

Savannah 7 January 1861

My dear Aunt, The gloom which hangs like a pall over our Country, and the still gloomier future fills my heart with sadness, and sadder yet I see but the faintest gleams of hope. I fear that the epitaph long since written for us, is about to be engraved upon the tomb of the Union -

"Here lies a people, who in seeking the liberty of the negro, lost their own."

The sickly sentimentality of the North, which so completely surrounds every class of society, that like the atmosphere of the physical world, you neither see nor feel it, has poisoned the springs of life, and dealt out death to our Union. The pulpit, the press, the school room, and the lecture hall, ^{have} ~~are~~ all become sources from which the foulest abuse, misrepresentation, & denunciation, are poured out upon us and our institutions. If Slavery be abhorrent to you of the North, so is your system of white labor, with all its oppressive & wrongs as abhorrent to us, and yet we write no books, indite no editorials, issue no prints or pictures, deliver no sermons, or lectures to incite the poor to murder the rich and uproot the foundations of ^{your social system} ~~your society~~. Can the North say as much? Let truthful history reply - Thousands of

Northern people indignantly deny that they are abolitionists, and yet they support abolition books, newspapers, pulpits - they groan over the wrongs of the black man, and utter words of sorrow for the "down trodden slave" - who is far better off in all those elements of comfort which ~~the~~ all laboring classes can hope to attain than his white brother at the North. I do not say that there are no wrongs in the institution of slavery, but I do say that those wrongs are the exception - If any slave, nay if our slaves are sick, on their comfortable beds, in their comfortable chambers they are attended by the same physician, and nursed by the same hands that tend & nurse our wives & children. Can the North say so for their servants - If our slaves become old and helpless, or broken down by disease, interest, habit, feeling, law compels us to sustain and support them - You see no slave beggar in our streets. Can the North say that there ^{are} no decrepid and worn out servants - help, operatives, or whatever else a tickly sentimentality may call them - no poor consumptive sewing girl, who has been brought to death's door, by the war which capital ever wages against hired labor, can the North say that none of these sustain life by begging from door to door. I speak plainly, dear Aunt, but not in anger. The surgeon, who would eradicate the cancer, must use his knife with seemingly harshness. Slavery has

slave" - and appealed to have her feelings lacerated by
perpetual acts of cruelty - (I am repeating her
story as it came from her own lips) on the con-
trary she saw no acts of cruelty - she saw the
slave well fed - well clothed - well cared for in
sickness, and in health, and with comparatively
little to do - The family had five servants - I beg
pardon, slaves - and in Portland the same sized
family, would have had one, and possibly two
women - She went home impressed ~~that~~ with
the conviction that servants were worked too
much at the North - This I repeat is the moral
view which may be taken of the two systems.
Now let us regard it as a matter of political
economy. Our slaves are counted by Millions, &
their value by hundred of Millions - and the
system is interwoven into the nerves, and
sinews, and arteries, and life blood of our social
and political organization - how then can it be
eradicated without inflicting death on us &
desolation on our homes - The uprooting of such
a system - the blotting out of such an amount
of labor and capital, would convulse the world,
and man has not intellect enough to count
the cost and the misery - Tell me not that they
might be employed as hirelings - for I tell you
that neither by education, nor by nature are
they fitted for ~~freedom~~ - San Domingo, and
the British West Indies fully sustain me -