

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS , AN AMERICAN SLAVE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1845 BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS

PREFACE

In the month of August, 1841, I attended an antislavery convention in Nantucket, at which it was my happiness to become acquainted with FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the writer of the following Narrative

He was a stranger to nearly every member of that body; but, having recently made his escape from the southern prison-house of bondage, and feeling his curiosity excited to ascertain the principles and measures of the abolitionists,--of whom he had heard a somewhat vague description while he was a slave,-- he was induced to give his attendance, on the occasion alluded to, though at that time a resident in New Bedford

Fortunate, most fortunate occurrence!--fortunate for the millions of his manacled brethren, yet panting for deliverance from their awful thralldom!--fortunate for the cause of negro emancipation, and of universal liberty!--fortunate for the land of his birth, which he has already done so much to save and bless! --fortunate for a large circle of friends and acquaintances, whose sympathy and affection he has strongly secured by the many sufferings he has endured, by his virtuous traits of character, by his ever-abiding remembrance of those who are in bonds, as being bound with them!--fortunate for the multitudes, in various parts of our republic, whose minds he has enlightened on the subject of slavery, and who have been melted to tears by his pathos, or roused to virtuous indignation by his stirring eloquence against the enslavers of men!--fortunate for himself, as it at once brought him into the field of public usefulness, "gave the world assurance of a MAN," quickened the slumbering energies of his soul, and consecrated him to the great work of breaking the rod of the oppressor, and letting the oppressed go free! I shall never forget his first speech at the convention--the extraordinary emotion it excited in my own mind--the powerful impression it created upon a crowded auditory, completely taken by surprise--the applause which followed from the beginning to the end of his felicitous remarks

I think I never hated slavery so intensely as at that moment; certainly, my perception of the enormous outrage which is inflicted by it, on the godlike nature of its victims, was rendered far more clear than ever

There stood one, in physical proportion and stature commanding and exact--in intellect richly endowed--in natural eloquence a prodigy--in soul manifestly "created but a little lower than the angels"--yet a slave, ay, a fugitive slave,--trembling for his safety, hardly daring to believe that on the American soil, a single white person could be found who would befriend him at all hazards, for the love of God and humanity! Capable of high attainments as an intellectual and moral being--needing nothing but a comparatively small amount of cultivation to make him an ornament to society and a blessing to his race--by the law of the land, by the voice of the people, by the terms of the slave code, he was only a piece of property, a beast of burden, a chattel personal, nevertheless! A beloved friend from New Bedford prevailed on Mr DOUGLASS to address the convention: He came forward to the platform with a hesitancy and embarrassment,

necessarily the attendants of a sensitive mind in such a novel position

After apologizing for his ignorance, and reminding the audience that slavery was a poor school for the human intellect and heart, he proceeded to narrate some of the facts in his own history as a slave, and in the course of his speech gave utterance to many noble thoughts and thrilling reflections

As soon as he had taken his seat, filled with hope and admiration, I rose, and declared that PATRICK HENRY, of revolutionary fame, never made a speech more eloquent in the cause of liberty, than the one we had just listened to from the lips of that hunted fugitive

So I believed at that time--such is my belief now

I reminded the audience of the peril which surrounded this self emancipated young man at the North,--even in Massachusetts, on the soil of the Pilgrim Fathers, among the descendants of revolutionary sires; and I appealed to them, whether they would ever allow him to be carried back into slavery,--law or no law, constitution or no constitution

The response was unanimous and in thunder-tones--"NO!" "Will you succor and protect him as a brother-man--a resident of the old Bay State?" "YES!" shouted the whole mass, with an energy so startling, that the ruthless tyrants south of Mason and Dixon's line might almost have heard the mighty burst of feeling, and recognized it as the pledge of an invincible determination, on the part of those who gave it, never to betray him that wanders, but to hide the outcast, and firmly to abide the consequences

It was at once deeply impressed upon my mind, that, if Mr DOUGLASS could be persuaded to consecrate his time and talents to the promotion of the anti-slavery enterprise, a powerful impetus would be given to it, and a stunning blow at the same time inflicted on northern prejudice against a colored complexion

I therefore endeavored to instil hope and courage into his mind, in order that he might dare to engage in a vocation so anomalous and responsible for a person in his situation; and I was seconded in this effort by warm-hearted friends, especially by the late General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Mr JOHN A COLLINS, whose judgment in this instance entirely coincided with my own

At first, he could give no encouragement; with unfeigned diffidence, he expressed his conviction that he was not adequate to the performance of so great a task; the path marked out was wholly an untrodden one; he was sincerely apprehensive that he should do more harm than good

After much deliberation, however, he consented to make a trial; and ever since that period, he has acted as a lecturing agent, under the auspices either of the American or the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society

In labors he has been most abundant; and his success in combating prejudice, in gaining proselytes, in agitating the public mind, has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations that were raised at the commencement of his brilliant career

He has borne himself with gentleness and meekness, yet with true manliness of character

As a public speaker, he excels in pathos, wit, comparison, imitation, strength of reasoning, and fluency of language

There is in him that union of head and heart, which is indispensable to an enlightenment of the heads and a winning of the hearts of others

May his strength continue to be equal to his day! May he continue to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God," that he may be increasingly serviceable in the cause of bleeding humanity, whether at home or abroad! It is certainly a very remarkable fact, that one of the most efficient advocates of the slave population,

now before the public, is a fugitive slave, in the person of FREDERICK DOUGLASS; and that the free colored population of the United States are as ably represented by one of their own number, in the person of CHARLES LENOX REMOND, whose eloquent appeals have extorted the highest applause of multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic

Let the calumniators of the colored race despise themselves for their baseness and illiberality of spirit, and henceforth cease to talk of the natural inferiority of those who require nothing but time and opportunity to attain to the highest point of human excellence

It may, perhaps, be fairly questioned, whether any other portion of the population of the earth could have endured the privations, sufferings and horrors of slavery, without having become more degraded in the scale of humanity than the slaves of African descent

Nothing has been left undone to cripple their intellects, darken their minds, debase their moral nature, obliterate all traces of their relationship to mankind; and yet how wonderfully they have sustained the mighty load of a most frightful bondage, under which they have been groaning for centuries! To illustrate the effect of slavery on the white man,--to show that he has no powers of endurance, in such a condition, superior to those of his black brother,--DANIEL O'CONNELL, the distinguished advocate of universal emancipation, and the mightiest champion of prostrate but not conquered Ireland, relates the following anecdote in a speech delivered by him in the Conciliation Hall, Dublin, before the Loyal National Repeal Association, March 31, 1845

"No matter," said Mr O'CONNELL, "under what specious term it may disguise itself, slavery is still hideous

~It has a natural, an inevitable tendency to brutalize every noble faculty of man.~ An American sailor, who was cast away on the shore of Africa, where he was kept in slavery for three years, was, at the expiration of that period, found to be imbruted and stultified--he had lost all reasoning power; and having forgotten his native language, could only utter some savage gibberish between Arabic and English, which nobody could understand, and which even he himself found difficulty in pronouncing

So much for the humanizing influence of THE DOMESTIC INSTITUTION!" Admitting this to have been an extraordinary case of mental deterioration, it proves at least that the white slave can sink as low in the scale of humanity as the black one

Mr. DOUGLASS has very properly chosen to write his own Narrative, in his own style, and according to the best of his ability, rather than to employ some one else

It is, therefore, entirely his own production; and, considering how long and dark was the career he had to run as a slave,--how few have been his opportunities to improve his mind since he broke his iron fetters,--it is, in my judgment, highly creditable to his head and heart

He who can peruse it without a tearful eye, a heaving breast, an afflicted spirit,-- without being filled with an unutterable abhorrence of slavery and all its abettors, and animated with a determination to seek the immediate overthrow of that execrable system,-- without trembling for the fate of this country in the hands of a righteous God, who is ever on the side of the oppressed, and whose arm is not shortened that it cannot save,--must have a flinty heart, and be qualified to act the part of a trafficker "in slaves and the souls of men." I am confident that it is essentially true in all its statements; that nothing has been set down in malice, nothing exaggerated, nothing drawn from the imagination; that it comes short of the

reality, rather than overstates a single fact in regard to SLAVERY AS IT IS

6 The experience of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, as a slave, was not a peculiar one; his lot was not especially a hard one; his case may be regarded as a very fair specimen of the treatment of slaves in Maryland, in which State it is conceded that they are better fed and less cruelly treated than in Georgia, Alabama, or Louisiana

Many have suffered incomparably more, while very few on the plantations have suffered less, than himself Yet how deplorable was his situation! what terrible chastisements were inflicted upon his person! what still more shocking outrages were perpetrated upon his mind! with all his noble powers and sublime aspirations, how like a brute was he treated, even by those professing to have the same mind in them that was in Christ Jesus! to what dreadful liabilities was he continually subjected! how destitute of friendly counsel and aid, even in his greatest extremities! how heavy was the midnight of woe which shrouded in blackness the last ray of hope, and filled the future with terror and gloom! what longings after freedom took possession of his breast, and how his misery augmented, in proportion as he grew reflective and intelligent,--thus demonstrating that a happy slave is an extinct man! how he thought, reasoned, felt, under the lash of the driver, with the chains upon his limbs! what perils he encountered in his endeavors to escape from his horrible doom! and how signal have been his deliverance and preservation in the midst of a nation of pitiless enemies! This Narrative contains many affecting incidents, many passages of great eloquence and power; but I think the most thrilling one of them all is the description DOUGLASS gives of his feelings, as he stood soliloquizing respecting his fate, and the chances of his one day being a freeman, on the banks of the Chesapeake Bay--viewing the receding vessels as they flew with their white wings before the breeze, and apostrophizing them as animated by the living spirit of freedom

Who can read that passage, and be insensible to its pathos and sublimity? Compressed into it is a whole Alexandrian library of thought, feeling, and sentiment--all that can, all that need be urged, in the form of expostulation, entreaty, rebuke, against that crime of crimes,--making man the property of his fellow-man! O, how accursed is that system, which entombs the godlike mind of man, defaces the divine image, reduces those who by creation were crowned with glory and honor to a level with four-footed beasts, and exalts the dealer in human flesh above all that is called God! Why should its existence be prolonged one hour? Is it not evil, only evil, and that continually? What does its presence imply but the absence of all fear of God, all regard for man, on the part of the people of the United States? Heaven speed its eternal overthrow! 7

So profoundly ignorant of the nature of slavery are many persons, that they are stubbornly incredulous whenever they read or listen to any recital of the cruelties which are daily inflicted on its victims

They do not deny that the slaves are held as property; but that terrible fact seems to convey to their minds no idea of injustice, exposure to outrage, or savage barbarity

Tell them of cruel scourgings, of mutilations and brandings, of scenes of pollution and blood, of the banishment of all light and knowledge, and they affect to be greatly indignant at such enormous exaggerations, such wholesale misstatements, such abominable libels on the character of the southern planters! As if all these direful outrages were not the natural results of slavery! As if it were less cruel to reduce a human being to the condition of a thing, than

to give him a severe flagellation, or to deprive him of necessary food and clothing! As if whips, chains, thumb-screws, paddles, bloodhounds, overseers, drivers, patrols, were not all indispensable to keep the slaves down, and to give protection to their ruthless oppressors! As if, when the marriage institution is abolished, concubinage, adultery, and incest, must not necessarily abound; when all the rights of humanity are annihilated, any barrier remains to protect the victim from the fury of the spoiler; when absolute power is assumed over life and liberty, it will not be wielded with destructive sway! Skeptics of this character abound in society

In some few instances, their incredulity arises from a want of reflection; but, generally, it indicates a hatred of the light, a desire to shield slavery from the assaults of its foes, a contempt of the colored race, whether bond or free

Such will try to discredit the shocking tales of slaveholding cruelty which are recorded in this truthful Narrative; but they will labor in vain

Mr. DOUGLASS has frankly disclosed the place of his birth, the names of those who claimed ownership in his body and soul, and the names also of those who committed the crimes which he has alleged against them

His statements, therefore, may easily be disproved, if they are untrue

In the course of his Narrative, he relates two instances of murderous cruelty,--in one of which a planter deliberately shot a slave belonging to a neighboring plantation, who had unintentionally gotten within his lordly domain in quest of fish; and in the other, an overseer blew out the brains of a slave who had fled to a stream of water to escape a bloody scourging

Mr. DOUGLASS states that in neither of these instances was any thing done by way of legal arrest or judicial investigation

The Baltimore American, of March 17, 1845, relates a similar case of atrocity, perpetrated with similar impunity--as follows:--"~ Shooting a slave.~--We learn, upon the authority of a letter from Charles county, Maryland, received by a gentleman of this city, that a young man, named Matthews, a nephew of General Matthews, and whose father, it is believed, holds an office at Washington, killed one of the slaves upon his father's farm by shooting him

The letter states that young Matthews had been left in charge of the farm; that he gave an order to the servant, which was disobeyed, when he proceeded to the house, ~obtained a gun, and, returning, shot the servant.~ He immediately, the letter continues, fled to his father's residence, where he still remains unmolested."--Let it never be forgotten, that no slaveholder or overseer can be convicted of any outrage perpetrated on the person of a slave, however diabolical it may be, on the testimony of colored witnesses, whether bond or free

By the slave code, they are adjudged to be as incompetent to testify against a white man, as though they were indeed a part of the brute creation

Hence, there is no legal protection in fact, whatever there may be in form, for the slave population; and any amount of cruelty may be inflicted on them with impunity

Is it possible for the human mind to conceive of a more horrible state of society? The effect of a religious profession on the conduct of southern masters is vividly described in the following Narrative, and shown to be any thing but salutary

In the nature of the case, it must be in the highest degree pernicious

The testimony of Mr. DOUGLASS, on this point, is sustained by a cloud of witnesses, whose veracity is unimpeachable

"A slaveholder's profession of Christianity is a palpable imposture

He is a felon of the highest grade

He is a man-stealer

It is of no importance what you put in the other scale."

Reader! are you with the man-stealers in sympathy and purpose, or on the side of their down-trodden victims? If with the former, then are you the foe of God and man

If with the latter, what are you prepared to do and dare in their behalf? Be faithful, be vigilant, be untiring in your efforts to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free

Come what may --cost what it may--inscribe on the banner which you unfurl to the breeze, as your religious and political motto--"NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY! NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" WM

LLOYD GARRISON BOSTON, ~May~ 1, 1845

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ

9 BOSTON, APRIL 22, 1845

My Dear Friend: You remember the old fable of "The Man and the Lion," where the lion complained that he should not be so misrepresented "when the lions wrote history." I am glad the time has come when the "lions write history." We have been left long enough to gather the character of slavery from the involuntary evidence of the masters

One might, indeed, rest sufficiently satisfied with what, it is evident, must be, in general, the results of such a relation, without seeking farther to find whether they have followed in every instance

Indeed, those who stare at the half-peck of corn a week, and love to count the lashes on the slave's back, are seldom the "stuff" out of which reformers and abolitionists are to be made

I remember that, in 1838, many were waiting for the results of the West India experiment, before they could come into our ranks

Those "results" have come long ago; but, alas! few of that number have come with them, as converts

A man must be disposed to judge of emancipation by other tests than whether it has increased the produce of sugar,--and to hate slavery for other reasons than because it starves men and whips women,--before he is ready to lay the first stone of his anti-slavery life

I was glad to learn, in your story, how early the most neglected of God's children waken to a sense of their rights, and of the injustice done them

Experience is a keen teacher; and long before you had mastered your A B C, or knew where the "white sails" of the Chesapeake were bound, you began, I see, to gauge the wretchedness of the slave, not by his hunger and want, not by his lashes and toil, but by the cruel and blighting death which gathers over his soul

In connection with this, there is one circumstance which makes your recollections peculiarly valuable, and renders your early insight the more remarkable

You come from that part of the country where we are told slavery appears with its fairest features

Let us hear, then, what it is at its best estate--gaze on its bright side, if it has one; and then imagination may task her powers to add dark lines to the picture, as she travels southward to that (for the colored man) Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Mississippi sweeps along

Again, we have known you long, and can put the most entire confidence in your truth, candor, and sincerity Every one who has heard you speak has felt, and, I am confident, every one who reads your book will feel, persuaded that you give them a fair specimen of the whole truth

No one-sided portrait, --no wholesale complaints,--but strict justice done, whenever individual kindness has neutralized, for a moment, the deadly system with which it was strangely allied

You have been with us, too, some years, and can fairly compare the twilight of rights, which your race enjoy at the North, with that "noon of night" under which they labor south of Mason and Dixon's line

Tell us whether, after all, the half-free colored man of Massachusetts is worse off than the pampered slave of the rice swamps! In reading your life, no one can say that we have unfairly picked out some rare specimens of cruelty

We know that the bitter drops, which even you have drained from the cup, are no incidental aggravations, no individual ills, but such as must mingle always and necessarily in the lot of every slave

They are the essential ingredients, not the occasional results, of the system

After all, I shall read your book with trembling for you. Some years ago, when you were beginning to tell me your real name and birthplace, you may remember I stopped you, and preferred to remain ignorant of all

With the exception of a vague description, so I continued, till the other day, when you read me your memoirs

I hardly knew, at the time, whether to thank you or not for the sight of them, when I reflected that it was still dangerous, in Massachusetts, for honest men to tell their names! They say the fathers, in 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence with the halter about their necks

You, too, publish your declaration of freedom with danger compassing you around

In all the broad lands which the Constitution of the United States overshadows, there is no single spot,--however narrow or desolate,--where a fugitive slave can plant himself and say, "I am safe." The whole armory of Northern Law has no shield for you

I am free to say that, in your place, I should throw the MS into the fire

You, perhaps, may tell your story in safety, endeared as you are to so many warm hearts by rare gifts, and a still rarer devotion of them to the service of others

But it will be owing only to your labors, and the fearless efforts of those who, trampling the laws and Constitution of the country under their feet, are determined that they will "hide the outcast," and that their hearths shall be, spite of the law, an asylum for the oppressed, if, some time or other, the humblest may stand in our streets, and bear witness in safety against the cruelties of which he has been the victim

Yet it is sad to think, that these very throbbing hearts which welcome your story, and form your best safeguard in telling it, are all beating contrary to the "statute in such case made and provided." Go on, my dear friend, till you, and those who, like you, have been saved, so as by fire, from the dark prison house, shall stereotype these free, illegal pulses into statutes; and New England, cutting loose from a blood-stained Union, shall glory in being the house of refuge for the oppressed,--till we no longer merely "~hide~ the outcast," or make a merit of standing idly by while he is hunted in our midst; but, consecrating anew the soil of the Pilgrims as an asylum for the oppressed, proclaim our WELCOME to the slave so loudly, that the tones shall reach every hut in the Carolinas, and make the broken-hearted bondman leap up at the thought of old Massachusetts

God speed the day! ~Till then, and ever,~ ~Yours truly,~ ~WENDELL PHILLIPS~ FREDERICK DOUGLASS

Frederick Douglass was born in slavery as Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey near Easton in Talbot County, Maryland

He was not sure of the exact year of his birth, but he knew that it was 1817 or 1818

As a young boy he was sent to Baltimore, to be a house servant, where he learned to read and write, with the assistance of his master's wife

In 1838 he escaped from slavery and went to New York City, where he married Anna Murray, a free colored woman whom he had met in Baltimore

Soon thereafter he changed his name to Frederick Douglass

In 1841 he addressed a convention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Nantucket and so greatly impressed the group that they immediately employed him as an agent

He was such an impressive orator that numerous persons doubted if he had ever been a slave, so he wrote

During the Civil War he assisted in the recruiting of colored men for the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Regiments and consistently argued for the emancipation of slaves

After the war he was active in securing and protecting the rights of the freemen

In his later years, at different times, he was secretary of the Santo Domingo Commission, marshal and recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, and United States Minister to Haiti

His other autobiographical works are MY BONDAGE AND MY FREEDOM and LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, published in 1855 and 1881 respectively

He died in 1895

CHAPTER I I was born in Tuckahoe, near Hillsborough, and about twelve miles from Easton, in Talbot county, Maryland

I have no accurate knowledge of my age, never having seen any authentic record containing it

By far the larger part of the slaves know as little of their ages as horses know of theirs, and it is the wish of most masters within my knowledge to keep their slaves thus ignorant

I do not remember to have ever met a slave who could tell of his birthday

They seldom come nearer to it than planting-time, harvesttime, cherry-time, spring-time, or fall-time

A want of information concerning my own was a source of unhappiness to me even during childhood

The white children could tell their ages

I could not tell why I ought to be deprived of the same privilege

I was not allowed to make any inquiries of my master concerning it

He deemed all such inquiries on the part of a slave improper and impertinent, and evidence of a restless spirit

The nearest estimate I can give makes me now between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age

I come to this, from hearing my master say, some time during 1835, I was about seventeen years old

My mother was named Harriet Bailey

She was the daughter of Isaac and Betsey Bailey, both colored, and quite dark

My mother was of a darker complexion than either my grandmother or grandfather

My father was a white man

He was admitted to be such by all I ever heard speak of my parentage

The opinion was also whispered that my master was my father; but of the correctness of this opinion, I know nothing; the means of knowing was withheld from me

My mother and I were separated when I was but an infant--before I knew her as my mother

It is a common custom, in the part of Maryland from which I ran away, to part children from their mothers at a very early age

Frequently, before the child has reached its twelfth month, its mother is taken from it, and hired out on some farm a considerable distance off, and the child is placed under the care of an old woman, too old for field labor

For what this separation is done, I do not know, unless it be to hinder the development of the child's affection toward its mother, and to blunt and destroy the natural affection of the mother for the child

This is the inevitable result

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night

She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home

She made her journeys to see me in the night, travelling the whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day's work

She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise, unless a slave has special permission from his or her master to the contrary-- a permission which they seldom get, and one that gives to him that gives it the proud name of being a kind master

I do not recollect of ever seeing my mother by the light of day

She was with me in the night

She would lie down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone

Very little communication ever took place between us
Death soon ended what little we could have while she lived, and with it her hardships and suffering

She died when I was about seven years old, on one of my master's farms, near Lee's Mill

I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial

She was gone long before I knew any thing about it
Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger

Called thus suddenly away, she left me without the slightest intimation of who my father was

The whisper that my master was my father, may or may not be true; and, true or false, it is of but little consequence to my purpose whilst the fact remains, in all its glaring odiousness, that slaveholders have ordained, and by law established, that the children of slave women shall in all cases follow the condition of their mothers; and this is done too obviously to administer to their own lusts, and make a gratification of their wicked desires profitable as well as pleasurable; for by this cunning arrangement, the slaveholder, in cases not a few, sustains to his slaves the double relation of master and father

I know of such cases; and it is worthy of remark that such slaves invariably suffer greater hardships, and have more to contend with, than others

They are, in the first place, a constant offence to their mistress

She is ever disposed to find fault with them; they can seldom do any thing to please her; she is never better pleased than when she sees them under the lash, especially when she suspects her husband of showing to his mulatto children favors which he withholds from his black slaves

The master is frequently compelled to sell this class of his slaves, out of deference to the feelings of his white wife; and, cruel as the deed may strike any one to be, for a man to sell his own children to human flesh-

mongers, it is often the dictate of humanity for him to do so; for, unless he does this, he must not only whip them himself, but must stand by and see one white son tie up his brother, of but few shades darker complexion than himself, and ply the gory lash to his naked back; and if he hiss one word of disapproval, it is set down to his parental partiality, and only makes a bad matter worse, both for himself and the slave whom he would protect and defend

Every year brings with it multitudes of this class of slaves

It was doubtless in consequence of a knowledge of this fact, that one great statesman of the south predicted the downfall of slavery by the inevitable laws of population

Whether this prophecy is ever fulfilled or not, it is nevertheless plain that a very different-looking class of people are springing up at the south, and are now held in slavery, from those originally brought to this country from Africa; and if their increase do no other good, it will do away the force of the argument, that God cursed Ham, and therefore American slavery is right

If the lineal descendants of Ham are alone to be scripturally enslaved, it is certain that slavery at the south must soon become unscriptural; for thousands are ushered into the world, annually, who, like myself, owe their existence to white fathers, and those fathers most frequently their own masters

I have had two masters

My first master's name was Anthony

I do not remember his first name

He was generally called Captain Anthony--a title which, I presume, he acquired by sailing a craft on the Chesapeake Bay

He was not considered a rich slaveholder

He owned two or three farms, and about thirty slaves
His farms and slaves were under the care of an overseer

The overseer's name was Plummer

Mr. Plummer was a miserable drunkard, a profane swearer, and a savage monster

He always went armed with a cowskin and a heavy cudgel

I have known him to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even master would be enraged at his cruelty, and would threaten to whip him if he did not mind himself

Master, however, was not a humane slaveholder

It required extraordinary barbarity on the part of an overseer to affect him

He was a cruel man, hardened by a long life of slaveholding

He would at times seem to take great pleasure in whipping a slave

I have often been awakened at the dawn of day by the most heart-rending shrieks of an own aunt of mine, whom he used to tie up to a joist, and whip upon her naked back till she was literally covered with blood

No words, no tears, no prayers, from his gory victim, seemed to move his iron heart from its bloody purpose
The louder she screamed, the harder he whipped; and where the blood ran fastest, there he whipped longest

He would whip her to make her scream, and whip her to make her hush; and not until overcome by fatigue, would he cease to swing the blood-clotted cowskin

I remember the first time I ever witnessed this horrible exhibition

I was quite a child, but I well remember it

I never shall forget it whilst I remember any thing

It was the first of a long series of such outrages, of which I was doomed to be a witness and a participant
It struck me with awful force

It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hell of slavery, through which I was about to pass
It was a most terrible spectacle
I wish I could commit to paper the feelings with which I beheld it
This occurrence took place very soon after I went to live with my old master, and under the following circumstances
Aunt Hester went out one night,-- where or for what I do not know,--and happened to be absent when my master desired her presence
He had ordered her not to go out evenings, and warned her that she must never let him catch her in company with a young man, who was paying attention to her belonging to Colonel Lloyd
The young man's name was Ned Roberts, generally called Lloyd's Ned
Why master was so careful of her, may be safely left to conjecture
She was a woman of noble form, and of graceful proportions, having very few equals, and fewer superiors, in personal appearance, among the colored or white women of our neighborhood
Aunt Hester had not only disobeyed his orders in going out, but had been found in company with Lloyd's Ned; which circumstance, I found, from what he said while whipping her, was the chief offence
Had he been a man of pure morals himself, he might have been thought interested in protecting the innocence of my aunt; but those who knew him will not suspect him of any such virtue
Before he commenced whipping Aunt Hester, he took her into the kitchen, and stripped her from neck to waist, leaving her neck, shoulders, and back, entirely naked
He then told her to cross her hands, calling her at the same time a d----d b---h
After crossing her hands, he tied them with a strong rope, and led her to a stool under a large hook in the joist, put in for the purpose
He made her get upon the stool, and tied her hands to the hook
She now stood fair for his infernal purpose
Her arms were stretched up at their full length, so that she stood upon the ends of her toes
He then said to her, "Now, you d----d b---h, I'll learn you how to disobey my orders!" and after rolling up his sleeves, he commenced to lay on the heavy cowskin, and soon the warm, red blood (amid heart-rending shrieks from her, and horrid oaths from him) came dripping to the floor
I was so terrified and horror-stricken at the sight, that I hid myself in a closet, and dared not venture out till long after the bloody transaction was over
I expected it would be my turn next
It was all new to me
I had never seen any thing like it before
I had always lived with my grandmother on the outskirts of the plantation, where she was put to raise the children of the younger women
I had therefore been, until now, out of the way of the bloody scenes that often occurred on the plantation
CHAPTER II My master's family consisted of two sons, Andrew and Richard; one daughter, Lucretia, and her husband, Captain Thomas Auld
They lived in one house, upon the home plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd
My master was Colonel Lloyd's clerk and superintendent
He was what might be called the overseer of the overseers
I spent two years of childhood on this plantation in my old master's family

It was here that I witnessed the bloody transaction recorded in the first chapter; and as I received my first impressions of slavery on this plantation, I will give some description of it, and of slavery as it there existed
The plantation is about twelve miles north of Easton, in Talbot county, and is situated on the border of Miles River
The principal products raised upon it were tobacco, corn, and wheat
These were raised in great abundance; so that, with the products of this and the other farms belonging to him, he was able to keep in almost constant employment a large sloop, in carrying them to market at Baltimore
This sloop was named Sally Lloyd, in honor of one of the colonel's daughters
My master's son-in-law, Captain Auld, was master of the vessel; she was otherwise manned by the colonel's own slaves
Their names were Peter, Isaac, Rich, and Jake
These were esteemed very highly by the other slaves, and looked upon as the privileged ones of the plantation; for it was no small affair, in the eyes of the slaves, to be allowed to see Baltimore
Colonel Lloyd kept from three to four hundred slaves on his home plantation, and owned a large number more on the neighboring farms belonging to him
The names of the farms nearest to the home plantation were Wye Town and New Design
"Wye Town" was under the overseership of a man named Noah Willis
New Design was under the overseership of a Mr. Townsend
The overseers of these, and all the rest of the farms, numbering over twenty, received advice and direction from the managers of the home plantation
This was the great business place
It was the seat of government for the whole twenty farms
All disputes among the overseers were settled here
If a slave was convicted of any high misdemeanor, became unmanageable, or evinced a determination to run away, he was brought immediately here, severely whipped, put on board the sloop, carried to Baltimore, and sold to Austin Woolfolk, or some other slave-trader, as a warning to the slaves remaining
Here, too, the slaves of all the other farms received their monthly allowance of food, and their yearly clothing
The men and women slaves received, as their monthly allowance of food, eight pounds of pork, or its equivalent in fish, and one bushel of corn meal
Their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one pair of linen trousers, like the shirts, one jacket, one pair of trousers for winter, made of coarse negro cloth, one pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes; the whole of which could not have cost more than seven dollars
The allowance of the slave children was given to their mothers, or the old women having the care of them
The children unable to work in the field had neither shoes, stockings, jackets, nor trousers, given to them; their clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts per year
When these failed them, they went naked until the next allowance-day
Children from seven to ten years old, of both sexes, almost naked, might be seen at all seasons of the year
There were no beds given the slaves, unless one coarse blanket be considered such, and none but the men and women had these
This, however, is not considered a very great privation

They find less difficulty from the want of beds, than from the want of time to sleep; for when their day's work in the field is done, the most of them having their washing, mending, and cooking to do, and having few or none of the ordinary facilities for doing either of these, very many of their sleeping hours are consumed in preparing for the field the coming day; and when this is done, old and young, male and female, married and single, drop down side by side, on one common bed,--the cold, damp floor,--each covering himself or herself with their miserable blankets; and here they sleep till they are summoned to the field by the driver's horn

At the sound of this, all must rise, and be off to the field

There must be no halting; every one must be at his or her post; and woe betides them who hear not this morning summons to the field; for if they are not awakened by the sense of hearing, they are by the sense of feeling: no age nor sex finds any favor

Mr. Severe, the overseer, used to stand by the door of the quarter, armed with a large hickory stick and heavy cowskin, ready to whip any one who was so unfortunate as not to hear, or, from any other cause, was prevented from being ready to start for the field at the sound of the horn

Mr. Severe was rightly named: he was a cruel man I have seen him whip a woman, causing the blood to run half an hour at the time; and this, too, in the midst of her crying children, pleading for their mother's release

He seemed to take pleasure in manifesting his fiendish barbarity

Added to his cruelty, he was a profane swearer It was enough to chill the blood and stiffen the hair of an ordinary man to hear him talk

Scarce a sentence escaped him but that was commenced or concluded by some horrid oath

The field was the place to witness his cruelty and profanity

His presence made it both the field of blood and of blasphemy

From the rising till the going down of the sun, he was cursing, raving, cutting, and slashing among the slaves of the field, in the most frightful manner

His career was short

He died very soon after I went to Colonel Lloyd's; and he died as he lived, uttering, with his dying groans, bitter curses and horrid oaths

His death was regarded by the slaves as the result of a merciful providence

Mr. Severe's place was filled by a Mr. Hopkins

He was a very different man

He was less cruel, less profane, and made less noise, than Mr. Severe

His course was characterized by no extraordinary demonstrations of cruelty

He whipped, but seemed to take no pleasure in it

He was called by the slaves a good overseer

The home plantation of Colonel Lloyd wore the appearance of a country village

All the mechanical operations for all the farms were performed here

The shoemaking and mending, the blacksmithing, cartwrighting, coopering, weaving, and grain-grinding, were all performed by the slaves on the home plantation

The whole place wore a business-like aspect very unlike the neighboring farms

The number of houses, too, conspired to give it advantage over the neighboring farms

It was called by the slaves the ~Great House Farm.~ Few privileges were esteemed higher, by the slaves of

the out-farms, than that of being selected to do errands at the Great House Farm

It was associated in their minds with greatness

A representative could not be prouder of his election to a seat in the American Congress, than a slave on one of the out-farms would be of his election to do errands at the Great House Farm

They regarded it as evidence of great confidence reposed in them by their overseers; and it was on this account, as well as a constant desire to be out of the field from under the driver's lash, that they esteemed it a high privilege, one worth careful living for

He was called the smartest and most trusty fellow, who had this honor conferred upon him the most frequently

The competitors for this office sought as diligently to please their overseers, as the office-seekers in the political parties seek to please and deceive the people

The same traits of character might be seen in Colonel Lloyd's slaves, as are seen in the slaves of the political parties

The slaves selected to go to the Great House Farm, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic

While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness

They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune

The thought that came up, came out--if not in the word, in the sound;--and as frequently in the one as in the other

They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone

Into all of their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm

Especially would they do this, when leaving home

They would then sing most exultingly the following words:-- "I am going away to the Great House Farm! O, yea! O, yea! O!" This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves

I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs

I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear

They told a tale of woe which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish

Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains

The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness

I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them

The mere recurrence to those songs, even now, afflicts me; and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek

To those songs I trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of slavery

I can never get rid of that conception

Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds

If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul,--and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because "there is no flesh in his obdurate heart." I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the north, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness

It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake

Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy

The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears

At least, such is my experience

I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness

Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery

The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion

CHAPTER III Colonel Lloyd kept a large and finely cultivated garden, which afforded almost constant employment for four men, besides the chief gardener, (Mr. M'Durmond.) This garden was probably the greatest attraction of the place

During the summer months, people came from far and near--from Baltimore, Easton, and Annapolis--to see it. It abounded in fruits of almost every description, from the hardy apple of the north to the delicate orange of the south

This garden was not the least source of trouble on the plantation

Its excellent fruit was quite a temptation to the hungry swarms of boys, as well as the older slaves, belonging to the colonel, few of whom had the virtue or the vice to resist it

Scarcely a day passed, during the summer, but that some slave had to take the lash for stealing fruit

The colonel had to resort to all kinds of stratagems to keep his slaves out of the garden

The last and most successful one was that of tarring his fence all around; after which, if a slave was caught with any tar upon his person, it was deemed sufficient proof that he had either been into the garden, or had tried to get in

In either case, he was severely whipped by the chief gardener

This plan worked well; the slaves became as fearful of tar as of the lash

They seemed to realize the impossibility of touching TAR without being defiled

The colonel also kept a splendid riding equipage

His stable and carriage-house presented the appearance of some of our large city livery establishments

His horses were of the finest form and noblest blood

His carriage-house contained three splendid coaches, three or four gigs, besides dearborns and barouches of the most fashionable style

This establishment was under the care of two slaves--old Barney and young Barney--father and son

To attend to this establishment was their sole work

But it was by no means an easy employment; for in nothing was Colonel Lloyd more particular than in the management of his horses

The slightest inattention to these was unpardonable, and was visited upon those, under whose care they were placed, with the severest punishment; no excuse

could shield them, if the colonel only suspected any want of attention to his horses--a supposition which he frequently indulged, and one which, of course, made the office of old and young Barney a very trying one. They never knew when they were safe from punishment

They were frequently whipped when least deserving, and escaped whipping when most deserving it

Every thing depended upon the looks of the horses, and the state of Colonel Lloyd's own mind when his horses were brought to him for use

If a horse did not move fast enough, or hold his head high enough, it was owing to some fault of his keepers

It was painful to stand near the stable-door, and hear the various complaints against the keepers when a horse was taken out for use

"This horse has not had proper attention

He has not been sufficiently rubbed and curried, or he has not been properly fed; his food was too wet or too dry; he got it too soon or too late; he was too hot or too cold; he had too much hay, and not enough of grain; or he had too much grain, and not enough of hay; instead of old Barney's attending to the horse, he had very improperly left it to his son." To all these complaints, no matter how unjust, the slave must answer never a word

Colonel Lloyd could not brook any contradiction from a slave

When he spoke, a slave must stand, listen, and tremble; and such was literally the case

I have seen Colonel Lloyd make old Barney, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, uncover his bald head, kneel down upon the cold, damp ground, and receive upon his naked and toil-worn shoulders more than thirty lashes at the time

Colonel Lloyd had three sons--Edward, Mur 22 ray, and Daniel,--and three sons-in-law, Mr. Winder, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Lowndes

All of these lived at the Great House Farm, and enjoyed the luxury of whipping the servants when they pleased, from old Barney down to William Wilkes, the coach-driver

I have seen Winder make one of the house-servants stand off from him a suitable distance to be touched with the end of his whip, and at every stroke raise great ridges upon his back

To describe the wealth of Colonel Lloyd would be almost equal to describing the riches of Job

He kept from ten to fifteen house-servants

He was said to own a thousand slaves, and I think this estimate quite within the truth

Colonel Lloyd owned so many that he did not know them when he saw them; nor did all the slaves of the out-farms know him

It is reported of him, that, while riding along the road one day, he met a colored man, and addressed him in the usual manner of speaking to colored people on the public highways of the south: "Well, boy, whom do you belong to?" "To Colonel Lloyd," replied the slave

"Well, does the colonel treat you well?" "No, sir," was the ready reply

"What, does he work you too hard?" "Yes, sir." "Well, don't he give you enough to eat?" "Yes, sir, he gives me enough, such as it is." The colonel, after ascertaining where the slave belonged, rode on; the man also went on about his business, not dreaming that he had been conversing with his master

He thought, said, and heard nothing more of the matter, until two or three weeks afterwards

The poor man was then informed by his overseer that, for having found fault with his master, he was now to be sold to a Georgia trader

He was immediately chained and handcuffed; and thus, without a moment's warning, he was snatched

away, and forever sundered, from his family and friends, by a hand more unrelenting than death
This is the penalty of telling the truth, of telling the simple truth, in answer to a series of plain questions
It is partly in consequence of such facts, that slaves, when inquired of as to their condition and the character of their masters, almost universally say they are contented, and that their masters are kind
The slaveholders have been known to send in spies among their slaves, to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition
The frequency of this has had the effect to establish among the slaves the maxim, that a still tongue makes a wise head
They suppress the truth rather than take the consequences of telling it, and in so doing prove themselves a part of the human family
If they have any thing to say of their masters, it is generally in their masters' favor, especially when speaking to an un 23 tried man
I have been frequently asked, when a slave, if I had a kind master, and do not remember ever to have given a negative answer; nor did I, in pursuing this course, consider myself as uttering what was absolutely false; for I always measured the kindness of my master by the standard of kindness set up among slaveholders around us
Moreover, slaves are like other people, and imbibe prejudices quite common to others
They think their own better than that of others
Many, under the influence of this prejudice, think their own masters are better than the masters of other slaves; and this, too, in some cases, when the very reverse is true
Indeed, it is not uncommon for slaves even to fall out and quarrel among themselves about the relative goodness of their masters, each contending for the superior goodness of his own over that of the others
At the very same time, they mutually execrate their masters when viewed separately
It was so on our plantation
When Colonel Lloyd's slaves met the slaves of Jacob Jepson, they seldom parted without a quarrel about their masters; Colonel Lloyd's slaves contending that he was the richest, and Mr. Jepson's slaves that he was the smartest, and most of a man
Colonel Lloyd's slaves would boast his ability to buy and sell Jacob Jepson
Mr. Jepson's slaves would boast his ability to whip Colonel Lloyd
These quarrels would almost always end in a fight between the parties, and those that whipped were supposed to have gained the point at issue
They seemed to think that the greatness of their masters was transferable to themselves
It was considered as being bad enough to be a slave; but to be a poor man's slave was deemed a disgrace indeed! CHAPTER IV
Mr. Hopkins remained but a short time in the office of overseer
Why his career was so short, I do not know, but suppose he lacked the necessary severity to suit Colonel Lloyd
Mr. Hopkins was succeeded by Mr. Austin Gore, a man possessing, in an eminent degree, all those traits of character indispensable to what is called a first-rate overseer
Mr. Gore had served Colonel Lloyd, in the capacity of overseer, upon one of the out-farms, and had shown himself worthy of the high station of overseer upon the home or Great House Farm
Mr. Gore was proud, ambitious, and persevering
He was artful, cruel, and obdurate
He was just the man for such a place, and it was just the place for such a man

It afforded scope for the full exercise of all his powers, and he seemed to be perfectly 24 at home in it
He was one of those who could torture the slightest look, word, or gesture, on the part of the slave, into impudence, and would treat it accordingly
There must be no answering back to him; no explanation was allowed a slave, showing himself to have been wrongfully accused
Mr. Gore acted fully up to the maxim laid down by slaveholders,-- "It is better that a dozen slaves should suffer under the lash, than that the overseer should be convicted, in the presence of the slaves, of having been at fault." No matter how innocent a slave might be--it availed him nothing, when accused by Mr. Gore of any misdemeanor
To be accused was to be convicted, and to be convicted was to be punished; the one always following the other with immutable certainty
To escape punishment was to escape accusation; and few slaves had the fortune to do either, under the overseership of Mr. Gore
He was just proud enough to demand the most debasing homage of the slave, and quite servile enough to crouch, himself, at the feet of the master
He was ambitious enough to be contented with nothing short of the highest rank of overseers, and persevering enough to reach the height of his ambition
He was cruel enough to inflict the severest punishment, artful enough to descend to the lowest trickery, and obdurate enough to be insensible to the voice of a reproving conscience
He was, of all the overseers, the most dreaded by the slaves
His presence was painful; his eye flashed confusion; and seldom was his sharp, shrill voice heard, without producing horror and trembling in their ranks
Mr. Gore was a grave man, and, though a young man, he indulged in no jokes, said no funny words, seldom smiled
His words were in perfect keeping with his looks, and his looks were in perfect keeping with his words
Overseers will sometimes indulge in a witty word, even with the slaves; not so with Mr. Gore
He spoke but to command, and commanded but to be obeyed; he dealt sparingly with his words, and bountifully with his whip, never using the former where the latter would answer as well
When he whipped, he seemed to do so from a sense of duty, and feared no consequences
He did nothing reluctantly, no matter how disagreeable; always at his post, never inconsistent
He never promised but to fulfil
He was, in a word, a man of the most inflexible firmness and stone-like coolness
His savage barbarity was equalled only by the consummate coolness with which he committed the grossest and most savage deeds upon the slaves under his charge
Mr. Gore once undertook to whip one of Colonel Lloyd's slaves, by the name of Demby
He had given Demby but few stripes, when, to get rid of the scourging, he ran and plunged himself into a 25 creek, and stood there at the depth of his shoulders, refusing to come out
Mr. Gore told him that he would give him three calls, and that, if he did not come out at the third call, he would shoot him
The first call was given
Demby made no response, but stood his ground
The second and third calls were given with the same result
Mr. Gore then, without consultation or deliberation with any one, not even giving Demby an additional call, raised his musket to his face, taking deadly aim at

his standing victim, and in an instant poor Demby was no more
His mangled body sank out of sight, and blood and brains marked the water where he had stood
A thrill of horror flashed through every soul upon the plantation, excepting Mr. Gore
He alone seemed cool and collected
He was asked by Colonel Lloyd and my old master, why he resorted to this extraordinary expedient
His reply was, (as well as I can remember,) that Demby had become unmanageable
He was setting a dangerous example to the other slaves,--one which, if suffered to pass without some such demonstration on his part, would finally lead to the total subversion of all rule and order upon the plantation
He argued that if one slave refused to be corrected, and escaped with his life, the other slaves would soon copy the example; the result of which would be, the freedom of the slaves, and the enslavement of the whites
Mr. Gore's defence was satisfactory
He was continued in his station as overseer upon the home plantation
His fame as an overseer went abroad
His horrid crime was not even submitted to judicial investigation
It was committed in the presence of slaves, and they of course could neither institute a suit, nor testify against him; and thus the guilty perpetrator of one of the bloodiest and most foul murders goes unwhipped of justice, and uncensured by the community in which he lives
Mr. Gore lived in St Michael's, Talbot county, Maryland, when I left there; and if he is still alive, he very probably lives there now; and if so, he is now, as he was then, as highly esteemed and as much respected as though his guilty soul had not been stained with his brother's blood
I speak advisedly when I say this,--that killing a slave, or any colored person, in Talbot county, Maryland, is not treated as a crime, either by the courts or the community
Mr. Thomas Lanman, of St Michael's, killed two slaves, one of whom he killed with a hatchet, by knocking his brains out
He used to boast of the commission of the awful and bloody deed
I have heard him do so laughingly, saying, among other things, that he was the only benefactor of his country in the company, and that when others would do as much as he had done, we 26 should be relieved of "the d----d niggers." The wife of Mr. Giles Hicks, living but a short distance from where I used to live, murdered my wife's cousin, a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age, mangling her person in the most horrible manner, breaking her nose and breastbone with a stick, so that the poor girl expired in a few hours afterward
She was immediately buried, but had not been in her untimely grave but a few hours before she was taken up and examined by the coroner, who decided that she had come to her death by severe beating
The offence for which this girl was thus murdered was this:--She had been set that night to mind Mrs Hicks's baby, and during the night she fell asleep, and the baby cried
She, having lost her rest for several nights previous, did not hear the crying
They were both in the room with Mrs Hicks
Mrs Hicks, finding the girl slow to move, jumped from her bed, seized an oak stick of wood by the fireplace, and

with it broke the girl's nose and breastbone, and thus ended her life
I will not say that this most horrid murder produced no sensation in the community
It did produce sensation, but not enough to bring the murderers to punishment
There was a warrant issued for her arrest, but it was never served
Thus she escaped not only punishment, but even the pain of being arraigned before a court for her horrid crime
Whilst I am detailing bloody deeds which took place during my stay on Colonel Lloyd's plantation, I will briefly narrate another, which occurred about the same time as the murder of Demby by Mr. Gore
Colonel Lloyd's slaves were in the habit of spending a part of their nights and Sundays in fishing for oysters, and in this way made up the deficiency of their scanty allowance
An old man belonging to Colonel Lloyd, while thus engaged, happened to get beyond the limits of Colonel Lloyd's, and on the premises of Mr. Beal Bondly
At this trespass, Mr. Bondly took offence, and with his musket came down to the shore, and blew its deadly contents into the poor old man
Mr. Bondly came over to see Colonel Lloyd the next day, whether to pay him for his property, or to justify himself in what he had done, I know not
At any rate, this whole fiendish transaction was soon hushed up
There was very little said about it at all, and nothing done
It was a common saying, even among little white boys, that it was worth a halfcent to kill a "nigger," and a half-cent to bury one
27 CHAPTER V As to my own treatment while I lived on Colonel Lloyd's plantation, it was very similar to that of the other slave children
I was not old enough to work in the field, and there being little else than field work to do, I had a great deal of leisure time
The most I had to do was to drive up the cows at evening, keep the fowls out of the garden, keep the front yard clean, and run of errands for my old master's daughter, Mrs Lucretia Auld
The most of my leisure time I spent in helping Master Daniel Lloyd in finding his birds, after he had shot them
My connection with Master Daniel was of some advantage to me
He became quite attached to me, and was a sort of protector of me
He would not allow the older boys to impose upon me, and would divide his cakes with me
I was seldom whipped by my old master, and suffered little from any thing else than hunger and cold
I suffered much from hunger, but much more from cold
In hottest summer and coldest winter, I was kept almost naked--no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers, nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to my knees
I had no bed
I must have perished with cold, but that, the coldest nights, I used to steal a bag which was used for carrying corn to the mill
I would crawl into this bag, and there sleep on the cold, damp, clay floor, with my head in and feet out
My feet have been so cracked with the frost, that the pen with which I am writing might be laid in the gashes
We were not regularly allowed
Our food was coarse corn meal boiled

This was called MUSH
It was put into a large wooden tray or trough, and set down upon the ground
The children were then called, like so many pigs, and like so many pigs they would come and devour the mush; some with oystershells, others with pieces of shingle, some with naked hands, and none with spoons
He that ate fastest got most; he that was strongest secured the best place; and few left the trough satisfied
I was probably between seven and eight years old when I left Colonel Lloyd's plantation
I left it with joy
I shall never forget the ecstasy with which I received the intelligence that my old master (Anthony) had determined to let me go to Baltimore, to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, brother to my old master's son-in-law, Captain Thomas Auld
I received this information about three days before my departure
They were three of the happiest days I ever enjoyed
I spent the most part of all these 28 three days in the creek, washing off the plantation scurf, and preparing myself for my departure
The pride of appearance which this would indicate was not my own
I spent the time in washing, not so much because I wished to, but because Mrs
Lucretia had told me I must get all the dead skin off my feet and knees before I could go to Baltimore; for the people in Baltimore were very cleanly, and would laugh at me if I looked dirty
Besides, she was going to give me a pair of trousers, which I should not put on unless I got all the dirt off me
The thought of owning a pair of trousers was great indeed! It was almost a sufficient motive, not only to make me take off what would be called by pigdrovers the mange, but the skin itself
I went at it in good earnest, working for the first time with the hope of reward
The ties that ordinarily bind children to their homes were all suspended in my case
I found no severe trial in my departure
My home was charmless; it was not home to me; on parting from it, I could not feel that I was leaving any thing which I could have enjoyed by staying
My mother was dead, my grandmother lived far off, so that I seldom saw her
I had two sisters and one brother, that lived in the same house with me; but the early separation of us from our mother had well nigh blotted the fact of our relationship from our memories
I looked for home elsewhere, and was confident of finding none which I should relish less than the one which I was leaving
If, however, I found in my new home hardship, hunger, whipping, and nakedness, I had the consolation that I should not have escaped any one of them by staying
Having already had more than a taste of them in the house of my old master, and having endured them there, I very naturally inferred my ability to endure them elsewhere, and especially at Baltimore; for I had something of the feeling about Baltimore that is expressed in the proverb, that "being hanged in England is preferable to dying a natural death in Ireland." I had the strongest desire to see Baltimore
Cousin Tom, though not fluent in speech, had inspired me with that desire by his eloquent description of the place
I could never point out any thing at the Great House, no matter how beautiful or powerful, but that he had

seen something at Baltimore far exceeding, both in beauty and strength, the object which I pointed out to him

Even the Great House itself, with all its pictures, was far inferior to many buildings in Baltimore
So strong was my desire, that I thought a gratification of it would fully compensate for whatever loss of comforts I should sustain by the exchange
I left without a regret, and with the highest hopes of future happiness

29 We sailed out of Miles River for Baltimore on a Saturday morning

I remember only the day of the week, for at that time I had no knowledge of the days of the month, nor the months of the year

On setting sail, I walked aft, and gave to Colonel Lloyd's plantation what I hoped would be the last look
I then placed myself in the bows of the sloop, and there spent the remainder of the day in looking ahead, interesting myself in what was in the distance rather than in things near by or behind

In the afternoon of that day, we reached Annapolis, the capital of the State

We stopped but a few moments, so that I had no time to go on shore

It was the first large town that I had ever seen, and though it would look small compared with some of our New England factory villages, I thought it a wonderful place for its size--more imposing even than the Great House Farm! We arrived at Baltimore early on Sunday morning, landing at Smith's Wharf, not far from Bowley's Wharf

We had on board the sloop a large flock of sheep; and after aiding in driving them to the slaughterhouse of Mr. Curtis on Loudon Slater's Hill, I was conducted by Rich, one of the hands belonging on board of the sloop, to my new home in Alliciana Street, near Mr. Gardner's ship-yard, on Fells Point

Mr. and Mrs

Auld were both at home, and met me at the door with their little son Thomas, to take care of whom I had been given

And here I saw what I had never seen before; it was a white face beaming with the most kindly emotions; it was the face of my new mistress, Sophia Auld

I wish I could describe the rapture that flashed through my soul as I beheld it

It was a new and strange sight to me, brightening up my pathway with the light of happiness

Little Thomas was told, there was his Freddy, --and I was told to take care of little Thomas; and thus I entered upon the duties of my new home with the most cheering prospect ahead

I look upon my departure from Colonel Lloyd's plantation as one of the most interesting events of my life

It is possible, and even quite probable, that but for the mere circumstance of being removed from that plantation to Baltimore, I should have to-day, instead of being here seated by my own table, in the enjoyment of freedom and the happiness of home, writing this Narrative, been confined in the galling chains of slavery

Going to live at Baltimore laid the foundation, and opened the gateway, to all my subsequent prosperity

I have ever regarded it as the first plain manifestation of that kind provi 30 dence which has ever since

attended me, and marked my life with so many favors
I regarded the selection of myself as being somewhat remarkable

There were a number of slave children that might have been sent from the plantation to Baltimore

There were those younger, those older, and those of the same age

I was chosen from among them all, and was the first,
last, and only choice
I may be deemed superstitious, and even egotistical,
in regarding this event as a special interposition of
divine Providence in my favor
But I should be false to the earliest sentiments of my
soul, if I suppressed the opinion
I prefer to be true to myself, even at the hazard of
incurring the ridicule of others, rather than to be false,
and incur my own abhorrence
From my earliest recollection, I date the entertainment
of a deep conviction that slavery would not always be
able to hold me within its foul embrace; and in the
darkest hours of my career in slavery, this living word
of faith and spirit of hope departed not from me, but
remained like ministering angels to cheer me through
the gloom
This good spirit was from God, and to him I offer
thanksgiving and praise
CHAPTER VI My new mistress proved to be all she
appeared when I first met her at the door,--a woman
of the kindest heart and finest feelings
She had never had a slave under her control
previously to myself, and prior to her marriage she
had been dependent upon her own industry for a living
She was by trade a weaver; and by constant
application to her business, she had been in a good
degree preserved from the blighting and dehumanizing
effects of slavery
I was utterly astonished at her goodness
I scarcely knew how to behave towards her
She was entirely unlike any other white woman I had
ever seen
I could not approach her as I was accustomed to
approach other white ladies
My early instruction was all out of place
The crouching servility, usually so acceptable a quality
in a slave, did not answer when manifested toward her
Her favor was not gained by it; she seemed to be
disturbed by it
She did not deem it impudent or unmannerly for a
slave to look her in the face
The meanest slave was put fully at ease in her
presence, and none left without feeling better for
having seen her
Her face was made of heavenly smiles, and her voice
of tranquil music
But, alas! this kind heart had but a short time to
remain such
The fatal poison of irresponsible power 31 was
already in her hands, and soon commenced its infernal
work
That cheerful eye, under the influence of slavery, soon
became red with rage; that voice, made all of sweet
accord, changed to one of harsh and horrid discord;
and that angelic face gave place to that of a demon
Very soon after I went to live with Mr. and Mrs
Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A,
B, C
After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to
spell words of three or four letters
Just at this point of my progress, Mr. Auld found out
what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs
Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other
things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach
a slave to read
To use his own words, further, he said, "If you give a
nigger an inch, he will take an ell
A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master--
to do as he is told to do
Learning would ~spoil~ the best nigger in the world
Now," said he, "if you teach that nigger (speaking of
myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him
It would forever unfit him to be a slave

He would at once become unmanageable, and of no
value to his master
As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal
of harm
It would make him discontented and unhappy." These
words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments
within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an
entirely new train of thought
It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark
and mysterious things, with which my youthful
understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain
I now understood what had been to me a most
perplexing difficulty--to wit, the white man's power to
enslave the black man
It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly
From that moment, I understood the pathway from
slavery to freedom
It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a time when
I the least expected it
Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid
of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable
instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained
from my master
Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a
teacher, I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose,
at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read
The very decided manner with which he spoke, and
strove to impress his wife with the evil consequences
of giving me instruction, served to convince me that
he was deeply sensible of the truths he was uttering
It gave me the best assurance that I might rely with
the utmost confidence on the results which, he said,
would flow from teaching me to read
What he most dreaded, that I most desired
What he most loved, that I most hated
That which to him was a great evil, to be carefully
shunned, was to me a great good, to be diligently
sought; and the argument which he so 32 warmly
urged, against my learning to read, only served to
inspire me with a desire and determination to learn
In learning to read, I owe almost as much to the bitter
opposition of my master, as to the kindly aid of my
mistress
I acknowledge the benefit of both
I had resided but a short time in Baltimore before I
observed a marked difference, in the treatment of
slaves, from that which I had witnessed in the country
A city slave is almost a freeman, compared with a
slave on the plantation
He is much better fed and clothed, and enjoys
privileges altogether unknown to the slave on the
plantation
There is a vestige of decency, a sense of shame, that
does much to curb and check those outbreaks of
atrocious cruelty so commonly enacted upon the
plantation
He is a desperate slaveholder, who will shock the
humanity of his non-slaveholding neighbors with the
cries of his lacerated slave
Few are willing to incur the odium attaching to the
reputation of being a cruel master; and above all
things, they would not be known as not giving a slave
enough to eat
Every city slaveholder is anxious to have it known of
him, that he feeds his slaves well; and it is due to
them to say, that most of them do give their slaves
enough to eat
There are, however, some painful exceptions to this
rule
Directly opposite to us, on Philpot Street, lived Mr.
Thomas Hamilton
He owned two slaves
Their names were Henrietta and Mary

Henrietta was about twenty-two years of age, Mary was about fourteen; and of all the mangled and emaciated creatures I ever looked upon, these two were the most so

His heart must be harder than stone, that could look upon these unmoved

The head, neck, and shoulders of Mary were literally cut to pieces

I have frequently felt her head, and found it nearly covered with festering sores, caused by the lash of her cruel mistress

I do not know that her master ever whipped her, but I have been an eye-witness to the cruelty of Mrs Hamilton

I used to be in Mr. Hamilton's house nearly every day Mrs

Hamilton used to sit in a large chair in the middle of the room, with a heavy cowskin always by her side, and scarce an hour passed during the day but was marked by the blood of one of these slaves

The girls seldom passed her without her saying, "Move faster, you ~black gip!~" at the same time giving them a blow with the cowskin over the head or shoulders, often drawing the blood

She would then say, "Take that, you ~black gip!~" continuing, "If you don't move faster, I'll move you!" Added to the cruel lashings to which these slaves were subjected, they were kept nearly half-starved

They seldom knew what it was to eat a full meal

I have seen Mary contending with the pigs for the offal thrown into the street

So much was Mary kicked and cut to pieces, that she was oftener called 33 "~pecked~" than by her name

CHAPTER VII I lived in Master Hugh's family about seven years

During this time, I succeeded in learning to read and write

In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems

I had no regular teacher

My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me, had, in compliance with the advice and direction of her husband, not only ceased to instruct, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else

It is due, however, to my mistress to say of her, that she did not adopt this course of treatment immediately She at first lacked the depravity indispensable to shutting me up in mental darkness

It was at least necessary for her to have some training in the exercise of irresponsible power, to make her equal to the task of treating me as though I were a brute

My mistress was, as I have said, a kind and tenderhearted woman; and in the simplicity of her soul she commenced, when I first went to live with her, to treat me as she supposed one human being ought to treat another

In entering upon the duties of a slaveholder, she did not seem to perceive that I sustained to her the relation of a mere chattel, and that for her to treat me as a human being was not only wrong, but dangerously so

Slavery proved as injurious to her as it did to me

When I went there, she was a pious, warm, and tender-hearted woman

There was no sorrow or suffering for which she had not a tear

She had bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and comfort for every mourner that came within her reach

Slavery soon proved its ability to divest her of these heavenly qualities

Under its influence, the tender heart became stone, and the lamblike disposition gave way to one of tiger-like fierceness

The first step in her downward course was in her ceasing to instruct me

She now commenced to practise her husband's precepts

She finally became even more violent in her opposition than her husband himself

She was not satisfied with simply doing as well as he had commanded; she seemed anxious to do better

Nothing seemed to make her more angry than to see me with a newspaper

She seemed to think that here lay the danger

I have had her rush at me with a face made all up of fury, and snatch from me a newspaper, in a manner that fully revealed her apprehension

She was an apt woman; and a little experience soon demonstrated, to her satisfaction, that education and slavery were incompatible with each other

34 From this time I was most narrowly watched

If I was in a separate room any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself

All this, however, was too late

The first step had been taken

Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the ~inch,~ and no precaution could prevent me from taking the ~ell.~ The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street

As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return

I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood

This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge

I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids;--not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country

It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard

I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them

I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men

"You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, ~but I am a slave for life!~ Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being ~a slave for life~ began to bear heavily upon my heart

Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book

Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave

The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times

The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time

In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward 35 by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave

The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master-- things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation

These were choice documents to me

I read them over and over again with unabated interest

They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance

The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder

What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights

The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved

The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers

I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery

I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men

As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish

As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing

It had given me a view of my wretched condition, without the remedy

It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out

In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity

I have often wished myself a beast

I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own

Any thing, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me

There was no getting rid of it

It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate

The silver trump of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness

Freedom now appeared, to disappear no more forever

It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing

It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition

I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it

It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm

36 I often found myself regretting my own existence, and wishing myself dead; and but for the hope of being free, I have no doubt but that I should have killed myself, or done something for which I should have been killed

While in this state of mind, I was eager to hear any one speak of slavery

I was a ready listener

Every little while, I could hear something about the abolitionists

It was some time before I found what the word meant

It was always used in such connections as to make it an interesting word to me

If a slave ran away and succeeded in getting clear, or if a slave killed his master, set fire to a barn, or did any thing very wrong in the mind of a slaveholder, it was spoken of as the fruit of ~abolition.~ Hearing the word in this connection very often, I set about learning what it meant

The dictionary afforded me little or no help

I found it was "the act of abolishing;" but then I did not know what was to be abolished

Here I was perplexed

I did not dare to ask any one about its meaning, for I was satisfied that it was something they wanted me to know very little about

After a patient waiting, I got one of our city papers, containing an account of the number of petitions from the north, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave trade between the States

From this time I understood the words ~abolition~ and ~abolitionist,~ and always drew near when that word was spoken, expecting to hear something of importance to myself and fellow-slaves

The light broke in upon me by degrees

I went one day down on the wharf of Mr. Waters; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went, unasked, and helped them

When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave

I told him I was

He asked, "Are ye a slave for life?" I told him that I was

The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement

He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life

He said it was a shame to hold me

They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free

I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous

White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters

I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away

I looked forward to a time at which it would be safe for me to escape

I was too young to think of doing so immediately; besides, I wished to learn how to write, as I might have occasion to write my own pass

I consoled myself with the hope that I should one day find a good chance

Meanwhile, I would learn to write

37 The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard, and frequently seeing the ship carpenters, after hewing, and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended

When a piece of timber was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked thus--"L." When a piece was for the starboard side, it would be marked thus--"S." A piece for the larboard side forward, would be marked thus--"L

F." When a piece was for starboard side forward, it would be marked thus--"S
F." For larboard aft, it would be marked thus--"L
A." For starboard aft, it would be marked thus--"S
A." I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the ship-yard
I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named
After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he
The next word would be, "I don't believe you
Let me see you try it." I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that
In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way
During this time, my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk
With these, I learned mainly how to write
I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster's Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book
By this time, my little Master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books
These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbors, and then laid aside
My mistress used to go to class meeting at the Wilk Street meetinghouse every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house
When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas's copy-book, copying what he had written
I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas
Thus, after a long, tedious effort for years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write
CHAPTER VIII In a very short time after I went to live at Baltimore, my old master's youngest son Richard died; and in about three years and six months after his death, my old master, Captain Anthony, died, leaving his son, Andrew, and daughter, Lucretia, to 38 share his estate
He died while on a visit to see his daughter at Hillsborough
Cut off thus unexpectedly, he left no will as to the disposal of his property
It was therefore necessary to have a valuation of the property, that it might be equally divided between Mrs Lucretia and Master Andrew
I was immediately sent for, to be valued with the other property
Here again my feelings rose up in detestation of slavery
I had now a new conception of my degraded condition
Prior to this, I had become, if not insensible to my lot, at least partly so
I left Baltimore with a young heart overborne with sadness, and a soul full of apprehension
I took passage with Captain Rowe, in the schooner Wild Cat, and, after a sail of about twenty-four hours, I found myself near the place of my birth
I had now been absent from it almost, if not quite, five years
I, however, remembered the place very well
I was only about five years old when I left it, to go and live with my old master on Colonel Lloyd's plantation; so that I was now between ten and eleven years old
We were all ranked together at the valuation
Men and women, old and young, married and single, were ranked with horses, sheep, and swine

There were horses and men, cattle and women, pigs and children, all holding the same rank in the scale of being, and were all subjected to the same narrow examination
Silvery-headed age and sprightly youth, maids and matrons, had to undergo the same indelicate inspection
At this moment, I saw more clearly than ever the brutalizing effects of slavery upon both slave and slaveholder
After the valuation, then came the division
I have no language to express the high excitement and deep anxiety which were felt among us poor slaves during this time
Our fate for life was now to be decided
we had no more voice in that decision than the brutes among whom we were ranked
A single word from the white men was enough-- against all our wishes, prayers, and entreaties--to sunder forever the dearest friends, dearest kindred, and strongest ties known to human beings
In addition to the pain of separation, there was the horrid dread of falling into the hands of Master Andrew
He was known to us all as being a most cruel wretch,-- a common drunkard, who had, by his reckless mismanagement and profligate dissipation, already wasted a large portion of his father's property
We all felt that we might as well be sold at once to the Georgia traders, as to pass into his hands; for we knew that that would be our inevitable condition,--a condition held by us all in the utmost horror and dread
I suffered more anxiety than most of my fellowslaves
I had known what it was to be kindly treated; 39 they had known nothing of the kind
They had seen little or nothing of the world
They were in very deed men and women of sorrow, and acquainted with grief
Their backs had been made familiar with the bloody lash, so that they had become callous; mine was yet tender; for while at Baltimore I got few whippings, and few slaves could boast of a kinder master and mistress than myself; and the thought of passing out of their hands into those of Master Andrew-- a man who, but a few days before, to give me a sample of his bloody disposition, took my little brother by the throat, threw him on the ground, and with the heel of his boot stamped upon his head till the blood gushed from his nose and ears--was well calculated to make me anxious as to my fate
After he had committed this savage outrage upon my brother, he turned to me, and said that was the way he meant to serve me one of these days,--meaning, I suppose, when I came into his possession
Thanks to a kind Providence, I fell to the portion of Mrs Lucretia, and was sent immediately back to Baltimore, to live again in the family of Master Hugh
Their joy at my return equalled their sorrow at my departure
It was a glad day to me
I had escaped a worse than lion's jaws
I was absent from Baltimore, for the purpose of valuation and division, just about one month, and it seemed to have been six
Very soon after my return to Baltimore, my mistress, Lucretia, died, leaving her husband and one child, Amanda; and in a very short time after her death, Master Andrew died
Now all the property of my old master, slaves included, was in the hands of strangers,--strangers who had had nothing to do with accumulating it
Not a slave was left free
All remained slaves, from the youngest to the oldest
If any one thing in my experience, more than another, served to deepen my conviction of the infernal

character of slavery, and to fill me with unutterable loathing of slaveholders, it was their base ingratitude to my poor old grandmother

She had served my old master faithfully from youth to old age

She had been the source of all his wealth; she had peopled his plantation with slaves; she had become a great grandmother in his service

She had rocked him in infancy, attended him in childhood, served him through life, and at his death wiped from his icy brow the cold death-sweat, and closed his eyes forever

She was nevertheless left a slave--a slave for life--a slave in the hands of strangers; and in their hands she saw her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren, divided, like so many sheep, without being gratified with the small privilege of a single word, as to their or her own destiny

And, to cap the climax of their base ingratitude and fiendish 40 barbarity, my grandmother, who was now very old, having outlived my old master and all his children, having seen the beginning and end of all of them, and her present owners finding she was of but little value, her frame already racked with the pains of old age, and complete helplessness fast stealing over her once active limbs, they took her to the woods, built her a little hut, put up a little mud-chimney, and then made her welcome to the privilege of supporting herself there in perfect loneliness; thus virtually turning her out to die! If my poor old grandmother now lives, she lives to suffer in utter loneliness; she lives to remember and mourn over the loss of children, the loss of grandchildren, and the loss of great-grandchildren

They are, in the language of the slave's poet, Whittier,-- "Gone, gone, sold and gone To the rice swamp dank and lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the noisome insect stings, Where the fever-demon strews Poison with the falling dews, Where the sickly sunbeams glare Through the hot and misty air:-- Gone, gone, sold and gone To the rice swamp dank and lone, From Virginia hills and waters-- Woe is me, my stolen daughters!" The hearth is desolate

The children, the unconscious children, who once sang and danced in her presence, are gone

She gropes her way, in the darkness of age, for a drink of water

Instead of the voices of her children, she hears by day the moans of the dove, and by night the screams of the hideous owl

All is gloom

The grave is at the door

And now, when weighed down by the pains and aches of old age, when the head inclines to the feet, when the beginning and ending of human existence meet, and helpless infancy and painful old age combine together-- at this time, this most needful time, the time for the exercise of that tenderness and affection which children only can exercise towards a declining

41 parent--my poor old grandmother, the devoted mother of twelve children, is left all alone, in yonder little hut, before a few dim embers

She stands-- she sits--she staggers--she falls--she groans--she dies --and there are none of her children or grandchildren present, to wipe from her wrinkled brow the cold sweat of death, or to place beneath the sod her fallen remains

Will not a righteous God visit for these things? In about two years after the death of Mrs

Lucretia, Master Thomas married his second wife

Her name was Rowena Hamilton

She was the eldest daughter of Mr. William Hamilton

Master now lived in St

Michael's

Not long after his marriage, a misunderstanding took place between himself and Master Hugh; and as a means of punishing his brother, he took me from him to live with himself at St

Michael's

Here I underwent another most painful separation

It, however, was not so severe as the one I dreaded at the division of property; for, during this interval, a great change had taken place in Master Hugh and his once kind and affectionate wife

The influence of brandy upon him, and of slavery upon her, had effected a disastrous change in the characters of both; so that, as far as they were concerned, I thought I had little to lose by the change

But it was not to them that I was attached

It was to those little Baltimore boys that I felt the strongest attachment

I had received many good lessons from them, and was still receiving them, and the thought of leaving them was painful indeed

I was leaving, too, without the hope of ever being allowed to return

Master Thomas had said he would never let me return again

The barrier betwixt himself and brother he considered impassable

I then had to regret that I did not at least make the attempt to carry out my resolution to run away; for the chances of success are tenfold greater from the city than from the country

I sailed from Baltimore for St

Michael's in the sloop Amanda, Captain Edward Dodson

On my passage, I paid particular attention to the direction which the steamboats took to go to Philadelphia

I found, instead of going down, on reaching North Point they went up the bay, in a north-easterly direction

I deemed this knowledge of the utmost importance

My determination to run away was again revived

I resolved to wait only so long as the offering of a favorable opportunity

When that came, I was determined to be off

CHAPTER IX 42 I have now reached a period of my life when I can give dates

I left Baltimore, and went to live with Master Thomas Auld, at St

Michael's, in March, 1832

It was now more than seven years since I lived with him in the family of my old master, on Colonel Lloyd's plantation

We of course were now almost entire strangers to each other

He was to me a new master, and I to him a new slave

I was ignorant of his temper and disposition; he was equally so of mine

A very short time, however, brought us into full acquaintance with each other

I was made acquainted with his wife not less than with himself

They were well matched, being equally mean and cruel I was now, for the first time during a space of more than seven years, made to feel the painful gnawings of hunger--a something which I had not experienced before since I left Colonel Lloyd's plantation

It went hard enough with me then, when I could look back to no period at which I had enjoyed a sufficiency

It was tenfold harder after living in Master Hugh's family, where I had always had enough to eat, and of that which was good

I have said Master Thomas was a mean man

He was so

Not to give a slave enough to eat, is regarded as the most aggravated development of meanness even among slaveholders

The rule is, no matter how coarse the food, only let there be enough of it

This is the theory; and in the part of Maryland from which I came, it is the general practice,--though there are many exceptions

Master Thomas gave us enough of neither coarse nor fine food

There were four slaves of us in the kitchen--my sister Eliza, my aunt Priscilla, Henny, and myself; and we were allowed less than a half of a bushel of corn-meal per week, and very little else, either in the shape of meat or vegetables

It was not enough for us to subsist upon

We were therefore reduced to the wretched necessity of living at the expense of our neighbors

This we did by begging and stealing, whichever came handy in the time of need, the one being considered as legitimate as the other

A great many times have we poor creatures been nearly perishing with hunger, when food in abundance lay mouldering in the safe and smoke-house, and our pious mistress was aware of the fact; and yet that mistress and her husband would kneel every morning, and pray that God would bless them in basket and store! Bad as all slaveholders are, we seldom meet one destitute of every element of character commanding respect

My master was one of this rare sort

I do not know of one single noble act ever performed by him

The leading trait in his character was meanness; and if there were any other element in his 43 nature, it was made subject to this

He was mean; and, like most other mean men, he lacked the ability to conceal his meanness

Captain Auld was not born a slaveholder

He had been a poor man, master only of a Bay craft

He came into possession of all his slaves by marriage;

and of all men, adopted slaveholders are the worst

He was cruel, but cowardly

He commanded without firmness

In the enforcement of his rules, he was at times rigid, and at times lax

At times, he spoke to his slaves with the firmness of Napoleon and the fury of a demon; at other times, he might well be mistaken for an inquirer who had lost his way

He did nothing of himself

He might have passed for a lion, but for his ears

In all things noble which he attempted, his own meanness shone most conspicuous

His airs, words, and actions, were the airs, words, and actions of born slaveholders, and, being assumed, were awkward enough

He was not even a good imitator

He possessed all the disposition to deceive, but wanted the power

Having no resources within himself, he was compelled to be the copyist of many, and being such, he was forever the victim of inconsistency; and of consequence he was an object of contempt, and was held as such even by his slaves

The luxury of having slaves of his own to wait upon him was something new and unprepared for

He was a slaveholder without the ability to hold slaves

He found himself incapable of managing his slaves either by force, fear, or fraud

We seldom called him "master;" we generally called him "Captain Auld," and were hardly disposed to title him at all

I doubt not that our conduct had much to do with making him appear awkward, and of consequence fretful

Our want of reverence for him must have perplexed him greatly

He wished to have us call him master, but lacked the firmness necessary to command us to do so

His wife used to insist upon our calling him so, but to no purpose

In August, 1832, my master attended a Methodist camp-meeting held in the Bay-side, Talbot county, and there experienced religion

I indulged a faint hope that his conversion would lead him to emancipate his slaves, and that, if he did not do this, it would, at any rate, make him more kind and humane

I was disappointed in both these respects

It neither made him to be humane to his slaves, nor to emancipate them

If it had any effect on his character, it made him more cruel and hateful in all his ways; for I believe him to have been a much worse man after his conversion than before

Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slaveholding cruelty

He made the greatest pretensions to piety

His house was the house of prayer

He prayed morning, noon, and night

He very soon distinguished himself among 44 his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter

His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls

His house was the preachers' home

They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them

We have had three or four preachers there at a time

The names of those who used to come most frequently while I lived there, were Mr. Storcks, Mr. Ewery, Mr. Humphry, and Mr. Hickey

I have also seen Mr. George Cookman at our house

We slaves loved Mr. Cookman

We believed him to be a good man

We thought him instrumental in getting Mr. Samuel Harrison, a very rich slaveholder, to emancipate his slaves; and by some means got the impression that he was laboring to effect the emancipation of all the slaves

When he was at our house, we were sure to be called in to prayers

When the others were there, we were sometimes called in and sometimes not

Mr. Cookman took more notice of us than either of the other ministers

He could not come among us without betraying his sympathy for us, and, stupid as we were, we had the sagacity to see it

While I lived with my master in St

Michael's, there was a white young man, a Mr. Wilson, who proposed to keep a Sabbath school for the instruction of such slaves as might be disposed to learn to read the New Testament

We met but three times, when Mr. West and Mr. Fairbanks, both class-leaders, with many others, came upon us with sticks and other missiles, drove us off, and forbade us to meet again

Thus ended our little Sabbath school in the pious town of St

Michael's

I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty

As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge

I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and, in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of Scripture--"He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." Master would keep this lacerated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time

I have known him to tie her up early in the morning, and whip her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash

The secret of master's cruelty toward "Henny" is found in the fact of her being almost helpless

When quite a child, she fell into the fire, and burned herself horribly

Her hands were so burnt that she never got the use of them

She could 45 do very little but bear heavy burdens She was to master a bill of expense; and as he was a mean man, she was a constant offence to him

He seemed desirous of getting the poor girl out of existence

He gave her away once to his sister; but, being a poor gift, she was not disposed to keep her

Finally, my benevolent master, to use his own words, "set her adrift to take care of herself." Here was a recently- converted man, holding on upon the mother, and at the same time turning out her helpless child, to starve and die! Master Thomas was one of the many pious slaveholders who hold slaves for the very charitable purpose of taking care of them

My master and myself had quite a number of differences

He found me unsuitable to his purpose

My city life, he said, had had a very pernicious effect upon me

It had almost ruined me for every good purpose, and fitted me for every thing which was bad

One of my greatest faults was that of letting his horse run away, and go down to his father-in-law's farm, which was about five miles from St

Michael's

I would then have to go after it

My reason for this kind of carelessness, or carefulness, was, that I could always get something to eat when I went there

Master William Hamilton, my master's father-in-law, always gave his slaves enough to eat

I never left there hungry, no matter how great the need of my speedy return

Master Thomas at length said he would stand it no longer

I had lived with him nine months, during which time he had given me a number of severe whippings, all to no good purpose

He resolved to put me out, as he said, to be broken; and, for this purpose, he let me for one year to a man named Edward Covey

Mr. Covey was a poor man, a farm-renter

He rented the place upon which he lived, as also the hands with which he tilled it

Mr. Covey had acquired a very high reputation for breaking young slaves, and this reputation was of immense value to him

It enabled him to get his farm tilled with much less expense to himself than he could have had it done without such a reputation

Some slaveholders thought it not much loss to allow Mr. Covey to have their slaves one year, for the sake

of the training to which they were subjected, without any other compensation

He could hire young help with great ease, in consequence of this reputation

Added to the natural good qualities of Mr. Covey, he was a professor of religion--a pious soul--a member and a class-leader in the Methodist church

All of this added weight to his reputation as a "nigger-breaker." I was aware of all the facts, having been made acquainted with them by a young man who had lived there

I nevertheless made the change gladly; for I was sure of getting enough to eat, which is not the smallest consideration to a hungry man

46 CHAPTER X I had left Master Thomas's house, and went to live with Mr. Covey, on the 1st of January, 1833

I was now, for the first time in my life, a field hand

In my new employment, I found myself even more awkward than a country boy appeared to be in a large city

I had been at my new home but one week before Mr. Covey gave me a very severe whipping, cutting my back, causing the blood to run, and raising ridges on my flesh as large as my little finger

The details of this affair are as follows: Mr. Covey sent me, very early in the morning of one of our coldest days in the month of January, to the woods, to get a load of wood

He gave me a team of unbroken oxen

He told me which was the in-hand ox, and which the off-hand one

He then tied the end of a large rope around the horns of the in-hand ox, and gave me the other end of it, and told me, if the oxen started to run, that I must hold on upon the rope

I had never driven oxen before, and of course I was very awkward

I, however, succeeded in getting to the edge of the woods with little difficulty; but I had got a very few rods into the woods, when the oxen took fright, and started full tilt, carrying the cart against trees, and over stumps, in the most frightful manner

I expected every moment that my brains would be dashed out against the trees

After running thus for a considerable distance, they finally upset the cart, dashing it with great force against a tree, and threw themselves into a dense thicket

How I escaped death, I do not know

There I was, entirely alone, in a thick wood, in a place new to me

My cart was upset and shattered, my oxen were entangled among the young trees, and there was none to help me

After a long spell of effort, I succeeded in getting my cart righted, my oxen disentangled, and again yoked to the cart

I now proceeded with my team to the place where I had, the day before, been chopping wood, and loaded my cart pretty heavily, thinking in this way to tame my oxen

I then proceeded on my way home

I had now consumed one half of the day

I got out of the woods safely, and now felt out of danger

I stopped my oxen to open the woods gate; and just as I did so, before I could get hold of my ox-rope, the oxen again started, rushed through the gate, catching it between the wheel and the body of the cart, tearing it to pieces, and coming within a few inches of crushing me against the gate-post

Thus twice, in one short day, I escaped death by the merest chance

On my return, I told Mr. Covey 47 what had happened, and how it happened
 He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately
 I did so, and he followed on after me
 Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates
 He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his axe cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocketknife, he ordered me to take off my clothes
 I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on
 He repeated his order
 I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself
 Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after
 This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offences
 I lived with Mr. Covey one year
 During the first six months, of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me
 I was seldom free from a sore back
 My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me
 We were worked fully up to the point of endurance
 Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field with our hoes and ploughing teams
 Mr. Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it
 We were often less than five minutes taking our meals
 We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us; and at saving-fodder time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades
 Covey would be out with us
 The way he used to stand it, was this
 He would spend the most of his afternoons in bed
 He would then come out fresh in the evening, ready to urge us on with his words, example, and frequently with the whip
 Mr. Covey was one of the few slaveholders who could and did work with his hands
 He was a hard-working man
 He knew by himself just what a man or a boy could do
 There was no deceiving him
 His work went on in his absence almost as well as in his presence; and he had the faculty of making us feel that he was ever present with us
 This he did by surprising us
 He seldom approached the spot where we were at work openly, if he could do it secretly
 He always aimed at taking us by surprise
 Such was his cunning, that we used to call him, among ourselves, "the snake." When we were at work in the cornfield, he would sometimes crawl on his hands and knees to avoid detection, and all at once he would rise nearly in our midst, and scream out, "Ha, ha! Come, come! Dash on, dash on!" This being his mode of attack, it was never safe to stop a single minute
 His comings were like a thief in the night

48 He appeared to us as being ever at hand
 He was under every tree, behind every stump, in every bush, and at every window, on the plantation
 He would sometimes mount his horse, as if bound to St
 Michael's, a distance of seven miles, and in half an hour afterwards you would see him coiled up in the corner of the wood-fence, watching every motion of the slaves

He would, for this purpose, leave his horse tied up in the woods
 Again, he would sometimes walk up to us, and give us orders as though he was upon the point of starting on a long journey, turn his back upon us, and make as though he was going to the house to get ready; and, before he would get half way thither, he would turn short and crawl into a fence-corner, or behind some tree, and there watch us till the going down of the sun
 Mr. Covey's FORTE consisted in his power to deceive
 His life was devoted to planning and perpetrating the grossest deceptions
 Every thing he possessed in the shape of learning or religion, he made conform to his disposition to deceive
 He seemed to think himself equal to deceiving the Almighty
 He would make a short prayer in the morning, and a long prayer at night; and, strange as it may seem, few men would at times appear more devotional than he
 The exercises of his family devotions were always commenced with singing; and, as he was a very poor singer himself, the duty of raising the hymn generally came upon me
 He would read his hymn, and nod at me to commence
 I would at times do so; at others, I would not
 My non-compliance would almost always produce much confusion
 To show himself independent of me, he would start and stagger through with his hymn in the most discordant manner
 In this state of mind, he prayed with more than ordinary spirit
 Poor man! such was his disposition, and success at deceiving, I do verily believe that he sometimes deceived himself into the solemn belief, that he was a sincere worshipper of the most high God; and this, too, at a time when he may be said to have been guilty of compelling his woman slave to commit the sin of adultery
 The facts in the case are these: Mr. Covey was a poor man; he was just commencing in life; he was only able to buy one slave; and, shocking as is the fact, he bought her, as he said, for A BREEDER
 This woman was named Caroline
 Mr. Covey bought her from Mr. Thomas Lowe, about six miles from St
 Michael's
 She was a large, able-bodied woman, about twenty years old
 She had already given birth to one child, which proved her to be just what he wanted
 After buying her, he hired a married man of Mr. Samuel Harrison, to live with him one year; and him he used to fasten up with her every night! The result was, that, at the end of the year, the miserable woman gave birth to twins
 At this result Mr. Covey 49 seemed to be highly pleased, both with the man and the wretched woman
 Such was his joy, and that of his wife, that nothing they could do for Caroline during her confinement was too good, or too hard, to be done
 The children were regarded as being quite an addition to his wealth
 If at any one time of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey
 We were worked in all weathers
 It was never too hot or too cold; it could never rain, blow, hail, or snow, too hard for us to work in the field
 Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than of the night
 The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights too long for him

I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a few months of this discipline tamed me
Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me
I was broken in body, soul, and spirit
My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute! Sunday was my only leisure time
I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree
At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint beam of hope, that flickered for a moment, and then vanished
I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition
I was sometimes prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear
My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality
Our house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake Bay, whose broad bosom was ever white with sails from every quarter of the habitable globe
Those beautiful vessels, robed in purest white, so delightful to the eye of freemen, were to me so many shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me with thoughts of my wretched condition
I have often, in the deep stillness of a summer's Sabbath, stood all alone upon the lofty banks of that noble bay, and traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the countless number of sails moving off to the mighty ocean
The sight of these always affected me powerfully
My thoughts would compel utterance; and there, with no audience but the Almighty, I would pour out my soul's complaint, in my rude way, with an apostrophe to the moving multitude of ships:-- "You are loosed from your moorings, and are free; 50 I am fast in my chains, and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip! You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly round the world; I am confined in bands of iron! O that I were free! O, that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me and you, the turbid waters roll
Go on, go on
O that I could also go! Could I but swim! If I could fly! O, why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute! The glad ship is gone; she hides in the dim distance
I am left in the hottest hell of unending slavery
O God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free! Is there any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away
I will not stand it
Get caught, or get clear, I'll try it
I had as well die with ague as the fever
I have only one life to lose
I had as well be killed running as die standing
Only think of it; one hundred miles straight north, and I am free! Try it? Yes! God helping me, I will
It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave
I will take to the water
This very bay shall yet bear me into freedom
The steamboats steered in a north-east course from North Point
I will do the same; and when I get to the head of the bay, I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight through Delaware into Pennsylvania
When I get there, I shall not be required to have a pass; I can travel without being disturbed
Let but the first opportunity offer, and, come what will, I am off

Meanwhile, I will try to bear up under the yoke
I am not the only slave in the world
Why should I fret? I can bear as much as any of them
Besides, I am but a boy, and all boys are bound to some one
It may be that my misery in slavery will only increase my happiness when I get free
There is a better day coming." Thus I used to think, and thus I used to speak to myself; goaded almost to madness at one moment, and at the next reconciling myself to my wretched lot
I have already intimated that my condition was much worse, during the first six months of my stay at Mr. Covey's, than in the last six
The circumstances leading to the change in Mr. Covey's course toward me form an epoch in my humble history
You have seen how a man was made a slave; you shall see how a slave was made a man
On one of the hottest days of the month of August, 1833, Bill Smith, William Hughes, a slave named Eli, and myself, were engaged in fanning wheat
Hughes was clearing the fanned wheat from before the fan
Eli was turning, Smith was feeding, and I was carrying wheat to the fan
The work was simple, requiring strength rather than intellect; yet, to one entirely unused to such work, it came very hard
About three 51 o'clock of that day, I broke down; my strength failed me; I was seized with a violent aching of the head, attended with extreme dizziness; I trembled in every limb
Finding what was coming, I nerved myself up, feeling it would never do to stop work
I stood as long as I could stagger to the hopper with grain
When I could stand no longer, I fell, and felt as if held down by an immense weight
The fan of course stopped; every one had his own work to do; and no one could do the work of the other, and have his own go on at the same time
Mr. Covey was at the house, about one hundred yards from the treading-yard where we were fanning
On hearing the fan stop, he left immediately, and came to the spot where we were
He hastily inquired what the matter was
Bill answered that I was sick, and there was no one to bring wheat to the fan
I had by this time crawled away under the side of the post and rail-fence by which the yard was enclosed, hoping to find relief by getting out of the sun
He then asked where I was
He was told by one of the hands
He came to the spot, and, after looking at me awhile, asked me what was the matter
I told him as well as I could, for I scarce had strength to speak
He then gave me a savage kick in the side, and told me to get up
I tried to do so, but fell back in the attempt
He gave me another kick, and again told me to rise
I again tried, and succeeded in gaining my feet; but, stooping to get the tub with which I was feeding the fan, I again staggered and fell
While down in this situation, Mr. Covey took up the hickory slat with which Hughes had been striking off the half-bushel measure, and with it gave me a heavy blow upon the head, making a large wound, and the blood ran freely; and with this again told me to get up
I made no effort to comply, having now made up my mind to let him do his worst
In a short time after receiving this blow, my head grew better

Mr. Covey had now left me to my fate
At this moment I resolved, for the first time, to go to my master, enter a complaint, and ask his protection
In order to do this, I must that afternoon walk seven miles; and this, under the circumstances, was truly a severe undertaking
I was exceedingly feeble; made so as much by the kicks and blows which I received, as by the severe fit of sickness to which I had been subjected
I, however, watched my chance, while Covey was looking in an opposite direction, and started for St Michael's
I succeeded in getting a considerable distance on my way to the woods, when Covey discovered me, and called after me to come back, threatening what he would do if I did not come
I disregarded both his calls and his threats, and made my way to the woods as fast as my feeble state would allow; and thinking I might be over 52 hauled by him if I kept the road, I walked through the woods, keeping far enough from the road to avoid detection, and near enough to prevent losing my way
I had not gone far before my little strength again failed me
I could go no farther
I fell down, and lay for a considerable time
The blood was yet oozing from the wound on my head
For a time I thought I should bleed to death; and think now that I should have done so, but that the blood so matted my hair as to stop the wound
After lying there about three quarters of an hour, I nerved myself up again, and started on my way, through bogs and briers, barefooted and bareheaded, tearing my feet sometimes at nearly every step; and after a journey of about seven miles, occupying some five hours to perform it, I arrived at master's store
I then presented an appearance enough to affect any but a heart of iron
From the crown of my head to my feet, I was covered with blood
My hair was all clotted with dust and blood; my shirt was stiff with blood
I suppose I looked like a man who had escaped a den of wild beasts, and barely escaped them
In this state I appeared before my master, humbly entreating him to interpose his authority for my protection
I told him all the circumstances as well as I could, and it seemed, as I spoke, at times to affect him
He would then walk the floor, and seek to justify Covey by saying he expected I deserved it
He asked me what I wanted
I told him, to let me get a new home; that as sure as I lived with Mr. Covey again, I should live with but to die with him; that Covey would surely kill me; he was in a fair way for it
Master Thomas ridiculed the idea that there was any danger of Mr. Covey's killing me, and said that he knew Mr. Covey; that he was a good man, and that he could not think of taking me from him; that, should he do so, he would lose the whole year's wages; that I belonged to Mr. Covey for one year, and that I must go back to him, come what might; and that I must not trouble him with any more stories, or that he would himself GET HOLD OF ME
After threatening me thus, he gave me a very large dose of salts, telling me that I might remain in St Michael's that night, (it being quite late,) but that I must be off back to Mr. Covey's early in the morning; and that if I did not, he would ~get hold of me,~ which meant that he would whip me
I remained all night, and, according to his orders, I started off to Covey's in the morning, (Saturday morning,) wearied in body and broken in spirit

I got no supper that night, or breakfast that morning
I reached Covey's about nine o'clock; and just as I was getting over the fence that divided Mrs Kemp's fields from ours, out ran Covey with his cowskin, to give me another whipping
Before he could reach me, I succeeded in getting to the cornfield; and as the corn was very high, it afforded 53 me the means of hiding
He seemed very angry, and searched for me a long time
My behavior was altogether unaccountable
He finally gave up the chase, thinking, I suppose, that I must come home for something to eat; he would give himself no further trouble in looking for me
I spent that day mostly in the woods, having the alternative before me,--to go home and be whipped to death, or stay in the woods and be starved to death
That night, I fell in with Sandy Jenkins, a slave with whom I was somewhat acquainted
Sandy had a free wife who lived about four miles from Mr. Covey's; and it being Saturday, he was on his way to see her
I told him my circumstances, and he very kindly invited me to go home with him
I went home with him, and talked this whole matter over, and got his advice as to what course it was best for me to pursue
I found Sandy an old adviser
He told me, with great solemnity, I must go back to Covey; but that before I went, I must go with him into another part of the woods, where there was a certain ~root,~ which, if I would take some of it with me, carrying it ~always on my right side,~ would render it impossible for Mr. Covey, or any other white man, to whip me
He said he had carried it for years; and since he had done so, he had never received a blow, and never expected to while he carried it
I at first rejected the idea, that the simple carrying of a root in my pocket would have any such effect as he had said, and was not disposed to take it; but Sandy impressed the necessity with much earnestness, telling me it could do no harm, if it did no good
To please him, I at length took the root, and, according to his direction, carried it upon my right side
This was Sunday morning
I immediately started for home; and upon entering the yard gate, out came Mr. Covey on his way to meeting
He spoke to me very kindly, bade me drive the pigs from a lot near by, and passed on towards the church
Now, this singular conduct of Mr. Covey really made me begin to think that there was something in the ROOT which Sandy had given me; and had it been on any other day than Sunday, I could have attributed the conduct to no other cause than the influence of that root; and as it was, I was half inclined to think the ~root~ to be something more than I at first had taken it to be
All went well till Monday morning
On this morning, the virtue of the ROOT was fully tested
Long before daylight, I was called to go and rub, curry, and feed, the horses
I obeyed, and was glad to obey
But whilst thus engaged, whilst in the act of throwing down some blades from the loft, Mr. Covey entered the stable with a long rope; and just as I was half out of the loft, he caught hold of my legs, and was about tying me
As soon as I found what he was up to, I gave a sudden spring, and as I did so, he holding to my 54 legs, I was brought sprawling on the stable floor
Mr. Covey seemed now to think he had me, and could do what he pleased; but at this moment-- from

whence came the spirit I don't know--I resolved to fight; and, suiting my action to the resolution, I seized Covey hard by the throat; and as I did so, I rose He held on to me, and I to him My resistance was so entirely unexpected that Covey seemed taken all aback He trembled like a leaf This gave me assurance, and I held him uneasy, causing the blood to run where I touched him with the ends of my fingers Mr. Covey soon called out to Hughes for help Hughes came, and, while Covey held me, attempted to tie my right hand While he was in the act of doing so, I watched my chance, and gave him a heavy kick close under the ribs This kick fairly sickened Hughes, so that he left me in the hands of Mr. Covey This kick had the effect of not only weakening Hughes, but Covey also When he saw Hughes bending over with pain, his courage quailed He asked me if I meant to persist in my resistance I told him I did, come what might; that he had used me like a brute for six months, and that I was determined to be used so no longer With that, he strove to drag me to a stick that was lying just out of the stable door He meant to knock me down But just as he was leaning over to get the stick, I seized him with both hands by his collar, and brought him by a sudden snatch to the ground By this time, Bill came Covey called upon him for assistance Bill wanted to know what he could do Covey said, "Take hold of him, take hold of him!" Bill said his master hired him out to work, and not to help to whip me; so he left Covey and myself to fight our own battle out We were at it for nearly two hours Covey at length let me go, puffing and blowing at a great rate, saying that if I had not resisted, he would not have whipped me half so much The truth was, that he had not whipped me at all I considered him as getting entirely the worst end of the bargain; for he had drawn no blood from me, but I had from him The whole six months afterwards, that I spent with Mr. Covey, he never laid the weight of his finger upon me in anger He would occasionally say, he didn't want to get hold of me again "No," thought I, "you need not; for you will come off worse than you did before." This battle with Mr. Covey was the turningpoint in my career as a slave It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within me a sense of my own manhood It recalled the departed self-confidence, and inspired me again with a determination to be free The gratification afforded by the triumph was a full compensation for whatever else might follow, even death itself He 55 only can understand the deep satisfaction which I experienced, who has himself repelled by force the bloody arm of slavery I felt as I never felt before It was a glorious resurrection, from the tomb of slavery, to the heaven of freedom My long-crushed spirit rose, cowardice departed, bold defiance took its place; and I now resolved that, however long I might remain a slave in form, the day had passed forever when I could be a slave in fact

I did not hesitate to let it be known of me, that the white man who expected to succeed in whipping, must also succeed in killing me From this time I was never again what might be called fairly whipped, though I remained a slave four years afterwards I had several fights, but was never whipped It was for a long time a matter of surprise to me why Mr. Covey did not immediately have me taken by the constable to the whipping-post, and there regularly whipped for the crime of raising my hand against a white man in defence of myself And the only explanation I can now think of does not entirely satisfy me; but such as it is, I will give it Mr. Covey enjoyed the most unbounded reputation for being a first-rate overseer and negro-breaker It was of considerable importance to him That reputation was at stake; and had he sent me--a boy about sixteen years old--to the public whipping-post, his reputation would have been lost; so, to save his reputation, he suffered me to go unpunished My term of actual service to Mr. Edward Covey ended on Christmas day, 1833 The days between Christmas and New Year's day are allowed as holidays; and, accordingly, we were not required to perform any labor, more than to feed and take care of the stock This time we regarded as our own, by the grace of our masters; and we therefore used or abused it nearly as we pleased Those of us who had families at a distance, were generally allowed to spend the whole six days in their society This time, however, was spent in various ways The staid, sober, thinking and industrious ones of our number would employ themselves in making corn-brooms, mats, horse-collars, and baskets; and another class of us would spend the time in hunting opossums, hares, and coons But by far the larger part engaged in such sports and merriments as playing ball, wrestling, running foot-races, fiddling, dancing, and drinking whisky; and this latter mode of spending the time was by far the most agreeable to the feelings of our masters A slave who would work during the holidays was considered by our masters as scarcely deserving them He was regarded as one who rejected the favor of his master It was deemed 56 a disgrace not to get drunk at Christmas; and he was regarded as lazy indeed, who had not provided himself with the necessary means, during the year, to get whisky enough to last him through Christmas From what I know of the effect of these holidays upon the slave, I believe them to be among the most effective means in the hands of the slaveholder in keeping down the spirit of insurrection Were the slaveholders at once to abandon this practice, I have not the slightest doubt it would lead to an immediate insurrection among the slaves These holidays serve as conductors, or safety-valves, to carry off the rebellious spirit of enslaved humanity But for these, the slave would be forced up to the wildest desperation; and woe betide the slaveholder, the day he ventures to remove or hinder the operation of those conductors! I warn him that, in such an event, a spirit will go forth in their midst, more to be dreaded than the most appalling earthquake The holidays are part and parcel of the gross fraud, wrong, and inhumanity of slavery They are professedly a custom established by the benevolence of the slaveholders; but I undertake to say, it is the result of selfishness, and one of the

grossest frauds committed upon the down-trodden slave

They do not give the slaves this time because they would not like to have their work during its continuance, but because they know it would be unsafe to deprive them of it

This will be seen by the fact, that the slaveholders like to have their slaves spend those days just in such a manner as to make them as glad of their ending as of their beginning

Their object seems to be, to disgust their slaves with freedom, by plunging them into the lowest depths of dissipation

For instance, the slaveholders not only like to see the slave drink of his own accord, but will adopt various plans to make him drunk

One plan is, to make bets on their slaves, as to who can drink the most whisky without getting drunk; and in this way they succeed in getting whole multitudes to drink to excess

Thus, when the slave asks for virtuous freedom, the cunning slaveholder, knowing his ignorance, cheats him with a dose of vicious dissipation, artfully labelled with the name of liberty

The most of us used to drink it down, and the result was just what might be supposed; many of us were led to think that there was little to choose between liberty and slavery

We felt, and very properly too, that we had almost as well be slaves to man as to rum

So, when the holidays ended, we staggered up from the filth of our wallowing, took a long breath, and marched to the field,--feeling, upon the whole, rather glad to go, from what our master had deceived us into a belief was freedom, back to the arms of slavery

57 I have said that this mode of treatment is a part of the whole system of fraud and inhumanity of slavery

It is so

The mode here adopted to disgust the slave with freedom, by allowing him to see only the abuse of it, is carried out in other things

For instance, a slave loves molasses; he steals some His master, in many cases, goes off to town, and buys a large quantity; he returns, takes his whip, and commands the slave to eat the molasses, until the poor fellow is made sick at the very mention of it

The same mode is sometimes adopted to make the slaves refrain from asking for more food than their regular allowance

A slave runs through his allowance, and applies for more

His master is enraged at him; but, not willing to send him off without food, gives him more than is necessary, and compels him to eat it within a given time

Then, if he complains that he cannot eat it, he is said to be satisfied neither full nor fasting, and is whipped for being hard to please! I have an abundance of such illustrations of the same principle, drawn from my own observation, but think the cases I have cited sufficient The practice is a very common one

On the first of January, 1834, I left Mr. Covey, and went to live with Mr. William Freeland, who lived about three miles from St

Michael's

I soon found Mr. Freeland a very different man from Mr. Covey

Though not rich, he was what would be called an educated southern gentleman

Mr. Covey, as I have shown, was a well-trained negro-breaker and slave-driver

The former (slaveholder though he was) seemed to possess some regard for honor, some reverence for justice, and some respect for humanity

The latter seemed totally insensible to all such sentiments

Mr. Freeland had many of the faults peculiar to slaveholders, such as being very passionate and fretful; but I must do him the justice to say, that he was exceedingly free from those degrading vices to which Mr. Covey was constantly addicted

The one was open and frank, and we always knew where to find him

The other was a most artful deceiver, and could be understood only by such as were skilful enough to detect his cunningly- devised frauds

Another advantage I gained in my new master was, he made no pretensions to, or profession of, religion; and this, in my opinion, was truly a great advantage

I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes,--a justifier of the most appalling barbarity,--a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds,--and a dark shelter under, which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection

Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement, I should regard 58 being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me

For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst

I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly, of all others

It was my unhappy lot not only to belong to a religious slaveholder, but to live in a community of such religionists

Very near Mr. Freeland lived the Rev

Daniel Weeden, and in the same neighborhood lived the Rev

Rigby Hopkins

These were members and ministers in the Reformed Methodist Church

Mr. Weeden owned, among others, a woman slave, whose name I have forgotten

This woman's back, for weeks, was kept literally raw, made so by the lash of this merciless, ~religious~ wretch

He used to hire hands

His maxim was, Behave well or behave ill, it is the duty of a master occasionally to whip a slave, to remind him of his master's authority

Such was his theory, and such his practice

Mr. Hopkins was even worse than Mr. Weeden

His chief boast was his ability to manage slaves

The peculiar feature of his government was that of whipping slaves in advance of deserving it

He always managed to have one or more of his slaves to whip every Monday morning

He did this to alarm their fears, and strike terror into those who escaped

His plan was to whip for the smallest offences, to prevent the commission of large ones

Mr. Hopkins could always find some excuse for whipping a slave

It would astonish one, unaccustomed to a slaveholding life, to see with what wonderful ease a slaveholder can find things, of which to make occasion to whip a slave

A mere look, word, or motion,--a mistake, accident, or want of power,--are all matters for which a slave may be whipped at any time

Does a slave look dissatisfied? It is said, he has the devil in him, and it must be whipped out

Does he speak loudly when spoken to by his master? Then he is getting high-minded, and should be taken down a button-hole lower

Does he forget to pull off his hat at the approach of a white person? Then he is wanting in reverence, and should be whipped for it

Does he ever venture to vindicate his conduct, when censured for it? Then he is guilty of impudence,-- one of the greatest crimes of which a slave can be guilty

Does he ever venture to suggest a different mode of doing things from that pointed out by his master? He is indeed presumptuous, and getting above himself; and nothing less than a flogging will do for him

Does he, while ploughing, break a plough,--or, while hoeing, break a hoe? It is owing to his carelessness, and for it a slave must always be whipped

Mr. Hopkins could always find something of this sort to justify the use of the lash, and he seldom failed to embrace such opportunities

There was not a man in the whole county, with 59 whom the slaves who had the getting their own home, would not prefer to live, rather than with this Rev Mr. Hopkins

And yet there was not a man any where round, who made higher professions of religion, or was more active in revivals,--more attentive to the class, love-feast, prayer and preaching meetings, or more devotional in his family,-- that prayed earlier, later, louder, and longer,--than this same reverend slave-driver, Rigby Hopkins

But to return to Mr. Freeland, and to my experience while in his employment

He, like Mr. Covey, gave us enough to eat; but, unlike Mr. Covey, he also gave us sufficient time to take our meals

He worked us hard, but always between sunrise and sunset

He required a good deal of work to be done, but gave us good tools with which to work

His farm was large, but he employed hands enough to work it, and with ease, compared with many of his neighbors

My treatment, while in his employment, was heavenly, compared with what I experienced at the hands of Mr. Edward Covey

Mr. Freeland was himself the owner of but two slaves Their names were Henry Harris and John Harris

The rest of his hands he hired These consisted of myself, Sandy Jenkins,* and Handy Caldwell

Henry and John were quite intelligent, and in a very little while after I went there, I succeeded in creating in them a strong desire to learn how to read

This desire soon sprang up in the others also They very soon mustered up some old spelling-books, and nothing would do but that I must keep a Sabbath school

I agreed to do so, and accordingly devoted my Sundays to teaching these my loved fellow- slaves how to read

Neither of them knew his letters when I went there Some of the slaves of the neighboring farms found what was going on, and also availed themselves of this little opportunity to learn to read

It was understood, among all who came, that there must be as little display about it as possible

It was necessary to keep our religious masters at St Michael's unacquainted with the fact, that, instead of spending the Sabbath in wrestling, boxing, and drinking whisky, we were trying to learn how to read the will of God; for they had much *This is the same man who gave me the roots to prevent my being whipped by Mr. Covey

He was "a clever soul." We used frequently to talk about the fight with Covey, and as often as we did so, he would claim my success as the result of the roots which he gave me

This superstition is very common among the more ignorant slaves

A slave seldom dies but that his death is attributed to trickery

rather see us engaged in those degrading sports, than to see us behaving like intellectual, moral, and ac 60 countable beings

My blood boils as I think of the bloody manner in which Messrs

Wright Fairbanks and Garrison West, both class-leaders, in connection with many others, rushed in upon us with sticks and stones, and broke up our virtuous little Sabbath school, at St

Michael's--all calling themselves Christians! humble followers of the Lord Jesus Christ! But I am again digressing

I held my Sabbath school at the house of a free colored man, whose name I deem it imprudent to mention; for should it be known, it might embarrass him greatly, though the crime of holding the school was committed ten years ago

I had at one time over forty scholars, and those of the right sort, ardently desiring to learn

They were of all ages, though mostly men and women I look back to those Sundays with an amount of pleasure not to be expressed

They were great days to my soul The work of instructing my dear fellow-slaves was the sweetest engagement with which I was ever blessed

We loved each other, and to leave them at the close of the Sabbath was a severe cross indeed

When I think that these precious souls are to-day shut up in the prison-house of slavery, my feelings overcome me, and I am almost ready to ask, "Does a righteous God govern the universe? and for what does he hold the thunders in his right hand, if not to smite the oppressor, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the spoiler?" These dear souls came not to Sabbath school because it was popular to do so, nor did I teach them because it was reputable to be thus engaged

Every moment they spent in that school, they were liable to be taken up, and given thirtynine lashes They came because they wished to learn

Their minds had been starved by their cruel masters They had been shut up in mental darkness

I taught them, because it was the delight of my soul to be doing something that looked like bettering the condition of my race

I kept up my school nearly the whole year I lived with Mr. Freeland; and, beside my Sabbath school, I devoted three evenings in the week, during the winter, to teaching the slaves at home

And I have the happiness to know, that several of those who came to Sabbath school learned how to read; and that one, at least, is now free through my agency

The year passed off smoothly It seemed only about half as long as the year which preceded it

I went through it without receiving a single blow I will give Mr. Freeland the credit of being the best master I ever had, ~till I became my own master.~

For the ease with which I passed the year, I was, however, somewhat indebted to the society of my fellow-slaves

They were noble souls; they not only possessed loving hearts, but brave ones

We 61 were linked and interlinked with each other I loved them with a love stronger than any thing I have experienced since

It is sometimes said that we slaves do not love and confide in each other

In answer to this assertion, I can say, I never loved any or confided in any people more than my

fellowslaves, and especially those with whom I lived at Mr. Freeland's
I believe we would have died for each other
We never undertook to do any thing, of any importance, without a mutual consultation
We never moved separately
We were one; and as much so by our tempers and dispositions, as by the mutual hardships to which we were necessarily subjected by our condition as slaves
At the close of the year 1834, Mr. Freeland again hired me of my master, for the year 1835
But, by this time, I began to want to live ~upon free land~ as well as ~with freeland;~ and I was no longer content, therefore, to live with him or any other slaveholder
I began, with the commencement of the year, to prepare myself for a final struggle, which should decide my fate one way or the other
My tendency was upward
I was fast approaching manhood, and year after year had passed, and I was still a slave
These thoughts roused me--I must do something
I therefore resolved that 1835 should not pass without witnessing an attempt, on my part, to secure my liberty
But I was not willing to cherish this determination alone
My fellow-slaves were dear to me
I was anxious to have them participate with me in this, my life-giving determination
I therefore, though with great prudence, commenced early to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition, and to imbue their minds with thoughts of freedom
I bent myself to devising ways and means for our escape, and meanwhile strove, on all fitting occasions, to impress them with the gross fraud and inhumanity of slavery
I went first to Henry, next to John, then to the others
I found, in them all, warm hearts and noble spirits
They were ready to hear, and ready to act when a feasible plan should be proposed
This was what I wanted
I talked to them of our want of manhood, if we submitted to our enslavement without at least one noble effort to be free
We met often, and consulted frequently, and told our hopes and fears, recounted the difficulties, real and imagined, which we should be called on to meet
At times we were almost disposed to give up, and try to content ourselves with our wretched lot; at others, we were firm and unbending in our determination to go
Whenever we suggested any plan, there was shrinking--the odds were fearful
Our path was beset with the greatest obstacles; and if we succeeded in gaining the end of it, our right to be free was yet questionable--we were yet liable to be returned to bondage
We could 62 see no spot, this side of the ocean, where we could be free
We knew nothing about Canada
Our knowledge of the north did not extend farther than New York; and to go there, and be forever harassed with the frightful liability of being returned to slavery--with the certainty of being treated tenfold worse than before--the thought was truly a horrible one, and one which it was not easy to overcome
The case sometimes stood thus: At every gate through which we were to pass, we saw a watchman --at every ferry a guard--on every bridge a sentinel-- and in every wood a patrol
We were hemmed in upon every side

Here were the difficulties, real or imagined--the good to be sought, and the evil to be shunned
On the one hand, there stood slavery, a stern reality, glaring frightfully upon us,--its robes already crimsoned with the blood of millions, and even now feasting itself greedily upon our own flesh
On the other hand, away back in the dim distance, under the flickering light of the north star, behind some craggy hill or snow-covered mountain, stood a doubtful freedom--half frozen--beckoning us to come and share its hospitality
This in itself was sometimes enough to stagger us; but when we permitted ourselves to survey the road, we were frequently appalled
Upon either side we saw grim death, assuming the most horrid shapes
Now it was starvation, causing us to eat our own flesh;--now we were contending with the waves, and were drowned; --now we were overtaken, and torn to pieces by the fangs of the terrible bloodhound
We were stung by scorpions, chased by wild beasts, bitten by snakes, and finally, after having nearly reached the desired spot,--after swimming rivers, encountering wild beasts, sleeping in the woods, suffering hunger and nakedness,--we were overtaken by our pursuers, and, in our resistance, we were shot dead upon the spot! I say, this picture sometimes appalled us, and made us "rather bear those ills we had, Than fly to others, that we knew not of." In coming to a fixed determination to run away, we did more than Patrick Henry, when he resolved upon liberty or death
With us it was a doubtful liberty at most, and almost certain death if we failed
For my part, I should prefer death to hopeless bondage
Sandy, one of our number, gave up the notion, but still encouraged us
Our company then consisted of Henry Harris, John Harris, Henry Bailey, Charles Roberts, and myself
Henry Bailey was my uncle, 63 and belonged to my master
Charles married my aunt: he belonged to my master's father-in-law, Mr. William Hamilton
The plan we finally concluded upon was, to get a large canoe belonging to Mr. Hamilton, and upon the Saturday night previous to Easter holidays, paddle directly up the Chesapeake Bay
On our arrival at the head of the bay, a distance of seventy or eighty miles from where we lived, it was our purpose to turn our canoe adrift, and follow the guidance of the north star till we got beyond the limits of Maryland
Our reason for taking the water route was, that we were less liable to be suspected as runaways; we hoped to be regarded as fishermen; whereas, if we should take the land route, we should be subjected to interruptions of almost every kind
Any one having a white face, and being so disposed, could stop us, and subject us to examination
The week before our intended start, I wrote several protections, one for each of us
As well as I can remember, they were in the following words, to wit:-- "This is to certify that I, the undersigned, have given the bearer, my servant, full liberty to go to Baltimore, and spend the Easter holidays
Written with mine own hand, &c., 1835
"WILLIAM HAMILTON, "Near St Michael's, in Talbot county, Maryland." We were not going to Baltimore; but, in going up the bay, we went toward Baltimore, and these protections were only intended to protect us while on the bay

As the time drew near for our departure, our anxiety became more and more intense
It was truly a matter of life and death with us
The strength of our determination was about to be fully tested
At this time, I was very active in explaining every difficulty, removing every doubt, dispelling every fear, and inspiring all with the firmness indispensable to success in our undertaking; assuring them that half was gained the instant we made the move; we had talked long enough; we were now ready to move; if not now, we never should be; and if we did not intend to move now, we had as well fold our arms, sit down, and acknowledge ourselves fit only to be slaves
This, none of us were prepared to acknowledge
Every man stood firm; and at our last meeting, we pledged ourselves afresh, in the most solemn 64 manner, that, at the time appointed, we would certainly start in pursuit of freedom
This was in the middle of the week, at the end of which we were to be off
We went, as usual, to our several fields of labor, but with bosoms highly agitated with thoughts of our truly hazardous undertaking
We tried to conceal our feelings as much as possible; and I think we succeeded very well
After a painful waiting, the Saturday morning, whose night was to witness our departure, came
I hailed it with joy, bring what of sadness it might
Friday night was a sleepless one for me
I probably felt more anxious than the rest, because I was, by common consent, at the head of the whole affair
The responsibility of success or failure lay heavily upon me
The glory of the one, and the confusion of the other, were alike mine
The first two hours of that morning were such as I never experienced before, and hope never to again
Early in the morning, we went, as usual, to the field
We were spreading manure; and all at once, while thus engaged, I was overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling, in the fulness of which I turned to Sandy, who was near by, and said, "We are betrayed!" "Well," said he, "that thought has this moment struck me." We said no more
I was never more certain of any thing
The horn was blown as usual, and we went up from the field to the house for breakfast
I went for the form, more than for want of any thing to eat that morning
Just as I got to the house, in looking out at the lane gate, I saw four white men, with two colored men
The white men were on horseback, and the colored ones were walking behind, as if tied
I watched them a few moments till they got up to our lane gate
Here they halted, and tied the colored men to the gate-post
I was not yet certain as to what the matter was
In a few moments, in rode Mr. Hamilton, with a speed betokening great excitement
He came to the door, and inquired if Master William was in
He was told he was at the barn
Mr. Hamilton, without dismounting, rode up to the barn with extraordinary speed
In a few moments, he and Mr. Freeland returned to the house
By this time, the three constables rode up, and in great haste dismounted, tied their horses, and met Master William and Mr. Hamilton returning from the barn; and after talking awhile, they all walked up to the kitchen door

There was no one in the kitchen but myself and John Henry and Sandy were up at the barn
Mr. Freeland put his head in at the door, and called me by name, saying, there were some gentlemen at the door who wished to see me
I stepped to the door, and inquired what they wanted
They at once seized me, and, without giving me any satis 65 faction, tied me--lashing my hands closely together
I insisted upon knowing what the matter was
They at length said, that they had learned I had been in a "scrape," and that I was to be examined before my master; and if their information proved false, I should not be hurt
In a few moments, they succeeded in tying John
They then turned to Henry, who had by this time returned, and commanded him to cross his hands
"I won't!" said Henry, in a firm tone, indicating his readiness to meet the consequences of his refusal
"Won't you?" said Tom Graham, the constable
"No, I won't!" said Henry, in a still stronger tone
With this, two of the constables pulled out their shining pistols, and swore, by their Creator, that they would make him cross his hands or kill him
Each cocked his pistol, and, with fingers on the trigger, walked up to Henry, saying, at the same time, if he did not cross his hands, they would blow his damned heart out
"Shoot me, shoot me!" said Henry; "you can't kill me but once
Shoot, shoot,--and be damned! ~I won't be tied!~"
This he said in a tone of loud defiance; and at the same time, with a motion as quick as lightning, he with one single stroke dashed the pistols from the hand of each constable
As he did this, all hands fell upon him, and, after beating him some time, they finally overpowered him, and got him tied
During the scuffle, I managed, I know not how, to get my pass out, and, without being discovered, put it into the fire
We were all now tied; and just as we were to leave for Easton jail, Betsy Freeland, mother of William Freeland, came to the door with her hands full of biscuits, and divided them between Henry and John
She then delivered herself of a speech, to the following effect:--addressing herself to me, she said, "~You devil! You yellow devil!~ it was you that put it into the heads of Henry and John to run away
But for you, you long-legged mulatto devil! Henry nor John would never have thought of such a thing." I made no reply, and was immediately hurried off towards St Michael's
Just a moment previous to the scuffle with Henry, Mr. Hamilton suggested the propriety of making a search for the protections which he had understood Frederick had written for himself and the rest
But, just at the moment he was about carrying his proposal into effect, his aid was needed in helping to tie Henry; and the excitement attending the scuffle caused them either to forget, or to deem it unsafe, under the circumstances, to search
So we were not yet convicted of the intention to run away
When we got about half way to St Michael's, while the constables having us in charge were look 66 ing ahead, Henry inquired of me what he should do with his pass
I told him to eat it with his biscuit, and own nothing; and we passed the word around, "~Own nothing;~" and "~Own nothing!~" said we all
Our confidence in each other was unshaken

We were resolved to succeed or fail together, after the calamity had befallen us as much as before
 We were now prepared for any thing
 We were to be dragged that morning fifteen miles behind horses, and then to be placed in the Easton jail
 When we reached St Michael's, we underwent a sort of examination
 We all denied that we ever intended to run away
 We did this more to bring out the evidence against us, than from any hope of getting clear of being sold; for, as I have said, we were ready for that
 The fact was, we cared but little where we went, so we went together
 Our greatest concern was about separation
 We dreaded that more than any thing this side of death
 We found the evidence against us to be the testimony of one person; our master would not tell who it was; but we came to a unanimous decision among ourselves as to who their informant was
 We were sent off to the jail at Easton
 When we got there, we were delivered up to the sheriff, Mr. Joseph Graham, and by him placed in jail
 Henry, John, and myself, were placed in one room together--Charles, and Henry Bailey, in another
 Their object in separating us was to hinder concert
 We had been in jail scarcely twenty minutes, when a swarm of slave traders, and agents for slave traders, flocked into jail to look at us, and to ascertain if we were for sale
 Such a set of beings I never saw before! I felt myself surrounded by so many fiends from perdition
 A band of pirates never looked more like their father, the devil
 They laughed and grinned over us, saying, "Ah, my boys! we have got you, haven't we?" And after taunting us in various ways, they one by one went into an examination of us, with intent to ascertain our value
 They would impudently ask us if we would not like to have them for our masters
 We would make them no answer, and leave them to find out as best they could
 Then they would curse and swear at us, telling us that they could take the devil out of us in a very little while, if we were only in their hands
 While in jail, we found ourselves in much more comfortable quarters than we expected when we went there
 We did not get much to eat, nor that which was very good; but we had a good clean room, from the windows of which we could see what was going on in the street, which was very much better than though we had been placed in one of the dark, damp cells
 Upon the whole, we got along very well, so far as the jail and its keeper were concerned
 67 Immediately after the holidays were over, contrary to all our expectations, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Freeland came up to Easton, and took Charles, the two Henrys, and John, out of jail, and carried them home, leaving me alone
 I regarded this separation as a final one
 It caused me more pain than any thing else in the whole transaction
 I was ready for any thing rather than separation
 I supposed that they had consulted together, and had decided that, as I was the whole cause of the intention of the others to run away, it was hard to make the innocent suffer with the guilty; and that they had, therefore, concluded to take the others home, and sell me, as a warning to the others that remained
 It is due to the noble Henry to say, he seemed almost as reluctant at leaving the prison as at leaving home to come to the prison

But we knew we should, in all probability, be separated, if we were sold; and since he was in their hands, he concluded to go peaceably home
 I was now left to my fate
 I was all alone, and within the walls of a stone prison
 But a few days before, and I was full of hope
 I expected to have been safe in a land of freedom; but now I was covered with gloom, sunk down to the utmost despair
 I thought the possibility of freedom was gone
 I was kept in this way about one week, at the end of which, Captain Auld, my master, to my surprise and utter astonishment, came up, and took me out, with the intention of sending me, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, into Alabama
 But, from some cause or other, he did not send me to Alabama, but concluded to send me back to Baltimore, to live again with his brother Hugh, and to learn a trade
 Thus, after an absence of three years and one month, I was once more permitted to return to my old home at Baltimore
 My master sent me away, because there existed against me a very great prejudice in the community, and he feared I might be killed
 In a few weeks after I went to Baltimore, Master Hugh hired me to Mr. William Gardner, an extensive ship-builder, on Fell's Point
 I was put there to learn how to calk
 It, however, proved a very unfavorable place for the accomplishment of this object
 Mr. Gardner was engaged that spring in building two large man-of-war brigs, professedly for the Mexican government
 The vessels were to be launched in the July of that year, and in failure thereof, Mr. Gardner was to lose a considerable sum; so that when I entered, all was hurry
 There was no time to learn any thing
 Every man had to do that which he knew how to do
 In entering the ship 68 yard, my orders from Mr. Gardner were, to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do
 This was placing me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men
 I was to regard all these as masters
 Their word was to be my law
 My situation was a most trying one
 At times I needed a dozen pair of hands
 I was called a dozen ways in the space of a single minute
 Three or four voices would strike my ear at the same moment
 It was--"Fred., come help me to cant this timber here."--"Fred., come carry this timber yonder."--"Fred., bring that roller here."-- "Fred., go get a fresh can of water."--"Fred., come help saw off the end of this timber."--"Fred., go quick, and get the crowbar."--"Fred., hold on the end of this fall."--"Fred., go to the blacksmith's shop, and get a new punch."--"Hurra, Fred.! run and bring me a cold chisel."--"I say, Fred., bear a hand, and get up a fire as quick as lightning under that steam-box."--"Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grindstone."--"Come, come! move, move! and BOWSE this timber forward."--"I say, darcy, blast your eyes, why don't you heat up some pitch?"--"Halloo! halloo! halloo!" (Three voices at the same time.) "Come here!--Go there!--Hold on where you are! Damn you, if you move, I'll knock your brains out!"
 This was my school for eight months; and I might have remained there longer, but for a most horrid fight I had with four of the white apprentices, in which my left eye was nearly knocked out, and I was horribly mangled in other respects

The facts in the case were these: Until a very little while after I went there, white and black ship-carpenters worked side by side, and no one seemed to see any impropriety in it
All hands seemed to be very well satisfied
Many of the black carpenters were freemen
Things seemed to be going on very well
All at once, the white carpenters knocked off, and said they would not work with free colored workmen
Their reason for this, as alleged, was, that if free colored carpenters were encouraged, they would soon take the trade into their own hands, and poor white men would be thrown out of employment
They therefore felt called upon at once to put a stop to it
And, taking advantage of Mr. Gardner's necessities, they broke off, swearing they would work no longer, unless he would discharge his black carpenters
Now, though this did not extend to me in form, it did reach me in fact
My fellow-apprentices very soon began to feel it degrading to them to work with me
They began to put on airs, and talk about the "niggers" taking the country, saying we all ought to be killed; and, being encouraged by the journeymen, they commenced making my condition as hard as they could, by hectoring me around, and sometimes striking me
I, of course, kept the vow I made after the fight with Mr. Covey, and struck 69 back again, regardless of consequences; and while I kept them from combining, I succeeded very well; for I could whip the whole of them, taking them separately
They, however, at length combined, and came upon me, armed with sticks, stones, and heavy handspikes
One came in front with a half brick
There was one at each side of me, and one behind me
While I was attending to those in front, and on either side, the one behind ran up with the handspike, and struck me a heavy blow upon the head
It stunned me
I fell, and with this they all ran upon me, and fell to beating me with their fists
I let them lay on for a while, gathering strength
In an instant, I gave a sudden surge, and rose to my hands and knees
Just as I did that, one of their number gave me, with his heavy boot, a powerful kick in the left eye
My eyeball seemed to have burst
When they saw my eye closed, and badly swollen, they left me
With this I seized the handspike, and for a time pursued them
But here the carpenters interfered, and I thought I might as well give it up
It was impossible to stand my hand against so many
All this took place in sight of not less than fifty white ship-carpenters, and not one interposed a friendly word; but some cried, "Kill the damned nigger! Kill him! kill him! He struck a white person." I found my only chance for life was in flight
I succeeded in getting away without an additional blow, and barely so; for to strike a white man is death by Lynch law,--and that was the law in Mr. Gardner's ship-yard; nor is there much of any other out of Mr. Gardner's ship-yard
I went directly home, and told the story of my wrongs to Master Hugh; and I am happy to say of him, irreligious as he was, his conduct was heavenly, compared with that of his brother Thomas under similar circumstances
He listened attentively to my narration of the circumstances leading to the savage outrage, and gave many proofs of his strong indignation at it

The heart of my once overkind mistress was again melted into pity
My puffed-out eye and blood-covered face moved her to tears
She took a chair by me, washed the blood from my face, and, with a mother's tenderness, bound up my head, covering the wounded eye with a lean piece of fresh beef
It was almost compensation for my suffering to witness, once more, a manifestation of kindness from this, my once affectionate old mistress
Master Hugh was very much enraged
He gave expression to his feelings by pouring out curses upon the heads of those who did the deed
As soon as I got a little the better of my bruises, he took me with him to Esquire Watson's, on Bond Street, to see what could be done about the matter
Mr. Watson inquired who saw the assault committed
Master Hugh told him it was done in Mr. Gardner's ship-yard at midday, 70 where there were a large company of men at work
"As to that," he said, "the deed was done, and there was no question as to who did it." His answer was, he could do nothing in the case, unless some white man would come forward and testify
He could issue no warrant on my word
If I had been killed in the presence of a thousand colored people, their testimony combined would have been insufficient to have arrested one of the murderers
Master Hugh, for once, was compelled to say this state of things was too bad
Of course, it was impossible to get any white man to volunteer his testimony in my behalf, and against the white young men
Even those who may have sympathized with me were not prepared to do this
It required a degree of courage unknown to them to do so; for just at that time, the slightest manifestation of humanity toward a colored person was denounced as abolitionism, and that name subjected its bearer to frightful liabilities
The watchwords of the bloody-minded in that region, and in those days, were, "Damn the abolitionists!" and "Damn the niggers!" There was nothing done, and probably nothing would have been done if I had been killed
Such was, and such remains, the state of things in the Christian city of Baltimore
Master Hugh, finding he could get no redress, refused to let me go back again to Mr. Gardner
He kept me himself, and his wife dressed my wound till I was again restored to health
He then took me into the ship-yard of which he was foreman, in the employment of Mr. Walter Price
There I was immediately set to calking, and very soon learned the art of using my mallet and irons
In the course of one year from the time I left Mr. Gardner's, I was able to command the highest wages given to the most experienced calkers
I was now of some importance to my master
I was bringing him from six to seven dollars per week
I sometimes brought him nine dollars per week: my wages were a dollar and a half a day
After learning how to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected the money which I earned
My pathway became much more smooth than before; my condition was now much more comfortable
When I could get no calking to do, I did nothing
During these leisure times, those old notions about freedom would steal over me again
When in Mr. Gardner's employment, I was kept in such a perpetual whirl of excitement, I could think of

nothing, scarcely, but my life; and in thinking of my life, I almost forgot my liberty

I have observed this in my experience of slavery,--that whenever my condition was improved, instead of its increasing my contentment, it only increased my desire to be free, and set me to thinking of plans to gain my freedom

I have found that, to make a contented slave, it is necessary to 71 make a thoughtless one

It is necessary to darken his moral and mental vision, and, as far as possible, to annihilate the power of reason

He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery; he must be made to feel that slavery is right; and he can be brought to that only when he ceases to be a man

I was now getting, as I have said, one dollar and fifty cents per day

I contracted for it; I earned it; it was paid to me; it was rightfully my own; yet, upon each returning Saturday night, I was compelled to deliver every cent of that money to Master Hugh

And why? Not because he earned it,--not because he had any hand in earning it,--not because I owed it to him,--nor because he possessed the slightest shadow of a right to it; but solely because he had the power to compel me to give it up

The right of the grim-visaged pirate upon the high seas is exactly the same

CHAPTER XI I now come to that part of my life during which I planned, and finally succeeded in making, my escape from slavery

But before narrating any of the peculiar circumstances, I deem it proper to make known my intention not to state all the facts connected with the transaction

My reasons for pursuing this course may be understood from the following: First, were I to give a minute statement of all the facts, it is not only possible, but quite probable, that others would thereby be involved in the most embarrassing difficulties

Secondly, such a statement would most undoubtedly induce greater vigilance on the part of slaveholders than has existed heretofore among them; which would, of course, be the means of guarding a door whereby some dear brother bondman might escape his galling chains

I deeply regret the necessity that impels me to suppress any thing of importance connected with my experience in slavery

It would afford me great pleasure indeed, as well as materially add to the interest of my narrative, were I at liberty to gratify a curiosity, which I know exists in the minds of many, by an accurate statement of all the facts pertaining to my most fortunate escape

But I must deprive myself of this pleasure, and the curious of the gratification which such a statement would afford

I would allow myself to suffer under the greatest imputations which evil-minded men might suggest, rather than exculpate myself, and thereby run the hazard of closing the slightest avenue by which a brother slave might clear himself of the chains and fetters of slavery

72 I have never approved of the very public manner in which some of our western friends have conducted what they call the ~underground railroad,~ but which I think, by their open declarations, has been made most emphatically the ~upperground railroad.~ I honor those good men and women for their noble daring, and applaud them for willingly subjecting themselves to bloody persecution, by openly avowing their participation in the escape of slaves

I, however, can see very little good resulting from such a course, either to themselves or the slaves

escaping; while, upon the other hand, I see and feel assured that those open declarations are a positive evil to the slaves remaining, who are seeking to escape They do nothing towards enlightening the slave, whilst they do much towards enlightening the master

They stimulate him to greater watchfulness, and enhance his power to capture his slave

We owe something to the slave south of the line as well as to those north of it; and in aiding the latter on their way to freedom, we should be careful to do nothing which would be likely to hinder the former from escaping from slavery

I would keep the merciless slaveholder profoundly ignorant of the means of flight adopted by the slave

I would leave him to imagine himself surrounded by myriads of invisible tormentors, ever ready to snatch from his infernal grasp his trembling prey

Let him be left to feel his way in the dark; let darkness commensurate with his crime hover over him; and let him feel that at every step he takes, in pursuit of the flying bondman, he is running the frightful risk of having his hot brains dashed out by an invisible agency

Let us render the tyrant no aid; let us not hold the light by which he can trace the footprints of our flying brother

But enough of this

I will now proceed to the statement of those facts, connected with my escape, for which I am alone responsible, and for which no one can be made to suffer but myself

In the early part of the year 1838, I became quite restless

I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master

When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent

He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me

It had the opposite effect

I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole

The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them

I always felt worse for having received any thing; for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honorable 73 sort of robber

My discontent grew upon me

I was ever on the look-out for means of escape; and, finding no direct means, I determined to try to hire my time, with a view of getting money with which to make my escape

In the spring of 1838, when Master Thomas came to Baltimore to purchase his spring goods, I got an opportunity, and applied to him to allow me to hire my time

He unhesitatingly refused my request, and told me this was another stratagem by which to escape

He told me I could go nowhere but that he could get me; and that, in the event of my running away, he should spare no pains in his efforts to catch me

He exhorted me to content myself, and be obedient

He told me, if I would be happy, I must lay out no plans for the future

He said, if I behaved myself properly, he would take care of me

Indeed, he advised me to complete thoughtlessness of the future, and taught me to depend solely upon him for happiness

He seemed to see fully the pressing necessity of setting aside my intellectual nature, in order to contentment in slavery

But in spite of him, and even in spite of myself, I continued to think, and to think about the injustice of my enslavement, and the means of escape

About two months after this, I applied to Master Hugh for the privilege of hiring my time

He was not acquainted with the fact that I had applied to Master Thomas, and had been refused

He too, at first, seemed disposed to refuse; but, after some reflection, he granted me the privilege, and proposed the following terms: I was to be allowed all my time, make all contracts with those for whom I worked, and find my own employment; and, in return for this liberty, I was to pay him three dollars at the end of each week; find myself in calking tools, and in board and clothing

My board was two dollars and a half per week

This, with the wear and tear of clothing and calking tools, made my regular expenses about six dollars per week

This amount I was compelled to make up, or relinquish the privilege of hiring my time

Rain or shine, work or no work, at the end of each week the money must be forthcoming, or I must give up my privilege

This arrangement, it will be perceived, was decidedly in my master's favor

It relieved him of all need of looking after me

His money was sure

He received all the benefits of slaveholding without its evils; while I endured all the evils of a slave, and suffered all the care and anxiety of a freeman

I found it a hard bargain

But, hard as it was, I thought it better than the old mode of getting along

It was a step towards freedom to be allowed to bear the responsibilities of a freeman, and I was determined to hold on upon it

I bent myself to the work of making money

I was ready to work at night as well as day, 74

and by the most untiring perseverance and industry, I made enough to meet my expenses, and lay up a little money every week

I went on thus from May till August

Master Hugh then refused to allow me to hire my time longer

The ground for his refusal was a failure on my part, one Saturday night, to pay him for my week's time

This failure was occasioned by my attending a camp meeting about ten miles from Baltimore

During the week, I had entered into an engagement with a number of young friends to start from Baltimore to the camp ground early Saturday evening; and being detained by my employer, I was unable to get down to Master Hugh's without disappointing the company

I knew that Master Hugh was in no special need of the money that night

I therefore decided to go to camp meeting, and upon my return pay him the three dollars

I staid at the camp meeting one day longer than I intended when I left

But as soon as I returned, I called upon him to pay him what he considered his due

I found him very angry; he could scarce restrain his wrath

He said he had a great mind to give me a severe whipping

He wished to know how I dared go out of the city without asking his permission

I told him I hired my time and while I paid him the price which he asked for it, I did not know that I was bound to ask him when and where I should go

This reply troubled him; and, after reflecting a few moments, he turned to me, and said I should hire my time no longer; that the next thing he should know of, I would be running away

Upon the same plea, he told me to bring my tools and clothing home forthwith

I did so; but instead of seeking work, as I had been accustomed to do previously to hiring my time, I spent the whole week without the performance of a single stroke of work

I did this in retaliation

Saturday night, he called upon me as usual for my week's wages

I told him I had no wages; I had done no work that week

Here we were upon the point of coming to blows

He raved, and swore his determination to get hold of me

I did not allow myself a single word; but was resolved, if he laid the weight of his hand upon me, it should be blow for blow

He did not strike me, but told me that he would find me in constant employment in future

I thought the matter over during the next day, Sunday, and finally resolved upon the third day of September, as the day upon which I would make a second attempt to secure my freedom

I now had three weeks during which to prepare for my journey

Early on Monday morning, before Master Hugh had time to make any engagement for me, I went out and got employment of Mr. Butler, at his ship-yard near the drawbridge, upon what is called the City Block, thus making it unnecessary for him to seek employment for me

At the end of the week, I brought him between eight and nine dollars

He 75 seemed very well pleased, and asked why I did not do the same the week before

He little knew what my plans were

My object in working steadily was to remove any suspicion he might entertain of my intent to run away; and in this I succeeded admirably

I suppose he thought I was never better satisfied with my condition than at the very time during which I was planning my escape

The second week passed, and again I carried him my full wages; and so well pleased was he, that he gave me twentyfive cents, (quite a large sum for a slaveholder to give a slave,) and bade me to make a good use of it

I told him I would

Things went on without very smoothly indeed, but within there was trouble

It is impossible for me to describe my feelings as the time of my contemplated start drew near

I had a number of warmhearted friends in Baltimore,--friends that I loved almost as I did my life,--and the thought of being separated from them forever was painful beyond expression

It is my opinion that thousands would escape from slavery, who now remain, but for the strong cords of affection that bind them to their friends

The thought of leaving my friends was decidedly the most painful thought with which I had to contend

The love of them was my tender point, and shook my decision more than all things else

Besides the pain of separation, the dread and apprehension of a failure exceeded what I had experienced at my first attempt

The appalling defeat I then sustained returned to torment me

I felt assured that, if I failed in this attempt, my case would be a hopeless one--it would seal my fate as a slave forever

I could not hope to get off with any thing less than the severest punishment, and being placed beyond the means of escape

It required no very vivid imagination to depict the most frightful scenes through which I should have to pass, in case I failed

The wretchedness of slavery, and the blessedness of freedom, were perpetually before me

It was life and death with me

But I remained firm, and, according to my resolution, on the third day of September, 1838, I left my chains, and succeeded in reaching New York without the slightest interruption of any kind

How I did so,--what means I adopted,--what direction I travelled, and by what mode of conveyance,--I must leave unexplained, for the reasons before mentioned

I have been frequently asked how I felt when I found myself in a free State

I have never been able to answer the question with any satisfaction to myself

It was a moment of the highest excitement I ever experienced

I suppose I felt as one may imagine the unarmed mariner to feel when he is rescued by a friendly man-of-war from the pursuit of a pirate

76 In writing to a dear friend, immediately after my arrival at New York, I said I felt like one who had escaped a den of hungry lions

This state of mind, however, very soon subsided; and I was again seized with a feeling of great insecurity and loneliness

I was yet liable to be taken back, and subjected to all the tortures of slavery

This in itself was enough to damp the ardor of my enthusiasm

But the loneliness overcame me

There I was in the midst of thousands, and yet a perfect stranger; without home and without friends, in the midst of thousands of my own brethren--children of a common Father, and yet I dared not to unfold to any one of them my sad condition

I was afraid to speak to any one for fear of speaking to the wrong one, and thereby falling into the hands of money-loving kidnappers, whose business it was to lie in wait for the panting fugitive, as the ferocious beasts of the forest lie in wait for their prey

The motto which I adopted when I started from slavery was this--"Trust no man!" I saw in every white man an enemy, and in almost every colored man cause for distrust

It was a most painful situation; and, to understand it, one must needs experience it, or imagine himself in similar circumstances

Let him be a fugitive slave in a strange land--a land given up to be the huntingground for slaveholders--whose inhabitants are legalized kidnappers--where he is every moment subjected to the terrible liability of being seized upon by his fellowmen, as the hideous crocodile seizes upon his prey!--I say, let him place himself in my situation--without home or friends--without money or credit--wanting shelter, and no one to give it-- wanting bread, and no money to buy it,--and at the same time let him feel that he is pursued by merciless men-hunters, and in total darkness as to what to do, where to go, or where to stay,--perfectly helpless both as to the means of defence and means of escape,--in the midst of plenty, yet suffering the terrible gnawings of hunger,--in the midst of houses, yet having no home,--among fellow-men, yet feeling as if in the midst of wild beasts, whose greediness to swallow up the trembling and half-famished fugitive is

only equalled by that with which the monsters of the deep swallow up the helpless fish upon which they subsist,--I say, let him be placed in this most trying situation,--the situation in which I was placed, --then, and not till then, will he fully appreciate the hardships of, and know how to sympathize with, the toil-worn and whip-scarred fugitive slave

Thank Heaven, I remained but a short time in this distressed situation

I was relieved from it by the humane hand of Mr. DAVID RUGGLES, whose vigilance, kindness, and perseverance, I shall never forget

I am glad of an opportunity to express, as far as words can, the love and gratitude I bear him

Mr. 77 Ruggles is now afflicted with blindness, and is himself in need of the same kind offices which he was once so forward in the performance of toward others

I had been in New York but a few days, when Mr. Ruggles sought me out, and very kindly took me to his boarding-house at the corner of Church and Lespenard Streets

Mr. Ruggles was then very deeply engaged in the memorable ~Darg~ case, as well as attending to a number of other fugitive slaves, devising ways and means for their successful escape; and, though watched and hemmed in on almost every side, he seemed to be more than a match for his enemies

Very soon after I went to Mr. Ruggles, he wished to know of me where I wanted to go; as he deemed it unsafe for me to remain in New York

I told him I was a calker, and should like to go where I could get work

I thought of going to Canada; but he decided against it, and in favor of my going to New Bedford, thinking I should be able to get work there at my trade

At this time, Anna,* my intended wife, came on; for I wrote to her immediately after my arrival at New York, (notwithstanding my homeless, houseless, and helpless condition,) informing her of my successful flight, and wishing her to come on forthwith

In a few days after her arrival, Mr. Ruggles called in the Rev

J

W

C

Pennington, who, in the presence of Mr. Ruggles, Mrs Michaels, and two or three others, performed the marriage ceremony, and gave us a certificate, of which the following is an exact copy:-- "This may certify, that I joined together in holy matrimony Frederick Johnson+ and Anna Murray, as man and wife, in the presence of Mr. David Ruggles and Mrs

Michaels

"JAMES W

C

PENNINGTON "NEW YORK, SEPT

15, 1838" Upon receiving this certificate, and a five-dollar bill from Mr. Ruggles, I shouldered one part of our baggage, and Anna took up the other, and we set out forthwith to take passage on board of the steamboat John W

Richmond for Newport, on our way to New Bedford

Mr. Ruggles gave me a letter to a Mr. Shaw in Newport, and told me, in case my money did not serve me to New Bedford, to stop in Newport and obtain further assistance; but upon our *She was free

78 +I had changed my name from Frederick BAILEY to that of JOHNSON

arrival at Newport, we were so anxious to get to a place of safety, that, notwithstanding we lacked the necessary money to pay our fare, we decided to take seats in the stage, and promise to pay when we got to New Bedford

We were encouraged to do this by two excellent gentlemen, residents of New Bedford, whose names I afterward ascertained to be Joseph Ricketson and William C Taber

They seemed at once to understand our circumstances, and gave us such assurance of their friendliness as put us fully at ease in their presence. It was good indeed to meet with such friends, at such a time

Upon reaching New Bedford, we were directed to the house of Mr. Nathan Johnson, by whom we were kindly received, and hospitably provided for

Both Mr. and Mrs

Johnson took a deep and lively interest in our welfare. They proved themselves quite worthy of the name of abolitionists

When the stage-driver found us unable to pay our fare, he held on upon our baggage as security for the debt

I had but to mention the fact to Mr. Johnson, and he forthwith advanced the money

We now began to feel a degree of safety, and to prepare ourselves for the duties and responsibilities of a life of freedom

On the morning after our arrival at New Bedford, while at the breakfast-table, the question arose as to what name I should be called by

The name given me by my mother was, "Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey." I, however, had dispensed with the two middle names long before I left Maryland so that I was generally known by the name of "Frederick Bailey." I started from Baltimore bearing the name of "Stanley." When I got to New York, I again changed my name to "Frederick Johnson," and thought that would be the last change

But when I got to New Bedford, I found it necessary again to change my name

The reason of this necessity was, that there were so many Johnsons in New Bedford, it was already quite difficult to distinguish between them

I gave Mr. Johnson the privilege of choosing me a name, but told him he must not take from me the name of "Frederick." I must hold on to that, to preserve a sense of my identity

Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and at once suggested that my name be "Douglass." From that time until now I have been called "Frederick Douglass;" and as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others, I shall continue to use it as my own

I was quite disappointed at the general appearance of things in New Bedford

The impression ⁷⁹ which I had received respecting the character and condition of the people of the north, I found to be singularly erroneous

I had very strangely supposed, while in slavery, that few of the comforts, and scarcely any of the luxuries, of life were enjoyed at the north, compared with what were enjoyed by the slaveholders of the south

I probably came to this conclusion from the fact that northern people owned no slaves

I supposed that they were about upon a level with the non-slaveholding population of the south

I knew ~they~ were exceedingly poor, and I had been accustomed to regard their poverty as the necessary consequence of their being non-slaveholders

I had somehow imbibed the opinion that, in the absence of slaves, there could be no wealth, and very little refinement

And upon coming to the north, I expected to meet with a rough, hard-handed, and uncultivated population, living in the most Spartanlike simplicity, knowing

nothing of the ease, luxury, pomp, and grandeur of southern slaveholders

Such being my conjectures, any one acquainted with the appearance of New Bedford may very readily infer how palpably I must have seen my mistake

In the afternoon of the day when I reached New Bedford, I visited the wharves, to take a view of the shipping

Here I found myself surrounded with the strongest proofs of wealth

Lying at the wharves, and riding in the stream, I saw many ships of the finest model, in the best order, and of the largest size

Upon the right and left, I was walled in by granite warehouses of the widest dimensions, stowed to their utmost capacity with the necessaries and comforts of life

Added to this, almost every body seemed to be at work, but noiselessly so, compared with what I had been accustomed to in Baltimore

There were no loud songs heard from those engaged in loading and unloading ships

I heard no deep oaths or horrid curses on the laborer. I saw no whipping of men; but all seemed to go smoothly on

Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober, yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man

To me this looked exceedingly strange

From the wharves I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland

Every thing looked clean, new, and beautiful

I saw few or no dilapidated houses, with poverty-stricken inmates; no half-naked children and barefooted women, such as I had been accustomed to see in Hillsborough, Easton, St

Michael's, and Balti 80 more

The people looked more able, stronger, healthier, and happier, than those of Maryland

I was for once made glad by a view of extreme wealth, without being saddened by seeing extreme poverty

But the most astonishing as well as the most interesting thing to me was the condition of the colored people, a great many of whom, like myself, had escaped thither as a refuge from the hunters of men

I found many, who had not been seven years out of their chains, living in finer houses, and evidently enjoying more of the comforts of life, than the average of slaveholders in Maryland

I will venture to assert, that my friend Mr. Nathan Johnson (of whom I can say with a grateful heart, "I was hungry, and he gave me meat; I was thirsty, and he gave me drink; I was a stranger, and he took me in") lived in a neater house; dined at a better table; took, paid for, and read, more newspapers; better understood the moral, religious, and political character of the nation,--than nine tenths of the slaveholders in Talbot county Maryland

Yet Mr. Johnson was a working man

His hands were hardened by toil, and not his alone, but those also of Mrs

Johnson

I found the colored people much more spirited than I had supposed they would be

I found among them a determination to protect each other from the blood-thirsty kidnapper, at all hazards

Soon after my arrival, I was told of a circumstance which illustrated their spirit
A colored man and a fugitive slave were on unfriendly terms
The former was heard to threaten the latter with informing his master of his whereabouts
Straightway a meeting was called among the colored people, under the stereotyped notice, "Business of importance!" The betrayer was invited to attend
The people came at the appointed hour, and organized the meeting by appointing a very religious old gentleman as president, who, I believe, made a prayer, after which he addressed the meeting as follows: "~Friends, we have got him here, and I would recommend that you young men just take him outside the door, and kill him!~" With this, a number of them bolted at him; but they were intercepted by some more timid than themselves, and the betrayer escaped their vengeance, and has not been seen in New Bedford since
I believe there have been no more such threats, and should there be hereafter, I doubt not that death would be the consequence
I found employment, the third day after my arrival, in stowing a sloop with a load of oil
It was new, dirty, and hard work for me; but I went at it with a glad heart and a willing hand
I was now my own master
It was a happy moment, the rapture of which can be understood only by those who have been slaves
It was the first work, the reward of which was to be entirely my own
There was no Mas 81 ter Hugh standing ready, the moment I earned the money, to rob me of it
I worked that day with a pleasure I had never before experienced
I was at work for myself and newly-married wife
It was to me the starting-point of a new existence
When I got through with that job, I went in pursuit of a job of calking; but such was the strength of prejudice against color, among the white calkers, that they refused to work with me, and of course I could get no employment.* Finding my trade of no immediate benefit, I threw off my calking habiliments, and prepared myself to do any kind of work I could get to do
Mr. Johnson kindly let me have his wood-horse and saw, and I very soon found myself a plenty of work
There was no work too hard--none too dirty
I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry wood, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks,--all of which I * I am told that colored persons can now get employment at calking in New Bedford--a result of anti-slavery effort
did for nearly three years in New Bedford, before I became known to the anti-slavery world
In about four months after I went to New Bedford, there came a young man to me, and inquired if I did not wish to take the "Liberator." I told him I did; but, just having made my escape from slavery, I remarked that I was unable to pay for it then
I, however, finally became a subscriber to it
The paper came, and I read it from week to week with such feelings as it would be quite idle for me to attempt to describe
The paper became my meat and my drink
My soul was set all on fire
Its sympathy for my brethren in bonds--its scathing denunciations of slaveholders--its faithful exposures of slavery--and its powerful attacks upon the upholders of the institution-- sent a thrill of joy through my soul, such as I had never felt before! I had not long been a reader of the "Liberator," before I got a pretty correct

idea of the principles, measures and spirit of the anti-slavery reform
I took right hold of the cause
I could do but little; but what I could, I did with a joyful heart, and never felt happier than when in an anti-slavery meeting
I seldom had much to say at the meetings, because what I wanted to say was said so much better by others
But, while attending an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket, on the 11th of August, 1841, I felt strongly moved to speak, and was at the same time much urged to do so by Mr. William C Coffin, a gentleman who had heard me speak in the colored people's meeting at New Bedford
It was a severe cross, and I took it up reluctantly
The truth was, I felt myself a slave, and the idea of speaking to white people weighed me down
I spoke but a few 82 moments, when I felt a degree of freedom, and said what I desired with considerable ease
From that time until now, I have been engaged in pleading the cause of my brethren--with what success, and with what devotion, I leave those acquainted with my labors to decide
APPENDIX I find, since reading over the foregoing Narrative, that I have, in several instances, spoken in such a tone and manner, respecting religion, as may possibly lead those unacquainted with my religious views to suppose me an opponent of all religion
To remove the liability of such misapprehension, I deem it proper to append the following brief explanation
What I have said respecting and against religion, I mean strictly to apply to the ~slaveholding religion~ of this land, and with no possible reference to Christianity proper; for, between the Christianity of this land, and the Christianity of Christ, I recognize the widest possible difference--so wide, that to receive the one as good, pure, and holy, is of necessity to reject the other as bad, corrupt, and wicked
To be the friend of the one, is of necessity to be the enemy of the other
I love the pure, peaceable, and impartial Christianity of Christ: I therefore hate the corrupt, slaveholding, women-whipping, cradle-plundering, partial and hypocritical Christianity of this land
Indeed, I can see no reason, but the most deceitful one, for calling the religion of this land Christianity
I look upon it as the climax of all misnomers, the boldest of all frauds, and the grossest of all libels
Never was there a clearer case of "stealing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in." I am filled with unutterable loathing when I contemplate the religious pomp and show, together with the horrible inconsistencies, which every where surround me
We have men-stealers for ministers, womenwhippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for church members
The man who wields the bloodclotted cowskin during the week fills the pulpit on Sunday, and claims to be a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus
The man who robs me of my earnings at the end of each week meets me as a class-leader on Sunday morning, to show me the way of life, and the path of salvation
He who sells my sister, for purposes of prostitution, stands forth as the pious advocate of purity
He who proclaims it a religious duty to read the Bible denies me the right of learning to read the name of the God who made me
He who is the religious advocate of marriage robs whole millions of its sacred influence, and leaves 83 them to the ravages of wholesale pollution

The warm defender of the sacredness of the family relation is the same that scatters whole families,--sundering husbands and wives, parents and children, sisters and brothers,--leaving the hut vacant, and the hearth desolate

We see the thief preaching against theft, and the adulterer against adultery

We have men sold to build churches, women sold to support the gospel, and babes sold to purchase Bibles for the POOR HEATHEN! ALL FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE GOOD OF SOULS! The slave auctioneer's bell and the church-going bell chime in with each other, and the bitter cries of the heart-broken slave are drowned in the religious shouts of his pious master

Revivals of religion and revivals in the slave-trade go hand in hand together

The slave prison and the church stand near each other The clanking of fetters and the rattling of chains in the prison, and the pious psalm and solemn prayer in the church, may be heard at the same time

The dealers in the bodies and souls of men erect their stand in the presence of the pulpit, and they mutually help each other

The dealer gives his blood-stained gold to support the pulpit, and the pulpit, in return, covers his infernal business with the garb of Christianity

Here we have religion and robbery the allies of each other --devils dressed in angels' robes, and hell presenting the semblance of paradise

"Just God! and these are they, Who minister at thine altar, God of right! Men who their hands, with prayer and blessing, lay On Israel's ark of light

"What! preach, and kidnap men? Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor? Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then Bolt hard the captive's door? "What! servants of thy own Merciful Son, who came to seek and save The homeless and the outcast, fettering down The tasked and plundered slave! "Pilate and Herod friends! Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine! Just God and holy! is that church which lends Strength to the spoiler thine?" The Christianity of America is a Christianity, of whose votaries it may be as truly said, as it was of the ancient scribes and Pharisees, "They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers

All their works they do for to be seen of men.--They love the upper 84 most rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues,

and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.--But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in

Ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation

Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.--Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cumin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone

Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the

platter; but within, they are full of extortion and excess.-- Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness

Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Dark and terrible as is this picture, I hold it to be strictly true of the overwhelming mass of professed Christians in America

They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel

Could any thing be more true of our churches? They would be shocked at the proposition of fellowshipping a SHEEP-stealer; and at the same time they hug to their communion a MANstealer, and brand me with being an infidel, if I find fault with them for it

They attend with Pharisaical strictness to the outward forms of religion, and at the same time neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith

They are always ready to sacrifice, but seldom to show mercy

They are they who are represented as professing to love God whom they have not seen, whilst they hate their brother whom they have seen

They love the heathen on the other side of the globe

They can pray for him, pay money to have the Bible put into his hand, and missionaries to instruct him; while they despise and totally neglect the heathen at their own doors

Such is, very briefly, my view of the religion of this land; and to avoid any misunderstanding, growing out of the use of general terms, I mean by the religion of this land, that which is revealed in the words, deeds, and actions, of those bodies, north and south, calling themselves Christian churches, and yet in union with slaveholders

It is against religion, as presented by these bodies, that I have felt it my 85 duty to testify

I conclude these remarks by copying the following portrait of the religion of the south, (which is, by communion and fellowship, the religion of the north,) which I soberly affirm is "true to the life," and without caricature or the slightest exaggeration

It is said to have been drawn, several years before the present anti-slavery agitation began, by a northern Methodist preacher, who, while residing at the south, had an opportunity to see slaveholding morals, manners, and piety, with his own eyes

"Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord

Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" A PARODY "Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell How pious priests whip Jack and Nell, And women buy and children sell, And preach all sinners down to hell, And sing of heavenly union

"They'll bleat and baa, dona like goats, Gorge down black sheep, and strain at motes, Array their backs in fine black coats, Then seize their negroes by their throats, And choke, for heavenly union

"They'll church you if you sip a dram, And damn you if you steal a lamb; Yet rob old Tony, Doll, and Sam, Of human rights, and bread and ham; Kidnapper's heavenly union

"They'll loudly talk of Christ's reward, And bind his image with a cord, And scold, and swing the lash abhorred, And sell their brother in the Lord To handcuffed heavenly union

"They'll read and sing a sacred song, And make a prayer both loud and long, And teach the right and do the wrong, Hailing the brother, sister throng, With words of heavenly union

"We wonder how such saints can sing, Or praise the Lord upon the wing, Who roar, and scold, and whip,

and sting, And to their slaves and mammon cling, In
guilty conscience union

"They'll raise tobacco, corn, and rye, And drive, and
thieve, and cheat, and lie, And lay up treasures in the
sky, By making switch and cowskin fly, 86 In hope
of heavenly union

"They'll crack old Tony on the skull, And preach and
roar like Bashan bull, Or braying ass, of mischief full,
Then seize old Jacob by the wool, And pull for
heavenly union

"A roaring, ranting, sleek man-thief, Who lived on
mutton, veal, and beef, Yet never would afford relief
To needy, sable sons of grief, Was big with heavenly
union

"'Love not the world,' the preacher said, And winked
his eye, and shook his head; He seized on Tom, and
Dick, and Ned, Cut short their meat, and clothes, and
bread, Yet still loved heavenly union

"Another preacher whining spoke Of One whose heart
for sinners broke: He tied old Nanny to an oak, And
drew the blood at every stroke, And prayed for
heavenly union

"Two others oped their iron jaws, And waved their
children-stealing paws; There sat their children in
gewgaws; By stinting negroes' backs and maws, They
kept up heavenly union

"All good from Jack another takes, And entertains their
flirts and rakes, Who dress as sleek as glossy snakes,
And cram their mouths with sweetened cakes; And this
goes down for union." Sincerely and earnestly hoping
that this little book may do something toward throwing
light on the American slave system, and hastening the
glad day of deliverance to the millions of my brethren
in bonds--faithfully relying upon the power of truth,
love, and justice, for success in my humble efforts --
and solemnly pledging my self anew to the sacred
cause,--I subscribe myself, FREDERICK DOUGLASS
LYNN, ~Mass., April~ 28, 1845

THE END _