

ment of his health, says, "I wish, I long much to hasten back to the place where alone I feel at rest in the present world, and to share with you the labours and cares of domestic concerns, and to partake of the sweets of domestic joys. In all my wanderings the language of my heart is, 'there is no place like home, home, sweet home.' The present condition and prospects of the congregation are also subjects which occasion me considerable anxiety." Having heard nothing from home since he left, he says, "I wish I could just hear that you are all in good health, and that the congregation is supplied and the Sabbath Schools prospering; I would be comparatively contented in the mean time." "You will expect some account of Savannah. It is a very pretty city, regularly laid out and well planted with trees of various kinds, some of which retain their leaf all winter. There are seven or eight clergymen of different denominations here, and I hope a good deal of religion." In this city of the balmy South he not only found his strength returning, but he also encountered a new type of human degradation and wretchedness. Until he landed in Savannah he had never seen a slave.—His attention however was soon called to the subject in a manner fitted to excite the commiseration of a mind deeply imbued with human sympathy.—On surveying the city, and in front of the Exchange, he was accosted by human beings, negroes and mulattoes, begging of him, who they had supposed to be a purchaser, not to separate them as families. "Please, Massa, buy *her*. Please, Massa, buy us all; don't part us," and other earnest requests of a similar nature were poured into his astonished ear. His spirits sank within him, and the varied beauties of the city were lost in the scene. On inquiry he learned that they were the effects of some bankrupt planter forced under the hammer, and on returning to the spot on his evening's walk he found that its former occupants were removed by their purchasers.

This account, which I had from him in conversation, he in part states to his wife in his letter of the 18th of March, continuing from his last extract, "There is here I hope a good deal of religion. But here is slavery with all its revolting attendants and consequences. The very day I landed here I saw about two hundred and sixty negroes, mulattoes, &c., men, women, children, and infants at the breast, assembled in front of the Exchange and put up at auction and sold like as many cattle. At these sales the husband is recklessly separated from the wife and she from him for ever—children from their parents and from each other. It is by the laws of the State a crime punishable with heavy fines and imprisonment to teach either a slave or a free negro to read or write. They are allowed to hear preaching, and are taught some questions verbally at Sabbath Schools. A free negro coming into the State can be imprisoned and sold. A considerable number of slaves absconded some time ago in South Carolina and concealed themselves in the woods. They were discovered and taken last fall, but twenty-seven of them were shot like as many rabbits in the struggle which they made to secure their liberty. Not long since a man was burnt to death for killing his overseer, who had treated his daughter brutally. I have many a warm argument with the people here about this system, but interest preponderates when opposed to argument however strong."* On the same 18th of March

* It may be necessary to explain that at that time the Abolition excitement had not commenced, and the evils of slavery were freely discussed and admitted even in the Southern States. The course which Mr McLean pursued would at the present moment, in all probability, have caused his summary expulsion from the State.