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POETRY.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Horeb's rock, the prophet stood—
The Lord before him passed,
A hurricane, in angry mood,
Swept by him strong and fast.
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew calm—a cloud
Came, mulling up the sun—
When through the mountains, deep and loud,
As earthquake thunder'd on,
The frightened eagle sprang in air—
The wolf ran howling from his lair—
God was not in the storm.
'Twas but the rolling of his car—
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again; and Nature stood
And calm'd her ruffled frame;
When swift from heaven, a fiery food,
To earth, devouring came.
Down to the depth the ocean fled—
The sickening sun looked wan and dead—
Yet God filled not the flame.
'Twas but the terror of his eye,
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice, all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear.
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace—it spoke of love—
It spoke as angels speak above—
And God himself was there.
But O! it was a father's voice,
That bade the trembling world rejoice.

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MISCELLANY.

FLIRTATION.

A STORY OF THE OPERA.

Farewell! And must I say farewell?
No; thou wilt ever be to me
A present thought; thy form shall dwell
In love's most holy sanctuary.
Thy voice shall mingle with my dream.

"Bravo! Exquisite! Delicious!" exclaimed
Sir Claude Clasp, tapping his white-gloved
fingers together, and throwing himself back in his
chair. "What enchanting harmony!"

La Grisi was executing one of her bewilder-
ing solos in *Parviana*.

"Why, Vernon! Vernon!" he continued,
glancing round at his companion, "What are
you looking at so intently? You do not seem
to have heard one note."

"O—yes—I am attentive!" rejoined Lord Ver-
non Alphonso, but without removing his eyes
from the object upon which they were fixed.

"Indeed!" rejoined Sir Claude, "and pray
why do you keep yourself concealed behind the
curtain; and who is it that engages your at-
tention?" and he replied the loggionette to bring
the parties in a distant box closer to his sight.

"He presses her hand!" exclaimed Lord Ver-
non. "This is beyond endurance!"

Sir Claude had just discovered that the par-
ties in the opposite box were Lady Emily Delo-
rairie and the Marquis of Petition; when, turn-
ing round to enjoy his joke at the expense of
his friend, he discovered that he was alone,
Lord Vernon having departed. Sir Claude did
no further concern himself about the matter, but
turning his attention to the stage again, his soul
was again absorbed in the music, the indications
of which were murmured, in "bravas," and the
frequent collision of his white kids.

"Ah! Vernon!" exclaimed Lady Emily Delo-
rairie, as Lord Vernon entered her box, "Who
would have thought of seeing you here? I
thought you were with your regiment at De-
ver."

"Well!" rejoined Lady Emily; "but—what is
that, Marquis?" turning round to Petition, as a
burst of applause followed some musical effect.

"Dear me, Vernon, you have caused me the loss
of one of the beauties of the opera. Do sit
down, and I will talk to you after the opera is
over."

Lord Vernon sat down, in obedience to the
Lady Emily's command. But although the
lady addressed herself several times to the Mar-
quis, and the Marquis replied in a way that
evidently gave satisfaction to the Lady Emily,
she never turned her head towards her lover,
Lord Vernon, and when he spoke to her she
answered snappishly.

The opera ended, and Lady Emily begged
the Marquis to see after her carriage.

"Well, Vernon," she said after the Marquis
had gone, "What is the reason of this abrupt
visit to town?"

"It was my intention to stay in town."

"And what has caused you to determine oth-
erwise?"

"I should think that the cause was not un-
known to the Lady Emily Delorairie."

"Why, what upon earth—" exclaimed
the lady, when the conversation was interrup-
ted by the returned of the Marquis, with the in-
timation that her carriage stopped the way.

"Adieu—adieu!" she cried, kissing her fair
hand to Lord Vernon, "the Marquis has prom-
ised to see me to my carriage. Lady Delorairie
sees company to-night. You will come? Ad-
ieu." And away fitted the young beauty, light
as a butterfly on the wing.

The room at Lady Delorairie's was crowded
that night, and amid the gay and glittering
through the Lady Emily, the daughter of the
wealthy hostess, looked in vain for the one ob-
ject to whom, notwithstanding her levity and
seeming indifference, her heart clung to; and in
his affections that heart had made its home—
Lord Vernon was not there. Hour passed after
hour, and no Lord Vernon. To be sure the
Marquis was fitting about her, like a painted

butterfly, but now his attentions made the co-
quette uneasy, and she wished that he was in
reality a butterfly, that she might annihilate him
with her fingers. Fatigued and melancholy the
Lady Emily retired to her chamber; she
dreamed of happiness and Lord Vernon; she a-
woke to disappointment and regret.

Upon her table lay a sealed note. It was ad-
dressed to herself. She knew the hand, and
breaking open the envelope, she took the letter
in her trembling hand, and read as follows:—

"I cannot part from you, Lady Emily Delo-
rairie, without one word of kindness, though I
have no reason to hope that any word from me
will be acceptable, or excite the slightest sym-
pathy in your breast. I have encouraged wild
hopes, and formed opinion that were erroneous.
It is my own fault that I am deceived. I do not
blame you, and for all who enjoy your confi-
dence—you affection. May you be happy; and
though you have not been able to regard me in
the light I would be regarded, though you can-
not love me, yet in your hours of happiness de-
sign to think kindly of one in whose heart your
image will eternally be enshrined. We have
passed many bright hours together, and I had
fondly hoped that in our conversation and our
rambles I had inspired something akin to the
wild intense affection which burns in my breast;
and when we have wreathed flowers together,
and conjectured the sweet lan, usage in which
the embracing roses whispered their idolatry
I have madly dreamed that in your eyes I have
read all the pure and passionate eloquence which
our fancy had given to the wreath of flowers.—
Forgive me; my hopes are presumptuous. An-
other enjoys the love I thought was mine. I
forgive him. My prayers shall be for your
happiness. I shall leave town immediately, to
join my army in India; it may be many years
ere we meet again; we shall be much changed.
Lady Emily, then. What may not occur in
the interval? You may forget me; I may be a
stranger to your thoughts, but no change of
scene—no interval of time—can bring peace to
the broken spirit of the mistaken but still idoliz-
ing.

"Vernon."

Lady Emily's eyes were full of tears long be-
fore she had concluded the perusal of this let-
ter. It had awakened her to a consciousness
of her folly and ingratitude. Within an hour
a note was despatched to the residence of Lord
Vernon's father, but it was returned, Lord Ver-
non had sailed for India.

Lady Emily was distracted. She hated the
Marquis, now, for she saw plainly that it was
owing to her thoughtless attention to him that
she had lost the man who sincerely loved her.
But the Marquis continued to tease her with
his importunities, and one day he brought her a
newspaper, and with an affected smile pointed
out to her a paragraph which stated that "the
beautiful Lady Emily Delorairie was about to
bestow her hand upon the dashing Marquis of
Petition, one of the handsomest men of the
day."

Lady Emily held the paper in her hand and
darted a withering look of indignation upon the
Marquis, who turned away his face and endeav-
oured to hum a French air. "Marquis!" ex-
claimed the indignant beauty, "who has autho-
rized the publication of this falsity?"

The Marquis shrugged up his shoulders and
said, "upon his veracity, he could not tell.—
Those devoted dogs the newspaper-people, ap-
pear to have knowledge of everything that is
going on in high life."

"Your Lordship," said Lady Emily, interrup-
ting him, "will contradict this calumny."

"Calumny!" cried the exquisite.
"Calumny!" repeated the Lady Emily, and
walked majestically out of the room.

Within a month after the occurrence of the
above scene, the town was ringing with some
scandalous statements respecting the Lady Em-
ily, whose friends were unable to trace them to
their source. Lady Emily guessed who was the
author of the reports, but it was impossible
to fill them upon him, and one by one her friends
fell off; her invitations were less frequent, and
the house of Lady Delorairie became almost a
desert.

The Marquis of Petition was lounging at one
of the windows of his club, when a gentleman
dismounted at the door, and giving the reins to
his groom, enquired for his Lordship, into whose
presence he was immediately ushered. The
stranger was Sir Claude Clasp. He was the
bearer of the following letter to the Marquis.

"My Lord—The bearer of this is Sir Claude
Clasp, who will receive your apology for various
calumnies which you have dared to circulate
respecting the Lady Emily Delorairie; or, in the
event of your refusal, will receive the name of a
friend with whom the preliminaries of a meet-
ing may be arranged.

"VERNON ALPHINGTON."

"My dear Sir Claude Clasp!" exclaimed the
Marquis, giving his *monstache* a twist, and en-
deavouring to look very much at his ease, "What
does all this mean?"

"Lord Alphonso's letter is not obscure,"
replied Sir Claude.

"No; but—why does he accuse me of—
of—"

"Simply, because he has obtained convincing
proofs that you are the dastardly author of the
calumny."

The Marquis quailed under the look of man-
ly indignation which accompanied these words.
He promised to send a reply the following morn-
ing. The next day passed, however, and no
answer from the Marquis had been received.—
Sir Claude proceeded to the club again, and
there he learnt that the Marquis had left town

early in the morning for the Continent.

With this intelligence he proceeded to his
friend, and found that he had left home early in
the day and had not returned. Having no en-
gagement he amused himself in the library,
where he had not been long seated, however,
when a post chaise which he had heard furiously
rattling up the street, stopped at the door,
and presently Lord Vernon, pale and agitated,
entered the library. He pressed the hand of his
friend warmly, but could not speak; his heart
was to full.

"The scoundrel is off to France," said Sir
Claude.

"I know it," exclaimed Lord Alphonso, "he
will never return again."

"That I suspect he would seek for safety
in flight, and therefore posted a faithful servant
at his lodgings, who brought me intelligence
of his departure. A post-chaise was speedily
obtained—I followed, and overtook the scound-
rel at Canterbury. I horsewhipped him first,
and would have torn him to pieces afterwards,
had he not done justice to the suffering angel
whom he has so foully slandered! Look here!"

And Lord Alphonso produced a written ac-
knowledgment of the infamy of the vindictive
fugitive.

The acknowledgment was published in the
newspapers, and none know by whom or how
it was obtained, until a light was thrown upon
the subject by a communication from the man-
ager of the hotel where the scene above describ-
ed had occurred. A pocket-book had been left
behind by Lord Alphonso, but there being no
indication of its owner upon it, the hotel-keeper
sent it to Emily, who immediately recognized
it as her lover's.

Immediately it occurred to her that her lover
was still in England, and hovering round her
like a guardian angel, and she penned the fol-
lowing letter, and sent in an envelope to Lord
Alphonso's father, with a request to forward
it to his Lordship, whether in India, or else-
where.

"If Lord Alphonso is in England and has
vindicated the fame of her whose affections he
had judged too rashly, will he not receive her
thanks in person?"

"E. D."

"Emily—Dearest Emily," said Lord Vernon
Alphonso, as he sat by the side of his beloved,
two days after the above note was written, "the
joy of this hour more than counter-balances all
my sufferings. I could not tear myself from
the sweet, beloved, and consecrated spot where
you remained; but I determined that your in-
clinations should not be restrained by any
knowledge of my presence. I withdrew my-
self from society, caused it to be reported that
I was in India, yet I have often in disguise
been near you, and offered my heart's silent ho-
mage at your beauty's shrine. I came forth
from my retirement to vindicate your fame. I
knew that the traducer could be only he, and I
wring the secret from his guilty heart. And
now I am rewarded. I am beloved. I know—
I feel that the heart of Emily is mine."

The face of the lady was shadowed by her
long dark tresses, and as the lover removed
them, he saw the tear-drops falling from her
eyes. He suffered the veil of curls to fall a-
gain, and a deep stillness succeeded. If there
be happiness on earth, then were these lovers
happy.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

Advice to Husbands.

We have essayed to write the following arti-
cle many times—but fearing that we might be
accused of giving "aid and comfort" to the en-
emy, we have foreborne. We know not who
is the author, but it must have been some warm
hearted, sensible and disinterested Old Bache-
lor, whose experience and observation have led
him to a just appreciation of the relative posi-
tions of "husband and wife," and, who not be-
ing allied to either, can write in a common
sense way of the duties of the former, and not
be open to the objection of being directly in the
interest of the latter. We expect, however—
as nothing is done with disinterested motives
now-a-days, so say some folks, but we don't
believe it—to receive a vote of thanks from the
married ladies, and those who expect to be mar-
ried—if there are any who cherish such expec-
tations—for its reproduction. And if there are
any husbands who think the article means them,
it probably does—that's all—and we trust they
may read it, and ponder upon the truths which
it contains, and become better, wiser and happier
in their domestic relations:

Walking the other day with a valued friend
who had been confined a week or two by sick-
ness to his room, he remarked that a husband
might learn a good lesson by being confined
occasionally to his house, by being in this way
an opportunity of witnessing the cares and
never-ending toils of his wife, whose burthen,
duties, and patient endurance he might never
have otherwise understood. There is a great
deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an
"editorial." Men, especially young men, are
called by their business during the day mostly
away from home, returning only at the hours
for meals, and as they then see nearly the same
routine of duty, they begin to think it is their
own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be
exercised with all the weight of care and re-
sponsibility. But such a man has got a very
wrong view of the case; he needs an opportu-
nity for more extended observation, and it is
perhaps for this very reason that a kind Provi-
dence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn

in pain what he would fail to observe in health.

We have seen recently a good many things
said in the papers to wives, especially to young
wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnify-
ing them, and expounding to them, in none of
the kindest terms, their duty and the offices per-
taining to a woman's sphere. Now, we be-
lieve that wives, as a whole, are really better
than they are generally admitted to be. We
doubt if there can be found a larger number of
wives who are disagreeable and negligent, with-
out some palpable coldness or shortcoming on
the part of the husbands. So far as we have
had an opportunity for observation, they are
far more devoted and faithful than those who
style themselves their lords, and who, by the
customs of society, have other and generally
more pleasant and varied duties to perform.—
We protest then against these so often and
obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist
upon it that they must—most of them have been
written by some fusty old bachelor who knew
better, or by some incensated husbands who
deserve to have been old bachelors to the end
of their lives. But is there nothing to be said
on the other side? Are husbands so generally
the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so
often represented? Men sometimes declare that
their wives' extravagance have picked their
pockets—that their never ceasing tongues have
robbed them of their peace, and their general
disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern
and gaming table; but this is generally the
wicked excuse for most wicked life on their
part. The fact is, men often lose their inter-
est in their homes by their own neglect to make
their homes interesting and pleasant. It should
never be forgotten that the wife has her rights,
as sacred after marriage as before—and a good
husband's devotion to the wife after marriage
will concede to her quite as much attention as
his gallantry did while a lover. If it be oth-
erwise, he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples: Before marriage a
young man would feel some delicacy about ac-
cepting an invitation to spend an evening in
company where his lady-love had not been in-
vited. After marriage he is always as particu-
lar! During the days of courtship his gallan-
try would demand that he should make himself
agreeable to her; after marriage it often hap-
pens that he thinks more of being agreeable
to himself. How often it happens that married
men, after having been away from home the
live-long day, during which the wife has toiled
at her duties, go at evening again to some place
of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone,
uncheered and unhappy! How often it happens
that her kindest offices pass unobserved and
unrewarded even by a smile, and her best ef-
forts are condemned by the fault-finding hus-
band! How often it happens, even when the
evening is spent at home, that it is employed
in silent reading, or some other way that does
not recognize the wife's right to share in the
enjoyments even of the fireside!

Look ye husbands, a moment, and remember
what your wife was when you took her, not
from compulsion, but from your own choice, a
choice based, probably, on what you then con-
sidered her superiority to all others. She was
young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she
was gay and blithe as a lark, and the brothers
and sisters at her father's fireside cherished her
as an object of endearment. Yet she left all
to join her destiny to yours, to make your home
happy, and to do all that woman's love could
prompt and woman's ingenuity devise, to treat
your wishes and lighten the burdens which
might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She
of course, had her expectations too. She could
not entertain feelings which promised so much
without forming some idea of reciprocation on
our part, and she did expect you would after
marriage perform those kind offices of which
you were so lavish in the days of betrothment.
She became your wife—left her own home for
yours—burst asunder, as it were, the bands of
love which had bound her to her father's fire-
side, and sought no other boon than your affec-
tions; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of
a home of indulgence—and now, what must be
her feelings, if she gradually awakes to the
consciousness, that you love her less than be-
fore; that your evenings are spent abroad, that
you only come home at all to satisfy the demand
of your hunger, and to find a resting place for
your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick
chamber when diseased.

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her
youthful days? Why did you ask her to give
up the enjoyments of a happy home? Was it
simply to darn your stockings, mend your
clothes, take care of your children, and watch
over your sick bed? Was it simply to con-
duct to your comfort? Or was there some un-
derstanding that she was to make happy in her
connection with men she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply
that you gave her a home; that you feed and
clothe her. You do this for your help; you
would do it for an indifferent house keeper.—
She is your wife, and unless you attend to her
wants, and in some way answer the reasonable
expectations you raised by your attentions be-
fore marriage; you need not wonder if she be
dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility;
but if this be, to think well who is the cause of
it. We repeated it, very few women make in-
different wives, whose feelings have not met
with some untoward shock, by the indifference
or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our
candid opinion that in a large majority of the
instances of domestic misery, the man is the
aggressor.

Canning's Knife-grinder.

"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell
sir." These words are so often quoted, or at
least alluded to, that they may be said to have
become proverbial; yet thousands, probably,
even of those who use them, do not know where
they belong, or in what connection they were
originally written. The line is a quotation
from a burlesque, written by George Canning
when the hatred of Revolutionary France was
most virulent in England among the mass of
the people, though ultra-liberal, not to say re-
volutionary, principles were already professed
and disseminated by many active proselytes.—
The burlesque, published in a high tory period-
ical called the *Anti-Jacobin*, was aimed at a
poem then recently written by Southey—before
he was made poet laureate—in which vehem-
ent stress was laid upon the defective organi-
zation of society, as the main cause of individ-
ual sorrows and sufferings. We quote one of
the stanzas, merely to show the kind of metre
in which it was written, the burlesque being a
faithful copy in this particular.—

"Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell
Wide were the downy, and shelterless and asked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey
Weary and way sore."

The burlesque was entitled, "The Friend of
Humanity and the Knife grinder," and ran
thus:—

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.
N'eddy Knife-grinder!—whither are you going?
Rough is your road; your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in 't.
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches, roll along the turn-pike-
Road, what hard work 'tis, crying all day, 'knives &
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tythes distaining?
Or rogish lawyer, made you lose your little,
All in a lawsuit.

Have you not read, the rights of man by Tom Paine?
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Puffal story.

KNIFE GRINDER.
Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!
Only last night, a drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the Justice;
Justice Oldman put me into the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
a pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never liked to meddle
With politics sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.
I give thee sixpence! I'll see the damned first—
Wretch, when no sense of wrong, can rouse to ven-
erd, unfeeling, reprobate degraded [Ignance]
Spiritless outcast!

Knives the Knife-grinders, overturns his wheel,
and exit in a transport of republican enthusi-
asm and wretched philanthropy.

That *Anti-Jacobin*, by the way, caused no
little laughter in its day, and was by no means
an inefficient agency of the Tories in the fierce
political discussions of the times.

The Sand-hillers.

We find in the *Winyaw Intelligencer*, pub-
lished at Georgetown, South Carolina, the fol-
lowing notice:

"The poor laborers on Black River, and in
the neighbourhood, are in a state of starvation;
many of them being without corn, or meal, and
none of them having meat. The occasion calls
for the aid of the charitable, and efforts will be
made to obtain relief for them."

Who are these poor laborers?
There is a class of poor whites in the Caroli-
nas, and most of the Southern States, pecu-
liar in character, and unknown to the country
generally. They are called *Sand-hillers*.—
They are so called, because they cluster to-
gether in the poorest regions, and there live by fish-
ing and hunting, raising a little stock, making tar
and charcoal, and attending to poultry. They
are very ignorant. Not one in fifty can read
write, and what is worse, they change not as
time winnows down the old and supplies their
places with the young. As is the case so is the
case. And these Sand-hillers are as peculiar
in dress and look as they are in character. You
know them wherever you see them. They are
marked in any crowd. Dressed always in the
plainest homespun, home made and wisely cut,
often without shoes, but when using them al-
ways the coarsest kind, with slouched hat of
cheap texture, having little blood in their cheeks
as distinct a race as the Indians. In some res-
pects they are not unlike them. They love to
roam the woods and be free there; to get to-
gether for frolic or fun; to fish and hunt; to
chase wild cattle; but here the similarity ends;
for they are wanting in personal daring, and in
that energy of character which makes a man.
We do not know one of them that ever gained
a station in society, or became distinguished by
his deeds. And it is this class to which the
Georgetown Intelligencer alludes, we conclude,
when it speaks of the poor laborers of Black Ri-
ver, and neighbourhood.

How came they in their present condition?
Their history is quickly told. It is a sad one
and we never think of it without sorrow.
In the early settlement of the Carolinas, ev-
erybody pressed upon the water courses. Poor
as well as rich, made lodgement upon or near
their banks. There were at first very few ne-
groes, consequently the latter needed the labor
of the former, to house their crops, and clear
their lands. All got along well, then. But
the slave traffic, with its accursed ills began
soon after, and, bye and bye, planters had their
places stocked with slaves. As these slaves
increased, the poor began to feel their degrada-
tion. A bitter hatred grew up between these
classes. It led often to violence. The larger
planters, in consequence, began to buy up the
poor men's land, and the poor men, in turn, be-
came anxious to sell. And they did so. But
where were they to go? South of Carolina
was a wilderness; the good lands on the water
courses in the State, were in the possession of
rich planters. They had no alternative as they
thought, but to herd together on the sand hills,
and there they and their still live.

Their choice of place is significant enough
of their feeling, and of the cause of their re-
mo-

val. They made their location in neigh-
hoods where neither large nor small planters
could molest them. They were not so situated
as to be without being disturbed, or worried, by
the continued sight of slaves. Now and then, you
will find a few of the more degraded sort gath-
ered close by towns, but generally they are some-
ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles back. What
the land would yield which they call their own
—for often they "squat" as the phrase is, on
the State's or other's property—it is difficult to
say. But the best of it, on the average, would
not return ten bushels of corn to the acre; the
most of it not five. They grow sweet potatoes,
melons, a little cotton for home use, and now
and then a bag or half bag for market. But
things are where they are, and as they are, be-
cause slavery, with its biting social ills, beat
them away, from the richer soil, and keeps
them hopelessly down and debased on the bar-
ren hills.

What are their peculiarities of mind?
The fact, that they left the neighborhood of
large plantations, and sought a sort of wild
wood liberty, shows that they have some no-
tions of personal freedom. They have; but they
are very crude. It was their condition which
first induced us to think on the subject of slav-
ery, and we endeavored, in conjunction with
the lamented Grimke, to hit upon some plan by
which we could improve this. We sought to
visit them in their hovel homes. We endeav-
ored to win their regard, and secure their confi-
dence. We succeeded in this, but we failed,
wholly, in every effort to induce them to change
their mode of life. The ruling idea uppermost
in their minds, seemed to be hatred of labor, un-
der the conviction that it degraded them, be-
cause it put them on an equality with slaves.
An anecdote will illustrate this feeling.

One of their number had a fine intelligent
boy. He was one that would have attracted
notice, in any boyhood gathering. We propo-
sed to the father that he should be educated.—
"Let him go with us, to the town," said we,
"and we will send him to school, and see what
can be done with him." "And what then,"
asked he, eyeing us as if suspicious that some-
thing wrong was to follow. "Why," we con-
tinued, "when he has been educated, we can
send him to the carriage-maker, Mr. C., and
let him learn a trade." "Never," he quickly,
almost fiercely rejoined, with a harsh oath.—
"My son shall never work by the side of your
negroes, and Mr. C.'s negroes," (calling
certain planter's names, whose slaves were be-
ing taught the trade, "and he ordered about
by Mr. C., as he ordered them about.") He
was fixed. No argument, entreaty, appeal,
interest, could move him. The idea uppermost
in his mind, was the idea of his class—that la-
bor was degrading; and he would rather his
son should be free in the forest, if ignorant,
than debased in the city, though educated, by a
menial task.

What hope is there for them?
We see a man. Nothing, certainly, but the
removal of slavery, can induce them to change
their present condition. They will not labor in
the fields, while they think it degrading, nor be-
come artisans, or mechanics, while slaves are
such. And as for educating them, scattered as
they are, the effort seems almost hopeless. Up
and down the river, where these poor laborers,
that the South Carolina paper talks of, live, and
all around Georgetown, there are large rice and
cotton estates. Many of the owners of them
are very wealthy; a majority, yet there is
no sort of connection, or sympathy, between
these planters and the Sand-hillers. They are
as far apart as two races well can be. We now
speak of social separation; for we are sure the
moment they heard the poor "laborers" were
starving, these planters did what was necessary
and more, to relieve their wants. But we fear,
coming time will find them as they are now—
loose, ignorant, degraded, the victims of a baneful
curse.

The condition of these sand-hillers illustrates
the effects of slavery in its extreme, or when
pushed to its furthest limit. Take one town
for the centre of South Carolina, and make a
line for ten miles south of it along the river, on
one side, looking three miles back, and we ques-
tion whether you find over ten planters! They
have each from one hundred, to two, three, four
and five hundred slaves! Many of these slaves
too, are mechanics! Necessarily therefore the
the towns where the poorer classes emigrate, as
well as the young and enterprising, and the ig-
norant, or sand-hill class, escape to the barrens
for freedom, according to their notions of it.

So much for the poor laborers of Black Ri-
ver, and its neighborhood! for the unfortunate
sand hillers of the Carolinas.

A RICH CASE.—Some years ago, an Irish-
man was knocked down and robbed. He ac-
cused a man of having committed the robbery,
and in due time the case came for trial. The
Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-ex-