

叙述

作者：王莹，生命科学THE

FREDERICK DOUGLASS，

一个美国人的奴隶

通过

弗雷德里克道格拉斯

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叙述

作者

生活

的

FREDERICK DOUGLASS ,

一个

AMERICAN SLAVE.

由HIMSELF撰写。

波士顿

在反奴隶办公室出版，

N o. 25 C ORNHILL

1845年

根据美国国会法案，在1845年进入，
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在马萨诸塞州地方法院书记办公室。

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原书在美国属于公共领域
其他国家和大多数国家（如果不是全部的话）也是如此。读者
美国境外应该检查自己的国家'
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以及更多官方消息来源的链接。

这本PDF电子书是
由José Menéndez创作。

前言。

IN八月，1841一个月，我参加了一个反奴隶制
在楠塔基特举行的会议，我很高兴
熟悉FREDERICK DOUGLASS，作家
以下叙述。他几乎每个人都是陌生人
那个机构的成员；但是，最近他逃脱了
南部监狱的奴役，感受到他的好奇心
兴奋地确定了原则和措施
废奴主义者，他听到的有些模糊
描述虽然他是一个奴隶，他被诱导给了他
出席，有人提到，虽然在那个时候
居住在新贝德福德。

幸运的，幸运的！ - 幸运的
数以百万计的他的被诅咒的弟兄们，却喘不过气来拯救他们
从他们可怕的thralldom！ - 为黑人的事业幸运
解放和普遍自由！ - 幸运的土地
他的出生，他已经做了很多拯救和拯救
祝福！ - 幸运的是一大群朋友和熟人，
他的同情和感情得到了他的坚定信任
他所经历的许多苦难，都是出于他的善良特质
他对人物的永恒记忆
债券，与他们约束！ - 幸运的是众人，
在我们共和国的各个地方，他的思想已经开悟了
在奴隶制问题上，谁已经融化为泪水
他的悲惨情绪，或者因他的激动而激起了良性的愤慨
对男人的奴役的口才！ - 幸运的是，
因为它立刻将他带入了公共用途领域，

“给了世界一个男人的保证，”沉睡的加快了
他的灵魂的能量，并奉献给他伟大的工作
打破压迫者的杖，让受压迫的人去
自由！

我永远不会忘记他在大会上的第一次演讲 -
在我自己的脑海中激动的非凡情感 - 强大的
它完全是在一个拥挤的听觉上创造的印象
令人惊讶的是 - 随后的掌声
他的恰当言论开始结束。我想我永远不会
那时非常痛恨奴隶制；当然，我的
对它造成的巨大愤怒的看法
其受害者的神圣性质变得更加清晰
永远。有一个，身体比例和身材
指挥和精确的智慧丰富地赋予了自然
口才一个神童的灵魂显然“创造了一点点
低于天使” - 一个奴隶，一个，一个逃亡的奴隶， -
为了他的安全而颤抖，几乎不敢相信
在美国的土地上，可以找到一个白人
因为对上帝和人类的爱，所有的危险都与他成为朋友！
能够在知识分子和道德方面取得很高的成就
只需要相对少量的东西
修炼使他成为社会的装饰品和祝福
他的种族 - 按照国家的法律，通过人民的声音，通过
从属代码的条款，他只是一块财产，一个
尽管如此，负担的野兽，一个私人的动物！

来自新贝德福德的一位心爱的朋友胜过先生。
DOUGLASS解决公约问题。他出面了
有犹豫和尴尬的平台，必然是
在这样一个新颖的位置上敏感的心灵的服务员。后
为他的无知道歉，并提醒听众
他说，奴隶制对人类的智慧和心灵来说是一所贫穷的学校
继续叙述他自己历史上的一些事实
奴隶，并在他的演讲过程中向许多人发表了言论

他的座位充满希望和钦佩，我站起来，宣布
PATRICK HENRY，革命性的名声，从来没有成为过
在自由事业中，言论比我们的言论更有说服力
刚从那个被捕的逃亡者的嘴里听过。所以我
当时相信 - 这就是我现在的信念。我提醒过
围观这种自我解放的危险的观众
北方的年轻人，即使在马萨诸塞州的土地上也是如此
朝圣者父亲，是革命者的后裔
公牛；我向他们求助，不管他们是否允许
他被带回奴隶制，法律或法律，
宪法或没有宪法。回应是一致的
并且在雷声中 - “不！” “你会帮助和保护他吗？
作为兄弟人 - 老湾州的居民？” “是的！”
整个群众大喊大叫，精力充沛，令人吃惊
梅森南部的无情暴君和迪克森的阵容可能差不多
听到了强烈的感情，并认出它是
承诺无形的决心，那些人
给了它，永远不会背叛他徘徊，但隐藏了
弃儿，并坚定地遵守后果。

我立刻对我印象深刻，如果先生
可以说服DOUGLASS将他的时间和时间奉献出来
人才促进反奴隶制企业，
将给予它强大的推动力，并给予惊人的打击
同时对北方的有色人种偏见造成了影响
肤色。因此，我努力灌输希望和勇气
进入他的脑海，为了他敢于搞一个
职业如此异常，并对他的一个人负责
情况；我热情地为这个努力付出了努力
朋友，尤其是已故的总代理人
马萨诸塞州反奴隶制协会，JOHN A. COLLINS 先生，
在这种情况下，他的判断完全符合我的判断
拥有。起初，他不能给予任何鼓励；与未伪造的

他表示相信他不够充分
表现如此伟大的任务；标出的路径是
完全没有被剥夺的；他真诚地担心他
应该弊大于利。经过深思熟虑，

但是，他同意接受审判；从那以后
期间，他在主持下担任演讲代理人
无论是美国人还是马萨诸塞州的反奴隶制
社会。在劳动力方面，他是最丰富的；他的成功
在煽动偏见，煽动叛逆者，煽动偏见
公众心态，远远超过了最乐观的期望
在他辉煌的职业生涯开始时提出的。他
他以温柔和温柔来承担自己，却又是真实的
性格的男子气概。作为一名公众演说家，他擅长悲，
机智，比较，模仿，推理力和流畅性
语言。在他身上有头和心的结合，这是
头脑的启蒙和胜利的不可或缺
别人的心。愿他的力量继续与他的力量相等
天！愿他继续“在恩典和知识中成长
上帝，“他可能会在事业中越来越有用
流血的人性，无论是在国内还是国外！

这当然是一个非常了不起的事实，也是最重要的事实之一
现在之前，奴隶人口的有效倡导者
公众，是FREDERICK的逃亡奴隶
DOUGLASS；并且是美国的自由色彩人口
各州都有自己的一个代表
CHARLES LENOX REMOND的人，他的雄辩
上诉敲响了众多人的最高掌声
大西洋两岸。让校友们着色
种族鄙视自己的卑鄙和不自由
精神，从此不再谈论自然的自卑感
那些只需要时间和机会的人
人类卓越的最高点。

或许，它可能会受到相当质疑，无论是否还有其他问题
地球上的一部分人口可能已经忍受了
没有奴隶制的贫困，苦难和恐怖
人类的规模比奴隶更加堕落
非洲人后裔没有任何东西可以解决他们的问题
智慧，使他们的思想变暗，贬低他们的道德本性，
抹掉他们与人类关系的所有痕迹；但是

他们多么奇妙地承受了最强大的负担
可怕的束缚，他们一直在呻吟
百年！为了说明奴隶制对白人的影响， -
表明他没有耐力，在这样的情况下
条件，优于他的黑人兄弟， -D ANIEL
O'C ONNELL，杰出的普遍倡导者
解放，和最强大的匍匐冠军但不是
征服爱尔兰，在演讲中讲述了以下轶事
由他在都柏林调解厅送出
忠诚的国家废除协会，1845年3月31日。“没有
问题，“O'C ONNELL 先生说，“在什么似是而非的条件下
可能会伪装自己，奴隶制仍然是可怕的。它有一种天然的，一种
不可避免地倾向于残酷地摧毁每一个高尚的人才。一个
美国水手，在非洲海岸被抛弃，
在那里，他被奴役了三年，在那里
该期限届满，被发现是腐败和愚蠢的 -
他失去了所有推理能力；并忘记了他的家乡
语言，只能说出一些野蛮的胡言乱语
阿拉伯语和英语，没有人能理解，哪些
即使他自己发现发音困难。这么多
国内机构的人性化影响力！”
承认这是一个特殊的精神病例
恶化，它至少证明了白奴可以下沉
像黑人一样人性化程度低。

D OUGLASS 先生非常适合自己写作
叙述，以他自己的风格，并根据他的最好

能力，而不是雇用其他人。因此，它是
完全是他自己的作品；并考虑多长时间
黑暗是他必须作为奴隶奔跑的职业，很少有人
自从他打破了他以后，他有机会改善主意
根据我的判断，铁镣是高度可信的
和心。能够在没有眼泪的情况下仔细阅读的人
乳房，一种折磨的精神，没有充满了
对奴隶制及其所有教唆者的不可抗拒的憎恶，以及
动画，决心寻求立即推翻
那个可憎的系统，没有为此命运而颤抖

在一个正直的上帝手中的国家，永远站在一边
受压迫的人，他的手臂没有缩短，它不能
拯救， - 必须有一颗坚硬的心，并有资格扮演这个角色
一个贩子“在奴隶和人的灵魂中。”我很自信
它在所有陈述中基本上都是正确的；什么都没有
在恶意中被定下来，毫不夸张，没有任何吸引力
从想象中；相反，它缺乏现实
而不是夸大一个关于 SLAVERY 的事实。该
作为奴隶的 FREDERICK DOUGLASS 的经历并非如此
奇特的；他的命运并不特别艰难；他的情况可能会
被视为一个非常公平的奴隶待遇标本
马里兰州承认他们吃得更好
而不是格鲁吉亚，阿拉巴马州或路易斯安那州的残酷对待。
许多人遭受了无比的痛苦，而很少人
种植园遭受的损失比他自己少。然而，多么可悲
是他的情况！造成了什么可怕的惩罚
在他的人！还有更令人震惊的愤怒
在他的脑海里犯下了！拥有他所有的高贵和力量
崇高的愿望，他是如何对待一个粗野的人，即使是
那些自称与他们有同样想法的人
基督耶稣！他不断承担着可怕的责任
经过！友善的忠告和援助是多么缺乏，即使在他的
最大的四肢！祸患的午夜多么沉重

黑暗笼罩着最后一丝希望，充满了未来
恐怖和忧郁！自由之后有多渴望
拥有他的乳房，以及他的痛苦如何增强
随着他变得反思和聪明的比例， - thus
证明一个快乐的奴隶是一个绝种的人！怎么样
思想，理性，感觉，在司机的鞭子下，与
他的四肢链！他在他身上遇到的危险
努力摆脱他可怕的厄运！以及如何发出信号
他的救赎和保存在他们中间
无情的敌人！

这个叙事包含许多影响事件，很多
口才和权力的通道；但我认为最多
惊心动魄的其中一个就是 DOUGLASS 给出的描述

他的感情，因为他站在独自尊重他的命运，和
他有一天成为一名自由人的机会
切萨皮克湾 - 在他们飞行时观察后退的船只
在微风之前，他们的白色翅膀，和萎缩
他们像生活的自由精神一样生气勃勃。 谁能读懂
那段经文，对它的悲and和崇高是不敏感的？
压缩成一个完整的亚历山大思想库，
感觉和情绪 - 一切都可以，所有这一切都需要被敦促
暴露，恳求，斥责，反对这种罪行的形式
犯罪，使人成为他同胞的财产！ 哦，怎么样
被诅咒的是那种笼罩着神圣之心的制度
男人，破坏神圣的形象，减少那些靠创造的人
他们的荣耀和荣誉都达到了四足的水平
野兽，并高举人类肉体的经销商
叫上帝！ 为什么它的存在会延长一个小时？ 是
它不是邪恶，只有邪恶，而且不断？ 它是什么
存在意味着但没有对上帝的所有恐惧，所有人都在考虑
男人，对美国人民来说？ 天堂
加速其永恒的推翻！

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十二

前言

因此，对奴隶制性质的深刻无知是很多的
人们，无论什么时候他们都固执地怀疑
阅读或聆听任何每日残酷的朗诵
对受害者造成伤害。 他们不否认奴隶是
作为财产；但这个可怕的事实似乎传达给了他们
不介意不公正，暴露于愤怒或野蛮
野蛮行径。 告诉他们残酷的侮辱，残割和残忍
放逐，污染和血液的场面，放逐
所有的光和知识，他们影响很大
对如此巨大的夸张，如此批评感到愤慨
错误陈述，这种可恶的诽谤性质
南部种植者！ 好像所有这些可怕的愤怒都不是
奴隶制的自然结果！ 好像没那么残忍地减少了
人类对一件事的状况，而不是给他一个
严重的鞭，或剥夺他必要的食物和
服装！ 好像鞭子，链子，拇指螺丝，桨，

猎犬，监督员，司机，巡逻队，并非全部保持奴隶下来，并给予保护是必不可少的他们无情的压迫者！好像，当婚姻制度是废除，纳妾，通奸和乱伦，绝不能必然比比皆是；什么时候人类的所有权利歼灭，任何障碍仍然是保护受害者免受伤害扰流者的愤怒；当假设绝对功率超过生命和自由，它不会受到破坏性的影响！这个角色的怀疑论者在社会中比比皆是。在少数几个实例，他们的怀疑源于缺乏反思；但，一般来说，它表示对光的仇恨，对盾牌的渴望来自敌人攻击的奴役，蔑视有色人种种族，无论是债券还是免费。这将试图抹黑令人震惊的奴隶残忍故事，记录在此真实的叙事；但他们会徒劳无功。D OUGLASS 先生坦率地透露了他出生的地方，那些人的名字谁声称拥有自己的身体和灵魂，以及名字

犯下他所指控的罪行的人也是如此反对他们。因此，他的陈述可能很容易如果他们是不真实的，那就是反驳的。

在他的叙事过程中，他讲述了两个例子杀气腾腾的残忍，其中一个是一个种植者故意开枪属于邻近种植园的奴隶，曾经无意中进入了追求鱼类的主要领域；而在另一方面，一名监督员吹灭了一个奴隶的大脑他逃到了一条水流中，以逃避血腥的鞭打。先生。D OUGLASS声明在这些情况中都没有任何东西通过法律逮捕或司法调查的方式完成。该1845年3月17日，巴尔的摩美国人发生了类似的案件暴力行为，有类似的有罪不罚现象 - 如下：

“*射击奴隶*。我们根据一封信的权威学习来自马里兰州查尔斯县，由一位绅士接待城市，一个年轻人，名叫马修斯，是将军的侄子马修斯，据信，他的父亲在办公室任职华盛顿在他父亲的农场里杀死了一名奴隶射击他。信中说年轻的马修斯曾经

负责农场; 他向仆人下了命令,
当他走进房子时, 这是不服从的,
拿了枪, 然后回来, 射杀了仆人。他
这封信继续, 立刻逃到他父亲的住所,
他仍然没有受到任何干扰。 “ - 永远不要忘记,
没有任何奴隶主或监督者可以被判有罪
对奴隶的人犯下的罪行, 但可能是恶魔般的
在有色证人的证词上, 无论是债券还是免费。
通过奴隶代码, 他们被判定为无能为力
作证反对一个白人, 好像他们确实是一个人的一部分
野蛮的创造。 因此, 实际上没有法律保护,
无论形式如何, 对于奴隶人口; 和
任何数量的残忍都可能对他们造成肆无忌惮。

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十四

前言

人类的思想是否有可能设想一个更可怕的人
社会状况?

宗教专业对行为的影响

南方大师在下面的叙事中生动地描述,
并表现出任何有益的东西。 在案件的性质,
它必须在最高程度上有害。 证词
在这一点上, D OUGLASS 先生受到了一片云的影响
证人, 他们的真实性是无懈可击的。 “一个奴隶主的
基督教职业是一个明显的骗局。 他是个重罪犯
最高等级。 他是个偷窃者。 这并不重要
你把它放在另一个尺度上。 ”

读者! 你是否与同情的男人偷窃?

目的, 还是在他们堕落的受害者身边? 如果有
前者, 那么你是上帝和人类的敌人。 如果有了
后者, 你准备做什么, 敢为他们做什么? 是
忠实, 保持警惕, 不断努力打破每一个人
枷锁, 让被压迫者自由。 来吧可能会花费什么
它可以刻在你展开微风的旗帜上,
作为你的宗教和政治座右铭 - “N O C OMPROMISE WITH
S LAVERY ! N O U NION与 S LAVEHOLDERS ! ”

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

B 奥斯顿 , 1845年5月1日。

第15页

信

来自WENDELL PHILLIPS , ESQ.

B 奥斯顿 , 1845年4月22日。

仁兄：

你还记得“男人和男人”这个古老的寓言狮子，“狮子抱怨他不应该这样“当狮子会写下历史的时候”。

我很高兴“狮子会写历史”的时候到了。我们已经离开了足够长的时间来收集这个角色奴隶制来自主人的非自愿证据。——事实上，对于显而易见的事情，可能会非常满意一般来说，这种关系的结果必须没有寻求进一步发现他们是否已经追随每一个实例。的确，那些盯着玉米半啄的人一周，并且喜欢计算奴隶背上的睫毛，是很少有改革者和废奴主义者的“东西”

被制造。我记得，在1838年，许多人都在等待西印度实验的结果，他们可以进入我们的行列。这些“结果”很久以前就出现了；但，唉！作为皈依者，这些数字中很少有人随身携带。一个必须通过其他测试判断人的解放而不是它是否增加了糖的产量，而且是仇恨奴役由于其他原因而不是因为它使男人和鞭子挨饿女人们，在他准备好打下他反对的第一块石头之前奴隶生活。

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十六 来自WENDELL PHILLIPS，ESQ的信。

在你的故事里，我很高兴知道最早的时间被忽视的上帝孩子们唤醒了他们的权利感他们做了不公正的事。经验是一位敏锐的老师；和很久以前你已经掌握了ABC，或知道在哪里切萨皮克的“白帆”被束缚了，你开始，我明白了，衡量奴隶的悲惨程度，而不是他的饥饿和痛苦想要，不是通过他的睫毛和辛劳，而是通过残忍和枯萎死于他灵魂的死亡。

与此相关，有一种情况让你的回忆特别有价值，并呈现你的早期见识越显着。你来自那部分我们被告知奴隶制的国家以最公平的方式出现特征。那么，让我们听听它最好的庄园目光是什么它有光明的一面，如果它有一个；然后想象力可能会让她受宠当她向南行进时，能够为图片添加暗线那个（对于有色人种）死亡之影谷，密西西比河沿岸的地方。

再一次，我们认识你很长，并且可以充分利用对你的真实，坦率和诚意充满信心。每一个人听到你说话的人已经感受到了，并且我对每一个人充满信心读书的人会感到，说服你给予他们是全部事实的公正标本。没有片面的肖像，- 没有批评投诉，但严格公正，每当个人的善意中和了一会儿，与它奇怪结盟的致命系统。你有多年来一直和我们在一起，并且可以相当比较权利的黄昏，你的种族在北方享受，与之相伴“夜晚的中午”，他们在梅森和梅森南部工作

迪克森的路线。告诉我们，毕竟是半色的
马萨诸塞州的人比被宠坏的奴隶更糟糕
水稻沼泽！

在阅读你的生活中，没有人能说我们有不公平的态度
挑选出一些罕见的残忍标本。我们知道的

第17页

来自WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ的信。 十七

苦涩的水滴，即使你已经从杯子中排出，也没有
偶然的加重，没有个别弊病，但必须如此
在每个奴隶的很多地方总是和必然交往。他们是
必不可少的成分，而不是偶然的
结果系统。

毕竟，我会为你颤抖地读你的书。
几年前，当你开始告诉我你真实的
名字和出生地，你可能还记得我拦住了你，并且
宁愿保持对所有人的无知。除了一个
模糊的描述，所以我继续，直到前几天，当你
读我的回忆录。我当时几乎不知道是否
当我反思它时，谢谢你或不看他们
在马萨诸塞州，对于诚实的人来说，这仍然很危险
他们的名字！他们说，父亲们在1776年签署了
关于他们的脖子露背的独立宣言。
你也将危险的自由宣言发表
指引你四处走动。在所有广阔的土地上
美国宪法蒙上阴影，没有
单点，无论是狭窄还是荒凉，- 逃亡的地方
奴隶可以种植自己并说：“我很安全。”整个军械库
北方法律对你没有任何保护。我可以自由地说，在
你的位置，我应该扔MS。进入火中。

或许，你可能会安全地讲述你的故事
你是通过珍贵的礼物来获得这么多温暖的心，而且还是比较少见的
将他们奉献给他人的服务。但它将会到期
只有你的工作，以及那些谁的无畏努力，
践踏国家的法律和宪法
确定他们将“隐藏被抛弃的人”，并确定他们
不管法律如何，他们的壁炉都应该成为庇护所
被压迫的，如果，某些时候或其他，最卑微的人可能会站在我们的身上
街道，并在安全的情况下见证其中的残酷行为

他一直是受害者。

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十八 来自WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ的信。

然而，令人难过的是，这些非常悸动的心脏
欢迎你的故事，并在告诉它时形成你最好的保障，
所有人都违反了“在这种情况下制定的法令”
“继续，亲爱的朋友，直到你，以及那些喜欢的人
你，从黑暗的监狱里一直得救了，
将这些自由的，非法的脉冲刻画成法规；和新的
从血迹斑斑的联盟中解脱出来的英格兰将获得荣耀
成为被压迫者的避难所；- 我们不是
更长的时间只是“*隐藏流浪者*”，或者保持站立的优点
他在我们中间被猎杀的时候空无一人；但是，重新献身
朝圣者的土壤作为受压迫的庇护所，宣告
我们对奴隶的*欢迎*如此响亮，以至于音调将达到
卡罗莱纳州的每一间小屋，都让人心碎
邦德曼在想到老马萨诸塞州的时候跳了起来。

上帝加快了一天！

直到那时，永远，

敬上，

WENDELL PHILLIPS。

FREDERICK D OUGLASS。

叙述

作者

弗雷德里克道格拉斯的生活。

第一章

我出生在茯苓，近晓峰，以及有关离马里兰州塔尔博特县伊斯顿十二英里。我对我的年龄没有准确的了解，从未见过任何包含它的真实记录。到目前为止，大部分奴隶们知道他们的年龄很少，因为马知道他们的年龄这是我所知道的大多数大师的愿望他们的奴隶因此无知。我不记得曾见过可以告诉他生日的奴隶。他们很少走近比种植时间，收获时间，樱桃时间，春天，或者是堕落时间。缺乏关于我自己的信息是一个即使在童年时代，我也会感到不快乐。白色孩子们可以告诉他们的年龄我不知道为什么我应该这样被剥夺了同样的特权。我不被允许做任何事我的主人询问它。他认为都是如此对奴隶的不正当和不礼貌的询问，以及不安的精神的证据。我可以给出最近的估计让我现在在二十七到二十八年之间年龄。我听到我的主人说，有一段时间，我来到这里的1835年，我大约十七岁。

我的母亲名叫哈丽特贝利。她是Isaac和Betsey Bailey的女儿，都是有色的，而且相当

黑暗。我的母亲肤色比我的母亲更黑
祖母或祖父。

我父亲是个白人。他被录取了
所有我听说过的我的父母。意见也是
我低声说我的主人是我的父亲;但是正确性
这个意见,我什么都不知道;知道的手段是
不让我。我和我母亲分开了
但是一个婴儿 - 在我认识她为我的母亲之前。这很常见
在我离开的马里兰州的一部分,海关部分
来自母亲的孩子很小的时候。经常,
在孩子到了第十二个月之前,它的母亲是
从中取出,并在一些农场雇用了相当多的
距离关闭,孩子被置于旧的照顾下
女人,对于田间劳动来说太老了。为了完成这种分离,
我不知道,除非它阻碍了它的发展
孩子对母亲的感情,以及对孩子的生硬和摧毁
母亲对孩子的自然感情。这是
不可避免的结果。

我从来没有见过我的母亲,更多地了解她
我生命中的四五次;而且每一次都非常
持续时间短,晚上。她被斯图尔特先生录用,
住在我家附近十二英里的地方。她造了她
在夜晚看到我的旅程,在整个距离上旅行
在她一天的工作表现之后。她是一个领域
手,鞭打是不在场的惩罚
日出,除非奴隶得到他或她的特别许可
掌握相反的 - 他们很少得到的许可,
并且给予他一个自豪的名字
善良的主人。我不记得曾经见过我的母亲
一天的光。她在夜里和我在一起。她会躺下
和我在一起,让我入睡,但早在我醒来之前她就是
不见了。我们之间的沟通很少。
死亡很快就结束了她生活中我们可以拥有的一切,并且

带着她的艰辛和痛苦。她在我身边的时候就死了七岁，在我主人的农场附近，靠近李氏磨坊。一世在她生病，死亡或者死亡期间不允许出现葬礼。在我知道任何事情之前，她已经离开了很久。从来没有在很大程度上享受她的抚慰在场，她的温柔和警惕，我收到了消息她的死很可能和我应该有的情绪一样感到一个陌生人的死亡。

因此突然离开了，她没有丝毫离开我估计我父亲是谁。我的主人耳语是我的父亲，可能是也可能不是真的；而且，无论是真是假但事实依然如此，对我的目的影响不大奴隶主已经任命的所有明显的憎恶，以及根据法律规定，奴隶妇女的子女应该在所有人中病例遵循母亲的情况；这也是这样做的显然要管理自己的欲望，并制造一个他们邪恶欲望的满足以及他们的利益愉快的；通过这种狡猾的安排，奴隶主，在案件不少，维持他的奴隶的双重关系主人和父亲。

我知道这种情况；这样的话值得一提奴隶总是遭受更大的困难，并且有更多的努力与其他人抗争。首先，它们是一个常数他们的情妇犯罪。她总是愿意挑剔他们；他们很少做任何让她高兴的事情；她永远不会比在睫毛下看到它们时更高兴，特别是当她怀疑她的丈夫向他展示时黑白混血儿从他的黑人身上隐瞒了他们的恩惠奴隶。主人经常被迫出售这类他的奴隶，出于对白人妻子的感情的尊重；而且，对于一个人来说，这种行为可能会使任何人受到伤害他自己的孩子对人肉贩子来说，往往是指令他这样做的人性；因为，除非他这样做，否则他必须这样做

不仅要自己鞭打它们，而且必须袖手旁观并看到一个白色的儿子绑他的兄弟，但很少有阴影肤色比他自己，并将血淋淋的睫毛涂抹在裸体上背部；如果他说了一个不赞成的话，就会被定下来他父母的偏袒，只会让事情变得更糟为他自己和他将保护和捍卫的奴隶。

每年都会带来大量这类奴隶。毫无疑问，由于对这一事实有所了解，因此一位伟大的南方政治家预言了垮台奴隶制由不可避免的人口规律决定。不管这个预言永远不会实现，但是，a 看起来非常不同的一类人正在涌现南方，现在与原来一样被奴役从非洲带到这个国家；如果他们的增加不行其他好处，它会消除争论的力量，即上帝诅咒汉姆，因此美国的奴隶制是正确的。如果汉姆的直系后裔独自被圣经奴役，可以肯定的是，南方的奴隶制必须很快成为不合圣经；成千上万的人每年都被带入世界和我一样，他们的存在归功于白人父亲和那些人父亲最常见的是自己的主人。

我有两个主人。我的第一个主人的名字是安东尼。我不记得他的名字了。他一般叫安东尼船长 - 我认为他获得了这个头衔在切萨皮克湾航行一艘船。他不是被认为是富有的奴隶主。他拥有两三个农场，大约有三十个奴隶。他的农场和奴隶都在关心监工。监工的名字是Plummer。先生。Plummer是一个可怜的醉汉，一个褻瀆的傻瓜，还有一个野蛮的怪物。他总是手持一把牛皮和一把牛皮沉重的棍棒。我认识他要削减和削减女性的如此可怕的头，即使是大师也会被他的愤怒所激怒残忍，如果他不介意，就会威胁要鞭打他

要求监督员提供非凡的野蛮行为
影射他。他是一个残酷的尖，因长寿而坚强
蓄奴。他有时似乎非常高兴
鞭打奴隶。我经常在黎明时被唤醒
我自己的姨妈最令人心碎的尖叫声，
他过去常常绑在一个托梁上，然后鞭打她裸露的背部
直到她真的满身是血。没有言语，没有眼泪，没有
来自他血腥的受害者的祈祷似乎动了他的铁心
从它的血腥目的。她尖叫的声音越大，他就越难
鞭打；血液流速最快的地方，他鞭打了
最长。他会鞭打她使她尖叫，然后鞭打她
使她安静；不会因疲劳而克服，他会
停止摆动血腥的牛皮。我记得第一个
我曾经目睹这个可怕的展览。我很喜欢
孩子，但我记得很清楚。我永远不会忘记它
记住任何事情。这是长篇系列中的第一个
愤怒，我注定要成为一名证人和一名证人
参与者。它给我带来了可怕的力量。这是血 -
肮脏的门，奴隶制地狱的入口，我通过它
即将过去。这是一场非常可怕的奇观。我希望我
我可以承诺记录下我所看到的感受。

这件事发生在我去住后不久
与我的老主人，并在以下情况下。
海丝特姨妈有一天晚上出去了 - 不管怎么样，或者我不这样做
知道了 - 当我的主人想要她的时候碰巧缺席了
存在。他命令她不要出去玩，而且
警告她，她一定不能让他在公司里抓住她
和一个注意她属于的年轻人在一起
劳埃德上校。这个年轻人的名字叫Ned Roberts，
通常被称为劳埃德的内德。为什么高手如此小心
她可能会安全地离开猜测。她是一位高贵的女人
形式，优雅的比例，平等很少，和

较少的上司，在个人外表，在彩色或
我们邻居的白人妇女。

海丝特阿姨不仅违反了外出的命令，
但是在劳埃德的内德公司找到了；哪一个

我发现，在他鞭打她的时候，我发现
是主要罪行。如果他是一个纯道德的人
他自己也可能被认为有兴趣保护自己
我姨妈的天真；但那些认识他的人不会怀疑
他有任何这样的美德。在他开始鞭打阿姨之前
海丝特，他带她进了厨房，把她从脖子上剥了下来
腰部，离开她的脖子，肩膀和背部，完全裸露。
然后他告诉她双手交叉，同时打电话给她
广告 - DB - 小时。双手交叉后，他用一根手绑住了
强壮的绳子，并把她带到一个大钩子下面的凳子里
托梁，为此目的投入。他让她上了凳子，然后
把双手绑在钩子上。她现在因为他的地狱而公平对待
目的。她的手臂全长伸展，这样
她站在脚趾的两端。然后他对她说，“现在，
你d - db - h，我会告诉你如何违背我的命令！”
卷起袖子后，他开始躺在上面
沉重的牛皮，很快温暖的红色血液（在心脏中 -
来自她的尖叫声，以及来自他的可怕誓言）来了
滴在地上。我对此感到非常恐惧和恐惧
看见，我把自己藏在壁橱里，不敢冒险直到
血腥交易结束后很久。我期待它会
轮到我了。这对我来说都是新的。我从未见过任何人
之前的事情。我一直和奶奶住在一起
在种植园的郊区，她被提到了
年轻女性的孩子。因此，直到现在，
在经常发生的血腥场面的方式
种植园。

第二章。

M y master的家人包括两个儿子，Andrew和

理查德·奥尔德里奇他们住在tina和她的丈夫在魁北克
爱德华劳埃德上校的种植园。我的主人是上校
劳埃德的职员和主管。他可能被称为
监督员的监督者。我花了两年的童年时光
这个种植园在我老主人的家里。就在这里，我
目睹了第一章记载的血腥交易；
当我收到我对奴隶制的第一印象时
种植园，我会给它一些描述，以及奴隶制
存在。种植园位于北部约12英里处
伊斯顿，位于塔尔博特县，位于迈尔斯边境
河。在它上面提出的主要产品是烟草，玉米，
和小麦。这些都是非常丰富的；这样，用
这个以及属于他的其他农场的产品，他
能够保持几乎不间断的大型单桅帆船，
将它们带到巴尔的摩市场。这个单桅帆船被命名了
莎莉劳埃德，以纪念上校的一个女儿。我的
主人的女婿阿尔德里奇是该船的主人；
她被上校自己的奴隶所控制。其
名字是Peter，Isaac，Rich和Jake。这些都受到尊重
其他奴隶非常高兴，并被视为
特权种植园；因为这不是一件小事
奴隶的眼睛，被允许看到巴尔的摩。

劳埃德上校保留了三到四百名奴隶
他的家庭种植园，并拥有更多的人
属于他的邻近农场。农场的名称
离家庭种植园最近的是Wye Town和New

设计。“怀伊镇”受到一名男子的监督
诺亚威利斯。新设计受到监督
汤森先生。这些以及其他所有人的监督者
编号超过二十的农场得到了建议和指导
来自家庭种植园的经理。这太棒了
营业场所。它是整个政府的所在地
二十个农场。监察员之间的所有争议都得到了解决
这里。如果奴隶被判犯有任何高度轻罪，
变得无法控制，或表现出逃跑的决心，
他被带到这里，严重鞭打，穿上

登上单桅帆船，运往田尔的麻，然后卖给了奥斯汀·Woolfolk，或其他一些奴隶贩子，作为对奴隶的警告
剩余。

在这里，所有其他农场的奴隶也得到了他们的支持
每月的食物津贴及其年度服装。男人们
和女奴隶一样，每月领取食物，
八磅猪肉，或其相当于鱼，和一蒲式耳
棒子面。他们的年度服装包括两件粗麻布
衬衫，一条亚麻长裤，像衬衫，一件夹克，一件
冬天的裤子，粗黑色布，一对
丝袜和一双鞋；整个都可以
没有超过七美元的成本。津贴
奴隶的孩子被送给他们的母亲或老年妇女
照顾他们。孩子们无法工作
田野既没有鞋子，长袜，夹克，也没有裤子
他们；他们的衣服包括两件粗麻布衬衫
年。当这些失败时，他们赤身裸体直到下一次
津贴天。七岁至十岁的儿童
在一年中的所有季节都可能看到几乎赤身裸体的性别。

奴隶没有床，除非一个粗糙
毯子被认为是这样，除了男人和女人
有这些。然而，这并不是很好
穷困。他们发现因缺少床位而难度大

从没有时间睡觉；当他们一天的工作在
田地已经完成，他们中的大多数人都在洗，修补，
和烹饪做，很少或没有普通
做其中任何一个的设施，他们很多人都在睡觉
在即将到来的一天为准备场地消耗时间；
当这样做时，老人和年轻人，男性和女性，结婚
单身，并排放在一张公共床上， -
寒冷潮湿的地板，每个人用自己的身体遮住自己
悲惨的毯子；在这里，他们一直睡到被召唤
驾驶员的号角到现场。听到这个，一切都必须
上升，并离开现场。一定不能停止；每一个人
必须在他或她的岗位上；并且祸害那些听不到的人
今天早上召唤到田野；如果他们没有被唤醒

通过听觉，他们是感觉；没有年龄，也没有性别找到任何帮助。监督员赛勒威先生曾经站立过在这个季度的大门，手持一个大山核桃棒和沉重的牛皮，准备鞭打任何一个如此不幸的人不听，或从任何其他原因，被阻止准备好在喇叭声响起的场地。

塞雷维尔先生的名字是正确的：他是一个残酷的人。我有看到他鞭打一个女人，导致血液运行半小时当时；而且，在她哭闹的孩子中间，恳求他们的母亲获释。他似乎很高兴在表现他的恶魔野蛮。他加上了他的残忍是一个褻渎的人。这足以让血液冷却使一个普通男人的头发僵硬，听他说话。稀缺的判决逃过了他，但这是由他开始或结束的一些可怕的誓言。这片场地是见证他残忍的地方褻渎。他的存在使它成为血液和血液的领域褻渎。从上升到下降太阳，他是诅咒，咆哮，削减和削减奴隶之间的奴隶这个领域，以最可怕的方式。他的职业生涯很短暂。他我去劳埃德上校后不久就去世了；他死了

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叙事的叙事

他生活，发出声音，带着垂死的呻吟，苦涩的诅咒和可怕的诅咒誓言。他的死被奴隶视为一个人的结果仁慈的天意。

塞弗尔先生的位置由霍普金斯先生填补。他是个非常不同的人。他不那么残忍，不那么褻渎和制造比Severe先生更少的噪音。他的课程的特点是没有非凡的残酷示威。他鞭打了，但是似乎并不高兴。他被奴隶召唤了一个好监督。

劳埃德上校的家庭种植园外观一个乡村。所有的机械操作农场在这里进行。制鞋和修补，锻造，cartwrighting，铜匠，编织和谷物 - 磨，都是由家里的奴隶进行的种植园。整个地方都非常像商业一样与邻近的农场不同。房屋数量也是如此

密谋使其优于邻近的农场。它
被大多数农场的奴隶告发。很少的特权
受到农场外的奴隶的尊重比那更高
被选中在Great House Farm做差事。它是
他们的思想与伟大相关。一位代表可以
不要因为当选美国席位而感到骄傲
国会，而不是其中一个农场的奴隶将是他的
选举在Great House Farm做差事。他们认为
它作为他们对他们充满信心的证据
监督员; 这是在这个帐户上，以及一个常数
希望从驾驶员的鞭子下走出场地，那
他们认为这是一项很高的特权，一个值得小心生活的人。
他被称为最聪明，最值得信赖的人，他有这个
荣誉最频繁地授予他。竞争对手
为这个办公室寻求努力取悦他们的监督者，如
政党的办公室寻求者寻求取悦和
欺骗人民。可能会看到相同的性格特征

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弗雷德里克道格拉斯的生活

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在劳埃德上校的奴隶中，正如在奴隶的奴隶中看到的那样
政党。

奴隶选择去大宅农场，为了
他们自己和同伴的每月津贴是
特别热情。在他们的路上，他们会做
密密麻麻的古老树林，数英里之外，与他们的回荡相呼应
狂野的歌曲，立刻揭示出最高的喜悦和最深处
悲伤。随着他们的进展，他们会创作和唱歌，
既不花时间也不调整。出现的想法，
出来 - 如果不是在声音中，在声音中; - 并且经常出现
在另一个中。他们有时唱得最多
在最狂热的语气中，最可悲的情绪
最悲惨的语调中的狂热情绪。进入他们所有的
他们会设法编写一些伟大的歌曲
家庭农场。特别是他们离开时会这样做
家。然后，他们会以极大的兴趣唱出以下内容
话： -

“我要去大宅农场！”

哦，是的！哦，是的！哦！”

他们会作为合唱，唱出许多人的话语
看起来似乎是毫无意义的行话，但不管怎样
对自己充满了意义。我有时会想到这一点
仅仅听到这些歌曲会给一些人留下更深刻的印象
与奴隶制的可怕性格有关的思想，而不是阅读
关于这个问题的全部哲学都可以做到。

当一个奴隶，我没有理解其深刻的含义
那些粗鲁而且看似不连贯的歌曲。我自己就在里面
圆圈；所以我既没有看到也没有听见那些没有力量的人
看到和听到。他们讲述了一个完全是悲痛的故事
超出我的微弱理解；他们的声音响亮，很长，
而深 他们呼吸着灵魂的祈祷和抱怨

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叙事的叙事

沸腾了最痛苦的痛苦。每个音调都是一个
反对奴役的见证，以及向上帝祈求拯救的见证
来自连锁店。听到这些狂野的音符总是郁闷
我的精神，充满了无法形容的悲伤。我有
听到他们时经常发现自己流泪。仅仅
即使是现在，这些歌曲也会复发，折磨着我；虽然我是
写这些线条，已经发现了一种感觉的表达
它顺着我的脸颊。对于那些我追踪我的第一首歌
关于人性的非人性化的闪烁概念
奴隶制。我永远无法摆脱这种观念。那些歌还在
跟着我，加深对奴隶制的仇恨，加快我的速度
同情我的弟兄们的债券。如果有人愿意的话
对奴隶制的杀魂效果印象深刻，让他去
劳埃德上校的种植园，并在津贴日，地点
他自己在深松的树林里，默默地让他
分析将通过他的房间的声音
灵魂，如果他没有留下深刻的印象，那只会是因为
“他顽固的心里没有肉体。”

自从我来到这里，我经常感到非常惊讶
在北方，寻找可以说唱歌的人
奴隶，作为他们满足和幸福的证据。它是
不可能设想出更大的错误。奴隶唱得最多

当他们最不开心的时候，奴隶的歌曲代表他心中的忧伤，并且他被他们释放，只是作为一个它的泪水缓解了疼痛的心。至少，这是我的经验。我经常唱歌来淹没我的悲伤，但很少表达我的快乐。为喜悦而欢呼，为喜悦而欢呼，在奴隶制的下巴中，我几乎都不同寻常。该在荒凉的岛屿上演唱一个男人的歌声可能就像适当地被视为满足的证据和幸福，就像一个奴隶的歌声；一个人的歌曲另一个是由同样的情绪引起的。

第三章。

COLONEL L LOYD保留了一个大型精致栽培的花园，这使得四名男子的就业几乎不变，除了主要的园丁，（M'Durmond先生。）这个花园可能是这个地方最吸引人的地方。在夏天几个月来，人们来自远近巴尔的摩，伊斯顿和安纳波利斯 - 看到它。它几乎在果实中丰富每一个描述，从北方的耐寒苹果到南方的精致橙色。这个花园并非最不重要的种植园的麻烦来源。它出色的水果相当对饥饿的男孩群以及年长者的诱惑奴隶，属于上校，很少有人有美德或反对它的恶习。在夏天，几乎一天过去了，但是有些奴隶不得不采取鞭子来偷水果。该上校不得不求助于各种各样的策略来保住他的奴隶走出花园。最后也是最成功的一个是围着他的篱笆；之后，如果一个奴隶被抓住了对他的人有任何焦油，这被认为是足够的证据他要么已经进了花园，要么试着进去无论是哪种情况，他都被首席园丁严厉鞭打。这个

健忘。他的好恶几乎完全依赖于他的本能。他是不可能没有被玷污。

上校还保留了一个出色的骑马装备。他的稳定和马车房出现了我们的一些大城市制服场所。他的马是最好的形式和最高尚的血液。他的马车房有三个精彩的教练，三到四个演出，除了dearborns和最时尚风格的barouches。

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叙事的叙事

这个机构由两个奴隶照顾巴尼和年轻的巴尼父子。要注意这一点建立是他们唯一的工作。但这绝不是一个轻松就业；因为没有什么是劳埃德上校更多特别是在管理他的马。一点点不注意这些是不可原谅的，并被访问那些人，在他们的照料下，他们被置于最严重的地方惩罚；如果只是上校，没有任何借口可以保护他们怀疑任何想要关注他的马 - 一个假设他经常放纵，当然，这是一个古老而年轻的巴尼办公室非常努力。他们从来不知道什么时候他们不受惩罚。他们是经常鞭打最不值得，逃脱最值得鞭打的时候鞭打。每件事都取决于马的外观，以及劳埃德上校自己的状态当他的马被带到他身边使用时。如果是一匹马没有足够快的移动，或者保持足够的高度，这是由于他的饲养员的一些错误。站在附近很痛苦稳定的门，听到各种投诉反对当一匹马被取出使用时的饲养员。“这匹马没有得到适当的关注。他没有受到足够的磨擦咖喱，或他没有得到适当的喂养；他的食物太湿了太干了；他太快或太晚了；他太热了冷；他有太多的干草，没有足够的粮食；或者他有太多的粮食，没有足够的干草；而不是老巴尼的在参加这匹马时，他非常不正当地把它留给了他的儿子。”对于所有这些抱怨，无论多么不公正，奴隶都必须永远不会回答。劳埃德上校无法忍受任何事

奴隶的矛盾。当他说话时，奴隶必须站立，
嘶，颤抖，事实确实如此。我见过
劳埃德上校让老巴尼成为五十到六十岁的男人
多年的时候，露出他的光头，跪倒在地，
潮湿的地面，并在他裸露和劳累时接受

当时肩膀超过三十鞭。劳埃德上校了
三个儿子 - 爱德华，默里和丹尼尔，以及三个儿子 -
法律，温德先生，尼科尔森先生和朗兹先生。所有这些
住在Great House Farm，享受奢华
从老巴尼那里鞭打仆人们
教练司机威廉威尔克斯。我见过温德尔
让一个家庭佣人与他隔离合适
他的鞭子结束时触及的距离
中风在他的背上抬起巨大的脊。

描述劳埃德上校的财富几乎就是
等于描述约伯的财富。他保持十到十五岁
房子的仆人。据说他拥有一千个奴隶，而我
认为这个估计完全符合事实。劳埃德上校拥有
很多人看到他们时都不认识他们; 也没有
外地农民的所有奴隶都认识他。据他报道，
有一天，当他沿着这条路骑行时，他遇到了一个有色人种，
并以通常的方式对待他
在南方公共高速公路上的人们：“好吧，男孩，谁
你属于吗？”“对于劳埃德上校，”奴隶回答道。
“那么，上校对你好吗？”“不，先生，”是
准备回复。“什么，他的工作太难了吗？”“是的，先生。”
“好吧，他不给你足够的食物吗？”“是的，先生，他给了我
足够的，比如它。”

上校在确定奴隶所属的地方后，
骑马那个男人也继续谈论他的生意，而不是做梦
他一直在与他的主人交谈。他想，说，
直到两三个星期才发现此事
之后。然后他的监督员通知了这个可怜的人
因为他已经找到了他的主人的错，他现在就是
卖给乔治亚州的一位交易员。他立即受到了束缚
铐; 因此，没有片刻的警告，他就是

从他的家人和家人们那里抢走了，并且永远地被摧毁了朋友，一只手比死亡更无情。这是

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叙事的叙事

说实话，说出简单的真相，回答一系列简单的问题。

部分是由于这样的事实，奴隶，何时询问他们的状况和他们的性格大师，几乎普遍说他们很满足，那他们的主人是善良的。众所周知，奴隶主在他们的奴隶中发送间谍，以确定他们的观点和关于他们的状况的感受。这个频率有效地在奴隶之间建立了格言，即a仍然舌头是一个明智的头。他们压制真相而不是采取告诉它的后果，并在这样做证明他们自己是人类大家庭的一部分。如果他们有任何事情要说说出他们的主人，这通常是他们的主人的青睐，特别是在与未经验证的人交谈时。我经常被问到，当一个奴隶，如果我有一个善良的主人，并不记得曾经给出过否定的答案；我也没有，在追求这门课程时，请考虑自己说的是什么绝对错误；因为我总是衡量我的善意掌握奴隶主之间建立的善意标准在我们周围。而且，奴隶就像其他人一样，并且习惯了偏见对他人来说很常见。他们认为自己更好而不是其他人。许多人在这种偏见的影响下，认为自己的主人比其他人的主人更好奴隶；而且，在某些情况下，当情况正好相反时真正。事实上，奴隶甚至堕落并不常见他们之间争吵他们的相对善良每个人都争先恐后地争取自己的优越感超过其他人。在同一时间，他们是相互的在单独观看时执行他们的主人。就是这样种植园。当劳埃德上校的奴隶遇到奴隶时Jacob Jepson，他们很少在没有争吵的情况下分手主人；劳埃德上校的奴隶争辩说他是那个人最富有的，杰普森先生的奴隶，他是最聪明的，而且

大多数男人。劳埃德上校的奴隶会夸耀自己的能力
买卖Jacob Jepson。杰普森先生的奴隶会吹嘘他的
能够鞭打劳埃德上校。这些争吵差不多了
总是在各方之间的斗争中结束，那些
鞭打应该得到了争论的焦点。他们
似乎认为他们的主人的伟大是
转移到自己。它被认为是坏的
足以成为奴隶；但是成为一个穷人的奴隶被认为是
确实是一种耻辱！

第四章

中号 [R. H OPKINS] 仍然在办公室的短暂时间
监工。为什么他的职业生涯如此短暂，我不知道，但是
假设他缺乏适合劳埃德上校的必要严厉程度。

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 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. 他 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 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 结果。 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 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

因此被谋杀的是：- 那天晚上他被安排好了
希克斯太太的孩子，在夜里她睡着了，然后睡着了
宝贝哭了。她以前几个晚上都没有休息，
没有听到哭声。他们都和太太在一起。
希克斯。希克斯太太，发现这个女孩移动缓慢，跳了起来
她的床，在壁炉旁捡起一块橡木桶，还有它
打破了女孩的鼻子和胸骨，从而结束了她的生命。一世
不会说这个最可怕的谋杀没有产生任何感觉
在社区。它确实产生了感觉，但还不够
将凶手带去惩罚。签发了一份手令
因为她被捕，但从未服过。因此，她没有逃脱

只有惩罚，甚至是在被骚扰之前的痛苦
法院对她的可怕罪行。

虽然我详细描述了在那期间发生的血腥行为
我留在劳埃德上校的种植园，我将简要叙述一下
另一个，与谋杀的同时发生

戈尔先生的Demby。

劳埃德上校的奴隶养成了参与的习惯
他们的夜晚和星期天在捕捞牡蛎，以及在此
方式弥补了他们的稀缺津贴的不足。一个老
属于劳埃德上校的男子，虽然订婚了，却发生了
超越劳埃德上校的限制，并在场地内
比尔邦利先生 在这次非法侵入时，邦迪先生冒犯了，
他的步枪下到岸边，吹了它
致命的内容进入可怜的老人。

第二天邦迪先生过来看劳埃德上校，
是否支付他的财产，或为自己辩护
他做了什么，我不知道。无论如何，这整个恶魔
交易很快就消失了。几乎没有人说过
它完全没有做任何事情。这是一个普遍的说法，甚至在其中
小白人男孩，杀死一个“黑鬼”值得花半分钱
埋下一个半分钱。

第五章

一个小号我自己处理，而我住在上校劳合社
种植园，它与其他奴隶儿童非常相似。

我还不够大，不能在外地工作，而且很少除了现场工作，我有很多闲暇时间。该我最需要做的就是晚上赶上奶牛，保持健康离开花园的鸟，保持前院干净，并且运行我的老主人的女儿Lucretia Auld夫人的差事。该我大部分闲暇时间都在帮助丹尼尔劳埃德大师在他射击之后寻找他的鸟。我的联系丹尼尔大师对我有一些好处。他变得相当附在我身上，是我的一种保护者。他不会允许年龄较大的男孩强加给我，并将他分开和我一起吃蛋糕

我很少被我的老主人鞭打，并且遭受了很少的痛苦除了饥饿和寒冷之外的任何事情。我受了很多苦饥饿，但更多来自寒冷。在炎热的夏天和最寒冷的冬天，我几乎赤身裸体 - 没有鞋子，没有丝袜，没有夹克，没有裤子，除了粗拖之外什么都没有亚麻衬衫，只能伸到我的膝盖。我没有床。我必须感冒了，但是，最寒冷的夜晚，我常常偷了一个用于将玉米运到磨坊的袋子。我会爬行进入这个包里，睡在寒冷潮湿的粘土地板上我的头和脚。我的脚已经破了霜，我写的笔可能会放在深深的伤口。

我们没有经常获得津贴。我们的食物很粗糙玉米粉煮沸。这被称为 *糊状*。它被放入一个大的木制托盘或槽，放在地上。该

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叙事的叙事

然后孩子们像许多猪一样被召唤，就像许多人一样他们会来猪吞食糊状物；一些有牡蛎 - 贝壳，其他人用瓦片，有些用赤手，没有勺子。吃得最快的人最多；那是他最强的是最好的地方；很少有人离开低谷满意。

我可能在7到8岁之间离开劳埃德上校的种植园。我高兴地离开了它。我永远不会忘记狂喜，我收到了我的智慧老大师（安东尼）决定让我去巴尔的摩，与我的老主人的儿子Hugh Auld先生住在一起

法律，托马斯·奥尔德船长。我收到了有关此信息
我离开前三天。他们是三个最开心的人
我很享受的日子。这三天我花了大部分时间
在小溪里，洗掉种植园的皮屑，准备
我自己离开了。

外表的骄傲，这表明不是
我自己的。我花时间洗衣服，而不是因为我
希望，但因为Lucretia夫人告诉我，我必须得到所有
在我去之前，我的脚和膝盖上的死皮
巴尔的摩；因为巴尔的摩的人非常干净，而且
如果我看起来很脏，我会嘲笑我。此外，她还会去
给我一条裤子，除非我，否则我不应该穿
得到了我所有的污垢。想拥有一条裤子
确实很棒！这几乎是一个充分的动机，不仅如此
让我脱掉那些叫猪的人
疥癣，但皮肤本身。我非常认真地去工作
这是第一次带着奖励的希望。

通常将儿童与家庭联系起来的关系是
一切都在我的情况下暂停。我发现没有严重的审判
离开。我的家没有魅力；它不是我的家；上
离开它，我无法感觉到我正在离开任何东西
我可以通过留下来享受。我妈妈死了

我的祖母住得很远，所以我很少见到她。我有
两个姐妹和一个兄弟，住在同一个房子里
我；但是我们与母亲的早期分离很好
从我们的记忆中抹去了我们关系的事实。一世
在其他地方寻找家，并有信心找不到
我应该津津乐道，而不是我要离开的那个。如果，
然而，我在新家中找到了困难，饥饿，鞭打，
而且，我有安慰，我不应该有
通过入住逃脱了他们中的任何一个。已经有了更多
而不是在我的老主人的房子里品尝它们，并且拥有
在那里忍受他们，我很自然地推断出我的能力
在其他地方忍受他们，特别是在巴尔的摩；因为我有
关于巴尔的摩的一种表达方式
这句谚语“在英格兰被绞死比较好

在爱尔兰死于自然死亡。“我最强烈的愿望
看巴尔的摩。表姐汤姆，尽管言语不流利，但却有
通过他雄辩的描述激发了我的渴望
地点。我永远不会在Great House指出任何事情，不
无论多么美丽或强大，但他曾见过
巴尔的摩的东西远远超过了美女和美女
力量，我向他指出的对象。即使是伟大的
房子本身及其所有图片远远不如许多人
巴尔的摩的建筑物。我想，我的欲望如此强烈
对它的满足将完全弥补任何损失
我应该通过交换来维持舒适。我没有离开
后悔，并带着对未来幸福的最大希望。

星期六我们乘船离开迈尔斯河前往巴尔的摩
早上。我只记得一周中的哪一天，因为那时我
不知道这个月的日子，也不知道几个月的日子
那一年。启航后，我向船尾走去，然后交给了上校
劳埃德的种植园，我希望是最后的样子。然后我
把自己放在单桅帆船的弓上，然后花了

展望未来的剩余时间，我自己很有趣
距离是什么，而不是靠近或靠近的东西。

当天下午，我们到达了安纳波利斯
国家首都。我们停了一会儿，所以我
没时间上岸了。这是我第一个大城镇
曾经见过，虽然与一些相比看起来很小
在我们的新英格兰工厂村，我觉得这很棒
它的大小 - 比大房子更加壮观
农场！

我们星期天早上到达巴尔的摩，降落
在史密斯码头 (Smith's Wharf) ，离鲍利码头 (Bowley's Wharf) 不远。我们过去了
把一大群羊放在单桅帆船上；并在帮助之后
把他们带到Louden的Curtis先生的屠宰场
Slater's Hill，我是Rich手中的一员
属于单桅帆船，我在Alliciana的新家
在加德纳先生的船厂附近的街道，在Fells Point。

奥尔德先生和夫人都在家，并在会见我

与他们的小儿子托马斯一起，照顾我的人得到了。在这里，我看到了我以前从未见过的东西；它是一张白色的脸上洋溢着最温柔的情感；这是面对我的新情妇Sophia Auld。我希望我能描述一下当我看到它时，我心中闪过的狂喜。那是个给我带来新的和奇怪的景象，照亮我的道路幸福之光。小托马斯被告知，有他的弗雷迪，我被告知照顾小托马斯；因此我以最欢呼的方式进入我新家的职责前景未来。

我看着我离开劳埃德上校的种植园作为我生命中最有趣的事件之一。有可能的，甚至很可能，但仅仅是因为我应该从那个种植园搬到巴尔的摩今天，而不是坐在我自己的桌子旁边写下这个，享受自由和家庭的幸福

叙事，被限制在奴隶制的奴隶链中。展望住在巴尔的摩奠定了基础，并打开了通往我所有后来的繁荣。我曾经看过它是那种天意的第一个简单表现形式从那以后我就一直照顾着我，并用这么多人来纪念我的生活赞成。我认为自己的选择有点儿卓越。可能有许多奴隶孩子已经从种植园送到巴尔的摩。曾经有年龄较小的人，年龄较大的人和年龄相同的人。我曾是从他们中间选出，并且是第一个，最后一个，也是唯一一个选择。

我可能被认为是迷信的，甚至是自负的关于这个事件作为神圣的特殊介入普罗维登斯对我有利。但我最早应该是假的如果我压制了这个观点，我的灵魂的情绪。我更喜欢对我自己也是如此，即使是在招致嘲笑的危险之中其他人，而不是虚假，并引起我自己的憎恶。从我最早的回忆中，我可以看到深刻的娱乐坚信奴隶制并不总是能够抓住我在其肮脏的拥抱中；在我职业生涯的最黑暗时刻

奴隶制，这种活泼的信仰和希望精神并没有消失来自我，但仍然像服务天使一样为我欢呼透过忧郁。这种善良的精神来自上帝，对我而言提供感恩和赞美。

第六章

My新情妇被证明是她第一次出现的全部在门口遇见她，一个最善良的女人和最好的女人情怀。她之前从未有过她控制过的奴隶对自己而言，在她结婚之前，她一直都很依赖以她自己的工业为生。她是一个织布工人；并且通过不断应用到她的生意，她一直在从枯萎和非人性化中保留了良好的程度奴隶制的影响。我对她的善良感到十分惊讶。一世几乎不知道如何对待她。她完全是不像我见过的任何其他白人女性。我不能接近她，因为我习惯于接近其他白人女士们。我早期的指示完全不合适。蹲伏奴役，通常是如此可接受的奴隶质量，没有
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 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 期望。 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 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. 他们 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. 所以 much was Mary kicked and cut to pieces, that she was oftener called "*pecked*" than by her name.

CHAPTER VII.

I LIVED in Master Hugh's family about seven years. 中 this time, I succeeded in learning to read and write. 在 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 tender-hearted 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.

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. —^世 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 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. 在 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.

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. 一世 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. 该 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 状态。 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 to find a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to work for 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.

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— "LF" When a piece was for starboard side forward, it would be marked thus— "SF" For larboard aft, it would be marked thus— "LA" For starboard aft, it would be marked thus— "SA" 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. —^世 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 only his son, Andrew, and daughter, Lucretia, to 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. 这里 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. 在

addition to the pain of separation, there was the horrid dread of 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 fellow-slaves. 一世 had known what it was to be kindly treated; 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. 一世 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; 和

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 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 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
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. 一世
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. 什么时候
that came, I was determined to be off.

CHAPTER IX.

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. 一世 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 其他。 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 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 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; 对于 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. Storks, 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 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.

CHAPTER X.

I 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. 一世 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 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 pocket-knife, 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; 和
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. 他 would then come out fresh in the evening, ready to urge us on with his words, example, and frequently with the whip. 先生。 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. 他 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. 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. 他的

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. 他 seemed to think himself equal to deceiving the Almighty. 他 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 混乱。 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. 后 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 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. 该 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; 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! 让我 be free! Is there any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away. 一世 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; — 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. 一世 will take to the water. This very bay shall yet bear me into

自由。 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 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 时间。

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; 制作 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 overhauled 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; 和 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. 一世 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; 那 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. 一世 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 me the means of hiding. He seemed very angry, and searched for me a long time. My behavior was altogether unaccountable. 他 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. 那 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; 和 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 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. 他 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 turning-point in my career as a slave. It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within me a sense of my own manhood. 它 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 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. 它 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. 和 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. 那 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 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. 他们 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.

I have said that this mode of treatment is a part of the whole system of fraud and inhumanity of slavery. It is so. 该 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. 该 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 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. 这些 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. 这样 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

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 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 Jenkin^{*}, 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

* 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.

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 rather see us engaged in those degrading sports, than to see us behaving like intellectual, moral, and accountable 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 妇女。 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. 一切 moment they spent in that school, they were liable to be taken

up, and given thirty-nine 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. 一世 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. 他们 were noble souls; they not only possessed loving hearts, but brave ones. We were linked and interlinked with each other. 一世 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 fellow-slaves, and especially those with whom I lived at Mr. Freeland's. I believe we would have died for each other. 我们 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. 一世 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 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. 该 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 死亡。 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, 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

waterway, we hoped that we were regarded as free men, and that 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:—

"T HIS 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.

"W ILLIAM 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 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

succeeded very well, as much as possible; and I think we

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. 该 responsibility of success or failure lay heavily upon me. 该 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. 他 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. 通过 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

himself and his head on the stocks and called the 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 satisfaction, tied me—lashing my hands closely together. 一世 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. 我们 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*

Henry nor John would ever 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 looking 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. 我们的 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—

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. 他们 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. 我们 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. 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; 但 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 目的。 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 shipyard, 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. 在 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! 和 *bowse* this timber forward." — "I say, darky, 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. 该 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 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, 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

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. 他 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 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; 它是 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; 但 solely because he had the power to compel me to give it up. 该 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. 但 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; 哪一个 would, of course, be the means of guarding a door whereby some dear brother bondman might escape his galling chains. 一世 deeply regret the necessity that impels me to suppress any thing of importance connected with my experience in slavery. 它 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.

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. 我们 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. 但 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. 一世 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 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 时间。 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. 他 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. 它 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, 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; 和 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. 一世 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; 但

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. 他 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. 在 the end of the week, I brought him between eight and nine dollars. He 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 twenty-five cents, (quite a large sum for a slaveholder to give a slave,) and bade me to make a good use of 它. 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 warm-hearted 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. 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 kidnapers, 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 hunting-ground for slaveholders—whose inhabitants are legalized kidnapers—where he is every moment subjected to the terrible liability of being seized upon by his fellow-men, 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. 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. JW 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:—

"T HIS 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.

"J AMES WC P ENNINGTON .

" *New York*, Sept. 15, 1838."

* She was free.

† I had changed my name from Frederick *Bailey* to that of *Johnson* .

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 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. 我们 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. 他们 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 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 Spartan-like 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. —^世 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 Baltimore. 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. 一世 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 手。 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 Master 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. 一世 was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry wood, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks,—all of which I 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

* I am told that colored persons can now get employment at calking in New Bedford—a result of anti-slavery effort.

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. 该 truth was, I felt myself a slave, and the idea of speaking to white people weighed me down. I spoke but a few 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.

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. 什么 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, women-whippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for

church members. The man who wields the blood-clotted 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. 他 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 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. 我们 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. 该 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?

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees,
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 uppermost 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! 对于 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 *man*-stealer, 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 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?"

"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 thief, and cheat, and lie,
And lay up treasures in the sky,
By making switch and cowskin fly,
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

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APPENDIX TO THE

brethren in bonds—faithfully relying upon the power of truth, love, and justice, for success in my humble efforts—and solemnly pledging myself anew to the sacred cause,—I subscribe myself,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

L YNN , *Mass.*, April 28, 1845.

THE END.