesson of christianity, as it is the first decree of God—namely, the necessity of labor—they were half the time in a state of starvation. Their contact with the civilized must always result—as such contact has everywhere resulted—either in their subjection as inferiors, or their extermination. Their only safety will be found in their enslavement, or in their removal to a region where the hunting grounds are open and uncircumscribed. They must perish or remove, unless they conform to the established usages of the States in which they linger, and fall into the customs of the superior people. The government of the United States has aimed at their removal for many years; but this removal has been resisted in various quarters, and chiefly by the instrumentality of those universal philanthropists, who are now known as abolitionists. They were strenuous in opposing it, and did not confine their opposition to the councils of our own nation. They preached resistance to the Indians themselves, and encouraged them to stay where they were, and starve. Their eloquence, in these exhortations, overlooked the absolute necessities of the Indian; and was chiefly devoted to the imaginary privations consequent upon his removal.
They dwelt pathetically upon the loss of his home, and his banishment from his forefathers’ graves; and, in dilating upon privations such as these, they entirely forgot all the more serious evils arising from the state of sufferance in which he dwelt, in an abridged territory, and under a government whose regulations, his necessities, and his ignorance alike, drove him momentarily to violate. He must either beg, steal or starve. In seeking to avoid the latter, the commission of crime is frequent. The red men become embroiled with the whites, whom they despoil of their hogs and cattle, and whatever else they can lay their hands on; they refuse obedience to the authorities they offend; they fly from the officers of justice, and seek for shelter in their wild recesses, their swamps and everglades. They are pursued, and, from their refractoriness, are treated, naturally enough, as outlaws, by their pursuers. The numbers, on both sides, accumulate; and blood is shed, and can only cease to be shed in the utter extermination of the inferior class. To avoid this dreadful necessity, the government has been laboring to remove them to other homes, and a wider extent of country, where they may follow, without let or hindrance, the customs which they like. And this removal is but a small and partial evil, in comparison with the many evils which must follow upon their stay. Our homes depend, for their comfort, not so much upon the associations of our childhood, as upon their fitness for our mental and moral condition. Men—civilized men—whose sensibilities upon such matters are duly educated, and made fine and susceptible by the institutions of society, daily dispose of their dwellings, and depart into strange lands; and while we doubt not that all men must feel a sense of regret at parting from the homes of infancy and youth, we should be paying but a sorry tribute to their manliness, and proper nature, in regarding this as a sore and overwhelming evil. The Indian, too, of all people
in the world, is the last to feel much, if any regret, at such a necessity. It is no great sacrifice for him. From the moment that his eyes opened upon the light, he has been a wanderer. He has never known a fixed abode, until the appearance and settlement of the whites formed a point of attraction, to which, with all the consciousness of his inferiority, he tacitly inclined. His fathers before him were wanderers, and, according to their histories, their whole lives have been passed in bearing their stakes from the wilderness to the seaside, and from the seaside to the wilderness again. The habitations of the Indians prove all this.* During the space of three hundred years—the time of our acquaintance with them—they have made no improvements; they have built no house of sufficient comfort or importance to be occupied by two successive generations. Their habitations have been such, only, as they could readily remove, or leave, without loss, to the use of some succeeding occupant. Their towns—if the collections of filthy wigwams in which they fester and breed vermin may be called towns—are few, far between, and the men seldom in them. Their women have ever been their drudges, in the most degrading slavery—brutes denied in-

* The account which the aborigines gave of themselves to the first discoverers, represented them to be the invaders of a people far superior to themselves in civilization, which their greater numbers and savage ferocity destroyed. This was the boast of the Indian to the white man. The antique remains of works, fortifications, temples, and other fabrics, which are dispersed all over the country, confirm this intelligence, without regarding the obvious fact that these were remains utterly beyond the ability of the Indians to erect. This history, we may add, is the history of the world, as we read it everywhere. The moment that civilization pauses in her conquests, she is overrun by the savage. She cannot rest in her conquests. She must conquer, not only to improve the savage, but to save herself. Let her pause, with an inferior tribe beside her, not acknowledging her sway, and she is overthrown.
dulgence, and slaves to the most vicious caprices of their masters, without restraint or redress, unless it comes in the sudden vengeance of some irritable relative. Such a people have no idea of home. That is their best home which gives them elbow room, and full forests in which to hunt. The Florida war sprung entirely from want of such freedom, and we may add, that most of our Indian wars have arisen from the same single cause. The philanthropists who would keep them in a region in which they have no resources of life, are those only to whom such wars are to be ascribed. Still, we do not deny the wanton injustice, and the occasional cruelty, of the base white borderer. It would be wonderful, indeed, if such people did forbear the commission of injustice. Their labors are not of such a sort as would lead us to hope for their forbearance; and the necessities of the savage give them but too frequent provocation for the exercise of their unrestrained and brutal propensities. The true evil is in the condition of things which keeps the two races in contact, yet not in connection. The inferior people must fly from the presence, or perish before the march of approaching civilization.

I come now to a point upon which the abolitionists, and the Northern people universally, are more profoundly ignorant than upon almost any other subject. This is the assumed greater dependence of the South, than any other section, upon the confederacy. Miss Martineau, in this matter, is the reluctant mouth-piece of their crudities. Of course, the weakness of the South, in these relations, is due to slavery.

"In case of war," says the good lady, "they might be only too happy if their slaves did run away, instead of rising up against them at home."

The wish is very much the father of the thought.* Per-

* I slept, not long since, into one of the book shops of Broadway, and, in a new magazine lying upon the counter, read a letter from a
haps there is nothing in the world that the people of the South less apprehend, than this, of the insurrection of their negroes. The attempts of this people at this object have been singularly infrequent, and perhaps never would be dreamed of, were their bad passions not appealed to by the abolitionists or their emissaries. They are not a warlike people; are, indeed, rather a timid race; have no concert, no system, and are too well content with their condition, to the great grief of such philosophers as Dr. Lardner, to desire any change. And this has been the case from the beginning. I must remind these reformers of a history which will scarcely add strength to their convictions. The slave population in Carolina was quite equal to its white population in 1776. That conflict was one which obviously held forth the best opportunities for an outbreak, had the slaves desired it. The British authorities were not unfriendly to any proceedings, on their part, which would have distressed their owners. They did encourage them to take up arms, and undertook to form separate bands of negro troops, to uniform them in their scarlet, and furnish them with arms; yet succeeded in persuading only a single regiment to their ranks. The entire mass of the slave population adhered, with unshaken fidelity, to their masters—numbers followed or accompanied them to the field, and fought at their sides, while the greater body faithfully pursued their labors on the plantations—never deserting them in trial, danger or privation, and exhibiting, amidst every re-

visitor in Charleston, who stated that, such was the apprehension entertained of slave insurrections, that all the houses are enclosed with brick or stone walls! There are not half a dozen such walls in the city. The enclosures are mostly of wood, and such as a strong man would hew down with an axe in half a dozen strokes. But the absurd—becomes most intelligible, when it is remembered that the slaves of each household are lodgers within each enclosure.
verse of fortune, that respect, that propriety of moral, which
did not presume in adversity, and took no license from the
disorder of the times; and this decorum and fidelity were
shown at a time when, to the presence of an overwhelming for-
eign enemy, was added the greater curse of a reckless and
unsparing civil war, before their eyes, and among their own
masters. Perhaps the whole world cannot exhibit a history
more remarkable, or more worthy of grateful remembrance,
than the conduct of the serviles of the South, during the war
of the revolution. The few who were incorporated in the
ranks of the British were of little service, behaved with no
courage, and were soon dispersed or cut to pieces. Where
they survived, they probably shared the fate of thousands
more, whom the enemy found it much easier to convert into
slaves, in the West Indies, than soldiers in the Carolinas.
This history ought surely to suffice, to settle any doubts,
or hopes, of our philanthropic brethren, in regard to our se-
curities on this head. Of the remaining causes of Southern
insecurity from foreign war, it is perhaps quite enough to
state that the people of the South are born to the use of
arms, and are fearless in the employment of them. They have
never received any help from the North, at any period of their
fortunes, either before or since the formation of the confederacy.
They have, on the contrary, frequently sent their troops to the
succor of the Northern States. In the recent war with Mexi-
co, of the volunteers in the conquest of that country, under
Taylor and Scott, their contribution, in proportion to that of
the North, was as two to one. The people of the Southern
States are emphatically a military people. The very fact that
the tillage of the earth is confined mostly to an inferior race,
affords them leisure for war, for constant exercise with wea-
pons, and on horseback. The point, however, need not be
pursued. Enough, that the people of the South are conscious
of their strength, and entertain no sort of doubt of their
capacity to maintain themselves equally against the danger
from within and the foe without.

I have now gone through most of the points, in these vol-
umes, which, directly or indirectly, affect the moral and the
fact, in the case of South-Carolina. I have confined myself
mostly to the one State, as better prepared to speak as a wit-
ness on the subject, and satisfied that the argument, in the
case of one, will apply more or less thoroughly to that of all
the slave States. It would have been quite easy to expose
many other errors in these books, relating to the whole coun-
try. the result of Miss Martineau's self-conceit, her monomania,
and her habit of generalizing from imperfect and inferior
sources of fact; but this sort of labor is not very grateful,
and the game would be scarce worth the candle. I must
leave the task to other pens, more able and ready, in the re-
gions which she has wronged by her report. I commend it to
them. A book like that of this lady, who appears to think,
and certainly labors to do so, after a fashion of her own, is
the proper sort of work for dissection. She arrays before us
all our alleged offences, and thus makes it easy to turn at once
to page and chapter, when we would make up the issue with
her. I had marked sundry little anecdotes which she gives
us, which, true in themselves, are yet false, in consequence of
her employment of them for the illustration of the truth in
general. But, as they involve no principles likely to affect
the question, and are so commonly in conflict with other mat-
ters which the same pages develope, we may leave it to the
reader to detect and contrast the examples for himself. They
will do no harm, even if they escape all objection. Indeed,
the book itself can do no harm. On the contrary, I am half
disposed to think it may be of some benefit, if it brings us
only to the knowledge of some of our errors. Like the spite-
21*
ful octavo of Mrs. Trollope, it tells us an occasional home truth, North and South, which we may ponder, and upon which we may improve. And yet there may be some unkindness, in requiring the reader to toil through this weary wilderness of chaff, in the hope of such small wheat as it promises.

Miss Martineau is a monstrous proser. She has a terrible power of words, and is tyrannical as she is powerful, in the use of them. We have no doubt she is herself free from stain or reproach; but her tongue is wretchedly incontinent. She is probably one of those persons who never believe that they have been talking all the while. She declaims constantly, and is forever searching after exceptions. She scruples at no game, fears no opponent, and, whether the meat be washed or unwashed, hawk or heron, it is all the same to her. She discusses the rights of man, and—heaven save the mark!—the rights of women too, with her chambermaid, when she cannot corner a senator. Smart exceedingly, well practised in the minor economies of society, and having at her tongue's end all the standards of value in the grain, cotton, beef and butter markets, she does not scruple to apply them to the more mysterious involutions of the mind and society. It is but too evident that, with all her cleverness, she lacks that more advantageous wisdom which begins with humility. She is too dogmatical ever to be wise. She comes to teach, not to learn. She gets nothing from her hearer, for she does not hear him. If she listens, it is simply because she is confident that her answer is ready. That she has never listened, while in America, is evident from these volumes; though I doubt not that a great many words have gone through her trumpet. Miss Martineau came to America with two or three texts in her memory, which she assumed to be the only right standards by which our people were to be tried and their institutions judged. These texts are so many broad and bold as-
sumptions, that have obtained currency, rather in consequence of the audacity by which they have been urged, and perhaps by some latent vitality, the result of partial truth within them, than because of their complete and triumphant endurance of the tests of experience and severe analysis. With her, as with most European philosophers of her order, they are assumptions only—specious or imposing—which have been taken on trust; according, perhaps, with the particular temperament of the individual. To a woman of the bold, free, masculine nature of Miss Martineau, impatient of the restraints of her sex, and compelled to seek her distinction in fields which women are rarely permitted to penetrate, democracy is one of the most attractive of social philosophies, as conservatism must be necessarily the most offensive. With her, the doctrine of majorities is the voice of God. She has a fast faith in the proverb. The will of the majority, she insists, will be right—right, always, in the end—a faith which we should not care to dispute, since we can readily conceive of a people, after having boxed the compass in experiments, and bruised its shins, or broken its limbs, over a thousand errors, arriving, at last, at the goal which it had never conjectured, and had not the capacity to seek or to foresee. Let "the end" be sufficiently remote, and we hardly question but that, in God’s mercy, all his scattered flocks will find their way into the saving fold. But need this be a matter of chance, and need there be any such long delay about it? May not the thousand sorrows, trials, hurts and bruises of the race be lessened, and the road to right be shortened, under other auspices? Are not the delay and the suffering the strict consequence of following such blind guides as our own capricious passions, headlong will, fierce impulse, and impudent presumption—following the multitude, in short, to do evil; and has not God appointed safer guides, specially gifted
beings, whom we were wiser to seek and follow, and who would conduct us to the great object of our pilgrimage, at no such peril, and with no such delay as now attends the progress? I confess that, though not unwilling to suppose the majority may be right in the end, I am half disposed to prefer a minority that is right in the beginning. But that would not suit Miss Martineau, who prefers to work out her own problems, at any cost, so that she can do the work for herself. She takes this doctrine of majorities lovingly in hand, and, applying it to sundry cases in her own mind—to which it is not customary to apply it in America—she is alarmed at the annoying inconsistency which follows. Hence her wild chapter about the "Rights of Women," her groans and invectives because of their exclusion from the offices of state, the right of suffrage, the exercise of political authority. In all this, the error of the declarer consists in the very first movement of the mind. "The "Rights of Women" may all be conceded to the sex, yet the rights of men withheld from them. Here is all the difficulty. The knot of the subject lies in this little respect; and the untwisting of it, by no Alexandrine process—we had almost said Cæsarian—may enable us still to insist upon our American understanding of the doctrine of majorities, yet leave the tender sex without any legitimate cause of complaint. Certainly, if mere numbers are to be considered the proper sources of power in a state, the inference follows that women must have a share in the administration of affairs. The fact that they are not, in a country which yet professes to be ruled by a majority, should have prompted Miss Martineau to a closer inquiry into the source of the peculiar rights of the majority. It is important to know what was the peculiar sense, on this subject, of the founders of our laws, customs, and constitution. We are in possession of a good many very subtle and ingenious exposi-
tions of the secret principle by which the larger claims to rule the smaller body. But I doubt the whole of them, and am not sure that the whole moral of it is not an agreeable political fiction, by which to save trouble, avoid difficulty, escape danger, and have leisure for more personal matters; just as the elevation of a pretty young woman to the throne of England, following the prescribed order of events, prevents a constant recurrence of struggles, ending in bloody wars, with regard to the disputed succession. There must be, for the general safety, some rule on these subjects, of general recognition, and this of the majority is most in accordance with the genius, as it is the preference, of the people. There may be found a substantial reason for it at bottom, which may be suggestive to Miss Martineau why women are not to be taken into the account. The truth is, the doctrine of majorities simply determines the presence of physical power, displayed by simple arithmetic, by which we obviate any necessity for the application of the brute force, when we assert our rights, and seek their exercise by swaying over the rights of others. The majority tells us where the brute force lies, and we submit to it, with what philosophy we can, in all cases where the authority which governs, entails upon us no such evils as would follow from our physical struggle to shake it off. Whenever the wrongs and injustice of the majority pass beyond the ordinary bounds of patience, it is resisted, and the ultima ratio is resorted to by the minority, either in hope or desperation. There is no abstract charm, in mere numbers, to compel the submission of those who are wronged, or who think themselves so. But when it is known that votes represent men—able-bodied and armed men—the case is different. We at once see the enemy with which we have to contend, and the superior capacities which he possesses of coercion. The doctrine of majorities is, in truth, no new doctrine. It
is as old as the hills. The only difference between times past and times present, consists, simply, in the superior facilities which, in modern times, we enjoy, of determining where the power lies, without any resort to blows. It is more easy, now-a-days, to compute the strength of the opposition, than it was in the distant periods when war was almost invariably the result of ignorance on both hands; and never was the doctrine more clearly illustrated than in the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose many successes were the sheer result of his attention to this fact. His mode of concentrating his force at a given point, in advance of his enemy, was the true secret of his wonderful victories. Like all dexterous politicians, his aim was to be always in a majority. Minorities would never submit to the frequent injustice of majorities, but that they well know that the court of dernier resort is one just as little likely to give them redress, as the power which robs them of their rights by a mere resort to the numeration table.

It is only one of many of the subjects of disquiet which Miss Martineau finds, when she compares the working of our system with its prescribed standards. The governing principles of our political condition, and the laws and practice under them, she finds in frequent conflict; and her trouble is that of the European generally. One of her points of difficulty is in the famous passage in the declaration of American independence, which announces that "all men are created equal." The declaration has been one of long dispute, with all sorts of philosophers, and the decision upon the vexed question is not likely to be made in our day. Our excellent forefathers, when they pronounced this truth to be self-evident, were not in the best mood to become philosophers, however well calculated to approve themselves the best of patriots. They were much excited, nay, rather angry, in the days of the "declaration," and hence it is that what they alleged to
be self-evident then, is, at this time, when we are comparatively cool, a source of very great doubt and disputation. But, the truth is, the phrase was simply a finely sounding one, significant of that sentimental French philosophy, then so current, which was destined to bear such sanguinary fruits in after periods. Jefferson inclined to that school of philosophers, so long as its sentimentality constituted its chief characteristic, and before the paradisaical fancies of which it was so prolific had been literally swallowed up in a sea of human blood. How could Rousseau, or Jefferson, determine how men were created—in what degrees—in what equality? The only record which we have, shows us, under the ordinary interpretation of the churchmen, that there was never but a single man created by the hands of God; the rest were born, under laws such as prevail uniformly through the animal world—in different climates, different realms, under different conditions, victims to poverty, to exposure, to want, to disease, or pets of vanity, and pride, and opulence—all differing, everywhere, in health, strength, size, circumstance—under no uniformity of culture, training, education;—as unequal a scattered family—color, race, tribe, feature—as if it had been the studious purpose of the Deity that there should be as great a variety in the human family, as among the brute and vegetable nations. And I have no doubt that such really was his plan, conforming to all the analogies in nature. But the statement of the case, as made in the "declaration of independence," is, in its very nature, wholly indeterminable. Nobody, now-a-days, is born naked. Indeed, man was hardly ever, at any period, in what we describe as a state of nature. The artifices of a social condition were woven about him from the earliest periods, and the essential inequalities of such conditions, in differing societies, must always have had the effect of establishing corresponding inequalities among the
individuals composing tribes and families, even if it had not been the benevolent purpose of God that such inequalities should constitute an essential feature of his plan of creation. But, be sure that our good fathers, in the revolution, never contemplated so wide a survey of the subject, when they insisted upon the perfect equality of the sons of men. They made the assertion in a more limited sense, evidently thinking not so much of the accouchement of Eve, as of the delivery of the American people. Their assertion meant no more than this: "You, George the Third, whom we think a tyrant, have presumed to call us, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, etc., traitors and rebels. Now, look you, George, we owe you no allegiance. We are as good men as you, any day. We are your equals. God created, or made, us so. Stand up and compare with us, if you dare. Compare with us your best men—your Norths, and Butes, and Germanies—and let us see where your superiority lies. Physically, we are fully your match; morally and intellectually, your superiors. And so will our people compare with yours, and with the whole world. God has endowed them, equally with your people, with the capacity to govern and control themselves." And this was the amount of it, and such was the argument, as against a rival people. Within their own tribes, they no doubt held the farther doctrine, that all men were equal in the sight of God—that is, that he was incapable of partialities. He had made them equally his care—he had decreed their equal accountability; and, by proper analogy, the authors of the declaration might well declare, in behalf of the equal recognition, by the laws and government, of the claims of the citizen, each in his place; each, while he obeyed the laws and complied with his public duties, having an equal right with his neighbor to the protection of society, in his life and liberty, his pursuits
and his possessions. We are not to subject such a performance as the declaration of independence to a too critical scrutiny, in respect to its generalizations. These are put briefly, and the circumstances of the revolutionary movement were such as required that they should be put strongly. It was necessary that they should be pronounced with emphasis, since the revolution was an event which, while it fixed the attention of the civilized world, required that it should also compel its popular sympathies. It was, perhaps, something of policy that dictated the employment of phrases which should particularly commend it to the French philosophers of that day; and I have no question but that many of the statesmen who signed the paper were thus made the endorsers of sundry sentiments which they never swallowed at all. The Adamses, of Massachusetts, could not well have bolted the doctrine of universal equality; while it is very certain that the aristocrats of Carolina, in that day, must, if they did swallow it, have done so with monstrous wry faces. But the doubtful matter did not then provoke a question, since nobody gave it, then, any construction more authoritative than that which I have here assigned it.

How should they, indeed, unless blinder than the beasts that perish, with staring proofs to the contrary surrounding them, even while they deliberated and wrote? That God has not created men alike, or equal, whether morally or physically, is not less notorious, than it is in perfect harmony with all his other creations. The most striking development, every where, in and about the beautiful world which we inhabit, is in striking proof of his purpose to crown it with as much diversity as life. Nothing, indeed, can be more remarkable, or more delightful, to the mind and eye, surveying the works of the Creator, than the endless varieties, and the boundless
inequalities, of his creations. Not only is no void unfilled, but no void is filled in the same manner. Size, form, color, order, power, in all living objects, are graduated endowments, which enable one to fly, while another creeps; one to dilate in grandeur, while another trembles in insignificance; one to loom out, like some bright creature of the elements, while another nestles, with sombre garment, in a corresponding shadow. Whether we survey the globe which we inhabit, the sky which canopies, the seas which surround us, or the systems which give us light and loveliness, we are perpetually called upon to admire that infinite variety of the Creator, which nothing seems to stale. The stars are lovely in their inequalities; the hills, the trees, the rivers and the seas; and it is from their very inequalities that their harmonies arise. Were it otherwise, the eye would be pained by the monotony of the prospect everywhere. As it is, we love to look abroad upon nature, and it is with a pleasure no less sensible than that of the savage, that we learn "how to name the bigger light, and how the less." They have their names, only as they are unlike and unequal. It is because these shine in their places, however inferior to other orbs, that they are lovely. They are all unequal, but each keeps its place; and the beauty which they possess and yield us, results entirely from their doing so. A greater philosopher than Thomas Jefferson—and we may add, after a long interval, Jeremy Bentham and Miss Martineau—has given us a noble passage, devoted to this subject, which is no less philosophical than poetical—and indeed, it is the true poet, alone, who is the perfect and universal philosopher. Let us hear William Shakespeare. I quote from "Troilus and Cressida." The speech is made by Ulysses, at the close of the seventh year of the siege of Troy, when the Greeks, emulous of each other, each striving
for sway, defeat their own objects, and begin to despair of success in the continued disappointments of the war. After a prefatory passage, he says:

"Degree being wizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask,
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Instinct, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and spher'd
Amidst the other, whose medi'cinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And po-ts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! What mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds!—frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crook: rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states*
Quite from their fixture! Oh, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark! what discord follows! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bounds higher than the shores,
And make a sup of all this solid globe;

* Were our federal union what it should be, how happily would this line serve as the motto of the confederacy.
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead;
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jars justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded by will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocant,
Follows the choking.*

* Pope, too, not to speak of a hundred others, has like authority.

"Order is heaven's first law, and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

The laws of society are not intended to disturb the natural degrees of humanity, but to reconcile them—to make them consistent with, and dependent upon, one another—not to make the butcher a judge, or the baker a president; but to protect them, according to their claims as butcher and baker. Let us illustrate these distinctions by some well known cases. In a claim for maintenance, the jury will inquire what have been the habits, what is the education, the tastes, sensibilities, etc., of the wife—in an action for damages, in slander, the words being the same, the jury will adjudge the amount of damages according to the profession, the moral and intellectual standing, of the slandered person; and this, too, without reflecting that it is wholly in defiance of this doctrine of universal equality. Yet the trial by jury is, perhaps, even beyond that of representation—nay, it is the most vital sort of representation—the most conspicuous showing of the equal rights principle. The jury, drawn from all classes, recognizes, as by an instinct, what is due to superior social position, and, just in degree as the character is eminent, which they have to redress, will make exemplary the damages. Here is the whole subject. If we thus gauge the degree of wrong done to the individual, as an individual, and according to his special claims, it is because we have first recognized the individual superiority of his rights.
THE MORALS OF SLAVERY.

This noble passage is full of force and meaning. It does not too highly rate, to society, the importance of order—degree—or men, as well as things, in their right places. All harmonies, whether in the moral or physical worlds, arise wholly from the inequality of their tones and aspects; and all things, whether in art or nature, social or political systems, but for this inequality, would give forth only monotony or discord. That equality which the leveler insists upon would result in general confusion—the breaking down of every necessary barrier of distinction—the universal forfeiture of names to things. There could be no hope, there would be no ambition, where

"Degree, being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly "

as the noblest. The motive to honorable performance would be lost; and that, too, without lessening, in any degree, the scramble, on all hands, for place and power. The very nature of man is in conflict with this law of universal equality. His perpetual, and proper effort, is to rise honorably above his fellows. It is thus, and thus only, that he asserts an individuality of character and endowment, which is the secret of all greatness, whether of possession or performance. It was never the intention of the fathers of the country to destroy this individuality, to deny its assertion, or to bring about that dead level condition in society, in which everything but stagnates. They may have been democrats; but in their notion of democracy, it was not levelling in its character. They rather found in it that harmony of relation in the moral world, in which all the agents and operatives, playing together, wrought out from their correspondence the best music of humanity—that music which builds the great city, and secures peace and prosperity to man, in the prosecution
of his labors. The democracy which they asserted not only recognized, but insisted upon inequalities—its laws declaring, not the fitness of all men for any place, but that all should be secured in the quiet possession of their individual right of place—that there should be no usurpation—no assertion of power, in hostility to right—no arrogant assumption, upon artificial bases, of any natural right of one class of performers to the sway over another. Neither their acts nor their declarations, properly read and understood, asserted anything beyond the simple and reasonable law, that each man should enjoy the place to which he is justly entitled, by reason of his moral, his intellect, his strength, or his resource. Of the thing or position proper to him, that should he enjoy without molestation. Their understanding, and, as I read it, their definition of true liberty, is the enjoyment of that place in society to which our moral and intellect entitle us, and of the fruits of those efforts and enterprises, which we owe to our own performances. Here, I may offer a few brief definitions, the better to convey my notion of what was theirs.

He is in the enjoyment of freedom, whatever his condition, who is suffered to occupy his proper place.

He, only, is the slave, who is forced into a position in society which is below the claim of his intellect and moral.

He cannot but be a tyrant—a wrong-doer at least—who forces or makes his way into a position for which his moral is unfitted or unprepared, and for the duties of which his intellect is unprepared.

That such were the definitions of democracy, in the days of the declaration, is fairly inferrible from the fact, that they left the condition of their social world precisely as they found it. They might, indeed, have held, as an abstract notion, that, in a state of nature, men were born equal—equally helpless, of themselves, certainly, and equally dependant and
incapable—but they certainly never held that they must of
right continue equal; nor is this a fair conclusion, from what
they say. The birthright of man may be alienated in a thou-
sand ways, and it never was an unqualified one.

Of these inalienable rights of man,

“All men,” says the declaration of independence, “are
created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with cer-
tain inalienable rights; among these are life, liberty, and the
pursuit of happiness,” etc.

Now, is this true, in whole or in part? Is it true that life,
liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are inalienable, under
the practice of our government, or any other? Do we not
alienate them every day! Men are hung for rapes, for trea-
son, for murder, for forgery, for burglary, and many other
offences. We cast them into prisons, and deprive them of
their liberty; we sue them in the courts, and take from them
their property. On what pretence, if these rights of man be
inalienable, do we deprive him of them? There is some
mystery in all this, not to be explained by a resort to the
ordinary mode of argumentation; and those who insist, as
Miss Martineau does, upon the unlimited and the unqualified
meaning of these natural laws—for natural rights are natural
laws—will certainly be at a loss to reconcile a difficulty like
this. In fact, these are only conditional possessions or en-
dowments. We must look farther. There must be a quali-
fied acceptance of these principles and phrases, or they are
nothing. The truth is, that our natural rights depend en-
tirely upon the degree of obedience which we pay to the laws
of our creation. All our rights, whether from nature or from
society—and these are the only two sources of right known
to us—result from the performance of our duties. Unless
we perform our duties, we have no rights; or they are aliena-
ble, in consequence of our lâchesse. The man has no rights
by nature, unless by a compliance with the laws of nature; as he would have no rights from society, unless by a compliance with its laws. Refusing to obey, he is outlawed, and society thus only recognizes, instinctively, the remorseless decree of nature. These laws, in a state of nature, require from the man the application of his mental and physical energies, to the improvement of the passive world around him. It was given to him for this single purpose. The Indian, who finds himself upon a hillock, has no more right to it, by nature, than the hog which burrows along its borders, until he proves his right by the exhibition of faculties superior to those which the hog possesses. He is no more a man than the hog, until he complies with the natural laws of his being. This he does, when he builds himself a cabin from the woods around him; when he bends the branches into a bower overhead, and covers the roof with leaves, and strews the floor with rushes, and thus protects himself against the elements; when he gathers fuel, and, by rubbing two dried sticks together, builds himself a fire, and warms himself against the cold; when he plants his maize and beans, and provides against future hunger. These prove his superiority to the brute, and maintain for him the proper rights which his superior powers have fairly established to be in him. He literally obeys the first decree of God to the expatriated man, and, by tilling the earth, obtains his bread in the sweat of his brow.* As he proceeds, Labor, which, alone, is but a blind Polyphemus at the best, receives a divine assistant from heaven, in the shape of Art. She gives life and animation to his toils, cheers him with her smiles and her songs, and,

* And this is one of the first elements of religion, as it is the prime element of human prosperity. Genesis is studied in vain, unless this be the conclusion of the student.
when his work is ended, with a plastic hand, smoothes down its roughnesses, and, from the rude block, commands the upspringing presence of Beauty. In the progress of time, Nature supplies him, from his own resources, with another ally, of whom he had no previous knowledge, in the shape of Science. This ally is many-winged and many-handed, and makes all the elements subservient to his purposes. He shows labor where to place his shoulder, and the mountain is heaved from its base. He tells where he shall strike, and the crag is cleft by his stroke. He hews down the high trees of the forest at his bidding, and guides his dwelling-place even upon the waters. These gifts prepare man properly for life. The crowning and last gift, which is spiritual religion, prepares him for death. But the inevitable law must be first obeyed, or he gains none of these blessings. He must first labor. This is the destiny from which he is forever seeking to escape.* It is only by a compliance with this, the first law of his creation, that he can hope to be secure in life, successful in his pursuits, benefitted by society, and made happy by religion. It is the key-stone of religion itself; and the missionary who seeks to teach the mysteries of Christianity to the wandering savage, can never hope to be successful, so long as he neglects to inform him of the first duty consequent upon his creation.

* The desire to escape this destiny is one of the true causes of the present distress of our country. We are all toiling to avoid toil; and we cog, lie, swindle, speculate—do anything but delve and dig. We import our labor—the most useful and necessary arm of our population—from a foreign country; and a long train of evils must ensue in consequence, which the narrow mind will always be unwilling to trace back to this seemingly unimportant origin. It is a moral disgrace to a nation such as ours, not less than a political and social evil, when we are compelled to import from foreign lands our grain, our bread stuffs, and the forage for our cattle. Land was given us for cultivation; not for speculation.—Note written in 1837.
The result of labor, to the man, is property. The possession of property is the first cause which brings about any enlarged formation of society: numbers become necessary to defend wealth from the barbarians, who do not labor, and who have none. As society improves and increases—and it must inevitably do so, while it continues to comply with its natural and obvious laws—it extends its dominion, and controls the surrounding tribes, for its own safety. These succumb, are enslaved, and, as they improve in intellectual respects, are lifted, by regular degrees, into the bosom of that society which has first enslaved them.* The superior people, which conquers, also educates the inferior; and their reward, for this good service, is derived from the labor of the latter, which being, in all moral respects, the inferior people, can yield no other recompense. Unless the civilized and superior nation does this, it will inevitably fall a victim to the barbarous tribes which gather around it—forever poor, desperate and daring—having no possessions to lose, and, from their bestial improvidence, compelled, in all inclement seasons, to resort to war with their neighbors, to avoid starvation. It is no less the duty than the necessity, therefore, of civilization, to overcome these tribes—to force the tasks of life upon them—to compel their labor—to teach them the arts of economy and providence, and, with a guiding hand and unyielding sway, conduct them to the moral Pisgah, from whence they may behold the lovely and inviting Canaan of a higher and holier condition, spread out before them, and praying them to come. When civilization ceases to extend her con-

* This is a natural, and therefore an inevitable result. Without referring to the moral law to this effect, the Southern slaveholder finds it his interest to lift the more intelligent slave into stations of higher responsibility, and more honorable trust, than are commonly yielded to his fellows.
quests, she falls, like Rome, the victim to the savage. The war is as endless between her and her foe, as between any two diametrically opposite principles in the same moral circle; and as her sway is the more gentle, and as she conquers only to improve, while the savage conquers only to destroy, it follows, inevitably, that hers is the only legitimate conquest, and every other is but tyranny.

Every primitive nation, of which we have any knowledge in the world’s history, has been subjected to long periods of bondage. They have been all elevated and improved by its tasks and labors, and a positive sanction for the use of slavery, and a proof of its necessity, are fairly to be inferred from this inevitable consequence; but, as if this were not enough for the purposes of authority, God himself, we are given to understand, actually, in two remarkable instances, placed a favorite people in foreign slavery, making them hewers of wood and drawers of water, in the land of the stranger; as, from their refusal to comply with the laws of their creation, they had shown themselves unfitted even for the very comparative degree of social liberty allotted to men at those periods—requiring them thus, through that ordeal, which is improperly called slavery, but which is simply a process of preparation for an improving and improved condition, to work out their own moral deliverance. For, truly is it, that we shall not only gain our bread by the sweat of our brow, but thus subdue those barbarous appetites, and degrading brutal propensities, without the subjection of which, our minds could never have that due play and exercise, which can alone fit them for social dependance, and the friendly restraints of a guardian government. The nature of man is one of continual conflicts, and those chiefly with himself; and the proverb which inculcates the victory over himself as the most glorious of all victories, is one strictly and philosophically growing out of a
just knowledge of his own attributes, and the difficulties which oppose their exercise.

Our general views, in modern times, on the subject of slaves and slavery, are distressingly narrow. Our forefathers were less precipitate, but more certain in their philosophy. They did not scruple to go forward, but they were first sure that they were right in doing so. We do not resemble them in this. We are too ready to follow multitudes to do evil. Having commenced our political career by a grand innovation upon the existing condition of things, we would still innovate; and, like any other good principle suffering abuse, the zeal which released us from a foreign yoke would also release us from our allegiance to higher influences than kings. We are losing our veneration fast. We are overthowing all sacred and hallowing associations and authorities. Marriage is now a bond which we may rend at pleasure. The Sabbath is a wrong and a superstition. Such is the progress of opinion and doctrine among those very classes which show themselves hostile to Southern slavery. The cry is "On!" and we do not see the beginning of the end. Never was fanaticism more mad than on the subject of slavery; which was a very good thing enough when "England and the North" sold slaves, and the South bought them; and it is a good thing now, if we would only reason rightly, and find out what slavery is. We make no distinction between those restraints which impose labor upon the body—improving its health, bringing out its symmetry and strength, and fulfilling a destiny, which the analogies of all history, not less than the faith which we profess, teach us is the decree of the Universal Parent—and that bondage of the mind, and that denial of its exercise, which are always the aim of tyrannies, and which, as in the case of some of the unlaboring people of Europe, must result in the utter enervation, sluggishness, and shame of body and
mind alike. Pity it is, that the lousy and lounging lazzaroni of Italy, cannot be made to labor in the fields, under the whip of a severe task-master! They would then be a much freer—certainly a much nobler animal—than we can possibly esteem them now;—and far better had it been for our native North American savage, could he have been reduced to servitude, and, by a labor imposed upon him, within his strength, and moderately accommodated to his habits, have been preserved from that painful and eating decay, which has left but a raw and naked skeleton of what was once a numerous and various people—a people, that needed nothing but an Egyptian bondage of four hundred years to have been saved for the future, and lifted into a greatness to which Grecian and Roman celebrity might have been a faint and failing music.*

This clamor about liberty and slavery, is, after all, unless we get some certain definitions to begin with, the most arrant nonsense. "License they mean when they cry liberty!"—and we may add, "license they mean when they cry slavery!" The extremes are near kindred, and in all these clamors they are sure to meet. The Russian boor is called a slave, and

*I will be referred to the experiment of this nature, made by the Spaniards in the Island of Cuba, in which the poor savages were utterly destroyed. But this is no parallel case to the proposition in the text. The reason why the Spaniards failed, and the Indians perished under the repartimiento system, arose from the fact, that the masters had only a temporary and not a permanent interest in their services. The Spanish governors were compelled to arrive at sudden wealth, or not at all; and they worked the savages to death in order to obtain it. Had the Indians been allotted to them, not according to geographical, but numerical divisions, such result would not have followed. They should have had a limited number of slaves, and in these they should have had a life interest. Their policy, then, must have been to economize that labor, of which, under the existing circumstances, they were inhumanly prodigal. The fate of the Indians, under such rule, might have been predicted.
the German subject of Austria is called a slave, and the Italian is called a slave, and the negro in the Southern States is called a slave,—and yet, how unlike to one another is the condition of all these slaves! The right of ruling themselves, at pleasure, is that which is assumed to be the test of freedom. The native African has that right, and what is the rule of Africa? A sufficient commentary upon it will be found in the naked, unmarked outlines, hanging upon the walls of our houses, and dignified with the title of maps of Africa. Murder awaits the missionary and the traveller who penetrate the country; and civilization seems to be as far remote as ever from their attainment. And how should it be otherwise? And how should they improve, having never taken the first step in such a progress? They cannot improve until they learn to labor,—they will not learn to labor until they become stationary; and the wandering savage has seldom yet become stationary, unless by the coercion of a superior people.* But the right to govern themselves requires, first, a capacity for such government. The right can only result from a compliance with the laws of their creation; and the capacity requires long ages of preparation, of great trial, hardship, severe labor and perilous enterprise. The responsibilities and the duties of self-government, demand a wonderful and wide-spread knowledge and practice of morals,

*For the sake of the African world, it is to be regretted that, instead of abolishing the slave trade, the nations had not contented themselves with regulating it. Vessels should have been licensed for the trade, of particular burden and construction, and carrying limited numbers; by which means the disgusting and dreadful horrors which resulted from the compression of the unhappy captives, in great numbers, into fetid and narrow dungeons, would have been avoided, with all of the evils consequent upon their change of condition; leaving them only to the thousand benefits, which make the American slave so superior an animal to the African freemen.
before such a capacity can arise; and it would be an awkward and difficult inquiry at this moment to discover any one of the leading nations of the globe where such a capacity exists. I will not even believe it to exist in the United States, until I see the people willing to tax themselves directly for their own protection. I will not believe it, so long as they need to be deceived by indirect and circuitous taxation, into the expenditures which are necessary for their own good. They are not yet willing to look in the face the cost of their own liberties. The practice of the English government denies the existence of any such capacity among its people;* and France!—what

* Great Britain has freed her slaves, yet denies equality to a large portion of her own people—yee, denies them equal liberties of conscience. But how has she freed the blacks? If they had an unqualified right of freedom, by what right has she limited their freedom, in making them apprentices for a term of years? Their rights, if absolute, demanded, on her part, an absolute release of them. While I write, I am reminded of a paragraph in the Table Talk of Coleridge. It is kindred to our notions, and we give it accordingly. He says: "You are always talking of the rights of the negroes. As a rhetorical mode of stimulating the people of England here, I do not object; but I utterly condemn your frantic practice of declaiming about their rights to the blacks themselves. They ought to be forcibly reminded of the state in which their brethren in Africa still are, and taught to be thankful for the providence which has placed them within the means of grace. I know no right except such as flows from righteousness; and as every Christian believes his righteousness to be imputed, so must his right be an imputed right too. It must flow out of a duty, and it is under that name that the process of humanization ought to begin and to be conducted throughout." In another paragraph, devoted more distinctly to the proceedings of the British parliament, Mr. Coleridge speaks thus: "Have you been able to discover any principle in this emancipation bill for the slaves, except a principle of fear of the abolition party struggling with a fear of causing some monstrous calamity to the empire at large! Well! I will not prophesy; and God grant that this tremendous and unprecedented act of positive enactment may not do the harm to the cause of humanity and freedom which I cannot but fear!"
have all her bloody days, through successive ages, effected for her liberties, but cries for more blood, an increasing discontent, and the fever and phrenzy which continually defy and defeat her own laws, in the appetite which calls for fresher uproar! Perhaps, the very homogeneousness of a people is adverse to the most wholesome forms of liberty. It may make of a selfish people (which has succeeded by the aid of other nations in the attainment of a certain degree of moral enlargement) a successful people—in the merely worldly sense of the word—but it can never make them, morally, a great one.* For that most perfect form of liberty, which prompts us to love justice for its own sake, it requires strange admixtures of differing races—the combination and comparison of the knowledge which each has separately arrived at—the long trials and conflicts which precede their coming together; and their perfect union in the end, after that subjection on the part of the inferior class, which compels them to a knowledge of what is possessed by the superior. This was the history of the Saxon boors under the Norman conquest—a combination, which has resulted in the production of one of the most perfect specimens of physical organization and moral susceptibilities, which the world has ever known. And where this amalgamation cannot be effected—as in the case of the Israelites—who are too homogeneous for commixture or even communion with other people—the slave, in the progress of

* The moment that a people boasts of its homogeneousness, we may begin to doubt its farther improvement, particularly if the community be a small one. The homogeneousness of the Jews is, probably, the true reason of their national inferiority. They are a people, without a nation. All insulated communities degenerate; until, in time, they cease even to have issue. The intermarriages of islanders, villagers, and other homogeneous people, should be forbidden by law; and so should the intermarriages among cousins. Perhaps, it would be well, if our men in America always chose their wives from other States and sections than their own.
events, acquires the knowledge of the master. When Moses could emulate the Egyptian priesthood, he was able to embody and to represent his people, and to lead them forth from bondage; for then they had acquired all the knowledge which was possessed by the Egyptian; and as they could derive nothing further from the instruction of their masters, the period had naturally arrived for their emancipation. Upon this susceptibility of acquisition, on the part of the slave, depends the whole secret of his release from bondage. It is his mental and moral inferiority which has enslaved, or subjected him to a superior. It is his rise, morally and intellectually, into the same form with his master, which alone can emancipate him.—(See Appendix.) It is possible that a time will come, when, taught by our schools, and made strong by our training, the negroes of the Southern States may arrive at freedom; then, at least, his condition may be such as would entitle him to go forth out of bondage. It may be, when that time comes, that, like Pharoah, we too shall prove unwilling to give up our bondmen. But that that time is very far remote, is sufficiently evident from the condition of the free negroes in the Northern States, and elsewhere—the British West Indies, for example. There, in both regions, without restraints of any kind, they rather decline to a worse brutality, with every increase of privilege. In the former region, after a fifty years' enjoyment of their own rule, they have yet founded no city to themselves, raised no community of their own; but are willing to remain the boot-cleaners and the bottle-washers of the whites, in a state of degrading inferiority, which they are too obtuse to feel; and are only made conscious of their degradation, by the occasional kicks and cuffs which they are made to endure, at the humor of the whites, and without any prospect of redress. They have not that moral courage—the true source of independence—which
would prompt them, like the poor white pioneer, to sally forth into the wilderness, hew out their homes, and earn their rights by a compliance with their duties. They feel their inferiority to the whites, even when nominally freemen; and sink into the condition of serviles, in fact, if not in name, in compliance with their natural dependence, and unquestionable moral deficiencies. What they show themselves now, with every example around them stimulating them to freedom and ambition, taken in connection with what they have been shown to be from the earliest known periods of history, ought to be conclusive, with every person of common sense, not only that they have no capacity for an individual independent existence, but that they were always designed for a subordinate one. And why should we assume for the Deity, that he has set out with a design, in the creation and government of men, differing from those laws which he has prescribed in the case of all his other creatures. Why should there not be as many races of men, differing in degree, in strength, capacity, art, endowment, as we find them differing in shape, stature, color, organization? Why, indeed, should there not be differing organizations among men, which shall distinctly shadow forth the several duties, and the assigned stations, which they are to fulfil and occupy in life. This would seem to be a necessity, analogous to what is apparent every where in all the other works of God's creation. Nay, is it not absolutely consistent with all, that we learn from history of the uses of men and nations? As we note their progress, we detect their mission; and, this done, they themselves disappear. The African seems to have his mission. He does not disappear, but he still remains a slave or a savage! I do not believe that he ever will be other than a slave, or that he was made to be otherwise; but that he is designed as an implement in the hands of civilization always. You may
eradicate him from place, but not from life. If he ceases to exist in Virginia or Carolina, Georgia or Louisiana, it is only because he is doing the allotted tasks of his master in regions farther South. I look upon Negro Slavery as the destined agent for the civilization of all the states of Mexico, and all the American states beyond.

The circumstance which, more than any thing beside—apart from his original genius—prepared the Anglo-American for the comparative condition of freedom which he enjoys, was the desperate adventure, the trying necessity, and the thousand toils through which he had to go, in contending with the sterility of an unfriendly soil, and the continual and thwarting hostility of surrounding and savage men. The very sterility of New-England, by imposing upon all classes the necessity of labor, gave strength and energy to her sons, and stability to her institutions. Her severe austerity arose even more from her own toils and trials, than from her puritan ancestry; and, bating the bigotry and miserable exclusiveness which, among the vast majority of her people, can find no greatness and little worth beyond her own borders, she confessedly stands among the most successful, in worldly affairs, of any people on the face of the earth. The fertility of the soil in the South, by readily yielding to the hands of Labor, is, without any paradox, the true source of our enervation, and of the doubtful prosperity of our country—as a country merely. Individuals are successful and prosperous, but not the face of the country; and however much this may be the subject of regret on the one hand, like the trumpet of Miss Martineau, it is not without its advantages. It results, we may state, in individuality of character among its people; who never, in consequence, devolve upon societies, combinations, or their neighbors, their several duties of charity, hospitality and friendship; and who sufficiently esteem their
own morals, their sense of honor and humanity, to think they can do justice to the claims of their dependants, without the interference or tuition of any gratuitous philanthropy.

The chapter which Miss Martineau devotes to the "Morals of Slavery," should rather be styled the morals of the community. The excesses to which she refers, and in some respects particularizes, are excesses not confined to the slave States, and which do not, in any State, result from slavery. We contend for the morality of slavery among us, as we assert that the institution has wrought, and still continues to work, the improvement of the negro himself; and we confidently challenge a comparison between the slave of Carolina, and the natives of the region from which his ancestors have been brought. No other comparison, with any other people, can properly be made. We challenge comparison between the negro slave in the streets of Charleston, and the negro freeman—so called—in the streets of New-York. Compare either of these with the native Indian, and, so far as the civilized arts, and the ideas of civilization are involved in the comparison, you will find that the negro who has been taught by the white man, is always deferred to, in matters of counsel, by his own Indian master. The negro slave of a Muscoghee warrior, to my knowledge, in frequent instances, is commonly his best counsellor; and the primitive savage follows the direction of him, who, having been forced to obey the laws of his creation, has become wiser, in consequence, than the creature who willfully refuses.*

* "The Indian," says Miss Martineau, "looks with silent wonder upon the settler, who becomes visibly a capitalist in nine months, on the same spot where the red man has remained equally poor all his life." Elsewhere and everywhere she describes the negro slaves of the Indians as looking better than their masters. She attributes this to the milder form of their slavery to that of the whites; though
This subjection to the superior mind is the process through which every inferior nation has gone, and the price which the inferior people must always pay, for that knowledge of, and compliance with, their duties, which alone can bring them to the possession of their rights, and to the due attainment of their liberties—these liberties always growing in value and number with the improving tastes and capacities for their appreciation. Show me any people, which, complying with this inevitable condition, has not improved! Show me one, refusing to comply, which has not perished! Look at the history of man throughout the world, with the eye of a calm, unselfish, deliberate judgment, and say if this be not so. Regard the slave of Carolina, with a proper reference to the condition of the cannibal African from whom he has been rescued, and say if his bondage has not increased his value to himself, not less than to his master. We contend that it found him a cannibal, destined in his own country to eat his fellow, or to be eaten by him;—that it brought him to a land in which he suffers no risk of life or limb, other than that to which his owner is equally subjected;—that it in-

the obvious inference should have been the greater advantages of white slavery in so educating the inferior African, as to lift him into a mental condition vastly superior to that of the red man, who, in a state of nature, is decidedly more intellectual than the black in a like state. She says, speaking of the religious education of the Indian—

"I fear that the common process has here been gone through, of taking from the savage the venerable and true which he possessed, and to force upon him something else which is neither venerable nor true." This is one of those vague phrases and seeming philosophies with which the book abounds. The fact is, that the only "venerable and true" which is necessary, for the improvement of the Indian, is the compulsion of labor, whose laws are surely sufficiently venerable, and as surely ought to be true, considering where we find them—the venerable and true which he never yet has been taught, and is not now very likely to acquire.
creases his fecundity infinitely beyond that of the people from whom he has been taken—that it increases his health and strength, improves his physical symmetry and animal organization—that it elevates his mind and morals—that it extends his term of life—that it gives him better and more certain food, better clothing, and more kind and valuable attendance when he is sick. These clearly establish the morality of the slave institutions in the South; and, though they may not prove them to be as perfect as they may be made, as clearly show their propriety and the necessity of preserving them. Indeed, the slaveholders of the South, having the moral and physical guardianship of an ignorant and irresponsible people under their control, are the great moral conservators, in one powerful interest, of the entire world. Assuming slavery to be a denial of justice to the negro, there is no sort of propriety in the application of the name of slave to the servile of the South. He is under no despotic power. There are laws which protect him, in his place, as inflexible as those which his proprietor is required to obey, in his place. Providence has placed him in our hands, for his good, and has paid us from his labor for our guardianship.* The question with us is, simply, as to the manner in which we have fulfilled our trust. How have we employed the talents which were given us—how have we discharged the duties of our guardianship? What is the condition of the dependant? Have we been careful to graduate his labors to his capacities? Have we

* The slaveholder has no right to free his slave—unless he is perfectly assured of a mental and moral capacity in the slave, sufficiently strong and fixed, to enable him not only to maintain his elevation, but to improve it. Having done so, let him appear before God, if he dare, and account for the trust committed to his hands. The moral and mental worth of the slave, can, alone, give us the right to discharge him from his dependance.
bestowed upon him a fair proportion of the fruits of his industry? Have we sought to improve his mind in correspondence with his condition? Have we raised his condition to the level of his improved mind? Have we duly taught him his moral duties—his duties to God and man? And have we, in obedience to a scrutinizing conscience, been careful to punish only in compliance with his deserts, and never in brutality or wantonness? These are the grand questions for the tribunal of each slaveholder's conscience. He must answer them to his God. These are the only questions, and they apply equally to all his other relations in society. Let him carefully put them to himself, and shape his conduct, as a just man, in compliance with what he should consider a sacred duty, undertaken to God and man alike.
APPENDIX.

In further illustration of some of the topics embodied in this, and other passages of this essay, I make an extract from a dialogue contained in the collection entitled "The Wigwam and the Cabin."

"Savages are children in all but physical respects. To do anything with them, you must place them in that position of responsibility, and teach them that law, without the due recognition of which, any attempt to educate a child must be an absurdity—you must teach them obedience. They must be made to know, at the outset, that they know nothing, and they must implicitly defer to the superior. This lesson they will never learn, so long as they possess the power, at any moment, to withdraw from his control."

"Yet, even were this to be allowed, there must be a limit. There must come a time when you will be required to emancipate them. In what circumstances will you find that time? You cannot keep them under this coercion always; when will you set them free?"

"When they are fit for freedom."

"How is that to be determined? Who shall decide their fitness?"

"Themselves; as in the case of the children of Israel. The children of Israel went out from bondage as soon as their own intellectual advancement had been such as to enable them to produce from their own ranks a leader like Moses—one whose genius was equal to that of the people by whom they had been educated, and sufficient for their own proper government thereafter."

"But has not an experiment of this sort already been tried in our country?"

"Nay, I think not—I know of none."
"Yes: an Indian boy was taken, in infancy, from his parents, carried to one of the Northern States, trained in all the learning and habits of a Northern college and society, associated only with whites, beheld no manners, and heard no morals, but those which are known to Christian communities. His progress was satisfactory—he learned rapidly—was considered something of a prodigy, and graduated with éclat. He was then left, with the same option which the rest enjoyed, to the choice of a profession. And what was his choice? Do you not remember the beautiful little poem of Freneau on this subject? He chose the buckskin leggings, the moccasins, bow and arrows, and the wide, wild forests, where his people dwelt."

"Freneau's poem tells the story somewhat differently. The facts upon which it is founded, however, are, I believe, very much as you tell them. But what an experiment it was! How very silly! They take a copper-colored boy from his people, and carry him, while yet an infant, to a remote region. Suppose, in order that the experiment may be fairly tried, that they withhold from him all knowledge of his origin. He is brought up precisely as the other lads around him. But what is the first discovery which he makes? That he is a copper-colored boy; that he is, alone, the only copper-colored boy; that, wherever he turns, he sees no likenesses of himself. This begets his wonder, then his curiosity, and finally his suspicion. He soon understands—for his suspicion sharpens every faculty of observation—that he is an object of experiment. Nay, the most cautious policy in the world could never entirely keep this from a keen-thoughted urchin. His fellow pupils teach him this. He sees that, to them, he is an object of curiosity and study. They regard him, and he soon regards himself, as a creature set apart, and separated, for some peculiar purposes, from all the rest. A stern and singular sense of individuality and isolation is thus forced upon him. He asks—Am I, indeed, alone?—Who am I?—What am I? These inquiries naturally occasion others. Does he read? Books give him the history of his race. Nay, his own story probably meets his eye, in the newspapers. He learns that he is descended from a nation dwelling among the secret sources of the Susquehannah. He prices in all corners
for more information. The more secret his search, the more keenly does he pursue it. It becomes the great passion of his mind. He learns that his people are fierce warriors and famous hunters. He hears of their strifes with the white man—their successful strifes, when the nation could send forth its thousand bow-men, and the whites were few and feeble. Perhaps the young pale faces around him speak of his people, even now, as enemies; at least, as objects of suspicion, and possibly antipathy. All these things tend to elevate and idealize, in his mind, the history of his people. He cherishes a sympathy, even beyond the natural desires of the heart, for the perishing race from which he feels himself, ‘like a limb, cast bleeding and torn.’ The curiosity to see his ancestry—the people of his tribe and country—would be the most natural feeling of the white boy, under similar circumstances; shall we wonder that it is the predominant passion in the bosom of the Indian, whose very complexion forces him away from all connection with the rest! My idea of the experiment—if such a proceeding can be called an experiment—is soon spoken. As a statement of facts, I see nothing to provoke wonder. The result was the most natural thing in the world, and a man of ordinary powers of reflection might easily have predicted it, precisely as it happened. The only wonder is that there should be found, among persons of ordinary education and sagacity, men who should have undertaken such an experiment, and fancied that they were busy in a moral and philosophical problem?"

"Why, how would you have the experiment tried?"

"As it was tried upon the Hebrews, upon the Saxons, upon every savage people who ever became civilized. It cannot be tried upon an individual; it must be tried upon a nation—at least upon a community, sustained by no succor from without—having no forests or foreign shores, upon which to turn their eyes for refuge—having no mode or hope of escape—under the full control of an already civilized people—and sufficiently numerous among themselves to find sympathy against those necessary rigors which at first will seem oppressive, but which will be the only hopeful process by which to enforce the work of improvement. They must find this sympathy from beholding others, like themselves in an-
pect, form, feature and condition, subject to the same unusual restraints. In this contemplation, they will be content to pursue their labors, under a rule which they cannot displace. But the natural law must be satisfied. There must be opportunities yielded for the indulgence of the legitimate passions. The young, of both sexes, among the subjected people, must commune and form ties, in obedience to the requisitions of nature and according to their national customs. What if the Indian student, on whom the 'experiment' was tried, had paid his addresses to a white maiden? What a revulsion of the moral and social sense would have followed his proposition, in the mind of the Saxon damsel; and, were she to consent, what a commotion in the community in which she lived! And this revulsion and commotion would be perfectly natural, and, accordingly, perfectly proper. God has made an obvious distinction between the races of men, setting them apart, and requiring them to be kept so, by subjecting them to the resistance and reproof of one of the most jealous sentinels of sense which we possess—the eye.

The prejudices of this sense require that the natural barriers should be maintained, and hence it becomes necessary that the race in subjection should be sufficiently numerous to enable it to carry out the great object of every distinct community, though, perchance, it may happen to be an inferior one. In process of time, the beneficial and blessing effects of labor would be felt and understood by the most ignorant and savage of the race. Perhaps not in one generation, or in two, but after the fifth and seventh, as it is written, 'of those who keep my commandments.' They would soon discover that, though compelled to toil, their toils neither enfeebled their strength nor impaired their happiness; that, on the contrary, they still resulted in their increasing strength, health and comfort; that their food, which before was precarious, depending on the caprices of the seasons, or the uncertainties of the chase, was now equally plentiful, wholesome and certain. They would also perceive that, instead of the sterility which is usually the destiny of all wandering tribes, and one of the processes by which they perish, the fecundity of their people was wonderfully increased. These discoveries—if time be allowed to make them—would tacitly reconcile them to that inferior
position of their race, which is proper and inevitable, so long as their intellectual inferiority shall continue. And what would have been the effect upon our Indians—decidedly the noblest race of aborigines that the world has ever known—if, instead of buying their scalps, at prices varying from five to fifty shillings, each, we had conquered and subjected them? Will any one pretend to say that they would not have increased, with the restraints and enforced toils of our superior genius?—that they would not, by this time, have formed a highly valuable and noble integral in the formation of our national strength and character? Perhaps their civilization would have been comparatively easy. The Hebrews required four hundred years; the Britons and Saxons, possibly, half that time, after the Norman Conquest. Differing in color from their conquerors, though, I suspect, with a natural genius superior to that of the ancient Britons, at the time of the Roman invasion under Julius Caesar, the struggle between the two races must have continued for some longer time; but the union would have been finally effected, and then, as in the case of the Englishman, we should have possessed a race, in their progeny, which, in moral and physical structure, might have challenged competition with the world.”

“Ay, but the difficulty would have been in the conquest.”

“True, that would have been the difficulty. The American colonists were few in number and feeble in resource. The nations from which they emerged put forth none of their strength, in sending them forth. Never were colonies so inadequately provided, so completely left to themselves; and hence the peculiar injustice and insolence of the subsequent exactions of the British, by which they required their colonies to support their schemes of aggrandizement and expenditure, by submitting to extreme taxation. Do you suppose, if the early colonists had been powerful, that they would have ever deigned to treat for lands with the roving hordes of savages whom they found on the continent? Never! Their purchases and treaties were not for lands, but tolerance. They bought permission to remain without molestation. The amount professedly paid for land was simply a tribute, paid to the superior strength of the Indian, precisely as we paid it to Algiers and the Mussulmens, until we grew strong enough to whip
them into respect. If, instead of a few ships, and a few hundred men, timidly making their approaches along the shores of Manhattan, Penobscot and Occacochee, some famous leader, like Æneas, had brought his entire people—suppose them to be the persecuted Irish—what a wondrous difference would have taken place. The Indians would have been subjected—would have sunk into their proper position of humility and dependence—and, by this time, might have united with their conquerors, producing, perhaps, along the great ridge of the Alleghany, the very noblest specimens of humanity, in mental and bodily stature, that the world has ever witnessed. The Indians were taught to be insolent, by the fears and feebleness of the whites. They were flattered by fine words, by rich presents, and abundance of deference, until the ignorant savage—but a single degree above the brute—who, until then, had never been sure of his porridge for more than a day ahead—took airs upon himself, and became one of the most conceited and arrogant lords in creation. The colonists grew wiser as they grew stronger; but the evil was already done, and we are reaping some of the bitter fruits, at this day, of seed unwisely sown in that. It may be that we shall yet see the experiment tried fairly."

"Ah, indeed—where?"

"In Mexico, by the Texans. Let the vain, capricious, ignorant and unjustly wretches, who now occupy and spoil the face and fortunes of the former country, persevere in pressing war upon those sturdy adventurers, and their doom is written. I fear it may be the sword; I hope it may be the milder fate of bondage and subjection. Such a fate would save, and raise them finally to a far higher condition than they have ever before enjoyed. Thirty thousand Texans, each with his horse and rifle, would soon make themselves masters of the city of Montezuma, and then may you see the experiment tried upon a scale sufficiently extensive to make it a fair one. But your Indian student, drawn from "Susquehannah's farthest springs;"

and sent to Cambridge, would present you some such moral picture as that of the prisoner described by Sterne. His chief employment, day by day, would consist in noting
upon his stick the undeviating record of his daily suffering. It would be, to him, an experiment almost as full of torture as that of the Scottish boot, the Spanish thumbscrew, or any of those happy devices of ancient days, for impressing pleasant principles upon the mind, by impressing unpleasant feelings upon the thews, joints and sinews. I wish that some one of our writers, familiar with mental analysis, would make this poem of Freneau the subject of a story. I think it would yield admirable material. To develope the thoughts and feelings of an Indian boy, taken from his people ere yet he has formed such a knowledge of them, or of others, as to have begun to discuss or compare their differences—follow him to a college such as that of Princeton or Cambridge—watch him within its walls—amid the crowd, but not of it—looking only within himself, while all others are looking into him, or trying to do so—surrounded by active, sharp-witted lads, of the Anglo-Norman race—undergoing an hourly repeated series of moral spasms, as he hears them wantonly or thoughtlessly dwell upon the wild and ignorant people from whom he is chosen—listening, though without seeming to listen, to their crude speculations upon the great problem, which is to be solved only by seeing how well he can endure his spasms, and what use he will make of his philosophy, if he survives it—then, when the toils of study and the tedious restraints and troubles of prayer and recitation are got over, to behold and describe the joy with which the happy wretch flings by his fetters, when he is dismissed from those walls which have witnessed his tortures, even supposing him to remain (which is very unlikely) until his course of study is pronounced to be complete! With what curious pleasure will he stop, in the shadow of the first deep forest, to tear from his limbs those garments which make him seem unlike his people! How quick will be the beating at his heart, as he endeavors to dispose about his shoulders the blanket robe, in the manner in which it is worn by the chief warrior of his tribe! With what keen effort—should he have had any previous knowledge of his kindred—will he seek to compel his memory to restore every, the slightest, custom or peculiarity which distinguished them, when his eyes were first withdrawn from the parental tribe; and how closely will he imitate their
indomitable pride, and lofty, cold, superiority of look and
gesture, as, at evening, he enters the native hamlet, and takes
his seat, in silence, at the door of the council house, waiting,
without a word, for the summons of the elders!"

"Quite a picture. I think with you, that, in good hands,
such a subject would prove a very noble one."

"But the story would not finish here. Supposing all this
to have taken place, just as we are told it did—supposing the
boy to have graduated at college, and to have flung away the
distinction—to have returned, as has been described, to his
costume—to the homes and habits of his people;—it is not
so clear that he will fling away all the lessons of wisdom, all
the knowledge of facts, which he will have acquired from the
tuition of the superior race. A natural instinct, which is
above all lessons, must be complied with; but, this done,
and when the first tumults of his blood have subsided, which
led him to defeat the more immediate object of his social
training, there will be a gradual resumption of the educa-
tional influence in his mind, and his intellectual habits will
begin to exercise themselves anew. They will be provoked,
necessarily, to this exercise, by what he beholds around him.
He will begin to perceive, in its true aspects, the wretchedness
of that hunter state, which, surveyed at a distance, appeared
only the embodiment of stoical heroism and the most elevated
pride. He will see and lament the squalid poverty of his
people, which, his first lessons in civilization must have shown
him, is due only to the mode of life and pursuits in which
they are engaged. Their beastly intoxication will offend his
tastes; their superstition and ignorance—the circumscribed
limits of their capacity for judging of things and relations,
beyond the life of the bird or beast of prey—will awaken in
him a sense of shame, when he feels that they are his kin-
dred. The insecurity of their liberties will awaken his fears,
for he will instantly see that the great body of the people, in
every aboriginal nation, are the veriest slaves in the world;
and the degrading exhibitions which they make, in their filth
and drunkenness, which reduce the man to a loathsome-ness
of aspect which is never reached by the vilest beast which he
hunts or scourges, will be beheld by the Indian student in
very lively contrast with all that has met his eyes during that
novitiate among the white sages, the processes of which have been to him so humiliating and painful. His memory reverts to that period with feelings of reconciliation. The torture is over, and the remembrance of former pain, endured with manly fortitude, is comparatively a pleasure. A necessary reaction in his mind takes place; and, agreeably to the laws of nature, what will, and what should follow, but that he will seek to become the tutor and the reformer of his people? They, themselves, will tacitly raise him to this position; for the man of the forest will defer even to the negro who has been educated by the white man. He will try to teach them habits of greater method and industry; he will overthrow the altars of their false gods; he will seek to bind the wandering tribes together, under one head, and in one nation; he will prescribe uniform laws of government. He will succeed in some things; he will fail in others. He will offend the pride of the self-conceited and the mulish—the priesthood will be the first to declare against him—and he will be murdered, most probably, as was Romulus, and afterwards deified. If he escapes this fate, he will yet, most likely, perish from mortification under failure, or in consequence of those mental strifes which spring from that divided allegiance between the feelings belonging to his savage, and those which have had their origin in his Christian schools—those natural strifes between the acquisitions of civilization on the one hand, and those instinct tendencies of the blood which distinguish his connection with the inferior race. In this conflict, he will, at length, when the enthusiasm of his youthful zeal has become chilled by frequent and unexpected defeat, falter, and finally fail. But will there be nothing done for this people? Who can say! I believe that no seed falls, without profit, by the wayside. Even if the truth produces no immediate fruits, it forms a moral manure, which fertilizes the otherwise barren heart, in preparation for the more favorable season. The Indian student may fail, as his teachers did, in realizing the object for which he has striven; and this sort of failure is, by the way, one of the most ordinary of human allotment. The desires of man's heart, by an especial providence, that always wills him to act for the future, generally aim at something far beyond his own powers of performance. But the labor
has not been taken in vain, in the progress of successive ages, which has achieved even a small part of its legitimate purposes. The Indian student has done for his people much more than the white man achieves, ordinarily, for his generation, if he has only secured to their use a single truth which they knew not before—if he has overthrown only one of their false gods—if he has smitten off the snaky head of only one of their superstitious prejudices. If he has added to their fields of corn a field of millet, he has induced one farther physical step towards moral improvement. Nay, if there be no other result, the very deference which they will have paid him, as the élève of the white man, will be a something gained, of no little importance, towards inducing their more ready, though still tardy, adoption of the laws and guidance of the superior race.