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An Errand to the South in the Summer of 1862¹ **By William Wyndham Malet**

The Rev. William Wyndham Malet visited South Carolina in the summer of 1862. He left his vicarage at Ardeley, Hertfordshire, England, to come to South Carolina to tell his sister, Mrs. Plowden C. J. Weston (formerly known as Emily Frances Esdaile), of a death in their family. While in South Carolina he spent the summer in Conwayborough [Conway] at Snow Hill, the war time refuge of Plowden C. J. Weston [Lt. Gov. of SC 1862-1864]. Weston had evacuated his home, Hagley Plantation on the lower Waccamaw River, and moved his family and approximately forty of his slaves to Snow Hill in order to avoid Union forces who were looting the homes along the lower Waccamaw River.

In the following extracted passages the Englishman describes his arrival at Conwayboro, South Carolina and gives some details about plantation life. Rev. Malet also took time to visit most of the rest of South Carolina, the mountains of North Carolina and Richmond, VA.

Information has been added within brackets to help clarify Rev. Malet's comments. While every effort was made to leave his original spelling intact for the sake of authenticity, the complete original publication should be consulted for historical accuracy.

“ON Friday the 13th of June [1862] I arrived at the place of refuge [Conwayborough, SC]. Here was an English lady with her little maid, both from the peaceful vale of Taunton, “dwelling among her own people,” the sable descendants of Canaan, as safely as if in their native land, protected by county police-yea, safer; for they slept with their doors and windows unbolted, and did not feel afraid.

The county is called [Horry](#) (after some colonial governor), in the north-east corner of the State of South Carolina, which is 500 by 450 miles. Conwayboro' is the county town, having the county courthouse and gaol [jail], with its sheriff and mayor, &c.; the population about 350. There are two churches-one Presbyterian [Kingston Presbyterian Church], one Methodist [Conwayborough Methodist Episcopal Church, South]; the houses are never more than two stories high-most of them only one-all built of wood, with brick chimneys; raised on brick or wooden piers two feet or more high. Every negro hut is built in this way, keeping the floors very dry, and free from snakes, which rather abound at Conwayboro': from the earth under every house, saltpetre is obtainable. A contractor told me he found fifteen pounds under a negro's house built ten years; and a house of that size-say thirty feet square-would yield one pound and a-half per annum. About three inches of earth is scraped up, and water percolated in casks, evaporation developing the saltpetre: by this means, and by sulphur from the north-west part of South Carolina, and charcoal which the endless woods supply, the army is provided with abundance of gunpowder. The houses are far apart, placed in their own gardens-like the compounds of our Indian bungalows-with their negro huts nearly all surrounded by neat fences. Thus Conwayboro', though of small population, is of considerable extent, fields

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lying between some of the houses. The court-house and gaol [jail] are of brick, the former having the usual facade of Doric pillars. Evergreen oaks [Live Oaks] cast their welcome shade in all directions; fig-trees and vines cool the houses; peach orchards yield their delicious fruit. The treatment for these peach-trees is very simple; viz., baring the roots in winter, and just before spring covering them with a coat of ashes and then with earth: with this they beat any wall-fruit I ever saw in England. The gardens produce abundance of tomatos, okras, egg-plants, &c. Tomatos in soup and stewed are the standard dish; and they are also eaten as salads.

Every house was full; many refugees from the coast about George-Town, fifty miles distant, having obtained lodgings. The house I came to is on a bluff [Snow Hill], looking over a "branch" [Kingston Lake] of the Wakamaw river: the negroes' huts formed quite a little hamlet of itself, the number of souls being forty; these buildings being ready, besides stabling, &c. for four horses, and about fifty acres of land, made it convenient for Mrs. Weston's purpose, whose plantation [Hagley] too was within a drive, about forty-two miles down the river, where 350 negroes used to be employed; but a fresh estate of 800 acres was just bought about 300 miles inland, to which 150 were removed by rail. Never did I see a happier set than these negroes. For six months had this lady been left with them alone. Her husband's regiment [10th S.C. Vols. Infantry Regiment] had been ordered to the Mississippi, about 1000 miles west. In this army the officers are all elected; the men of each company choose the lieutenants and captains, and the captains choose the field-officers from themselves, the colonel appointing his adjutant. This gentleman had procured Enfield rifles from England for 120 men of his regiment, the 10th South Carolina, before the Queen's proclamation came out, and cloth for their clothing, but he himself served for several months as a private: he has since refused promotion beyond captain. All his ambition is with his company, which is said to be a pattern of discipline and dash-indeed the whole regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel [Arthur M.] Manigault is General [Braxton] Bragg's "pet regiment." The negro servants watched for tidings from their master by the tri-weekly mails as anxiously as their mistress. This gentleman, and some other masters, deemed it the best policy to be open with their negroes, and let them know the real cause of the war; and that probably the Abolitionists would try and induce them to desert. On the 30th December [1861] this Mr. Weston appointed a special prayer and fast-day at his plantation church [St. Mary's], and after service addressed the negroes, previous to his leaving for the House of Representatives, of which he was a member (elected for George-Town). Not only women, but the men wept: they said they would never leave him-they loved their "massa and missis;" and not one of them has left. Lately two Southern gentlemen, on their way to George-Town, met one of them, and pretending to be Yankees, to try the man, asked him if he would go with them to the United States fleet, and be free. He asked, how he could leave his master and mistress?-"No! he would never do that!" Fifteen negroes were bringing up a "flat" (i.e., a river barge) load of rice to Conwayboro'; en route they heard of the approach of some Yankee gunboats, when they ran the flat up a creek till they were clear away, and then continued their course. They declared they would have swamped the flat and its cargo, if the Yankees had discovered it, and would themselves have taken to the swamps, where no white man could follow them: 300 barrels of rice were thus brought up and sold by Mrs. Weston, at the Boro' [Conwayborough], for eleven and a-

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half dollars a barrel (the half-dollar going for commission) retail to the inhabitants; the usual price before the war being sixteen to eighteen dollars, and from four to six dollars a cwt.; for this boon the neighborhood was most grateful.

Now I hear the sounds peculiar to this region, the land of sand, of woods, of “branches,” of creeks, and swamps: - the hollow bark of the crocodile; the bellowing of the bull-frog, all night long-the note of summer, just as the cuckoo’s is in England; also, breaking the silence of the night, the mourn-ful cry of the “whip-poor-will.” I had feared, from this latitude being about that of Morocco, it would be too hot for singing-birds; but, on the contrary, the mocking-bird, plain to eye but charming to ear, sent forth its varied song by night and by day; the nightingale’s notes at night, and the thrush and the blackbird’s warble by day. Some told me they imitate caterwauling, but I was glad not to hear that phase of their song. It is a plain bird, having black, brown, and white feathers, about the size of our thrush; it is heard everywhere in North and South Carolina and Virginia, and all through the spring and summer. On the 19th June [1862] the thermometer at Conwayboro’ was 80 degrees at eleven A.M., and 76 degrees at nine P.M.: during the day a heavy thunderstorm echoed through the forests; the wind here blowing over lofty pines, sounds like the wind at sea.

There are seven negro cottages around the bungalow [at Snow Hill]. Mrs. Weston gives out supplies of food weekly, viz., corn flour, rice and bacon, and salt;-molasses, of which they are very fond, is now scarcely to be had; but they have a little, and plenty of honey and milk, and they are well clothed. In all the houses of negroes the boys and girls have separate bedrooms. After dark the court-yard in front of the cottages is illuminated with pine-wood bonfires, which destroy the mosquitoes, and the children dance round the blaze; never a company of negroes, but some one plays a fiddle, and often tambourine or banjo to accompany. Here the coachman, “Prince,” is a capital fiddler; his favourite tunes are “Dixie Land” and country dances. Just before bed-time more solemn sounds are heard: the negro is demonstrative in his religion, and loud and musical were heard every evening the hymns, many of them meeting in one of the houses. Remarkable for correctness are their songs, and both men and women’s voices mingled in soft through far-sounding harmony. Some old church tunes I recognized. Sometimes they sent forth regular “fugues;” then, after a pause, would come the prayer, offered up by “Jemmy,” or some “gifted” man. I could overhear some of the words; e.g. “O Lord, in whose palm of his hand be the waters of the ocean-who can remove mountains-who weighs the earth in a balance-who can still the waves of the storm-who can break the pines of the forest-who givest us a land of rivers of waters-O Jesus! Who died on the cross for us-O forgive us our sins; O help us in this time of trial and need. Protect our massa far away; protect our brothers “Hector” and “Caesar” with him; defend us now we are away from home; defend our friends and relatives at home, &c.” All the 350 negroes (except old Pemba, about 70 years of age, who had been brought from Africa, when a little girl) were born on the estate: like Abraham’s servants, “born in his own house.” The smile and voice of the negroes are most agreeable, and their manners very polite. The names are curious: “Prince,” the capital coachman, a regular Jehu, not afraid of any horse, drove me out; his assistant-groom is “Agrippa.” Prince always has a book with him on the box, which he reads directly he stops at a visit; his favourite book is “Pilgrim’s Progress.” Prince

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has a son, "Napoleon." Talking of names, there was a fine negro in the "Rinaldo," [the ship he sailed on] called "Prince of Wales," as black as jet; this was his name in the "roll-call."

I found the negroes were very anxious to hear "Missus' broder" preach. There was no branch of the Anglo-American [Episcopal] Church at Conwayboro', nor anywhere within fifty miles. My sister had "done at Rome as Rome does," i.e., attended the Presbyterian [Kingston Presbyterian Church] and Methodist [Conwayborough Methodist Episcopal Church, South] churches alternately. Two long wooden buildings with green venetians and lift windows (for sashes are not seen here, the window being lifted and kept up with a catch), having open seats, and negro galleries, and bell cupolas, represent the churches: their bells being small had not been sent to be melted down; and at eight A.M. on Sunday, 15th June [1862], "the Sabbath bell" of the Presbyterians rung out. It had been agreed that I should accept Mr. Gregg's offer of his pulpit -- very conservative is the Anglo-Saxo-Norman race! -- here, where the thermometer was 85 degrees in the shade at eleven, the service began, keeping the old English hour, instead of the cool of the morning. I had brought my surplice, &c., from England, and used it on board both ships; but I thought it would not do here. The service opened with a hymn, very well sung, led by the voice of an elder; then a prayer by the minister; then he read a psalm; then again a hymn; then the sermon -- my text being the same which I preached on at Washington. The congregation was most attentive. It was hot work. After the sermon, Mr. Gregg offered another prayer, and then a hymn was sung, and the service was over. The prayers were very impressive and suitable; but no one seemed to know when to say "Amen;" and for public worship, I feel convinced that prayers with which the congregation are acquainted, i.e., in a set form, are the most edifying and most suitable. I saw in their book of hymns they had "The Creed," "The Lord's Prayer," and "The Ten Commandments;" but I heard they were seldom or never used. A Baptist minister, whom I met afterwards in course of travel, said that, after all, none of their Churches had any "system," except the English Church; and "system" was an essential, for Divine service to be carried out properly.

On the 17th of June [1862] we drove to E.F. Graham's, at a neighboring farm. He was hard at work, shoemaking, while his wife and daughters were spinning. She showed us heaps of both wollen and cotton cloth, homespun. They used to get their "cards" for thirty-five cents a-piece; but now, owing to the blockade, they are from fifteen to twenty dollars! He has 556 acres of land, which, with house, he bought, in 1857, for \$2000 (400L.); has only thirty in circulation. Keeps a few sheep. Has no negroes. His wife and daughters tilled the land in 1861, while he was with the army. Two sons, seventeen and eighteen years of age, are still with it. He was discharged from chronic dysentery; is forty-five years of age; and hence exempt from further service, even if health admitted. Keeps seventeen sheep, and poultry. Good garden and a range of "bee-gums," -- called "gums" instead of "hives," because the hives are made of sections of gum-tree hollowed out. Every article of clothing is made at home. He has pines in his woods, which he "hacks" for turpentine. The "hack" is a steel instrument shaped like a "drawing-knife." The bark is hacked in V shape up to ten or twelve feet; after four weeks' "hacking," about one inch a-week, turpentine begins to run down into the cavity or "box" cut in the

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tree, the root of which holds from one to two quarts. One thousand of these boxes full will fill four barrels, 230 lbs. weight each, in four weeks. The price at New York before the war was our dollars a barrel. One man can tend 1200 boxes. By this work the woods are getting free of snakes. The trees may be tapped ten years, and then, let alone for a while, will heal over, and may be tapped on the other side. When barked all round, if the ground is wanted for cultivation, fire and the ace come to work. Many fortunes have been made by this business both in North and South Carolina. [pages 43-53]

On the 19th of June [1862] news came of the battle of “Secessionville,” on James Island, near Charleston. Between 4000 and 5000 Federal troops marched from Stonoe River before daylight, killed or took the Confederate pickets, and surprised the garrison of the confederate advanced redoubt, commanded by Col. Lamar, C.S.A., (This Colonel Thomas Lamar is one of that family who raised 6000 men for the army of the South. Of this family there were seven colonels, three captains, and two lieutenants in the Confederate army: one of the colonels has been killed in action.) which was hardly completed: some of the enemy even got on to the breast-work. The garrison of the redoubt was composed of 400 South Carolinians, who held it against those fearful odds for nearly four hours, when a regiment of 1000 men came up and assisted them to drive the Federals back to their boats, with the loss of 1100 men killed! This victory saved Charleston. The regiments of the Federals were picked men; one was a crack “Highland regiment.” They had been promised rich booty and license in the longed-for city, which was in view. The whole besieging force was withdrawn by September; so if I had waited for Mr. Stanton’s time, as first proposed, my errand would still have been unexecuted.

On the 19th of June [1862], thermometer 76 degrees at 9 A.M., and 80 degrees at 11. In the evening we visited a small farm. Mrs. Anderson, the lady of the house, was there; a fine-looking, intelligent woman, with four children at home – husband and eldest son (seven-teen years old) with the army in Mississippi. She thinks General [P.G.T.] Beauregard [C.S.A.] was quite right to retreat from Corinth, and so surprise the Yankee General. Not a breath of complaint came from her. Their property is fifty acres, of which twenty are cultivated by herself and eldest boy at home, fourteen years of age.

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

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

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

I have met a very intelligent man here, the editor of the “Conwayboro’ Gazette,” [Judge Joseph Travis Walsh of Conwayborough was the editor of the “Horry Dispatch”] and a

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

Many of the negroes here wear in their caps a small palmetto-tree made of palmetto leaf - the South Carolina symbol being a palmetto-tree. The State of South Carolina is divided into twenty-eight "districts," (in North Carolina they are called "counties"). These districts are as follow: -- Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg, York, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Marlborough, Anderson, Abbeville, Laurens, Newberg, Chester, Fairfield, Kershaw, Darlington, Marion, Horry, Edgefield, Lexington, Sumter, Richland, Orangeburg, Barnwell, Williamsburg, George-Town, Charleston, Beaufort, Colleton. Each has its court-house, judge, magistrates, and commissioners of roads. The assizes are half-yearly. In the fall and in the spring the commissioners call out one man out of every twenty to repair the roads.

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

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

The negroes have family names, but you never hear them used except among themselves, they call them "titles;" e.g., Mr. Weston's second footman is Gabriel, his family name Knox; Mary, the housemaid's title, is Green. Their weddings are kept with good cheer;

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wedding cards are sent out to all their friends; the master gives them cake, turkeys, hams, molasses, coffee, &c., and they are always allowed three day's holiday.

Each plantation has its hospital, and a good woman nurse, strong and healthy, instructed in medicine and treatment of wounds. The common punishment on plantations is shutting up for a certain time; but generally it is shortened on expression of contrition; whipping is only resorted to for theft, and then with clothes on.

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

On the 22nd of June [1862] we had the church "in our house;" it was too hot to go out, and the borough [Conwayborough] is near half a mile distant. The tintinnabulum of the Methodist Episcopal "Church" sounded; but the minister who lived twelve miles off did not appear and his assistant was a private with the army.

About sixteen negroes, boys and girls, came into the piazza to be catechized by Mrs. Weston; they answered very well, and then sung hymns and chats. The adults went to the Methodist church at 3 P.M.: they frequently have meetings of their own for worship; but the service must be opened by a white man, who stays with them, and they say they were never disappointed, always some one in the South to help the poor negro in the work of his soul: one of the negroes preached. They would be very unhappy if they passed a Sunday without Divine service. I heard of an act of the confederate Government which contrasted favourably with the conduct of the Federals – viz., just after the fall of Fort Sumter a proclamation was issued by the Government, that all who were to the Confederate cause might go North, and time was given for them to arrange their affairs, whereupon a great many left the South unmolested. A visit to a venerable old farmer gave me an idea of the Southern yeomen: he was seventy years of age, six feet high, strong and healthy; he had four sons, three of whom were gone to the war. Early in life this man taking a religious turn became preacher in the Methodist church; he still preaches twice every Sunday, going four miles and more. On my way home I visited another farm, whose owner was rather too fond of his whiskey, which militated against his military propensities; so having joined the army he was soon obliged to quit it (no drunkenness is allowed in the Southern army); his only two sons fit to work are in the

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army; out of the rest of his family two are blind. Some idea may be formed of the warlike propensities of the youths in this district [Horry], when it is stated that the number of voters, whose age must be twenty-one years, barely exceeded 800, and those who volunteered for the army were 1200. I was surprised at hearing several of the farmers saying that “the war would do good,” observing that, for a long time, they had been too careless in religion, and unthankful for the many blessings they enjoyed. The war, they thought, would tend to correct these failings: moreover, for a long time they had no energy to provide for their own wants, being dependent on the North for everything in the shape of manufacturing goods; now they would be taught by necessity to exert themselves, and develop the resources which God had given to them. It would also unite the various religious sects, and bring them to work together for their country’s rights.”

On visiting a neighbour [Neal Ludlam] who had been bedridden fourteen years, I saw a book entitled “Methodist Episcopal Church, South,” printed 1855. Here was a religious secession; it recommended to “all Methodists the book called “Doctrine and Discipline of the M.E.C.S.,” which contains the articles of religion maintained more or less, in part or whole, by every Reformed Church in the world.” On the 1st of May, 1845, a conference met at Louisville, Kentucky, which declared by solemn resolution that “The jurisdiction hitherto exercised by the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the slave-holding States entirely dissolved and erected the annual conference into a separate ecclesiastical connection, under the style and title of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The first general conference of which was held at Petersburg, Virginia, 1st May, 1846. They declared this was occasioned by the long and continued agitation of the subject of slavery and abolition in the annual conferences, the frequent action on that subject in the general conference, and especially the proceedings of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 1844, in the case of the Rev. James O. Andrew, D.D., one of the bishops, having been connected with slavery by marriage.” The wife of this afflicted man showed me her three girls, and said, with tears in her eyes, “See how we give up everything for our liberty. Here am I, left with my sick husband and these three girls; we have sent our only son to fight for the holy cause far away. The cruellest thing was stopping letters from South to North between friends and relations; the stoppage was all on one side: the South did not wish it to be so. Bad enough to bear privations of things needful for the body; the actual necessities of life not to be had, or too dear to be got by people of small means, such as we are. Butter \$1 a pound; no ice – no tea – no coffee – no sugar. Cottons used to be 5 cents a yard, now they are 40; boots used to be \$3 a pair, now 30 to 40; Mrs. L. [Margaret “Peggy” Norman Ludlam] and daughters make their own shoes, and make their medicines from herbs in woods and gardens.” [Two of the Ludlam girls ended up marrying Union soldiers who were stationed in Conwayborough at the end of the War.]

On the 24th June [1862], Mr. Weston’s river flat “Charleston” came up to Conwayborough from the plantation. We were on the bank. Captain Charlie and his crew, in all eight, fine, strong, good-natured fellows, jumped ashore. All shook hands with me and make low bows to Mrs. Weston, and then, as a thing of course, with me. I asked, “Well, Charlie, what would you have done if the gunboats had come across you?”

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Answer: “Sunk de flat, and cleared selves in de swamp.” In the evening the crew and all met together in one of the houses, and joined in thanksgiving for safe arrival and not being hindered by the enemy.

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

Met a gentleman who had left the army from bad health. He declared that at the battle of Williamsburg [May 5, 1862] the [Gen. Wade] Hampton brigade was in a wood, and came suddenly on a New York regiment, when it was halted, and the order given to fix bayonets, on hearing the noise of which the latter regiment ran off. He served a year on the Potomac. His regiment, the 2nd S.C., covered the retreat to Richmond. He tells me of fine iron mines at Pendleton, in South Carolina, of which iron Colonel Colt [Samuel Colt of the Colt Mfg. Co.] said it was the best for fire-arms; also, that at Walhalla, near the Alleghany Mountains, the Germans had set up potteries. Cotton and woolen manufactories had sprung up at Spartanburg, in the same region. The latitude is 34: the locality is found to be healthy for white people. About the same latitude in North Carolina coal is found seven feet under the surface, the bed being about ten feet deep, extending over a space of 30 by 10 miles, and by rail only two days from Charleston. This man’s father grew sugar-cane on two acres in South Carolina, and got six barrels of syrup and four of sugar.

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

On the 26th of June [1862], after the “hot,” we have a “cool spell;” delightful summer weather, thermometer at 76 degrees at 9 A.M., and at 9 P.M. 77 degrees.

Now I see another grade. We drive about six miles, and visit Mr. Anderson’s [Samuel Anderson’s ?] farm, which some call a “plantation.” He has 2,500 acres, but only 100 in cultivation. What a country for grapes! Fancy one vine in his garden, five years old, trained on a trellis, covering fifteen yards square, from which he makes two barrels of wine of forty gallons each. His house is covered with shingles, made of the heart of the black cypress. He has seventeen negroes: he heard one of his men was married, found out where his wife was, and bought her on purpose to keep them together: he believes that one of the first measures of the Southern Legislature when peace is made, will be to make it illegal to separate man and wife by sale, or parents and children till the latter be grown up. He has seventy sheep; all their clothes are now of home manufacture. He grows sugar-canes, which get up to twelve feet high. He says the farmers who keep no slaves are more resolute in the fight for liberty than the slaveholders: they feel that the monopolizing spirit of the Northerns has prevented the due progress of the Southernns.

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Mr. L. [Mr. Neal Ludlam], the bedridden invalid, was anxious to receive the holy communion; it was four years since he had been visited by the Methodist minister; and on the 27th of June [1862] I administered it to him in his house. The people here were quite ignorant of our Prayer-book; when they saw it they were quite taken with it. Many said they wished my church was there; and it certainly seems the branch of the English church in America called “the Protestant Episcopal Church” (a very indefinite denomination, in my opinion) has been very unprogressive. Often in travelling, when I saw the various churches in small places, I asked if there was an Episcopal church, and the answer would be, “O no, they are only in the towns.” The want of system both in the ministry and services of the other “churches” not requiring a belief in Apostolical succession, was very evident. The order and decency essential to the Anglo-Catholic Church would be hailed, by many in those villages and farms, as a great spiritual comfort, and from the spirit of toleration which exists, no hostility would be raised. The fields are white to the harvest; there is a noble opening for the ministry of the Church. Come, not in the spirit of opposition but of love – on the principle that those who are not against Christ are for him. If the old Church be “Apostolic,” it should surely go to the villages as well as the towns – it should visit every homestead through the forests. Many said, they have their Bibles, but they felt a want of something more, viz., a form of prayer according to the Bible, and discipline according to that of the Apostles. [pages 55-57, 68-77]

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

I determined on a trip to the sea. Mrs. Weston’s plantation rested on both sides of the Wakamah river, which runs from north to south parallel with the sea, leaving a strip of about three miles, and then a creek of the sea runs behind a sand island, called “Pawley.” Here about fifteen wealthy planters have selected portions of land, and covered the island with neat marine villas. I left in the buggy and pair at 5 A.M.; at twenty-six miles rested half an hour, at a farm of a Mr. Macklin [Milton Macklen of Socastee (?)], who gave good entertainment for man and horse, and would take no payment. In spite of the blockade these farmers have abundance of good things. Here you are in a “foreign land,” and meet with a regular old English reception and hearty welcome: corn bread – milk – butter – honey – cider – wine – all homemade; orchards filled with peach-trees and apples – the fruit not yet ripe. Mr. Macklin’s eldest son is called “Lafayette.” Talking of the United States blockaders, Mrs. M. said, “they could not reckon them anything less than pirates; they invaded unoffending citizens on the coasts, insulted the women, destroyed their property, and took away their servants and cattle.”

The road was rough: often when a tree had fallen across it, a detour had to be made some yards through the forest, The woods were beautiful in all variety of foliage: oaks, cypress, cedar, pine, magnolias, azaleas, &c. I passed ten fine plantations with their negro villages; the houses are built in streets, and generally in echelons. The forty miles were done in seven hours. “Prince” never touched the horses once with the whip – only spoke to them; the voice is much used in the management of horses in the South. Though the sun was hot, and flies were numerous, yet the horses went along unmolested,

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

On St. Peter’s day, 29th June [1862], I served in St. Mary’s, Weehawka, on the Wakamah river; a pretty wooden church with lancet windows; for coolness, the walls are double, and thus made about three feet wide. In the tower there is a capital clock, the moral influence of which among the negroes is said to be wonderful and indescribable. Mr. Rosa is appointed a “lay reader.” This is an excellent addition to the ministry of the Church; and our bishops would do well to have it in England. He reads Prayers and Lessons; and if the rector be absent, he reads a sermon of his approval. The congregation (consisting of 250 negroes, men, women, and children) was very attentive. About a dozen of the men had prayer-books, and joined audibly in the service, all saying the “Amens” much better than many of our congregations in England. The “Selections” of the psalms and the hymns are a great improvement on our Prayer-book; many negroes who cannot read, know the “Selections” by heart, as also they do many of the hymns, in the singing of which they join heartily and correctly. After service a great many of them came up to the chancel steps, and shook hands with me.

Next day I saw the rice fields on the south bank of the Wakamah: these fields are reclaimed from swamps: a high embankment is made along the river, through which at intervals are placed immense sluices, which are the means of keeping the fields flooded from seed-time till harvest. On the 30th of June [1862] the crops were about half grown; the harvest would be in September, nearly half the blade being under water continually till the ear ripens. Out of 300 acres this year, owing to the 150 negroes having gone to the new plantation, more than 100 were doomed to destruction. This is executed by drowning the crop, and then letting off the water suddenly, which lays it flat and dry for the sun to kill. However, the clever Mr. Rosa, who makes as good an overseer as he is Catechist, hit upon the idea of cutting the half-ripe rice, and making it into hay for the mules and oxen; and I doubt not it answered his expectations. In the garden of the overseer’s house he raises two crops of “Irish potatoes,” yearly; first in June, second in October: they are sown in trenches with layers of straw: they are called “Irish potatoes” because the “sweet potato” or yam, the staple vegetable (vast fields being full of it everywhere) has usurped the old name. The gardens here produce delicious figs, grapes, and melons, okra (what we call quash in India), egg plant, tomata – all in abundance. The negroes have all these in their gardens too. The woods produce whortleberries [huckleberries] finer than any I ever saw in Germany or England, and carry their grateful shade down to the sea: they are mostly of second growth here, as about 200 years ago the

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whole ground was taken up by indigo fields. When the original planters took up the land, it was all for indigo, while the swamps on the river margins were thrown in as worthless; but now these swamps, as just stated, give all the wealth of the planters; and indigo is left to grow wild in the second-growth woods. But how beautiful are those woods! The roads are drives through groves abounding with magnolias, bays, rhododendra, and azaleas: the aromatic scents by night, when your path is lit up by innumerable fire-flies, is delicious.

On the 1st July [1862] I left the sea-washed and forest-shaded Mandeville, at 3 A.M.; the Virginia steeds, Saratoga and Equity, dashing through the scented woods lighted by fire-flies and stars. These light buggies, with their slender wheels, are the traps to fly through a country in; when you pull at the horses they dash onwards – when you slacken your hold, they slacken their pace; and their eyes are free to gaze about – no blinkers to disfigure their beautiful heads; their “hoofs that iron never shod,” uncontracted, spurn the earth: for the roads are all sandy in these parts; there is no “breeching” to hide their muscular, well-turned quarters: so away they go, with nothing but collars and traces and a tight girth. The whole affair is the acme of lightness and strength combined. We soon got over the thirty-six miles to the Wakamah ferry. “Prince” drove the carriage into the boat; luckily I got out; the “young man” of the ferry was gone to the war, so we only had a negro woman to manage it. In half an hour we reached the opposite bank. Our dusky propeller held on her pole at the stern, and I seized the iron ring at the prow; “Prince” gave a pull, and out sprung the steeds – but, alas! Back went the boat, in spite of my pull and her push. Nobly the horses struggled up the slippery bank, their hind feet in and out of the water: the bank was steep, the water deep; in a moment the boat had slipped away, and the carriage was in the river, and poor “Prince” in a very uncomfortable position. I kicked and thumped the near horse, and urged them with my voice, telling “Prince” to let go the reins; and just as the horses made a last desperate effort to escape being dragged back into the stream with the floating buggy, both splinter bars broke, and away they sprang with the pole and reins. I rushed to the near fore-wheel, which was just disappearing, and by unexpected strength held it up to the edge of the bank. The moment the horse broke loose, “Prince” scrambled over the splash-board, sprung to the bank, and held the other wheel. The poor negro woman stood aghast; the horses began eating grass. We looked down to the ferry head – how lucky! It was conscript-day at Conwayboro’, and three planters’ overseers had just arrived, and were getting into another boat to pass over. As soon as possible they came to the rescue, and by all our united efforts we pulled the vehicle onto terra firma, and with bits of wood and cords, splinter bars were extemporized, and in a few minutes we were off again for the Boro’ with no more damage than my valise, with all its contents, my-white surplice, my books and journal, stained with the dark-brown waters of the Wakamah.

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

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A warm retreat is Conwayboro'. At midday, July 2nd [1862], thermometer 86 degrees, and little relief at night; yet people seem to live to a good old age here. I met a lady to-day, aged seventy, strong in mind and body; has a son who has been wounded four times; her residence is North Carolina. A friend of hers, a widow, had a plantation at Pollocksville: part of General Newbern's force [U.S.] went up the river and took away by force 100 of her negroes. She stated as a known fact, that four ship-loads of negroes had been taken from Port Royal to Cuba, and sold to pay expenses of the war. [pages 78-85]

On 3rd July [1862] I started for Columbia and Winsboro'. The train from Wilmington arrived at Fairbluff at 12.30 night; cars full of wounded men from Richmond, reached Kingsville, 100 miles, at 7. A. M. Near this place the Wateree River and its tributaries and swamps are traversed by a viaduct raised on timber tressel-work for five miles. Kingsville is the junction of the branches to Augusta and Columbia; therefore many of the poor wounded soldiers got out. It was sad to see them. The station hotel, by no means adequate to the demand now put upon it by the war, did not meet their wants; the hot fries and beefsteaks of the American breakfast they could not taste. I asked "mine host" if there was nothing else. "No-only pay 75 cents, and sit down." Several of them said, "We only want a little milk and water and a biscuit,"-which were not to be had; water was indeed scarce! They covered the station, some on stretchers, some on crutches-no one to attend to them. It was twenty miles to Columbia, which we did in the luggage-car of a freight train. On 4th July [1862] I arrived at Columbia, capital of South Carolina, a very pretty city, called the "Garden City." Every street has an avenue of trees and one long street, a double one. I was provided with a letter to the Governor, Mr. [Francis] Pickens, by the kindness of Mr. Mason; and I lost no time in making use of it. Found him at his office, and, luckily, the general of the district with him. I reported the state of things at Kingsville, and orders were issued then and there for an assistant surgeon to be stationed there, and a wayside hospital erected, with all the needments for the sick and wounded. I avoided the crowded hotels, and put up at Mrs. McMahon's boarding-house. These houses are to be found in every town, and very nice they are, having the table-d'hote system well carried out; the drawing-room, pianoforte, &c. Never was there a cleaner house than Mrs. McMahon's; and most agreeable society. She had Colonel Hayne, aide-de-camp to the general, a poet and a friend of poets; Mrs. Bartow, the widow of one of the brave men [Brig. Gen. Francis Stebbins Bartow] who fell at the battle of Bull Run, 1861; and Colonel [James] Chestnut [Jr.] (one of the State Council), with his lady [Mary Boykin Chestnut, author of *A Diary From Dixie*], and several others. Our good hostess gave us a great treat in real tea and coffee; but her supply was nearly out."

Chapter VI.

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

When I arrived at Conwayboro', 185 miles east of Columbia, on the 11th of July [1862], I found that the thermometer in my sister's sitting-room had been 93 degrees all yesterday, but a thunder-storm this afternoon cooled the air – mocking-birds were singing all day close to the house. A negro nurse came to-day with a beautiful child, son of Mr.

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Emanuel; its name was “Plowden Weston,” a name celebrated in South Carolina for true and unostentatious patriotism. The Emanuels were refugees from George Town; for which borough Mr. P. Weston is a member in the House of Commons of the State, called the House of Representatives. Two of the young men are in his company in the 10th Regiment, South Carolina, fine handsome fellows of six feet each; and if ever Walter Scott’s Rebecca was personified, she is in Miss Emanuel of Conwayboro’. Mr. Weston was invited to the “circumcision” of this infant named after him. How many Christians have had this mark of Jewish tolerance? But this is the land of toleration and mingling of creeds. When I looked on these beautiful forms, and heard of the Jews, of whom there are many in the South in high position and highly educated (for their colleges are excellent, even so good that many Christian youths attend them); when I heard of their joining the Christians in all works of charity which are now called to life in this struggle for liberty, I could not but long for them to see the truth of the 22nd Psalm, &c. – to look to the true Christ, the Messiah on the Cross – to give up their hopeless waiting for that atonement which has been perfected; and offered up a prayer for them to come to the true light.

Some ladies and gentlemen called, all handsome, all cheerful; neat carriage and horses. The features and figures of both sexes in these in these parts of the world are remarkable for correctness and beauty; there is often a want of colour in the cheek, no doubt arising from the heat of these latitudes, but the eyes are very brilliant, and the mouths are not slow to utter the thoughts of the minds which those eyes seem to reflect. The ladies are aware of their influence; yet without any pride or affectation, but with perfect good-breeding, do they accept the great deference, almost homage, which is always paid them by the stronger sex in the South. Perhaps this spirit of devotion has made Butler’s [General Benjamin F. “Beast” Butler, U.S.A.] insulting proclamations more irritating, and roused the ire with which, when the Southern regiments charge bayonets, amid their yell, they shout out, “Butler and New Orleans!”

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

After I had preached in the Presbyterian church [Kingston Presbyterian Church] I was asked to preach in the Methodist [Conwayborough Methodist Episcopal Church, South], but was prevented doing so by absence till to-day, the 13th of July [1862]. Two venerable-looking yeomen, elders of the “Methodist Episcopal Church,” offered prayers, and I preached on Isaiah liii., 2nd verse: “He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him” – which I took to foreshow the shame of the cross, on which his beautiful form was marred and all his comeliness spoilt, and even his own disciples forsook him and fled from him; for while he was young “He grew in stature and in favour with God and man;” and when he went about doing good, and it was said of him “Blessed is the womb that bare thee,” and multitudes hung on his words, there can be no doubt that his form was perfect and his countenance

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beaming with love. One of the Elders gave me the hymn-book, and I selected the well-known hymns, “Lord, we come before thee now,” “Rock of Ages,” and “When I survey the wondrous cross,” – from which I showed – that the shame of the cross was changed to glory now, to all the faithful – that we were not ashamed of the cross, and to look on the crucified Saviour; Christians used the pictures and crucifixes not as objects of worship, but as mementos of him who once was despised and rejected – that St. Paul’s expression in his Epistle to the Galatians, chap. iii, ver. 1, “before whose eyes,” &c., I took to mean that the Apostles used pictures or figures of Christ on the cross to illustrate their teaching, pictures being, as it were, a book to the unlearned. I told them that their founder, J. [John] Wesley, never meant his followers to leave the Church; that their having bishops and imposition of hands was an acknowledgment of the apostolic order, and that perhaps ere long they would see that the laying on of hands is utterly meaningless without faith in the apostolic succession. I mentioned my having lately seen a cross on the gable of a Methodist church; and indeed during my short stay in America I had seen many signs of agreement among various denominations of Christians, that are not seen in the Eastern Continent. How singular that I should be asked to preach for both Presbyterians and Methodists, when I had been for years past praying for and urging, in sermons and pamphlets, the unity of Christendom! Old Beatty’s prayer was good and reverential: with tears and trembling he alluded to the war: he had just lost a son, who died of his wounds, received at the battle of Secessionville, in James Island [SC]; he has three more in the 10th S.C. Regiment, now in the Far West. Both congregations requested me to preach again to them, but I was prevented doing so.

In the afternoon I met a negro who had just been officiating at a negro funeral. Henry Wallace, a negro class-leader, preached in the Methodist church in the afternoon: having our family service at Snowhill, I could not attend. One thing is certain, that the four million negroes in the Southern States are all professing Christians, and all have spiritual as well as temporal provision. Bondservice has its evils; but have all the Missionary Societies together, in Africa and Asia, brought such a number to the knowledge of our Savior? This is a question I was often asked in my intercourse with Southerners; and even where negroes are hired for town work – e.g. in hotels and stables – they arrange for attending Divine service some time every Sunday, and the masters never think of refusing to let them go; but on inquiring of white waiters at hotels in America and London, I have generally had for answer, “O no, we have no time for that. Our work is from early morning till late at night, Sundays as well as other days.”

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

“The Jews killed my Jesus. (Chorus) – Hallelujah!
Upon the cross they stretched Him – Hallelujah!
They laid Him in the Sepulchre – Hallelujah!
Then early in the morning – Hallelujah!
Came Mary and Joanna – Hallelujah!

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And asked for Master Jesus – Hallelujah!
Two angels were a-sitting – Hallelujah!
Where He had been lying – Hallelujah!
Jesus was a-standing – Hallelujah!
Hard by in the garden – Hallelujah!
Mary did not know him – Hallelujah!
And said, “Where has thou laid Him? – Hallelujah!
“Mary, don’t you know me?” – Hallelujah!
Then said she “Rabboni” – Hallelujah!”

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

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

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

The Abolitionists are not always so humane to the negro, if it be true what was told me, viz., that among some property in South Carolina left to Mr. [Charles] Sumner, the Senator [abolitionist from Massachusetts], was a remarkably fine, intelligent servant.

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Some friends wrote to him in the North, saying, that if sold by private contract a good place could be insured for the man, though the price would be less than if put up for competition; the answer was, that he was to be sold for as high a price as he could fetch. Certainly, this was all fair; but what an opportunity was lost of practising the principle! I met a gentleman to-day on furlough from the 10th Regiment from Missouri: he declared that thousands of negroes in Missouri said they would rather help “massas” than strangers.

The heat of the middle of July at Conwayboro’ is no joke: thermometer 89 degrees. One of the George-Town refugees, Mr. Porter, was going down the river in a “four-oar,” and kindly offered to give me a passage to Hagley. I was up at 2.30, but we did not start till past four. The negro captain of the boat was a jolly fellow: he blew a loud blast on his “conch” to call his men together: not an easy thing is it to sound the conch, but when once attained, it gives a far-resounding call. Captain Charlie had his wife on board to give her a trip to their dearly beloved home, from which they wished the Yankees far away.

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

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

On the 20th July [1862], I preached at the plantation church, St. Mary’s, Weehawka. Mr. Rosa, the catechist, is a “lay reader;” which office enables him to read the greater part of the service: thus he greatly helps the minister. The following prayer was used: --

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

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so that all their counsels may be governed by thy word, and be under the guidance of thy inspiration. Give to all their rulers grace to execute justice with impartiality, and to maintain the laws and rights of the commonwealth. Give to all masters grace to keep order and discipline in their families, and to treat their servants with mercy, kindness, gentleness, and discretion; knowing that thou hast made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. Give to all servants grace to obey their masters, and please them well in all things; knowing that in thus doing they shall please thee who art the Master over all. Give to our enemies grace to cease from their evil designs against us. Assuage their malice, and bring to nought their wicked devices. Give to all thy people here and elsewhere, grace to live in amity, harmony, and peace. But more especially we pray thee to give thy special grace to this our State of South Carolina; that under thy care she may long flourish and endure, giving her victory over all her enemies; so that truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. All these things we ask for in and through thy dear Son Jesus Christ our Lord.” [pages 109-120]

The next day [July 21, 1862], as I was quietly reading in the house, several shots were fired from some Federal gunboats over the end of the island to the mainland. Some of the shells passed not far from the house where Mr. Rosa, the overseer lived: his wife being very much alarmed, I thought I would try the experiment of a flag of truce, and hoisted my white handkerchief on a fishing-rod. The firing immediately ceased, and a boat put off from one of the gunboats. Mr. Rosa and myself went down to meet it. A sailor waded through the surf, and said the captain wished to see me, and I said I wished to see the captain; so I rode pickaback on the Yankee sailor to the boat, and in a short time was alongside the smallest of the gunboats, on board of which I introduced myself to Captain Baxter, the officer in command of the United States blockading squadron off Georgetown. They were miserable-looking specimens of their navy, one being a huge troopship of four guns; the other a small river tug, which had been taken from the Confederates, having one brass rifled gun. I explained to Captain Baxter my reason for hoisting the white flag; told him that I was a British subject, and wished to know what he was firing at. He replied, that his orders were not to molest private individuals or property, but only to destroy all the gunpowder and salt works along the coasts, and that he had come there to destroy some salt-works which he saw on the mainland. He asked me who they belonged to. I did not know the gentleman's name, but told him I had heard they were private property. He replied that he had information that salt was being made there for the Confederate army. He said that he had 700 negroes who had come off to him from the shore; that he had put them on an island a few miles south, where he had a hard matter to feed them; and asked me if I knew where he could get provisions for them. I said I thought negroes were “private property;” to which he replied that “they came to the ships, complaining of desertion and bad treatment on the part of their masters – what could he do but receive them? – it would have been much better for the masters to have remained on their plantations,” &c. I observed, that the treatment which had been practised down the coast was not much encouragement for them to do that; if all commanders had acted up to Captain Baxter's professions doubtless it would have been different. He asked me also if I was an “Abolitionist;” to which I replied, “Certainly not, if abolition was to be had by force, or hastily; for I had heard enough of that in Jamaica and Hayti.” In a short time Lieutenant Gregory came from the big ship, and joined in the

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conversation. I showed them my passport from Lord Lyons, and the passes from Messrs. Seward and Stanton; after reading which they asked me several questions about the person at whose house I was staying. When I told them, they asked me what “Catechist” meant. The two senior officers then began to consult about tendering the oath of allegiance to Mr. Rosa. I heard them say that if he refused it they would take him prisoner. They asked me if he was a Southerner; I said I supposed so, since he lived in South Carolina. They also asked if I thought he would take the oath of allegiance. I observed that it would be very unfair to force him to it, placed as he was as Catechist among the negroes. They were quite ignorant of the course of the creeks, and thought Pawley’s Island was part of the mainland. They asked me various questions about the Church of England, and said they found the services of our Prayer-book very useful, and always used it in funerals at sea. They expressed surprise that I, as a clergyman, should come out at such a time of war and tumults; and when I explained the object of my errand to the South, they professed entire ignorance of the stoppage of the inland mails. After an hour’s conversation in a broiling sun, I thought it time to take my departure, and on making a motion to leave, the captain politely ordered the boat alongside, and put me ashore from where I started. The shells were soon again bursting through the woods; and the two boats, containing about twenty-four men, proceeded up the creek which formed the island, and landed at the salt-works. We could distinctly hear across the estuary the sounds of destruction of boilers and barrels, &c. On their return, an officer and about twelve marines, all armed with cutlasses and rifles, debarked and marched up towards Mr. Rosa’s house. Fearing Mrs. Rosa would be alarmed, I met them, and requested he would keep his men at a distance if he wanted to go up the sand-hill to the house. So they remained on the beach, while he with a sergeant walked up to the house. This officer had asked me, when on board, if there was any furniture in the sea-side houses; and I was ready with a protest, on the strength of Captain Baxter’s words. I stayed with the men: they said they were thirsty, and Mr. Rosa and myself gave them water. Having seen several British sailors in the blockaders off Charleston, I asked if any of them were British; and one of them said, “No, we are all Yankees.” They were fine-looking men, and well-accoutred, in blue uniform. They kept asking if there were no soldiers near – looking into the bushes. Some two months previous there had been a troop of cavalry quartered in these houses, which doubtless they had heard of. After a time, the captain’s boat pulled into the creek, and the two boats immediately returned with him. It seemed as if he was not satisfied with the work of destruction, as more went on before him.

Next morning [July 22, 1862] at eight o’clock, when I went to Mr. Rosa’s house to breakfast, I found the captain and his lieutenant, supported by several officers and men, parleying with him on the bridge which spanned a sand ditch leading to his house: they seemed very anxious to find out where Mr. Le Bruce [John LaBruce] and Mr. Ward [Capt. Ward of the artillery] were, who, they heard, were owners of the salt-works. The lieutenant said they would have the former, dead or alive, as he had supplied the army with provisions (I heard afterwards he had been in the commissariat, but was now out of it). They evidently thought he was concealed somewhere near. A cart, with his portmanteau, pistols, and some money, had been taken by the sailors the night before: his house was next to Mr. Rosa’s, but, strangely enough, they never went to search it. His

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negro groom, with horses, &c., had come a few days before the boats came, but he sent to stop his master coming, and return his horses and baggage – the latter being seized as related; for the negro who was driving the cart, hearing the cannonballs crashing through the woods where the road lay, un-harnessed the mule and rode away as hard as he could, leaving the cart at the salt-works. The groom, called Robert, complained to me that all his clothes were taken with his master's; so when I found Captain Baxter at the house, I said, "I thought you did not take private property, and now you men have taken a private gentleman's baggage, and also a negro's kit; -- won't you give it up?" "Oh no," said he, "I shall want it all to help to clothe the poor niggers I have in South Island." While we were talking, several of the men went round the house to the negroes, and tried to persuade them to go to the ship with them, to be free, but on and all refused. The sailors wanted to force them; but the sub-officer would not allow it – he had heard what Captain Baxter said to me. It was said that the sailors received some reward for each negro; it looked very like it – and it was not hard to guess how the 700 negroes had been collected. Some of them had swum ashore, and stated that the rest were starving, and that boat-loads had been taken over at night. On one occasion, a child had cried, and the officer being afraid that the noise would bring an attack from the shore, threw it overboard, as the mother could not silence it. As for Robert, he told them "he was just as free as they were; he had a good master, who gave him everything he wanted, and he would never leave him; they could not leave their captain, so they were not free." In short, Robert is a "right-smart" fellow. I was very glad that the captain said nothing about the oath of allegiance to Mr. Rosa. He told me if England interfered, the United States would certainly declare war against her. I said, "How about "mediation" in a friendly way?" "Oh," he said, "there would be no harm in that." He accused England of supplying arms to the South. I said, "England had free trade, and her merchants would take arms and other things to the market, wherever it might be; and that in our war with the Hottentots, we found they got muskets from Birmingham." The lieutenant said the United States could beat England out and out; but when I asked him to explain, he said he meant they would soon have fifty iron-clads, and England and France only had thirty-seven! I observed, it was not always numbers that had the best of it. The lieutenant said Christianity and war were opposed to each other. "True," I observed; "yet as long as this world lasts there will be wars; but those who fought were told to be content with their wages, and to do violence to no one;" whereupon Captain Baxter gave me a nod. In about half an hour they departed for the salt-works, three boats-full up the creek, and Mr. Rosa and I to breakfast. Before it was over, crack, crack! from the shore; and on running out, we saw puffs of smoke from the wood, and about two dozen Yankees running as hard as they could. But suddenly they stopped, fired into the wood, and then jumped into the boats and pulled away down the creek back to the ships. Having no spy-glass, I could not distinguish; but I certainly saw some dark things lying on the shore. The firing from the ships now became more frequent (as if to dislodge the enemy from his ambush); and at about one o'clock, under it, the three boats, fully armed, returned to the salt-works. As far as we could see, it was to take something away; and they carried what we thought were dead and wounded men into the boats, unmolested by the enemy: a party of men lined the sides of the creek as they retired, firing into the wood at intervals, and practising at a poor old mule, which, after several shots, fell. Directly after they had reached the ships they weighed anchors, took the little steam-tug on board the

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

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

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

On the 23rd of July [1862] I rode over the sands to the scene of destruction. Broken barrels lay around; bits of boilers, pump, timbers cut in half, &c.; a hole just eight inches diameter through an overseer's house, so as to fit a ventilator over the door; two or three more through the roof; trees splintered in all directions. About 300 yards further up the shore an old negro had kept on salt-burning for Mr. Duncan [Benjamin Faneuil Dunkin of Midway Plantation], a planter, at the overseer's house, all the time, but his boilers were concealed by trees. I saw where a shot had torn up the ground about a foot from the chimney of the kitchen where he was sitting. He had two caldrons, each having a large conch in it to catch the dirt: he made three bushels a week: the water was brought to the boilers from the creek, instead of having a pump. Here was no want of courage. Another servant, a mulatto, had stayed in the house aforementioned to see what the Yankees did, till the shot went through it, just over where he was, when he went into the rushes and hid himself all the time they were on land.

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A negro came over from North Island, having swum across to the main: he told us the Yankees gave them only a pint of rough rice each per day, and no means of pounding it – so they were obliged to rub it between shingles. All would have got away again to their masters if possible; but they are guarded by sentries all day, and it was a long way to swim at night. There were many women and children. He confirmed the story of the child being thrown overboard. Hundreds had been decoyed away from their homes, he said, by promises of freedom and rewards, but they found they were “gulled.”

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

July 24th [1862]. – The thermometer is steady at about 80 degrees for day and 78 degrees for night, when we sleep with windows open, and always a breeze from the sea. The latitude is 32 ½ degrees N., longitude 79 degrees W., from Greenwich. Though our kindred in America have taken many of their ways from the French, yet they keep the old English measurement of the world, counting from Greenwich.

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

Met a gentleman to-day who had given \$600 for a substitute for the draught. This same gentleman blamed the masters for leaving their plantations and negroes. Captain Baxter declared he did not wish to keep the negroes; if masters would take them back they might have them. Certainly the Northerners interfering with the negroes seems a great mistake. By “the Constitution” they are private property, and inviolable; but the whole moral atmosphere seems to have been tainted with false ideas about the negroes. While the Northerners will not sit in the same carriage with a free coloured person, they will violate the law to break his bondage; and a State has done this by its own State law! – e.g. Massachusetts years ago made it penal to deliver up a fugitive slave, the penalty being \$6000 fine and eight years in prison! How can the Union go on with such anomalies? If this war was waged for the sake of the negro, he, poor fellow, has had no benefit, and never will have benefit from it. If he gives himself up to the Northerners he is half starved. The Northerners are burthened with keeping them, and the masters are at a loss for their labour; so that three parties are injured and none benefited.

On the 25th of July [1862], St. James, we had Divine service in St. Mary’s Church, and I baptized seven children, viz., one, the catechist’s, and six of the negroes’.

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July 26th [1862]. – In my upper chamber, looking over the Atlantic, the negro boy Frank, about sixteen years of age, who is appointed to wait on me and take care of my horse, reads the alternate verses of the Psalms with me, and the 2nd Lesson, daily.

From all I hear, I have no doubt that if the South were “let alone,” as they say, *i.e.*, allowed to have self-government, not only would its vast resources be developed for the benefit of itself and the rest of mankind, but there would be schools for the negro children, marriages would be held binding, and children would not be sold away from parents. Gladly would employers of labour pay wages instead of hiring slaves. Many are the inconveniences to them from this kind of labour which are not found in the other. But the negro must first be led to understand the free position; and I believe the two above-named reforms are essential to such an understanding, *viz.*, education and domestic ties. Then, when they are in a condition to feel they have something more than mere existence to work for, they will appreciate free labour.

On the 26th of July [1862], sixth Sunday after Trinity, there was again a full congregation, and baptism of two white children, whose father had suffered from the Yankees taking his boat and nets, by which he earned his living.

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

After service I met some negroes who had come from another plantation. They said they did not want to go to the Yankees, and they wished they would let them alone: by the blockade they made food and clothing so scarce that their masters could hardly provide for them. Salt had risen from seven to ten dollars per bushel on the coast, while before the war it was only half a dollar; molasses from twenty cents to four and five dollars a gallon. They said they were not slaves, but servants; that if a negro became free he must have a white man appointed by law to be his “guardian,” because he did not know how to manage for himself. They pitied “poor free negroes,” as they had not the constant protection that “servants” have. I read to them the words of Genesis xiv. 14, providing that Abraham had the same kind of servants; and they seemed quite pleased.

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

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

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been more without mercy and with esprit de corps, caught up from some other occupation, many of them lawyers or in trade – no soldiers.

Mr. Rosa was baptized in the Dutch Reformed Church, which has no bishops, but presbyters. In this church (which sprung up from reforms passing from England to Holland in the 16th century), before sermon the preacher stretches forth his hands over the congregation, saying, “Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied unto you, my hearers. Amen.” He was married by an Anabaptist minister (on account of there being no Episcopalian one), who readily consented to use the marriage service of the Prayer-book -- which service, by-the-by, is considerably shorter than in ours, and much improved by certain sentences at the beginning being omitted; though I cannot think the omission of the Psalm, and of the order to proceed “from the body of the church” and “to kneel before the Lord’s Table,” for the blessing, is an improvement. [Pages 120-137]

Chapter VII

Back to Conwayboro’

On the 30th of July [1862] up at 2.40; breakfast of bread, stewed peaches, and “claber.” This claber is quite a godsend in the absence of tea. It is simply “curds and whey:” a bowl of milk is put by in the evening, and by atmospheric operation becomes claber in the morning.

How fresh and beautiful it was to dash along the winding, noiseless road, the day gradually breaking forth, the dewdrops hanging on the varied and tangled woods of pine, oaks, maple, arbutus, cedar, magnolia, rhododendron, cypress, gum-tree, and bay! As we passed near the river we saw the masts of a Yankee gun-boat which was at anchor opposite a plantation belonging to Dr. [John] McGill [possibly Oregon plantation, in Horry District]. One of his men told me five servants had gone on board: he said “they were fools; they would soon be sorry for it; they were house servants,” and, as he said, “foot to foot with massa,” who treated them “too well;” they had everything they wanted; but they had been misled by his head servant, who was a “traitor.”

July 31st [1862]. – To-day at Conwayboro’ the sun rises at 5.10 and sets at 6.50, but in England it rises at 4.10 and sets at 7.50; thus we have two hours more night to cool us here: there is no twilight.

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

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

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August 1st [1862]. – Thermometer at 7.30 A.M. 76 degrees; rose to 80 degrees at noon. Saw in a paper an order from Stanton [Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary for the US Dept. of War], authorising commanders to pillage and destroy private property. I see the dry pine points are now being collected in the woods; the ground is covered with this, which is called “trash;” it is used for bedding for horses and cattle, and makes good manure.

August 6th [1862]. – Took tea at Mr. Beatty’s [in Conwayborough]. To see how hospitably these kind people entertain, one would not suppose war was raging. How well the negro women bake and cook!

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

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

Thermometer rises now to 90 degrees. I observed, “It will be hot for the soldiers.” An old man replied, “It is usual at this time of the year; we are about the latitude of Fez: our men don’t mind it, they are used to it; if they were not in the army they would be out in the corn-fields all day at work; a fine hardy race they are!” And looking at a boy twelve years old, he continued, “All these boys are longing to be soldiers: at nine years old they all handle a gun, go into the woods and shoot squirrels, and many of them shoot better than their fathers.” Then, as an instance of courage, it was told me a family at Georgetown were roused up at night by a fire raging next-door: the grandmother went to wake up a boy ten years old (and a dear, clever little fellow is Tommy Morgan), and saw him kneeling down in his bed. She asked him what he was doing. “Praying,” said he, “that God Almighty would spare our house.” The house burnt down was only separated by a space of two feet, and this house was not injured; the family were Roman Catholic, half Irish and half French.

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On the 10th of August [1862], the 8th Sunday after Trinity, thermometer 96 degrees by day and 91 degrees by night; had Divine service in the Piazza at 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. – hot work; at 3, Mrs. Weston’s class up for catechism, six boys and five girls. Several of the Methodists and Presbyterians came to our service.

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

Sermones scriptae would no more do for the black labourers than they do for the white. It seems strange that, while in France and America members of Parliament are allowed to read their speeches, but not so in England, the reverse is held as to pulpit discourses. I do not mean to advocate extempore, or unprepared, preaching as a custom; indeed, I find much more thought is engaged in preparing sermons unwritten than written. I would call them spoken, or viva voce sermons, instead of written ones. The pulpits in these churches are like platforms, in which two or three chairs are placed. A young man was preaching once in South Carolina, and a learned Anabaptist minister was sitting by him. When he began his sermon with the confession that he was quite “unprepared,” “More shame for you,” said the doctor. Then he went on to say, “As I was coming along the text struck me.” “Pity it had not struck you down,” said the doctor.

In a pamphlet on Church Extension, which in 1840 I dedicated to Sir R. Inglis, I suggested to our English bishops that they should establish in each diocese a theological college, where candidates for orders should be obliged to study at least a year under the bishop’s ken, so that he would know the character and qualities of his men; and that there, practice should be had in speaking sermons, exemplifying the excellent system in that respect which prevails in the college at Geneva. If colleges be required for the temporal army, surely they are for the spiritual, and it is proved that Oxford and Cambridge do not fully supply the need. As for the cures of souls, it would be well to take a thing from the Church in America, where every congregation has a committee for the church, something like “le conseil d’eglise” in France, composed of proprietors and chief men all belonging to the congregation, who should have the election of the incumbent under sanction of the bishop; thus putting an end to the iniquitous traffic in livings, whether for pecuniary or political motives. It is only wonder that when Englishmen have combined for many excellent purposes, they have never yet combined to get rid of this shameful and sacrilegious abuse. It would be well too if our Church in England would take a hint from her sister in America, and make good provision for the clergy and their families: surely our bishops might fairly bring this subject before the laity.

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

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

August 12th [1862]. – Thermometer at 10, 88 degrees; at 3, 91 degrees; at 9, 86 degrees. The negroes delight in this: the children go to sleep under the mid-day sun. The fine crops of corn, sugar-cane, and sweet potato, flourish under it and the heavy dews at night. The Charleston papers have the debates in our Parliament of the 18th of July, on Mr. Lindsay's motion, concerning the Confederate States. Regrets are expressed that he did not postpone it till full particulars of the Federal defeat at Richmond were known, as then the power of the South would, they think, have made such impression that "Recognition" would have followed. Mr. Whiteside's speech is greatly admired. To-day we drove to a real farm, i.e., occupied by a tenant of a landlord, so that such tenure is already beginning in this new country.

August 13th [1862]. – Thermometer at 5.30 A.M., 81 degrees; at 6 P.M., 89 ½ degrees. The papers report the heat as unusual, and not remembered so great by any living person. Notwithstanding the heat we take our drives after sunset; and whirled along in the light "buggy" by Saratoga and Equity, who trot about twelve miles an hour, we make a breeze as we go from house to house in the borough; for this is the time of visiting here, and the lady of the house sets before you a trayful of peaches, or an immense watermelon, green without and pink within, and a decanter of water fresh from the well. The papers state that in Georgia, on the 23rd of July, at 4 P.M., a sword was seen in the heavens, having its hilt silver-white and blade red; size to the eye twenty feet long, pointing north-east. It is asserted here that last year, in July, before the battle of Bull Run, a similar sign was seen – an arm stretched out near the moon, holding a sword.

I determine to go to Richmond while the Senate and Congress are in session. On account of the heat Mr. Porter works his mail stage "buggy" by night. We left the borough at 10 P.M., the 14th of August [1862], and a weary night it was in our cramped position; but the companionship of a South Carolinian country squire (every one is an esquire here) passed the time away, by his narrating how he hunted the red deer in the woods and swamps of the Wakamaw in the fall and spring of the year; how the wild turkeys were hunted (for they never talk about "going out shooting" – it is all hunting), the hunter imitating their call, and enticing them to him; and how, now and then, they come across a bear in the swamps. My companion's name was Session [Benjamin E. Sessions], and he was a member of the "State Convention;" an assembly, as he explained to me, only called out on grand emergencies, at the call of the House of Representatives, or State Legislature, who are judge of the need of "the sovereign voice" of the people being heard through this their chosen organ. By this means each State is enabled to act in its "sovereign and independent character." It was this Convention that passed the Act of Secession from the Union in April, 1861, as above stated; and this body, I was informed, so far amended the State Legislature of South Carolina as to appoint members of Council to assist the Governor of this State on account of the great pres of business arising from the war.

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At 10 P.M., the 15th of August [1862], the train left Fair Bluff, and reached Wilmington at 2 A.M.: the cars being full of soldiers, there was no seat to be got. The conductor walks up the centre passage and takes the tickets, or you can pay him without a ticket, showing the perfect trust which is placed in these officials.

An immense number of passengers bundled into the great steam ferry-boat over Wilmington River (Cape Fear River). There is no delay, the cry is "On to Richmond." We breakfast at Goldsborough, ...[Pages 138-147]

On the 8th October [1862] I was again en route de sable, with my friend Mr. Porter, mail stage coachman. Well, Mr. Porter, many passengers lately? Answer: Yes, sir, "right smart." It was a warm day, yet a greyheaded man, aged 60, walked from Fair Bluff to within five miles of the Boro' [Conwayborough], carrying a full saddlebag and a can; he is a farmer on the coast, a regular tough-looking Englishman. He said the white people do all this sort of thing; they never get "sun-stroke" in the South, but there is plenty of it in New York. In the summer they take bark – the bark of the willow or hickory – to keep off fever.

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

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

"Winnsboro', Sunday, September 21, 1862.

Dear Mr. Mallet,

I have not got any directions from the men since you left, and I thought I would write and let you know a bout it. [Referring to some of the negroes being charged with helping themselves to bacon.] I was trying to find out, but I cannot find out anything a bout it. All is well since you left here."

"My dear Mistress,

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present, and I hope when this reaches you it will find you and all the rest in the enjoyment of good health. We stand very much in need of salt, as we are out. Mr. Callcutt says there isent any to be had. The Meat which you sent on to us we have not received as yet. We are very thankfull to you for allowing us more meat for our allowance when we receive it. We expect to commence picking cotton to-morrow, if the wether permit. I will be very glad to heare from you as soon as you heare from Master. I received the 8 dollars from Mr. Mallet which you sent me, and am very thankful to you for it. We are all getting on very well at present, but I don't know how longe it will continue to be so, but I trust it will be all the time. I am very sorry that they did not make a confession to Mr. Mallet when he was here, and I cannot get that any satisfaction from

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them myself. I hope, dear Mistress, I hope to heare from you very soon. No more at present. I am your ever faithfull servant,

Anthony Westun.”

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

The 11th October [1862], being Saturday, Mrs. Weston gives out grain, &c., to the “field hand.” The women carry by toting (i.e. on the head) 1 ½ bushel. No doubt, this “toting” accounts for their remarkably upright figures; each adult male and female had one peck of clean rice, and half a peck to each child; sometimes cornflour is given instead. As soon as a child is born, the mother has half a peck a week for it; they can lay by plenty for their poultry and pigs. Meat is given out to the field labourers three times a week, in such quantities that every family may have meat daily; honey, sugar, and salt were also given out.

This 11th October [1862] we have a gale of wind; the pine forests all around roar like the sea; lightning, thunder, and rain – what they call here “battle rain.” It is the day the Northern fleet departs from Hilton Head. Where is it bound? – no one knows.

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

October 12th [1862], 17th Sunday after Trinity. – Heavy rain; several of the Boro’ families had agreed to attend our house Divine Service, and among them some Roman Catholics; but the weather kept all at home. The Holy Communion was administered to the family; several negroes received with great devotion. I preached to them on Solomon’s Song, viii.7: “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.”

Dr. Harrell [Dr. Joseph F. Harrell], the medical man here, has much ability; he considers that the Confederates driving back the Federals from Richmond warrants recognition from Foreign Powers. The Government has shown its stability. Dr. Harrell studied medicine in the North. In 1854 he was at Castleton. [Dr. Harrell’s office was on Main Street in Conwayborough. It is now located at 903 Third Avenue in Conway and is currently owned by the Horry County Historical Society and is used by the City of Conway as the city’s Visitor Center]

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“Judge Howe was there, and a Mr. Hall was at Prospect Hill, near White Hill. These gentlemen were friends of the family of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who was left badly off. This lady had traveled in the South, where few Northerners ever go, excepts it be to settle there; she had written notes about the slaves. Judge Howe concluded, as an abolitionist and universalist, to make out a book, and employed Hall, a clever hand, to write it. He called it “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” a fiction on the said notes: it was agreed to bring it out under Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s name. Hall was to be paid for writing, and Judge Howe was to give Mrs. Beecher Stowe part of the profits, which immensely exceeded all their expectations, and proved fortunes to them both. A conscientious Methodist minister in the same district, feeling that false impressions would be made by the book, wrote a pamphlet to counteract it; but he was threatened with dismissal from his congregation, and the pamphlet was quashed.”

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

October 15th [1862]. – We are glad to have fires. Thermometer 66 degrees to 68 degrees. Here is the old hearth with its brass-headed dogs and blazing wood fire. The negroes have all got their supply of warm clothing, shoes and blankets. I baptized Carietta, the infant daughter of Curtis and Elvina Clewis. These people had only been with Baptists. I read portions of the Scriptures concerning baptism. They were anxious for their child to be baptized: like many others here, they wished to become acquainted with the Church of England, and were well disposed to join it as a Scriptural institution.

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. Harrell informs me the Wakamah Belt, i.e., the space between the river, which runs almost parallel to the sea for many miles, is sixty miles wide. There is never any typhoid fever: quinine is needed against ague, or, as they call it, “chill and fever.” They now use barks of willow, &c. Quinine comes from Peru; its discovery is curious. In a certain district the people never had ague, and it was found they drank water from cisterns where the chinchona-trees grew. Some doctor then had the leaves prepared, and hence quinine – a blessing to the human race.

October 17th [1862]. A letter from Captain Weston told us that General Bragg’s army had marched 300 miles in seventeen days (in twelve marching days), from Harrison’s Landing, on the Tennessee River, to Bardstone, in Kentucky, thirty miles from Louisville.

Through the kindness of Mr. Molyneux, I had ascertained the sailing days of the Cunard steamers, and I fixed on the 5th of November, the “Australasian,” reckoning to return to my flock at Ardeley after six months’ absence. From all I saw around me a blessing had been on my “Errand to the South.” The lady who had been cast down with anxiety and sadness was not buoyant with hope. Her husband had been chosen M.P. for George Town, which would entitle him to furlough. Yet painful was my leave-taking – the negroes were much affected – the feeling was mutual.

On the 18th of October [1862] my compagnons de voyage were Mr. Swinnie, a shoemaker, who had left Ireland in 1858, and was settled at Marion, and a coachbuilder of Charlotte, who had been on the coast burning salt – it took 300 gallons of sea-water to make one barrel of salt. Land about Charlotte in North Carolina is very productive; their cows are kept as horses in stalls. At Fair Bluff met Dr. Frincke [Frink], who has a plantation near Little River, South Carolina, in All Saints parish; he agrees with me that the parish is too large. Here is work for the Church Convention of the South, who has no need to wait for an Act of Parliament to “lengthen her cords, strengthen her stakes, and spread out her curtains.” Hundreds of thousands are fighting for their country; let the

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Convention move “pro Ecclesia Dei.” The doctrines and discipline of the holy Apostolic Church only want to be known among these people. Hundreds of young men are now at home, and more will come who from their wounds will be unfit for hard work, but who could work in the ministry of the church, and many a heart has been touched with religious impulses. There are still many plantations where the negroes go their own ways and want guidance; there are many farms where the white people want the ministry of the Word.

On Sunday, the 19th of October [1862], the people of Fair Bluff begged me to give them a service in their Methodist church; just as I was going to which, I met a gentleman, who told me my brother-in-law had come from Kentucky on sick furlough, and was gone from Marion to the Boro’, and offered me a seat in his carriage; but I had promised the service, and it went on. I had a full and attentive congregation, and in the afternoon several ladies held a Sunday-school of white and black children mixed together. I determined to return to Conwayboro’, if only to say to the aged parent in England I have now seen both your daughter and her husband. So for the seventh time the weary way was traversed.

After a hunt through the Boro’ the gallant and abnegatory Captain Weston, of Bragg’s pet regiment, the 10th South Carolina, turned up at the refuge of one of his constituents, the enterprising Mr. Morgan of George Town, whose kind and agreeable wife insisted on our celebrating the meeting with a bottle of sparkling champagne. The rough handling of Mars had made sad inroads on my relative’s appearance; but the great improvement in the cause of the South cheered his heart, which will be the best guarantee for restoration to health. Nothing could exceed the joy of the negro servants at the safe return of their beloved Massa.

Brief was my interview with him; my time was to be kept. A parson is not his own master; my flock at Ardeley [England] could not be forgotten.” [Pages 264-275]

¹ An Errand To The South In The Summer Of 1862, By The Rev. William Wyndham Malet, London, Richard Hentley, New Burlington Street, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty, 1863.