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ARTICLE I.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND.

“*History of Civilisation in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. *Volume I. From the Second London Edition.* New York. D. APPLETON & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway: 1858.”

No one can read a page of this imposing volume without recognising the hand of a master. By its publication, Mr. Buckle has risen, from a comparatively unknown man, into the position of a new power in the world of mind, regarded by general consent as the ablest, most honest, and least commonplace of modern British sceptics. Elaborated in the quiet of his study, his adventurous work was launched forth upon the ocean of speculative conflict as a Man-of-War, self-poised, *animus opibusque paratus*. Its influence upon the human mind will be profound and durable. A monument of erudition, labor, and thought, it will mark an epoch of opinion, and change the lines of attack and defence in the discussion of nearly all great social, political, and religious problems for the present age at least, if

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ARTICLE III.

LIFE AND TIMES OF DR. SPRING.

Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of GARDINER SPRING, *Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the city of New York.* New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co. 1866.

We owe our thanks to Dr. Spring; for the work is autobiographical, though, curiously enough, there is no acknowledgment of that fact upon the title page; we owe him our thanks for publishing this extraordinary book during his life. Putting it thus outside all the bounds of legitimate literature, he has relieved us of the necessity of general criticism, which could not be just to the community, the Church, or ourselves, without a severity of censure upon its taste, its style, and its principles, from which we are cordially glad that his years and his former eminence protect him.

We should therefore have passed it by without notice, had not its author seen fit incorporate in it two chapters on the Rebellion and the suppression of it, which we can not ignore, lest our forbearance be mistaken for an admission of their justice, wisdom, or historic truth. Far from our hearts be the thought to rake open the fires of the war-furnace, or repeat a controversy which God's mysterious providence has practically decided against us. *Practically*, we say; for Providence never decides among theories, though it often settles duties, and thus renders theoretical discussions barren and vain, for the time being. As a matter of duty, the question is settled. We of the Southern States ought to accept, and we do accept, the Union. We desire a much "more perfect union" than at present we are permitted to enjoy.

On the question of justice, however, the debate is not so readily closed. We can, indeed, as a bereaved and ruined people, veil our heads in sorrow and indignation, while the

common clamor runs dry. What is the annoyance of that empty outcry, to the ashes for beauty, the mourning over our dead, which is given us for the oil of joy their presence erewhile poured upon us? We need say nothing, when voices which were long the echo of our own break forth in borrowed wrath. We can "be silent to him" who, in pursuance of his gracious purposes, strikes the cup of national life from our lips, binds down (for a time) the arm of human help, even in the loftiest places, and commits us to the mercies of them that hate us. But when the age and reverence, which once walked side by side with our most venerable and good, forsakes and assails them, the case is changed. When Eliphaz and Bildad and Zophar bring their pitiless railing accusations, Job *must* speak. Not for the Sabeans that have spoiled him, nor the Chaldeans that have slain his servants with the edge of the sword, nor the whirlwind that has smitten his sons, will he break that reverent, patient silence. Yea, though foul disorders and temptations at home beset him about, still from his dunghill shall he lift up his eyes and bless his God. But when old friends grow cruel, and heap up injustice upon his agony, dab his impatient brow with vapid sympathy, and foul his helpless back with slander, he would not be a man if he did not speak out.

And though we decline, for sufficient reasons, to apply such bitter terms as these to our accusers, yet these two chapters, and the similar language which flows in rivers from the northern press and pulpit, seem to lay upon us the necessity of putting on record our earnest protest and denial.

It would appear that the pastor of a great church of merchants must have learned, in the course of his fifty-six years, that there are many lawsuits in which, though only one party can be legally right, neither, or both, may be morally wrong. We waive all accusations upon the general issue against the North, for the nonce. We assume, for the argument's sake, that they were honest and patriotic in their belief that secession could not take place. Does it follow necessarily that we were traitors for believing that it could take place? Is it something unheard of, before 1860, that one class of men should be honestly impressed

by the facts and arguments that make for one conclusion, while another class are equally, and as honestly, impressed by those that make the other way?

But there is a portentous allegation, clamorously insisted upon by Dr. Spring, which will carry us much farther than this. It is, "that a system of slavery in any form is incompatible with a republican government;" p. 186. We will not pause here upon so trivial a matter as the Doctor's "record" (as the cant phrase runs) in connexion with this dogma. True, he tells us that this is one of two conclusions he had "long" adopted, (p. 185); having previously rashly explained that "a personal inspection of Southern habits (whatever that may mean) and the condition of the slave population both in the cities and on the plantations, *together with the bonds of domestic relationship*, threw me (him) outside of the ranks of abolition," p. 177; and again, "Some considerations * * * led me, even just before the eruption of the South, to espouse the Southern cause," p. 178; which stirs a good many lively questions in one's mind. But let that pass. It is clear that now, and for "long," Dr. Spring has come to be a believer in "the irrepressible conflict." Denied and denounced, not so very long ago, by many men in high places, who nervously and with angry, frightened haste, daubed their untempered mortar over the crevices of a crumbling union, it is an axiom of their political faith now. But does it not occur to them—have they so lost their shrewdness and their memory as not to know—that *was precisely the postulate of the first secessionists?*

Does the South need any other defence for endeavoring to escape from her bonds—the chains, stronger than steel, as it seems, which fettered her to this people—than the doctrine that their government is incompatible with the laws of her life? Has not that been our protest, aye, and our lamentation, for years, that Northern republicanism was putting on a form, and breathing a spirit, to which our institutions could not be reconciled? And now, after being denounced and abused, these five long years, for a causeless and wanton insurrection—Dr. Spring himself says, (p. 207,) that we had not "any just ground of complaint against the government," that government which

was just now incompatible with any form of slavery—rises up this Nestor to tell us that our institutions and theirs could not live together.

So long as God has mercy on us, so long as he has not doomed this great people to anarchy and ruin, he will preserve, in the South or elsewhere, the leaven of a better system than Northern republicanism. Some thing or other will, in that case, always be found “incompatible” with it.

Nor will it serve the purpose of our assailants any better to make their allegation indefinite, as, indeed, Dr. Spring has done, and say that “slavery is incompatible with a republican government,” meaning *any* such government. No man who is not utterly ignorant either of political history or political geography, will risk the assertion that the government of the Southern States was not republican. Suffrage in South Carolina, with the white race, has long been what is loosely called universal: that is, all white males of twenty-one years of age and over, were entitled to a vote. In the other States, the control of the government by the people was even more direct and rapid than it was here. Stated in this way, therefore, the allegation is untrue; taken the other way, it vindicates our attempt to escape from the Union.

But the Doctor’s magisterial air (if he were younger by a generation, we should call it dogmatical) is still more impressive when he delivers himself upon the history of the Rebellion. “It is amusing,” quoth he, “to hear some persons attributing it (the said rebellion) to Northern Abolitionism; *when the historical fact is patent to the world, that it was projected by the ‘Knights of the Golden Circle,’ twenty years before Northern Abolitionism was thought of;*” p. 208.* Now, since Dr. Spring has struck a vein of history so rich and remarkable, we respectfully submit that he ought to work it much more vigorously than this. The phrase—“the fact is patent to the world,” must surely mean that the evidences of it are easily accessible; for we can vouch for one section of the world—*videlicet* our own—that knows

* The italics are ours.

nothing of any such "project" of the necessary age, and would be glad of any light that might be cast upon the subject. For ourselves, we readily acknowledge having seen those cabalistic initials, "K. G. C.," some five, six, or possibly eight years ago. They broke out occasionally, in journals of the Southwest and West; and some horrid nonsense was talked about them in certain New York papers, doubtless at so much per line. But that we beheld then, or can discover now, any indications of a "conspiracy," wrought out by "K. G. C.," or any other letters of the alphabet, we can and do most positively deny.

We would, therefore, earnestly request the reverend discoverer of so great a fact, to tell us all about it. And inasmuch as Northern abolitionism is, to be very modest with it, at least thirty years old, we particularly desire Dr. Spring to say positively whether the "Knights of the Golden Circle" constituted an active secret society *fifty years ago*. Who were those Knights? In what consisted their power? For what particular object were they conspiring? *On what did they found their hopes of success?* Where did they acquire their wonderful gift of secrecy, among a people whose bane and weakness it has been, to be too boastful of their purposes and powers?

We dislike to be peremptory with any body, but the story is simply ridiculous. You might as well indict the conspirators of the east wind, or the hail storm, as the "projectors," by any secret conspiracy, of this continental upburst. The South had dinned its indignation and its fears in the ears of an unbelieving and prejudiced world. It has been pointing for years to the limit, at which its forbearance would be exhausted, and the Union become a yoke intolerable to our necks. So far were the politicians from forcing the people on, that at the last moment, and here in South Carolina, they refused to take the responsibility of calling a convention to withdraw the State from the Union, unless the people would voluntarily test their own determination by some pledge, which would guarantee the ostensible movers in the matter against a sudden revulsion of public feeling. That pledge was given by enrolments, organisations, mass meetings, sufficient to convince the world, or so much of it

as can be convinced by evidence, that the thing was done by an uprising of the people, and not by a handful of demagogues, as the North will have it. And so solemn and earnest an act was it, that many who had done all they could, by word and vote, to bring it about, wept, when the work was done, with tender remembrances of the Union they believed themselves to be quitting forever.

But the God of Israel has interposed, not against *us*, as so many hasten to proclaim it, but against our earthly hopes and passionate desires. He has decided, and we cordially accept his will. How often have our hearts swelled in sympathy with faithful preachers, who, while discoursing of our sorrows, our perils, and our duties, pointedly inquired, "Suppose it should prove, after all, that our national success is not God's way to his coming, and his kingdom: which would we have? which is our blessed hope?" and answered for us as for themselves, "COME LORD! nor let THY chariot wheels delay!" Our consolation for this sore defeat, and the desolation it has brought upon us, is not sought in the present dispensation. We have not now to learn that his gracious purposes roll steadily on, oftentimes whelming his people's hopes and joys in ruin, and burying them deep, as the seeds of the husbandman are pressed into the soil, to find their resurrection and immortal fruit and beauty, in another age. We remember the great apostle, who has taught us by precept and example (Col. i. 24) to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ for his body's sake, which is the Church." And now that his providence has taught us that this is his will, we look past the cruel hands that have wrenched them away; and we bring the possessions, comforts, homes, sacred affections, which made this wilderness as a garden of the Lord, and lay them uncomplainingly in the hands of a Redeemer, who, while he chastens us, withholds not his sympathy, nor the light of his love.

The wail of our anguish is hushed; as an afflicted Christian people, we resolutely turn our eyes from the bitter past, and address our faith and willing service to the future, in that new direction to which his providence impels us. That future,

clouded to us, is clear as noon to him. His summons cheers our hearts, and challenges our courage, and kindles our hope. In the name of our God have we veiled our banners, as we set them up: He will teach us, and lead us, and send forth judgment unto truth.

We pass over a good many points of interest suggested by these two chapters, to call attention to one which, though somewhat personal in its bearing, seems to us of very grave and serious import. Dr. Spring is, as he says, "an old man, and a ruler in the House of God." In his day, he was one of the foremost men of the Church; and wisdom, meekness, self-command, and heavenly charity, ought to have been commended and enforced by his example. Especially was he bound to such deportment by the fact that he had so long leaned toward us, and away from "Northern abolitionism;" insomuch that he confesses his leap from side to side: "The North was bent on the abolition of slavery, and the South was bent on secession; *there was but one alternative, and under the pressure, my views and my conduct were revolutionized.*"*

How becoming, in such a case, would have been delicacy, forbearance at least, temperance of speech! How natural to have been modest in utterance, and charitable in judgment! But Dr. Spring tells us that he "cannot well restrain his pen," p. 198; he writes such English as this, "There is no *government of the world* which the God of heaven is so set on humbling, as the pride of man," p. 199;* and he calls the "Act of Secession" "so causeless, so rash, so ruthless, so suicidal, and in its treachery and *spoils* so unequalled in wickedness," p. 200. He prints an incredibly coarse and silly *anonymous letter*, written from the South in the first effervescence of secession; and adds, "There is a *smack of the Southern pulpit* in this.* We have no objection that it should fall under the eye of the Rev. Stuart Robinson, or his faithful coadjutor, the Rev. Mr. Hoyte," (*sic*) p. 194. He raves about the murderer of President Lincoln, after he had been killed and buried, in language that one really hesitates to quote:

* The italics are ours.

“Language fails to depict the hate, the revenge, the madness, of the hellish deed in the heart of that accursed assassin.” “Let his name perish, and rot, like a dog’s carcass, in a defiled grave.” P. 211.

We look back to these words again and again, with an almost invincible incredulity that we can have read them aright. Let the crime be ever so horrible, (and we yield to none in our abhorrence of it,) we pause to ask, has the Church of our fathers indeed come to this—the Church immemorially “decent and wise” and “glorious to behold?” Have her “old men, and rulers in the House of God,” learned to revile in terms like these, and in despite of Scripture? But to return: the paragraph about Mr. Davis must be quoted entire:

“There is reason to fear that our Martyr-President was the victim of a deep conspiracy, well understood and approved at Richmond, if not concocted, by the Cabinet of the revolt. We do not assert that it received the seal of its *chivalrous head*; that Jefferson Davis was privy to it, and its responsible adviser, though his position unfitted him to strike the blow. A kind Providence has now made him our captive. ‘In his iniquity his *heels* were made bare.’ The prophecy was literally fulfilled, ‘In thine iniquity are thy *skirts* discovered.’ He has paid dear for his chivalry. Instead of being hailed, as was predicted in the English Parliament, as the founder of a nation, he is remembered as its would-be destroyer. His very subjects, awakened from their delusion, have awoke (*sic*) only to reproach him. He sowed the wind, and he has reaped the whirlwind. No amnesty could save him; no act of oblivion swept deep enough to blot out his infamy. No appeals for mercy ought to stay the claims of even-handed justice. Should the proud and boasted career of this worthless leader be closed on the gallows, no veteran armies would weep at his funeral. Even faction might be silent; it would not be safe for it to pay any kind of devotion to his memory. Jefferson Davis is but another name for indelible infamy.” P. 213.*

* The italics are Dr. Spring’s.

Before passing to the general remark we have had in view in making these several quotations, we linger a moment upon this deliverance. We confess to having copied these sentences with a feeling of poignant distress. Not for Mr. Davis, however; the vindication of his spirit and character is begun already, and advances too rapidly to need a word from us. But here is an eminent octogenarian, a divine of sixty years, who deliberately indites, revises, and publishes—1. A cautiously guarded accusation against a man who cannot defend himself, that he was the real projector of a foul murder; 2. A repeated sneer at his “chivalry;” 3. A demand for his execution; 4. A threat against any one who should dare to lighten the anguish of his condemnation and death with one word of sorrow or pity; and 5. A reference to a false report concerning his capture, conveyed in quotations from God’s word, which must be called ribald.

In reference to these various excerpts we have now to say, that there are only two ways in which justice could be fully done upon them. One would involve denunciations as harsh and bitter as the writer’s own; the other would be, to hold them up between finger and thumb, *naso adunco*, for the—instruction and wonder of men. But we cannot bring ourselves to adopt either course. The burden of sorrow on our hearts forbids it; sorrow for a lost cause; sorrow for

“The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still;”

Sorrow for the honor of a Saviour who “reviled not again, who “brake not the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax,” who forgave and redeemed a murderer upon the cross, and prayed for them that slew him, but whose followers so often forget his example, and tarnish his glory. Let them curse, but bless Thou!

And now, we would redeem the little space that is left us, for a subject far more worthy of universal attention than Dr. Spring’s unfortunate book: the condition and prospects of the negro race. We decline all theoretical discussions; yet a word of explanation must be permitted us, by way of preface.

Waiving all party terms and technicalities, the great question which underlies the whole controversy about slavery, is the question of the proper relation, in a given case, between work and wealth. England and New England have maintained, and, for the present, have persuaded the world, that there is but one relation proper in any case; and that is, current demand and supply. *Current*, we say, to express the idea characteristic of their scheme in principle and practice, that the moment the laborer has met the capitalist's demand, and been paid for supplying his want, the relation between them is at an end. This is the secret of "strikes;" the deep heresy that draws want and vice and mutual hatred in its train. This, enlightened Christian reason in Great Britain has discovered and maintains to be a heresy; but with no change, as yet, in the principles or practice of the nation at large.

A late Glasgow paper contains a very striking extract from a periodical called "*The Truth*," which clearly sets this forth. We quote a few sentences, without regard to their order in the article: "We are firmly convinced that as long as there are no relations between employers and employed but merely those of a pecuniary bargain, they will have unfortunate disputes, such as give rise to strikes." "A supercilious selfish employer is cordially detested by his people." "Such a mind may be *literally soaking with sectarian piety*." "A living sponge, which absorbs every fluid near it; a maelstrom which draws to itself every contiguous object; a parsimonious desert which drinks greedily the April showers and morning dews, without returning so much as a blade of grass in gratitude—all these are more tolerable to contemplate than a supercilious selfish employer."

But it is evident that there is not, and cannot be, any organic connexion, any standing and enforcible obligation between the two classes, without an entire sacrifice of the vital essence of the scheme. Things must be as they are, so far as any objective reciprocal bond is concerned; or there must be substituted for this order, a scheme which will give the capitalist a lien upon labor, and the laborer a lien upon wealth: in a word, some form,

however modified or disguised, however guarded against oppression, *some form of servitude.*

Nor have we, in this statement, any *arriere pensee*, any looking back to the abolished "institution." Let the dead past bury its dead. We are reasoning with a heavy heart upon the future. It is clear, from such statements as the above, and from facts notorious to the world, that this system, or no system, of transient connexions, will work well and secure liberty to both parties, only in the rare and almost impossible case of a *double equilibrium*; 1. Equilibrium in the supply, *i. e.* of wealth and labor; 2. Equilibrium in the force or weight, in other respects, of the laboring class and the class of capitalists. And wherever wealth is paramount, *i. e.* in nine cases out of ten, as regards unskilled labor, even of the white race, oppression, beggary, rancor, vice, follow by a law of nature.

But suppose, instead of Scotch or English peasants and "factory hands," a visibly inferior race of laborers: no matter how the inferiority originated, so long as the classes are congenitally and permanently distinguished; the natural and wholesome tendency of things will be to a permanent interdependence; whether formal, in the shape of clientelage, serfdom, or slavery; or informal, as a feudal or patriarchal spirit. Natural, because the one class habitually looks up for protection, and the other habitually regards the race beneath it as entitled, alike in honor and in humanity, to dwell under its grateful shadow. Wholesome, because the proper outflow is, on the one hand, a thankful, on the other, a benignant, friendship.

What, now, will be the operation of any power, however kindly intended, however faithfully worked—and the Freedmen's Bureau, as a rule, is neither—which interposes incessantly, openly, efficiently, to prevent the establishment of this relation, whether formal or informal, and to compel the unhappy victims of its government to accept only those perilous conditions which are barely endurable when applied to the white race alone? The flow of human affection is not like that of magnetic electricity, which pours on its undiminished volume, however often you form, or break, its "circuit." Its ties are like the tendrils of

the vine, that if rubbed away too often, are not renewed, but leave the plant prone and helpless in the dust.

An institution such as this, therefore, throws the employer, and the employed likewise, back upon the sole consideration of his own interests. It sets up the two great elements that form the community in opposition to each other, like two great cliffs that have been rent asunder. It tempts the white man to drive hard bargains, and to lose sight of the needs, the morals, or the future, of his servants. It teaches the black man to suspect those who alone can effectually befriend him, and who can so befriend him, only while they have his confidence. The Freedmen's Bureau, therefore, by a necessity of its nature, and viewed in the light of sociology alone, is the corrupter of the white race, and the betrayer of the black.*

That its appropriate work of ruin is not complete, is due, partly to the fact that it is not absolutely ubiquitous; partly to the conscientiousness and good sense of some of its officials, who have bent their efforts to neutralise its inherent mischievousness; but chiefly to its rapid, its prodigious loss of influence during the last few months, with the freedmen themselves. For, as we see, it is one of those happy inventions of officiousness, whose best possible achievement it is to be zero. When it *only* squanders its \$11,000,000 per annum; when it *only* feeds a shoal of hungry office-holders who deserve not to be fed, the Freedmen's Bureau will have attained perfection.

Meanwhile, what does Northern philanthropy think of a floorless small-pox hospital for winter use? of "a little bacon and cornmeal," as rations for small-pox patients? of such patients stripped in the open air, with the thermometer below the freezing point, to change their clothes? How do the poor fellow's "friends" like the revival of the tortures of the Inquisition,

*So true is this in practice, that to quote no other instance, an eminently noisy, busy, and acceptable chaplain connected with the Bureau, in a public address to the negroes, said: "The white men will drive as hard bargains with you as they can; if I was living here, that 's what I would do." *In nostris auribus didicit.* • •

for his behoof? as, for instance, tying his hands behind his back, and then suspending him by his wrists, so bound together?

Nor is this a digression; the question is of the prospects of the colored people; and we answer, in view of these two facts, viz., 1. The violent, tyrannical, persistent disruption, between the white employer and his colored laborer, of every tie except that of "hire and work," the intermeddling which has that disruption for its express object; and 2. The rapid loss of confidence in these officials, through the oppression and treachery of which they have too often been guilty; and in view, also, of the consequent privation of the help and guidance which is essential to the negro race—the regular daily food, the faithful and intelligent nursing in sickness, the systematic care of their infant children; privation, as well, of moral help—the discipline and police regulations, and the force of the example of those whom they habitually respected, and often revered: having these several, obvious, vital considerations in view, we mournfully declare that they are visibly doomed, as a race, and that under the present regime we are nearly powerless, even to delay that doom.*

Are we asked, now, impatiently, perhaps scornfully, what we would have? We answer at once, NOT SLAVERY. We trust in heaven's mercy never to reimpose upon us that tremendous responsibility and burden, in our altered circumstances. Not any organic institute, or legal bond, whatever. Human relationships, provided for in nature, never do well when created or revolutionized by human law. All we ask is, *the elimination of foreign matter*—the removal of the interfering force which prevents the healing of the wounds of society. It is, to be left to the benignant operation of the laws of nature, as penetrated, redeemed, and vitalized by grace.

* These pages are not the proper place to withdraw the veil from one portion of the evidence on which this declaration is founded—we mean the diseases due to licentiousness, which burst out, like lava from a volcano, at every military station. But we call attention pointedly to the fact that *this outburst is characteristic of those neighborhoods*. So kind, sometimes, are "friends!"

No imaginable arrangement, in this sinful world, will completely exclude oppression; least of all, an arrangement which recognises no responsibility, either to law or to public opinion, for anything more than paying the market price for labor. But what bids so fair to bless and help us all as a standing claim, on the part of ignorance and weakness, upon the protection and guidance of the strong, and a frank recognition of their right to it, on the side of wealth and knowledge? A national clientelage, and a national patronage?

Wherever the baleful shadow of the Bureau is growing less, the negroes are returning to the churches and pastors of their former love. Their children crowd into our Sunday-schools; ministers and laymen delight in teaching them those words whose entrance giveth light; as fast as it proves safe, they will have weight, if not formal place, in the management of their spiritual affairs. We will strive, white and black, to be true friends, and fellow disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ. By his grace helping us, we will live, and pray, and toil, and die, and triumph over death, side by side.

Is it better that they should perish, than that we should work out our heart's wishes thus?