

South Carolina and Tennessee. Many of them lived like little princes, and owned slaves to the amount of 100,000 dols. This was their wealth, as we in Scotland are rich in flocks and herds, but

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold”

in the shape of war, freed the slave, and spoilt their property. All their spare cash—and some of them had no little of it—went at that time also. Thus they were left helpless; the nigger, or, as they call him in Virginia, the d—d nigger, for the most part had left the cursed land of slavery. Those who remained, having once tasted the sweets of freedom, cared not for work as long as they could keep life in them by any other means. The imperious planter was thus without labour or means. Brought up without knowing what work was, they were fast, hand and foot. With a slave to wait upon them, to fan them while asleep, it was a mighty change to shift for themselves. It was like setting an exotic of the rarest kind, fostered up under glass, away to the field to take its chance among the wild flowers that luxuriate there. Like these, some never took root, but died away; others are gradually becoming acclimatised; but from what we have seen, they are so demoralised, both master and slave, that they will not do much good for this generation at least. It is the fate of war, and yet with all their faults no one who visits that land can but be sorry for them. They are a generous and hospitable class, and will share their last morsel of bread with a stranger who may happen to be within their gates. But Virginia and