

tween the North and South of the United States was brought to a close. This was in 1865, at which time there were 400,000 slaves in South Carolina alone. Besides these, there was a comparatively large number of free negroes—men and women who, for different reasons, had never been enslaved, or who had had their freedom given them. They were called "F.M.C.'s." These people lost by emancipation as far as their position in the social scale is concerned, for when the dark mass of slaves was liberated they, being all of one color, were looked upon as being all alike. The letters "F.M.C." meant "Free Man of Color," and were always applied to those negroes who, by law, were free, and of these letters they were very proud; but when all the colored people became "F.M.C.'s" the fine distinction vanished.

For three years after the war closed, South Carolina was under military rule, during which time the emancipated negro began to realize the great avenues of power that were opening up before him; and when, in 1868, South Carolina was readmitted as one of the states of the Union, he found himself placed on an equal footing with the greatest in the land; for every one who had attained the age of manhood was proclaimed a voter. He could go to the polls side by side with the aristocratic owner of a plantation—his late master, it might be—and there one vote was as good as another.

Then the negroes, grossly ignorant as they were, became politicians and swarmed into the state legislature, where they amused themselves with voting away public money, the value of which, in any form, they had never known. Unprincipled white men used this dark power for their own enrichment, and so the state was robbed and made use of to an alarming extent. The cost of managing the state increased in a few years fourfold, and no wonder, when in one session alone \$125,000 was spent on liquors, wines, cigars, and imported fruits. What a "high time" these "colored ge'mmen" must have had in managing the affairs of the state! On one occasion it is said that a negro politician and the speaker of the House of Representatives, a white man, were engaged in a horse race. The house adjourned to attend the race. The colored man's horse won, and Mr. Speaker found himself obliged to hand over to his dark brother an "I.O.U." for a thousand dollars, the amount of the stake. Next day the shady politician moved in the legislature that a gratuity of a thousand dollars "be voted to the speaker of this house for the dignity and ability with which he has presided over its deliberations." This was in addition to the speaker's ordinary pay. The motion was carried, and thus the colored brother got his "I.O.U." promptly cashed by the state!

This dark régime was broken up in 1876, but

the negro population remains, a problem for politicians to deal with.

As to the white people, there are still, in South Carolina, two classes, the old plantation rulers or aristocracy, on the one hand, people proud of their ancestry, once having had servants and slaves, almost without number, at their beck and call, and, on the other hand, a poor and illiterate lot, better only than the negro, perhaps, in color—as dark in character sometimes as their dusky brother is in hue. These, combined with the negro population, have outvoted the aristocracy in everything, so that the good old families now are represented nowhere in positions of prominence and trust.

These illiterate white people are called "crackers" or "mountain whites," and the negroes amuse themselves by calling them "white trash." Sometimes they are called "Scotch-Irish heathens," for from these two nationalities they chiefly descend. There are five millions of them in the South that can neither read nor write. Their moral condition is dreadful. Crimes committed by them are not outdone by the dreadful deeds which disgrace the worst parts of large cities. Public schools apparently have but little power in the South. The teacher often knows little more than the scholars. The log schoolhouse, with its floor of native earth, is not more primitive than the teacher and scholars in their bare feet and slender attire.

The religion of these people is a vague kind of Protestantism. They know that the word "Catholic" means what they should not be, but beyond that they know but little. It is said that a preacher who visited these people once asked an old woman if there were any "Presbyterians" around there. Her answer was, "Ask my old man. He be a powerful mighty man in huntin', and kills all sorts of varmints. You might go and see them skins a-hanging up yonder, p'raps you'd find some of them Presbyterian critters among them."

Such, then, seem to be two dangerous elements—black and white—in the United States. When men are taught that the age of twenty-one is the only qualification necessary for a vote, and for attaining a high place even in the legislature, and when such men are the makers of laws and electors of judges, sheriffs, and other officers of state, what can be hoped for in the community in which they live?

Missionaries, surely, are needed there as much almost as in heathen lands, because children have been allowed to grow up without instruction, and the way of peace has not been shown them. It seems strange that the South, among the oldest colonies of Great Britain and the cradle of a great nation, should still be so far behind in those things which go to make up an enlightened and God-fearing people.