This special
Bicentennial Edition
is dedicated to the
Legacy and Spirit of
our great ancestor,
Frederick Douglass.

Nettie Washington Douglass
Great-great-granddaughter, Frederick Douglass
Great-granddaughter, Booker T. Washington

Kenneth B. Morris, Jr.
Great-great-great-grandson, Frederick Douglass
Great-great-grandson, Booker T. Washington
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NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE
OF
FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
AN
AMERICAN SLAVE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Introduction by Bryan Stevenson

Bicentennial Edition
1818-2018
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EDITOR’S NOTE

Oh, Douglass! Thou hast passed beyond the shore,
But still thy voice is ringing o’er the gale!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

When Frederick Douglass first published his *Narrative* in 1845, fifteen of the twenty-eight states allowed its residents to own other people for the purpose of enslavement. The United States of America still permitted the most extreme form of human inequality despite its founders’ declaring, sixty-nine years earlier, that *all men are created equal*. And, while we are generations removed from the inhumanity of slavery, we are not altogether removed from inequality.

This Bicentennial Edition of the *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave* will remind readers how inequality felt to Douglass and to some of those who were enslaved at that time. Before we start, Kenneth B. Morris, Jr., a direct descendant of Douglass, will show just how close we are to our past and the importance of understanding the people and places from which we came. A wide range of contributors will also present brief testimonies about what the *Narrative* means to them. And, Bryan Stevenson, who has dedicated his career to assisting those that have been treated unjustly by American institutions, will illustrate the parallels of his fight for civil and human rights to that of Douglass’s own fight for the freedom of others.

After reading this book, remember that its significance should not be judged only by how much it influenced the past but, rather, how it might help you influence the future. The story of a person who fights against the greatest odds, who learns that knowledge is power, who overcomes hatred and injustice, is not about history…it’s about now. For many people today, in every part of the world, there is prejudice, abuse, humiliation, economic struggle and that same kind of institutional iniquity that happened all those years ago. Even though Douglass’s words were personal, they can still ring powerfully for girls and boys, women and men, of every skin
tone and spiritual belief in classrooms, homes, parks, faith institutions and community centers across the country.

Speaking of his words… readers will find that, since the book was published, some words have changed a bit. Words like “practise” and “defence” are represented differently from how we’re used to seeing them today. We have kept the text in its original form. Parents will find words that may be difficult for children to read because of their explicit nature. Douglass spares no detail, for instance, in describing the whipping of his Aunt Hester in Chapter I. These words were essential for crafting an image of servitude’s appalling reality which Douglass witnessed firsthand and, though painful, they are part of our shared history.

Readers will also find words that are now considered racial slurs used throughout the original text. We recognize these words today as slanderous and stigmatizing. We refrain from using the word “slave” in our editorial text for the same reason. We believe that all humans are born to be free. Those whose freedom was stolen – centuries ago in the Americas, from Africa or in a modern city – are enslaved. It is a simple and uplifting practice to recognize the humanity of a person, against whom a crime has been committed, rather than seeing the person through the prism of a word that makes them seem – and feel – less than human. Justice and compassion demand that we erase unfair titles that are too often given to victims by tormentors as a way to excuse their own crimes.

Finally, the brief footnotes in the Narrative belong only to Douglass. Please read the book with a good dictionary or search engine close at hand to further investigate its words, people and places. The Narrative is short and very rich. It’s worth spending time to assimilate it as completely as possible.

This Bicentennial Edition of the Narrative may be featured proudly on your mantle, but I advise readers to take it down frequently. Let other books gather dust on a shelf, but open this one, show it to people you know, reference a quote, tell someone that “He was talking about us!” Take this book to a coffee shop, to school or to a protest (always using the

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1 If parents believe that racial slurs found in the Narrative will be offensive to their children, we recommend they put off having them read the book until their children are ready.
hashtag #FD2018). Tell others who Douglass is. Let them know who you are. And, if you wear out your copy, we’ll send another one.

Douglass brings wisdom to the challenges we’re facing across America today; still, his voice is ringing o’er the gale! Take this book in hand and listen closely as Frederick Douglass implores you to Agitate, Agitate, Agitate!

Robert J. Benz
Co-Founder, Frederick Douglass Family Initiatives

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2 Douglass’s response when asked what advice he would give to a young black American.
The great force of history comes from the fact that we carry it within us, are unconsciously controlled by it in many ways, and history is literally present in all that we do.

James Baldwin

I can’t say when I first realized I was related to Frederick Douglass. I’ve just always known. When I was growing up, it seemed that everywhere I turned I saw symbols of his awe-inspiring greatness. There were imposing bronze statues staring down from high above and patina-stained busts peering from behind overgrown shrubs. Family photographs, vintage books, handwritten letters, commemorative stamps and coins emblazoned with his image were always present in our home. There were schools, libraries and bridges named for him. My teachers lectured about his life and legacy during Black History Month. He inhabited the pages of my textbooks and our family’s Encyclopedia Britannica.

I was twelve years old when I first noticed the copy of the Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave on the library shelf. I pulled it down and held it delicately in my hands as one might handle a rare book. There he was inside the cover, The Great Abolitionist, staring at me, examining my every move. He was always staring, always watching.

If the honor of being a descendant of one great American wasn’t enough weight to carry, I also have the distinction of being a direct descendant of a formerly enslaved person and educator, Booker T. Washington. This extraordinary lineage flows through the maternal side of my family by way of the union of my grandmother, Nettie Hancock Washington (granddaughter of Booker T. Washington), and my grandfather, Dr. Frederick Douglass III (great-grandson of Frederick Douglass). When my mother, Nettie Washington Douglass, was born, she united the bloodlines of these historic families.
This makes me the great-great-great-grandson of Frederick Douglass and the great-great-grandson of Booker T. Washington. Not only is it a mouthful trying to say all of those greats, but it sometimes makes me feel far removed. You may be reading these words and having a hard time trying to imagine my connection to these American heroes. It’s like trying to picture a billion dollars with all of those zeros. But a lot of people know their grandparents. You may even know or have known your great grandparents. It’s not so hard to imagine that your great grandparents, when they were younger, also knew their grandparents.

This is how close I feel to both men. You see, my great-grandmother, Fannie Douglass, to whom I was very close, met Frederick Douglass when she was a little girl. When I was a boy, she would put me on her knee, and with dramatic flair tell me about the tall man, with a shock of white hair, that made quite an impression on her. From that day forward she began referring to him as “The Man with the Big White Hair” and did so until her death at the age of 103. She had no way of knowing at the time that she would grow up and marry his grandson, Joseph.

My Aunt Portia, to whom I was also very close, is Booker T. Washington’s daughter. I remember sitting on her knee as she told me first-hand stories about her father and his work as the founder of Tuskegee Institute in Tuskegee, Alabama. During our time together, Aunt Portia shared numerous stories about our family history and did so until she passed away at the age of 95.

A few years ago, as I was trying to wrap my mind around the time and distance between the generations, I had a profound thought: hands that touched the great Frederick Douglass and hands that touched the great Booker T. Washington… touched mine. And so it is, even with all those greats, that I can say, I stand one person away from history.

The role of heir to a legacy is never chosen and it is more often a burden than a blessing, no matter how bright or talented those heirs may be. For the descendants of men like Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, who cast as broad a shadow as any American ever has, the expectations can be all the more daunting. Certainly, I have felt the weight of expectation, at times, but I was raised outside of my ancestors’ shadows by design, and I have always been free to find my own path. That path finally led me back to the Douglass and Washington legacies.
In late 2005, my friend, business associate and editor of this special Bicentennial Edition, Robert Benz, handed me a 2003 National Geographic Magazine cover story called “21st Century Slaves.” The caption below the headline stunned me: “There are more slaves today than were seized from Africa in four centuries of the trans-Atlantic slave trade.” When I read and absorbed this, I realized these great legacies were part of a calling for me — a calling to leverage history in order to help change the future for those held in modern-day slavery. The life I had been living all of those years ended abruptly, and I became an abolitionist like Frederick Douglass. Call it fate or fortune, destiny or DNA, I had been chosen by this path.

Today, there are millions of people around the world who are bought and sold for sex and other forms of forced labor: young girls and boys enslaved in brothels; children forced to work because their hands are small enough to do close needlework or pull fish from nets; men and women forced to farm, mine, or work in factories or service industries in dangerous conditions. Many make the clothes and harvest the food that we consume at low prices every day.

Frederick Douglass identified the key to ending this human scourge when he realized at the tender age of nine that education makes a man “unfit to be a slave.” My ancestor understood that knowledge was power and it would one day be his key to freedom. Unless we are able to educate people about slavery’s past and present, about the methods that human traffickers use to entrap and exploit, it will continue unabated. This is the mission of the organization that my mother, Robert, and I founded in 2007.

After launching our organization, we turned immediately to schools. We initially did this not with the idea that the modern abolitionist movement would help protect young people, but instead, that young people could lead a movement to end human trafficking. We began visiting schools to teach about the lives and legacies of Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington. Students, teachers, administrators and parents were inspired by the stories of my ancestors, both of whom were superb examples of the power of education.

Douglass was born into slavery and never spent a day of his life in the classroom because it was illegal to teach an enslaved person to read and write. His determination, however, to read and become not just
a proficient writer, but to master the written word, can make us all believe that anything is possible, no matter how dire our circumstances. Washington was also born into slavery and freed at the age of nine when President Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863. He became known as “The Great Educator” by devoting his life to some of those four million, newly freed Americans of African descent and helping them develop skills to make their way in a new American economy after the Civil War.

Through our organization, the Frederick Douglass Family Initiatives (FDFI), we memorialize the work of my ancestors, but, perhaps most importantly, we believe, as did Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, that education or knowledge can make each one of us, no matter our position in the world, unfit to be enslaved and help make us leaders in the struggle for freedom. Frederick Douglass said, “It’s easier to build strong children than to repair broken men.” If we are to educate the public about the slavery that exists today, we need to start where education should start—with young people. With this philosophy as our foundation, we develop human trafficking educator training and prevention curricula for schools. Our programs are designed to help keep children from becoming victims of various forms of slavery and to empower them to act against human trafficking in their communities.

When we first began our work, I visited an elementary school in an area of Southern California. That day, I carried with me an original copy of Frederick Douglass’s Narrative. After I told the story of Frederick Douglass, a sixth grader named Malik raised his hand and asked if he could come to the front of the assembly and read from the book. He began reading, with poise, those words that can be very challenging even for an adult. I remember thinking to myself, “This must have been what Frederick Douglass looked like.” He read the entire first chapter before returning to his seat as his classmates applauded enthusiastically. I was very impressed and handed him one of our FDFI lapel pins. After my presentation, the young man’s teacher came to me, astonished. He said that Malik had never raised his hand in class to answer a single question, let alone stand and read! The teacher had been brought to tears when Malik read so eloquently.

About two years later, I was the keynote speaker at an event that featured a young man on the piano. Knowing something about the instrument, myself,
he sounded to me like a prodigy. To my surprise, the young virtuoso, along with his father, approached me afterward and asked if I remembered him. Somewhat embarrassed, I admitted that I did not. He was the same boy who had read from the Narrative! I was so glad to see him. I commented to his father that I didn’t know Malik was such an accomplished piano player. The father, as it turns out, didn’t know either, until a couple of years prior when something had changed in his son. Malik pushed the lapel on his suit jacket toward me and proudly pronounced, “Look. I’m still wearing the pin you gave me.”

In April 2013, I visited a youth detention facility outside of Washington, D.C. It’s a secure, lockdown facility for boys who have been adjudicated as delinquent and committed to the district’s Department of Youth Rehabilitation Services. While chatting with the young men, I noticed a kid in the front row who looked to be about sixteen years old. He had a teardrop tattoo under his right eye, which drew my attention to his steely glare and hardened demeanor. I could see in his eyes all of the suffering he had endured as a child and all of the suffering he had likely inflicted on himself and others.

My conversation with the young men covered many subjects that day, including violence against women and girls. A few of them emotionally recounted the violence they had witnessed against women in their own lives. Some of the boys confided in me that they were there because they had abused girls. I asked them to stop and think about how they would feel or react if someone were to mistreat or abuse their sister, mother or daughter. The young man with the tattoo didn’t say a word and continued to stare through me.

I proceeded to share stories about the courageous men and women in history who gave their lives for freedom and justice. We talked about Frederick Douglass and the importance of freeing one’s mind from mental bondage. We talked about Booker T. Washington and how he started a school to educate formerly enslaved Americans. As our time together came to an end, I concluded by telling the young men that they descend from greatness and each of them has the blood of heroes and heroines flowing through their veins, just like I do.

The teenager in the front row, the one with the steely glare, had been silent
until this moment. He locked his eyes with mine and said, “Mr. Morris, I have a baby boy. When I get out of here one day, I’m not going to raise him how I was raised. I’m going to teach him to always treat women and girls with respect and dignity.” The teardrop tattoo on his cheek was now obscured by real tears.

Frederick Douglass’s *Narrative* has transformed the lives of countless people around the world since it was first published in 1845. Throughout my life people of all ages have approached me, many times with tears in their eyes, to share stories about the first time they were introduced to the life and legacy of my great-great-great-grandfather. They tell me how my ancestor’s struggle to overcome and rise up from slavery, against all odds, inspired them to believe that they could do—and be—more than they ever dreamed possible. His words penetrated their psyche so deeply that they always remember how old they were and where they were when they first read the book.

When I was a boy, I was too young to understand the emotional connection so many others had to my ancestors. As I grew older, the attention made me uncomfortable at times because I hadn’t done anything deserving of their admiration. Several years ago, I shared these thoughts with my mother and she admitted that there had been periods in her life when she felt the same way. Her perspective changed, however, when a Douglass and Washington enthusiast approached her at an event and offered an explanation that helped her understand the emotional response so many have when they meet us. With tears spilling out of her eyes, she said to my mom, “Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington’s examples of courage and strength, through tremendous adversity, changed my life. Since I can’t thank them personally, I can thank you because you are my conduit to them.” After hearing this, my perspective changed too. I now understand how blessed I am to have this history living in me, and how fortunate I am to interact with everyone whose lives have been changed by my ancestors.

History lives in each of us. We all descend from somebody that made a difference. Having knowledge of your history helps to inform your past, present and future. History is not merely to be recalled for the sake of recollection, but it is to be remembered, in part, to help you understand and navigate the world in which you live. You need to
know where you come from in order to know where you are headed. How you interpret your past profoundly determines how you perceive yourself and your future.

A ten-year-old girl once told me proudly that she had researched her family tree and found that her great-great-great-great-grandmother had been born into slavery. Her ancestor secretly learned to read and write and liberated herself. She became a successful business woman and philanthropist. The young girl looked me in the eyes and asked, “Mr. Morris, do you know what all of this means?” Before I could respond, she answered, emphatically: “It means I have greatness flowing through my veins, just like you!”

You have greatness flowing through your veins too. The great force of history comes from the fact that you carry it within you and it is present in all that you do.

On behalf of the Douglass family, we are honored that you’re reading this special Bicentennial Edition of the Narrative. I am confident that our great ancestor’s examples of heroism, determination and action will inspire you to carry your history forward. It is our hope that his words help transform your life and empower you to become an agent of change, no matter what the cause, just like Frederick Douglass!

Kenneth B. Morris, Jr.

Great-great-great-grandson, Frederick Douglass
Great-great-grandson, Booker T. Washington

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WHAT THE NARRATIVE MEANS TO ME

I was taught very little about enslaved people and how they were not allowed to be educated in the early stages of slavery. When I came across the book, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*, I became inspired by his selfless journey and courage through adversity, which reminded me of what I went through as a mixed child. I was not accepted by either side of my ethnicity. I had to emancipate myself mentally and emotionally from the discrimination I faced from the outside world, just as Frederick physically emancipated himself from slavery. He never gave up on himself or on his people. He continued to fight for the freedom of others, which makes it possible for me to be who I am: a young leader, gifted and free. Just as things eventually turned around for me, most of the outside world, too, now accepts mixed children. I am president of a club at my high school called Young Black Achievers Student Union (YBASU). I am the voice of all mixed kids and my peers who are discriminated against. Frederick Douglass inspired me to be the leader that I am today.

Mia Alexandre

17 • Downey, California

When I was a young girl growing up very poor in rural Oklahoma, I had the good fortune to have, at my country school for one year, a teacher who had returned from California after retiring from teaching there. We had maybe 30 old books at our school, all of which I had read—many, more than once. This teacher took me home with her one evening to pick out some books to read from her private library, which held hundreds of books I had never heard of. One of these books was *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*. Remember, this was in 1954, when segregation was still the status quo, and my school was all white.

Reading the *Narrative* changed my life and led me to a path of abhorring anti-Black racism and to a life of social justice organizing, teaching, and writing. There is no way to understand the social, economic, and political order of the United States without understanding the long, embedded,
and widespread practice of turning human beings into commodities to be bought and sold, to then endure the degradation and violence of a lifetime of enslavement, their children being born into that fate. And there is no better way to understand the depth, breadth, and evil of that system than by reading Frederick Douglass’s *Narrative*. The intergenerational trauma that is the legacy of two centuries of slavery, followed by violent control through policing and incarceration of African-Americans ever since, and into the present, calls for bold action, reparations, and justice.

**ROXANNE DUNBAR ORTIZ**  
*Author · An Indigenous Peoples’ History of the United States*

Frederick Douglass has fascinated me ever since a youth program I was part of visited his Anacostia home when I was 14. My sister brought back a Frederick Douglass poster from that trip; his powerful statement remained on our bedroom wall for years: “There is no negro problem. The problem is whether the American people have loyalty enough, honor enough, patriotism enough, to live up to their own constitution.”

It wasn’t until I read the *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* as a young adult that I recognized the depth of Douglass’s activism. Like the quote that had hung on my bedroom wall, the book’s messages about the power of the mind were timeless. Sadly, in our current political and social climate, with oppression thick in the air, it is more critical than ever to remind young people that no one can take away the content of their minds.

I recall reading about a 12-year-old Douglass, dogged by a heavy depression when he understands he is to be “a slave for life.” Yet, later, after discovering his love for learning and understanding his identity as a *person*, he realizes he’d been mistaken: he might be “a slave in form” but not “a slave in fact,” as he puts it. He knows that aggressively cultivating his mind, even in a world that dehumanizes him, is the route to determining who he is and how he will really *live*. After that, he can’t go back to seeing himself as anything but a human being, worthy of dignity and respect.

What a compelling lesson for today’s young people. No matter where you’re from or what circumstances surround you, you have the loyalty, the honor, the patriotism and the power to challenge oppressive systems and
potentially change the world. You have the power to determine who you are and who you’re going to be.

Monita Bell
Senior Editor · Teaching Tolerance

At the age of 12, I began speaking around the world about justice—connecting the blemishes on the face of American history with the modern-day life-and-death issues facing all of us. I would ask, “Who in the audience [by show of hands] has read Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass?” Then, I’d tell them why it’s one of the best books I had ever read.

The book is an immortal, unwavering look at the impact of oppression and freedom on the body and soul of a man. For people of privilege, like me, it forces self-reflection; it highlights the best and worst parts of humanity. Yet, even in moments of harshest rebuke, Mr. Douglass shines a light on the path, away from prejudice and apathy, toward righteous equity and the realization of our interconnectedness.

Now, as the world enters a time of chaos and uncertainty, once again facing brazen injustice, we need this kind of guiding light. Frederick Douglass was a trusted adviser to presidents. His Narrative holds the same wisdom he imparted to the leaders that came before. Now, as much as ever, this Narrative has the power to change the course of history—for the better.

Zach Hunter
25 · Author, Activist, Social Entrepreneur

The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave should be mandatory reading for every young person in the United States. This brutally honest account of our nation’s history provides opportunities for deep discussion around topics of race, equity, oppression, education, and service to others. The life of Frederick Douglass is not one to be celebrated—rather, his is a story that should be told and retold to serve as a mirror into the sordid past that is our true history—a history that should not be forgotten or buried, but used to inspire a new generation of young leaders to take action to prevent further atrocities. Light comes
from education, from knowing these stories of our past, and using both to enact positive change.

**Amy Meuers**
*CEO · National Youth Leadership Council*

In 1845, the gripping *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* swung open the door to a series of slave narratives. Douglass’s *Narrative*—and the many that followed—showed the brutality of American slavery and the human desire of Black people to be free. All these years later, Douglass’s pioneering *Narrative* remains ever relevant to me and the many authors of Black lives. The *Narrative* still inspires Black people to produce their own narratives that show the lingering brutality of American racism and the human desire for Black people to be free. Young people should learn from Douglass about how to think deeply about their own lives and experiences. Young people, all people, should know that empowerment first comes from within, and that it is important for us to narrate what is within ourselves and this society where Black people and other peoples still do not feel free. That is why Douglass’s *Narrative* remains important. That is why this One Million Abolitionists project is so vitally important.

**Ibram X. Kendi**
*Author · Stamped from the Beginning: The Definitive History of Racist Ideas in America (National Book Award Winner)*

Douglass still inspires many around the world. His story can motivate people of all races to demand their own freedom and to speak out for those who are subjected to modern-day slavery or human trafficking. Yes, Douglass and many others fought tirelessly to abolish slavery in their time, yet slavery perseveres to torment our present generations. Reading Douglass’s *Narrative* should inspire people to stand up and speak out against injustice. Like Douglass, we too must fight to end modern slavery and gain equal rights for everyone.

**Tierra Krivohlavek**
*17 · Arlington, Nebraska*
Frederick Douglass, one of the greatest orators of the nineteenth century, used the immense power of words in his battles concerning various social causes. After escaping slavery, Douglass could have chosen to live out his life in safe obscurity; instead, he chose to spend it in the public eye, publishing books about how his life once was and vehemently speaking out against slavery, enslavers and the lack of equality for blacks and women.

My great-great-great-grandfather, the abolitionist John Brown, considered Douglass a friend and important ally in the war against slavery. They and other abolitionists met frequently to discuss eradicating slavery. After Brown’s execution in December 1859, Douglass often invoked the memory and martyrdom of Brown in his speeches and writings. It is exciting that the current day descendants of these two great men would come together 153 years later to again combine forces to fight slavery and social injustice.

As a direct descendant of a world famous abolitionist, I am proud to serve on the Frederick Douglass Family Initiatives Board of Advisors, and to be a part of this amazing literacy and service project. As you read the words within this book, remember they are not designed to entertain, but are truths written to educate generations about the evil that can and does occur when we, as a society, look the other way—rather than protest the wrong doings. As Frederick Douglass stated, “Knowledge makes a man unfit to be a slave.”

**Alice Keesey Mecoy**  
*Great-great-great-granddaughter, John Brown*

Frederick Douglass was a rebellious young man, imprisoned since birth in “the peculiar institution.” His “kind” owner, Hugh Auld, sends him to the notorious “slave breaker” Edward Covey. When Covey savagely beats him, Douglass flees to Auld only to be told that Covey must be obeyed. Slavery, Douglass concludes, is a “system of fraud and inhumanity.” One individual owner may be better than another, but the system grants one race absolute power over another.

Douglass fights back against Covey, who never tries to beat him again. Now Douglass is learning about his power. He secretly learns to read and write.

Soon after Douglass fled to the North, he began to speak at anti-slavery
meetings and then wrote his *Narrative*. No one on either side of the lash better understood and exposed slavery the way he did. Though his daring placed him in mortal danger, Douglass never stopped. He battled slavery through the Civil War, recruited African American volunteers for the Union Army, and served as an advisor to President Lincoln. His two sons served in a Black regiment.

Before Douglass’s *Narrative*, there was only the “moonlight and magnolias” picture of slavery that slaveholders concocted for the public in newspapers, books, church sermons, and school classes. Douglass’s courage and clarity inspired people who were ready to break their chains. His *Narrative* was a starting point for scholars like myself researching the story of our first freedom fighters.

**William Loren Katz**  
*Historian and Author*

In a world with unhealed wounds from the institution of legal slavery and widely unrecognized forms of present-day slavery, Douglass’s philosophies about education are extremely relevant 200 years later. I was first introduced to Frederick Douglass and his story on a middle school field trip. What I learned about slavery and Douglass’s agitation against social injustice stayed with me and eventually propelled me to take action in high school. I created a myth-shattering Underground Railroad reenactment program to educate people about past-and present-day slavery. My passion for addressing these issues only grows deeper, in part because of Frederick Douglass and his *Narrative*. During the process of developing this project, I read Douglass’s *Narrative*. His words spoke loudly, providing me with new insights and strengthening inspiration. As I have continued spreading awareness about modern-day slavery, I have returned to his words time and again for further encouragement. Frederick Douglass’s legacy has tremendously influenced my life. I challenge you to allow this powerful narrative to impact your life and drive you to create change.

**Catherine Bache**  
*17 · Louisville, Kentucky*

Frederick Douglass wrote the *Narrative* at a time when enslaved people were forbidden to read or write, or even to know their own birthdates (or
fathers’ names). Against every physical and cultural hardship, he fought to tell the truth about slavery—in print, at town meetings, and even all the way to Congress and the White House. Through this work, his voice remains alive, and he tells the truth to us, too. The Narrative is a guide and challenge through adversity—to keep our eyes clear, to resist personal doubts, to tell the truth plainly (yet wisely), to brook no encroachment on anyone’s liberty, to keep our wits about us, and to remember that “if there is no struggle, there is no progress.”

**DR. PATRICIA DAVIS**  
*Civil Rights Attorney*

Some of the happiest days of my youth were spent roaming and exploring the beauty of the Chesapeake Bay tidewaters of Maryland’s Eastern Shore—the Tuckahoe, Tred Avon, and Choptank Rivers. And, it was in those days, as a fourth grader, I first read *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*.

Even though he was born into slavery, I imagined that he too—as a boy—must have loved the marshy, wetland beauty of this place, the freedom of its rivers, the high-soaring flight of the eagle and the osprey, near to the face of God. As a young reader, I became fascinated by the life of this smart, fearless, irrepressible little boy from another century, who grew up from this place to become Frederick Douglass: Abolitionist, Writer, Orator, Statesman—one of the most towering and impactful figures of our ongoing American experiment.

At age 36, when I was elected Mayor of Baltimore, I made the Narrative our city’s Book of the Year. I gave out hundreds of copies to boys and girls during my weekly visits to Baltimore city classrooms. It was in Baltimore, *land of the free and home of the brave*, that Douglass became a man, learned to read, met foreign sailors and travelers, and witnessed something he had not seen on the Eastern Shore: free black men and women working alongside free white men and women. It was from Baltimore that he would escape to freedom. And to Baltimore he would return—only after becoming a powerful international crusader for the abolition of slavery in the United States and the Rights of Man throughout the world.

*His* story is the best of *our* story. At its core is the loving heart of a fearless
little boy. A little boy with the courage to love a broken and unjust world. As Douglass himself said in a phrase fit for an American Motto, “We are One, our cause is One, and we must help each other if we are to succeed.”

THE HONORABLE, MARTIN O’MALLEY
61st Governor of Maryland

The Narrative is a consecrated connection to a man of great stature, who first sought to serve his people through speaking truth about the atrocities of slavery and then to commit his life to pursuing social justice. It is in that pursuit of social justice that history can measure the full impact of the man, Douglass. Traveling in the states as well as around the world, he evidenced his purpose that all men should be free and have the ability to live without the constraints of tyranny. He spoke about the quality of education and sought to elevate his own condition by uplifting his mind to demonstrate that one could pursue social betterment. I am reminded that his spoken word authenticates the power of language and how use of language can be empowering to both the speaker and listener. His championship of the American democratic ideals and educational excellence continue to remind us of the work that remains for the rest of us.

DR. MARGARET L. SMITH
BSW Field Director and Assistant Professor,
Department of Social Work · EDINBORO University

TELL US WHAT THE NARRATIVE MEANS TO YOU!

Write your own blurb here:
www.FD2018.org/story
from whence came the spirit I don’t know—I resolved to fight; . . . 
suiting my action to the resolution, . . . and as I did so, I rose.

**Frederick Douglass**, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*

*If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.*

A beleaguered Abraham Lincoln wrote these words to Kentucky critics following the Emancipation Proclamation.³ Slave owners were worried that the President was shifting his policy toward total abolition as a likely outcome of the Civil War, even though the proclamation freed only slaves in the rebelling states of the Confederacy, and not border states like Kentucky, Maryland and Delaware. It was an important moment in the evolution of human rights in America, a moment that would not have come without the extraordinary witness, advocacy and leadership of Frederick Douglass.

Commentators routinely characterize Douglass as one of the towering Negro leaders in American history, without recognizing that this segregated view of greatness merely confirms the challenges we still face in this country today. Frederick Douglass is one our nation’s greatest leaders, without qualification. His gifted, moral reasoning for equality, uncontradicted by racist ideology and uncompromised by gender bias, was articulated in the clearest, most consistent and authentic voice for equal justice in the 19th century.

Frederick Douglass was an extraordinary architect of justice and equality despite the poverty of his circumstances. He represented something unprecedented in American history. As he explained in his famous *Self-Made Men* speech, he possessed a powerful belief in personal transformation and resilience that transcended race, gender and national origin:

³ Letter to A.G. Hodges, April 4, 1864, from President Abraham Lincoln.
Self-Made Men are those who owe little or nothing to birth, relationship, or friendly surroundings; to wealth inherited or to early approved means of education; who are what they are, without the aid of any favoring conditions by which other men usually rise in the world and achieve great results. . . They are in a peculiar sense indebted to themselves for themselves.

Born into slavery on Maryland’s Eastern Shore, with a fierce determination and an evolving awareness of the perversity of enslavement and the inhumanity of his circumstance, he escaped his inhumane condition despite the peril and danger. After he courageously fled bondage, he didn’t want to be just not enslaved; he wanted to be free. He took on a new name and a new purpose. Born Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, he adopted the name of the hero of Sir Walter Scott’s *The Lady of the Lake* and forever became Frederick Douglass.

Frederick Douglass was more than an abolitionist. In thousands of speeches and editorials, he insistently challenged American slavery and racism. He exposed the contradictions of an American legal framework that espoused equality and liberty while denying basic freedom to so many. He expressed the hopes of oppressed people and used a broad set of skills to enhance the strategies of abolitionists and reformers. He traveled around the world to preach his own vision of American ideals and basic human rights. In the 1850s he broke with the strictly moralist brand of abolitionism led by William Lloyd Garrison because, as a former enslaved person, he understood the pain and anguish of enslavement as few abolitionists could. Douglass hoped John Brown’s raid on Harpers Ferry might foment a larger insurrection. He was way ahead of his contemporaries and supported the early women’s rights movement because he had a broad vision of what equality requires.

His gifts as an orator are legendary. He gave voice to sentiments that were often disruptive and uncomfortable to those who sought him out. When he told an unsuspecting audience in Rochester, New York, in 1852 that “[t]his Fourth of July is yours, not mine. You may rejoice, I must mourn,” he reinforced an identity that refused to forfeit truth for wider acclaim and acceptance. He often invoked Psalm 137 when speaking, and identified with the children of Israel who are forced to sit down “by the rivers of Babylon,” there to “sing the Lord’s song in a strange land.”

More than any other 19th century leader, Frederick Douglass recognized and challenged the contradictions of American society and the enduring legacy of
racial inequality. Douglass understood that the great evil of American slavery was not involuntary servitude or forced labor, but was, instead, the narrative of racial difference that our nation created to justify slavery. The ideology of white supremacy was the essential American problem, a condition that could not be overcome on a military battlefield, but required a committed and resolute activism that too few were willing to embrace. Douglass said that racism is a “diseased imagination,” an insight that recognized that none are free when we live with this infection.

By the time he died in the 1890s, Frederick Douglass was still fighting the manifestations of our collective illness, evident in the collapse of Reconstruction and the emergence of racialized violence and terror as a new tactic of racial control.

I was born 140 years after Frederick Douglass, on that same eastern shore of Maryland, into a world where African Americans had made great progress, but where the “diseased imagination” of racism could still be found. I have to believe that Frederick Douglass would be thrilled that a poor black boy like me could get an education but, nonetheless, disheartened that such education would have to begin in a racially segregated “colored school.” I was able to go to college and earn a law degree at the Harvard Law School, something that might please Frederick Douglass. But I’ve spent my career using that law degree to challenge widespread racial bias and discrimination in an American criminal justice system that treats you better if you are rich and guilty than if you are poor and innocent—a reality I’m certain would cause Mr. Douglass great sadness.

There is much that would make Frederick Douglass proud today. The cultural, social, economic and political achievements of many African Americans would undoubtedly provide much cause for celebration. But I am persuaded that he would still primarily insist that his work is not yet done; we still are not yet free in this country.

**The Unfinished Agenda of Frederick Douglass**

When you read the work of Frederick Douglass, it becomes clear that he wanted more than an end to slavery. He wanted an end to the violence of racial bigotry, a full commitment to the concept of equality. He recognized
that racial inequality was a more significant part of the American legal and political architecture than just the abolition debate about slavery alone.

**THE NARRATIVE OF RACIAL DIFFERENCE—CRIMINALIZING COLOR**

From the very first moment when white settlers reached this continent, color emerged as a defining feature that would shape the cultural, social, political and economic development of the United States. The indigenous people that Europeans encountered in America were not white. White settlers viewed Native people as inferior and unworthy of the wealth, resources and opportunity this land possessed. The differences between white Europeans and Native Americans weren’t just geographic; they quickly became racial, resulting in decades of exploitation and violence. Over the course of two centuries, the Native population of America was decimated by Europeans. This genocide reduced the population of more than 10 million indigenous tribal people in America to less than 500,000. While disease brought by Europeans accounts for most of the death suffered by Native people, there was also war, violence and forced migration. The birth of the United States was contaminated by a willingness to exploit people of color, even if such abuse contradicted our stated norms, values and principles of equality.

Slavery inflicted an even deeper injury upon America. The enslavement of Africans created wealth, prosperity and growth for free people of European descent, while an elaborate and enduring mythology about the racial inferiority of black people emerged to legitimate, perpetuate and defend slavery. The ideology of white supremacy survived the Civil War and endured in multiple ways that are still evident today.

The legal instruments that led to the formal end of racialized chattel slavery in America did nothing to address the myth of racial hierarchy that sustained slavery, nor did they establish a national commitment to the alternative ideology of racial equality. Black people might be free from involuntary labor, under the law, but that did not mean white people across the nation recognized them as fully human. In many parts of this country, white identity was grounded in a belief that whites were inherently superior to African

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Americans; following the war, whites in the South reacted violently to the notion that they would now have to treat their former human property as equals and pay for their labor. In numerous recorded incidents, plantation owners attacked black people simply for claiming their freedom.

This contempt for black people was not confined to the South. It was New York Governor Horatio Seymour who campaigned for President of the United States as the “white man’s candidate.” At the New York Democratic Convention in 1868, Seymour argued that black people “are in form, color, and character unlike the whites . . . an ignorant and degraded race.”

In the frontier west, states like Idaho passed racial integrity laws making it illegal for a white person to marry or have sex with a black person even though the state was 99.8% white.

At the Civil War’s end, black autonomy expanded but white supremacy remained deeply rooted. The failure to unearth those roots would leave black Americans exposed to terrorism and racial subordination for more than a century.

Before the end of the 19th century, Frederick Douglass recognized the way states looked to the criminal justice system to construct policies and strategies to maintain white supremacy and racial subordination. Law enforcement officers were tasked with menacing and controlling black people in ways that would shape policing and the criminal justice system in America for the next century. A mythology of black criminality had been crafted during the lifetime of Frederick Douglass, which he fought but which endured. America’s criminal justice system adopted a racialized lens that menaced and victimized people of color, especially black men. The presumptive identity of black men as “slaves” evolved into a presumptive identity of “criminals,” and we have yet to fully recover from this historical frame.

Convict leasing, the practice of “selling” the labor of state and local prisoners to private interests for state profit, utilized the criminal justice system to effectuate the economic exploitation and political disempowerment of black people. State legislatures passed discriminatory criminal laws, or “black codes,” which created new criminal offenses such as “vagrancy” and “loitering.” This led to the mass arrest and incarceration of black people. Then, relying on

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language in the Thirteenth Amendment that prohibits slavery and involuntary servitude “except as punishment for crime,” lawmakers empowered white-controlled governments to extract black labor in private lease contracts or on state-owned farms. 6 “While a Black prisoner was a rarity during the slavery era (when slave masters were individually empowered to administer ‘discipline’ to their human property) the solution to the free black population had become criminalization. In turn, the most common fate facing black convicts was to be sold into forced labor for the profit of the state.”

LYNCHING AND RACIAL TERROR

Between the Civil War and World War II, thousands of African Americans were lynched in the United States. Lynchings were violent, public acts of torture that traumatized black people throughout the country and were largely tolerated by state and federal officials. These lynchings were terrorism. “Terror lynchings” were at their peak between 1880 and 1945 and claimed the lives of African American men, women and children who were forced to endure the fear, humiliation and barbarity of this widespread phenomenon unaided.

Lynching had a profound impact on race relations in this country and shaped the geographic, political, social and economic conditions of African Americans in ways that are still evident today. Terror lynchings fueled the mass migration of millions of black people from the South into urban ghettos in the North and West throughout the first half of the 20th century. Lynching created an environment where racial subordination and segregation could be maintained with limited resistance for decades. Most critically, as explained in Sherrilyn Ifill’s powerful work, On the Courthouse Lawn, lynching reinforced a legacy of racial inequality that has never been adequately addressed in America. In particular, the administration of criminal justice is tangled with the history of lynching in profound and important ways that continue to compromise the integrity and fairness of the justice system.

6 “The Mississippi Black Codes were copied, sometimes word for word, by legislators in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas.” DAVID M. OSHINSKY, Worse Than Slavery, Parchman Farm and the Ordeal of Jim Crow Justice, 21 (1996).

Many African Americans were lynched—not because they committed a crime or social infraction, and not even because they were accused of doing so, but simply because they were black and present when the preferred party could not be located. In 1901, Ballie Crutchfield’s brother allegedly found a lost wallet containing $120 and kept the money. He was arrested and about to be lynched by a mob in Smith County, Tennessee when, at the last moment, he was able to break free and escape. Thwarted in their attempt to kill the suspect, the mob turned its attention to his sister and lynched Ms. Crutchfield in her brother’s stead though she was not even alleged to have been involved in the theft.

My organization, the Equal Justice Initiative (EJI), spent five years and hundreds of hours documenting and researching terror lynchings in the 12 most active lynching states in America: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. We distinguished “racial terror lynchings” from hangings or mob violence that followed some sort of criminal trial process or were committed against non-minorities. Those lynchings were a crude form of punishment that didn’t have the features of “terror lynchings” directed at racial minorities who were being threatened and menaced in multiple ways. The lynchings we documented were acts of terrorism because these murders were carried out with impunity, sometimes in broad daylight. These lynchings were not “frontier justice,” because they generally took place in communities where there was a functioning criminal justice system that was deemed too good for African Americans. Some “public spectacle lynchings” were even attended by the entire white community and conducted as celebratory acts of racial control and domination.

When the era of racial terror and widespread lynching ended in the mid-twentieth century, it left behind a nation and an American South fundamentally altered by the preceding decades of systematic community-based violence against black Americans. The effects of the lynching era echoed throughout the latter half of the twentieth century. African Americans continued to face violent intimidation when they transgressed social boundaries or asserted their civil rights, and the criminal justice

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8 Crystal N. Feemster, Southern Horrors: Women and the Politics of Rape and Lynchings 165 (2009); Ralph Ginzburg, 100 Years of Lynching 38-39 (1962).
system continued to devalue black life and operate as a tool to subordinate African Americans. These legacies have yet to be confronted.

**Jim Crow and Racial Segregation**

After the rate of lynchings abated, the central feature of the era of racial terror—violence against black Americans—found expression in new ways. The social forces and racial animus that made lynching a frequent occurrence and constant threat in the late 19th and early 20th centuries remained deeply rooted in American culture, and violent intimidation continued to be used as a means of preserving social control and white supremacy. Unable to rely on the justice system for protection, African Americans faced violence, threats, and intimidation in myriad areas of daily life.

Black southerners who had survived the lynching era still lived under the established legal system of racial apartheid known as Jim Crow. African Americans in other parts of the country generally lived in the margins of newly organized political structures. As organized resistance to this racial caste system began to swell in the early 1950s, black demonstrators’ efforts were met with violent opposition from white police officers and community members. Black activists protesting racial segregation and disenfranchisement through boycotts, sit-ins, voter registration drives, and mass marches consistently faced physical attacks, riots, and bombings from whites.

As a leader of the nonviolent protest movement, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. faced white law enforcement officials and private citizens who issued death threats, physically assaulted him at public lectures, and even bombed his Montgomery, Alabama, home while his wife and infant daughter were inside. Police also attacked demonstrators in highly publicized events like Bloody Sunday in Selma, Alabama, in 1965. Even black children engaging in peaceful demonstrations were at great risk of harm and death: in 1963, four young girls were killed when the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama, was bombed, and that same year, more than 700 black children protesting racial segregation in the city were arrested, blasted with fire hoses, clubbed by police, and attacked by police dogs. Once again, as Frederick Douglass would have no doubt recognized, the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 were insufficient to address the narrative of racial
difference that continues to haunt our nation. Resistance to both these federal enactments continues to this day.

**THE CONTEMPORARY CHALLENGE**

The Civil Rights movement should have been followed by a process of truth and reparations that focused on recovery. This is what Frederick Douglass had sought at the end of the Civil War. Our nation needed care and treatment for what decades of brutal, racialized slavery had done to us. The trauma, the bigotry, the miseducation and the distortions of enslavement required therapy and management so we could move forward—reconcile ourselves to a better future informed by the mistakes and human rights abuses of the past. Instead, we failed to heed the call of Frederick Douglass and fell into decades of racial terror and violence followed by decades of legalized racial subordination and segregation. And now, in the 21st century, we find ourselves still embroiled in the toxic legacy of our history of racial injustice. We are dealing with mass incarceration and excessive punishment shaped by the politics of fear and anger.

Today we have the highest rate of incarceration in the world. We hold five percent of the world's population but 25% of the world's imprisoned people. The prison population has increased from 300,000 in the early 1970s to 2.3 million today. The Bureau of Justice predicts that one out of every three black male babies born in this century is expected to be incarcerated at some point during his lifetime. There are 70 million Americans with criminal arrest histories. The percentage of women sent to prison has increased 646% in the last 20 years.

Our misguided “War on Drugs” has sent hundreds of thousands of non-violent people to prison for long prison sentences, some condemned to die in prison with sentences of life imprisonment without parole. There are over a half-million people in state and federal prisons for drug offenses today compared to 41,000 in 1980.9 We’ve created laws that make writing a bad check, petty theft, or a minor property crime an offense that can result in life imprisonment.

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We have institutionalized policies that reduce people to their worst acts and permanently label them “criminal,” “murderer,” “rapist,” “thief,” “drug dealer,” “sex offender,” or “felon,” identities that they cannot change regardless of the circumstances of their crimes or the improvements in their lives.

We have shot, hanged, gassed, electrocuted and lethally injected hundreds of people with poisonous chemicals to carry out legally sanctioned executions. Thousands more await their executions on death row. Some states have eliminated the minimum age for prosecuting children as adults; we’ve sent a quarter of a million kids, some under the age of 12, to adult jails and prisons to serve long prison terms. We’re the only country in the world that condemns children to life imprisonment without parole for homicide and non-homicide crimes; nearly 3,000 juveniles have been sentenced to die in prison. Black people are disproportionately impacted by these extreme punishments, producing racial disparities that in some instances are extreme.

The collateral consequences of mass incarceration have been equally profound. We ban poor women and, inevitably, their children from receiving food stamps and public housing if they have prior drug convictions. We have created a new caste system that forces thousands of people into homelessness, residually banned from their families and communities and rendered virtually unemployable. Some states permanently strip people with criminal convictions of the right to vote; as a result, in several Southern states disenfranchisement among African-American men has reached levels unseen since before the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

We also make terrible mistakes. Scores of innocent people have been exonerated after being sentenced to death and nearly executed. Hundreds more have been released after being proved innocent for non-capital crimes through DNA testing. Presumptions of guilt, poverty, racial bias, and a host of other social, structural, and political dynamics have created a system that is defined by error, where potentially thousands of innocent people now suffer wrongly in prison. Spending on jails and prisons by state and federal governments has risen from $6.9 billion in 1980 to nearly $80 billion today.\footnote{U.S. Department of Justice, Bureau of Justice Statistics, Sourcebook of Criminal Justice Statistics 31st Edition (2008), available at www.albany.edu/sourcebook.}
Private prison builders and prison service companies have spent millions of dollars to persuade state and local governments to impose harsher sentences and keep more people locked up so they can earn more profits. Private profit has corrupted incentives to improve public safety, reduce the costs of mass incarceration and, most significantly, promote rehabilitation of the incarcerated. During the ten-year period between 1985 and 1995, prisons were constructed at a pace of one new prison opening each week. State governments have been forced to shift funds from public services, education, health, and welfare to pay for incarceration and now face unprecedented economic crises as a result.

Most dramatically, people of color have become the targets of police violence. The presumption of guilt and dangerousness that seems to burden black people has resulted in thousands of unarmed people of color being unnecessarily shot or assaulted by the police. The tragedy of this abuse has been disruptive and debilitating, sometimes resulting in street protests and a furthering racial divide.

It is precisely in times like these that we need to read anew the words of Frederick Douglass. We need a generation of new advocates, activists, educators, professionals, teachers, ministers and citizens to finish the work that Frederick Douglass began. We cannot overcome the enduring legacy of slavery if we don’t understand it. Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave provides important insights into the challenges that Frederick Douglass faced and fought and the character of the challenges that remain.

Frederick Douglass wrote that “[e]ducation means emancipation. It means light and liberty. It means the uplifting of the soul of man into the glorious light of truth, the light by which men can only be made free.” We’re living at a time when we need the glorious light of truth, people who are willing to stand when others say “sit down.” We need people committed to equality who will speak when others say “be quiet.” It can be difficult to know how to face some of these overwhelming challenges. Let the words and life of Frederick Douglass show you the way.

Bryan Stevenson

Founder and Executive Director
Equal Justice Initiative
NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF
FREDERICK DOUGLASS
NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE

OF

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

AN

AMERICAN SLAVE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

BOSTON.
PUBLISHED AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE,
NO. 25 CORNHILL.
1845
...
Entered, according to
Act of Congress, in the year, 1845,

BY
FREDERICK DOUGLASS

In the Clerk’s Office in
the District Court of Massachusetts
In the month of August, 1841, I attended an antislavery convention in Nantucket, at which it was my happiness to become acquainted with FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the writer of the following Narrative. He was a stranger to nearly every member of that body; but, having recently made his escape from the southern prison-house of bondage, and feeling his curiosity excited to ascertain the principles and measures of the abolitionists, — of whom he had heard a somewhat vague description while he was a slave, — he was induced to give his attendance, on the occasion alluded to, though at that time a resident in New Bedford.

Fortunate, most fortunate occurrence! — fortunate for the millions of his manacled brethren, yet panting for deliverance from their awful thraldom! — fortunate for the cause of negro emancipation, and of universal liberty! — fortunate for the land of his birth, which he has already done so much to save and bless! — fortunate for a large circle of friends and acquaintances, whose sympathy and affection he has strongly secured by the many sufferings he has endured, by his virtuous traits of character, by his ever-abiding remembrance of those who are in bonds, as being bound with them! — fortunate for the multitudes, in various parts of our republic, whose minds he has enlightened on the subject of slavery, and who have been melted to tears by his pathos, or roused to virtuous indignation by his stirring eloquence against the enslavers of men! — fortunate for himself, as it at once brought him into the field of public usefulness, “gave the world assurance of a MAN,” quickened the slumbering energies of his soul, and consecrated him to the great work of breaking the rod of the oppressor, and letting the oppressed go free!

I shall never forget his first speech at the convention — the extraordinary emotion it excited in my own mind — the powerful impression it created upon a crowded auditory, completely taken by surprise — the applause which followed from the beginning to the end of his felicitous remarks. I think I never hated slavery so intensely as at that moment; certainly, my perception of the enormous outrage which is inflicted by it, on the godlike nature of its victims, was rendered far more clear than ever. There stood one, in physical proportion and stature commanding and
exact — in intellect richly endowed — in natural eloquence a prodigy — in soul manifestly “created but a little lower than the angels” — yet a slave, ay, a fugitive slave, — trembling for his safety, hardly daring to believe that on the American soil, a single white person could be found who would befriend him at all hazards, for the love of God and humanity! Capable of high attainments as an intellectual and moral being — needing nothing but a comparatively small amount of cultivation to make him an ornament to society and a blessing to his race — by the law of the land, by the voice of the people, by the terms of the slave code, he was only a piece of property, a beast of burden, a chattel personal, nevertheless!

A beloved friend from New Bedford prevailed on Mr. DOUGLASS to address the convention. He came forward to the platform with a hesitancy and embarrassment, necessarily the attendants of a sensitive mind in such a novel position. After apologizing for his ignorance, and reminding the audience that slavery was a poor school for the human intellect and heart, he proceeded to narrate some of the facts in his own history as a slave, and in the course of his speech gave utterance to many noble thoughts and thrilling reflections. As soon as he had taken his seat, filled with hope and admiration, I rose, and declared that PATRICK HENRY, of revolutionary fame, never made a speech more eloquent in the cause of liberty, than the one we had just listened to from the lips of that hunted fugitive. So I believed at that time — such is my belief now. I reminded the audience of the peril which surrounded this self-emancipated young man at the North, — even in Massachusetts, on the soil of the Pilgrim Fathers, among the descendants of revolutionary sires; and I appealed to them, whether they would ever allow him to be carried back into slavery, — law or no law, constitution or no constitution. The response was unanimous and in thunder-tones — “NO!” “Will you succor and protect him as a brotherman — a resident of the old Bay State?” “YES!” shouted the whole mass, with an energy so startling, that the ruthless tyrants south of Mason and Dixon’s line might almost have heard the mighty burst of feeling, and recognized it as the pledge of an invincible determination, on the part of those who gave it, never to betray him that wanders, but to hide the outcast, and firmly to abide the consequences.

It was at once deeply impressed upon my mind, that, if Mr. DOUGLASS could be persuaded to consecrate his time and talents to the promotion of the anti-slavery enterprise, a powerful impetus would be given to it, and a stunning blow at the same time inflicted on northern prejudice against a colored complexion. I therefore endeavored to instil
hope and courage into his mind, in order that he might dare to engage in
a vocation so anomalous and responsible for a person in his situation; and
I was seconded in this effort by warm-hearted friends, especially by the
late General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. JOHN
A. COLLINS, whose judgment in this instance entirely coincided with my
own. At first, he could give no encouragement; with unfeigned diffidence,
he expressed his conviction that he was not adequate to the performance
of so great a task; the path marked out was wholly an untrodden one;
he was sincerely apprehensive that he should do more harm than good.
After much deliberation, however, he consented to make a trial; and ever
since that period, he has acted as a lecturing agent, under the auspices
either of the American or the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In
labors he has been most abundant; and his success in combating prejudice,
in gaining proselytes, in agitating the public mind, has far surpassed the
most sanguine expectations that were raised at the commencement of his
brilliant career. He has borne himself with gentleness and meekness, yet
with true manliness of character. As a public speaker, he excels in pathos,
wit, comparison, imitation, strength of reasoning, and fluency of language.
There is in him that union of head and heart, which is indispensable to an
enlightenment of the heads and a winning of the hearts of others. May his
strength continue to be equal to his day! May he continue to “grow in grace,
and in the knowledge of God,” that he may be increasingly serviceable in
the cause of bleeding humanity, whether at home or abroad!

It is certainly a very remarkable fact, that one of the most efficient
advocates of the slave population, now before the public, is a fugitive slave,
in the person of FREDERICK DOUGLASS; and that the free colored
population of the United States are as ably represented by one of their
own number, in the person of CHARLES LENOX REMOND, whose
eloquent appeals have extorted the highest applause of multitudes on both
sides of the Atlantic. Let the calumniators of the colored race despise
themselves for their baseness and illiberality of spirit, and henceforth cease
to talk of the natural inferiority of those who require nothing but time and
opportunity to attain to the highest point of human excellence.

It may, perhaps, be fairly questioned, whether any other portion of
the population of the earth could have endured the privations, sufferings
and horrors of slavery, without having become more degraded in the
scale of humanity than the slaves of African descent. Nothing has been
left undone to cripple their intellects, darken their minds, debase their
moral nature, obliterate all traces of their relationship to mankind; and yet
how wonderfully they have sustained the mighty load of a most frightful bondage, under which they have been groaning for centuries! To illustrate the effect of slavery on the white man, — to show that he has no powers of endurance, in such a condition, superior to those of his black brother, — DANIEL O’CONNELL, the distinguished advocate of universal emancipation, and the mightiest champion of prostrate but not conquered Ireland, relates the following anecdote in a speech delivered by him in the Conciliation Hall, Dublin, before the Loyal National Repeal Association, March 31, 1845. “No matter,” said Mr. O’CONNELL, “under what specious term it may disguise itself, slavery is still hideous. It has a natural, an inevitable tendency to brutalize every noble faculty of man. An American sailor, who was cast away on the shore of Africa, where he was kept in slavery for three years, was, at the expiration of that period, found to be imbruted and stultified — he had lost all reasoning power; and having forgotten his native language, could only utter some savage gibberish between Arabic and English, which nobody could understand, and which even he himself found difficulty in pronouncing. So much for the humanizing influence of THE DOMESTIC INSTITUTION!” Admitting this to have been an extraordinary case of mental deterioration, it proves at least that the white slave can sink as low in the scale of humanity as the black one.

Mr. DOUGLASS has very properly chosen to write his own Narrative, in his own style, and according to the best of his ability, rather than to employ some one else. It is, therefore, entirely his own production; and, considering how long and dark was the career he had to run as a slave, — how few have been his opportunities to improve his mind since he broke his iron fetters, — it is, in my judgment, highly creditable to his head and heart. He who can peruse it without a tearful eye, a heaving breast, an afflicted spirit, — without being filled with an unutterable abhorrence of slavery and all its abettors, and animated with a determination to seek the immediate overthrow of that execrable system, — without trembling for the fate of this country in the hands of a righteous God, who is ever on the side of the oppressed, and whose arm is not shortened that it cannot save, — must have a flinty heart, and be qualified to act the part of a trafficker “in slaves and the souls of men.” I am confident that it is essentially true in all its statements; that nothing has been set down in malice, nothing exaggerated, nothing drawn from the imagination; that it comes short of the reality, rather than overstates a single fact in regard to SLAVERY AS IT IS. The experience of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, as a slave, was not a peculiar one; his lot was not especially a hard one; his case may be regarded
as a very fair specimen of the treatment of slaves in Maryland, in which State it is conceded that they are better fed and less cruelly treated than in Georgia, Alabama, or Louisiana. Many have suffered incomparably more, while very few on the plantations have suffered less, than himself. Yet how deplorable was his situation! what terrible chastisements were inflicted upon his person! what still more shocking outrages were perpetrated upon his mind! with all his noble powers and sublime aspirations, how like a brute was he treated, even by those professing to have the same mind in them that was in Christ Jesus! to what dreadful liabilities was he continually subjected! how destitute of friendly counsel and aid, even in his greatest extremities! how heavy was the midnight of woe which shrouded in blackness the last ray of hope, and filled the future with terror and gloom! what longings after freedom took possession of his breast, and how his misery augmented, in proportion as he grew reflective and intelligent, — thus demonstrating that a happy slave is an extinct man! how he thought, reasoned, felt, under the lash of the driver, with the chains upon his limbs! what perils he encountered in his endeavors to escape from his horrible doom! and how signal have been his deliverance and preservation in the midst of a nation of pitiless enemies!

This Narrative contains many affecting incidents, many passages of great eloquence and power; but I think the most thrilling one of them all is the description DOUGLASS gives of his feelings, as he stood soliloquizing respecting his fate, and the chances of his one day being a freeman, on the banks of the Chesapeake Bay — viewing the receding vessels as they flew with their white wings before the breeze, and apostrophizing them as animated by the living spirit of freedom. Who can read that passage, and be insensible to its pathos and sublimity? Compressed into it is a whole Alexandrian library of thought, feeling, and sentiment — all that can, all that need be urged, in the form of expostulation, entreaty, rebuke, against that crime of crimes, — making man the property of his fellow-man! O, how accursed is that system, which entombs the godlike mind of man, defaces the divine image, reduces those who by creation were crowned with glory and honor to a level with four-footed beasts, and exalts the dealer in human flesh above all that is called God! Why should its existence be prolonged one hour? Is it not evil, only evil, and that continually? What does its presence imply but the absence of all fear of God, all regard for man, on the part of the people of the United States? Heaven speed its eternal overthrow!

So profoundly ignorant of the nature of slavery are many persons,
that they are stubbornly incredulous whenever they read or listen to any recital of the cruelties which are daily inflicted on its victims. They do not deny that the slaves are held as property; but that terrible fact seems to convey to their minds no idea of injustice, exposure to outrage, or savage barbarity. Tell them of cruel scourgings, of mutilations and brandings, of scenes of pollution and blood, of the banishment of all light and knowledge, and they affect to be greatly indignant at such enormous exaggerations, such wholesale misstatements, such abominable libels on the character of the southern planters! As if all these direful outrages were not the natural results of slavery! As if it were less cruel to reduce a human being to the condition of a thing, than to give him a severe flagellation, or to deprive him of necessary food and clothing! As if whips, chains, thumb-screws, paddles, bloodhounds, overseers, drivers, patrols, were not all indispensable to keep the slaves down, and to give protection to their ruthless oppressors! As if, when the marriage institution is abolished, concubinage, adultery, and incest, must not necessarily abound; when all the rights of humanity are annihilated, any barrier remains to protect the victim from the fury of the spoiler; when absolute power is assumed over life and liberty, it will not be wielded with destructive sway! Skeptics of this character abound in society. In some few instances, their incredulity arises from a want of reflection; but, generally, it indicates a hatred of the light, a desire to shield slavery from the assaults of its foes, a contempt of the colored race, whether bond or free. Such will try to discredit the shocking tales of slaveholding cruelty which are recorded in this truthful Narrative; but they will labor in vain. Mr. DOUGLASS has frankly disclosed the place of his birth, the names of those who claimed ownership in his body and soul, and the names also of those who committed the crimes which he has alleged against them. His statements, therefore, may easily be disproved, if they are untrue.

In the course of his Narrative, he relates two instances of murderous cruelty, — in one of which a planter deliberately shot a slave belonging to a neighboring plantation, who had unintentionally gotten within his lordly domain in quest of fish; and in the other, an overseer blew out the brains of a slave who had fled to a stream of water to escape a bloody scourging. Mr. DOUGLASS states that in neither of these instances was any thing done by way of legal arrest or judicial investigation. The Baltimore American, of March 17, 1845, relates a similar case of atrocity, perpetrated with similar impunity — as follows: — “Shooting a Slave. — We learn, upon the authority of a letter from Charles county, Maryland,
received by a gentleman of this city, that a young man, named Matthews, a nephew of General Matthews, and whose father, it is believed, holds an office at Washington, killed one of the slaves upon his father's farm by shooting him. The letter states that young Matthews had been left in charge of the farm; that he gave an order to the servant, which was disobeyed, when he proceeded to the house, *obtained a gun, and, returning, shot the servant.* He immediately, the letter continues, fled to his father's residence, where he still remains unmolested.” — Let it never be forgotten, that no slaveholder or overseer can be convicted of any outrage perpetrated on the person of a slave, however diabolical it may be, on the testimony of colored witnesses, whether bond or free. By the slave code, they are adjudged to be as incompetent to testify against a white man, as though they were indeed a part of the brute creation. Hence, there is no legal protection in fact, whatever there may be in form, for the slave population; and any amount of cruelty may be inflicted on them with impunity. Is it possible for the human mind to conceive of a more horrible state of society?

The effect of a religious profession on the conduct of southern masters is vividly described in the following Narrative, and shown to be any thing but salutary. In the nature of the case, it must be in the highest degree pernicious. The testimony of Mr. DOUGLASS, on this point, is sustained by a cloud of witnesses, whose veracity is unimpeachable. “A slaveholder’s profession of Christianity is a palpable imposture. He is a felon of the highest grade. He is a man-stealer. It is of no importance what you put in the other scale.”

Reader! are you with the man-stealers in sympathy and purpose, or on the side of their down-trodden victims? If with the former, then are you the foe of God and man. If with the latter, what are you prepared to do and dare in their behalf? Be faithful, be vigilant, be untiring in your efforts to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free. Come what may — cost what it may — inscribe on the banner which you unfurl to the breeze, as your religious and political motto — “NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY! NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!”

WM. LLOYD GARRISON

BOSTON, May 1, 1845
BOSTON, April 22, 1845

My Dear Friend:

You remember the old fable of “The Man and the Lion,” where the lion complained that he should not be so misrepresented “when the lions write history.”

I am glad the time has come when the “lions write history.” We have been left long enough to gather character of slavery from the involuntary evidence of the masters. One might, indeed, rest sufficiently satisfied with what, it is evident, must be, in general, the results of such a relation, without seeking farther to find whether they have followed in every instance. Indeed, those who stare at the half-peck of corn a week, and love to count the lashes on the slave’s back, are seldom the “stuff” out of which reformers and abolitionists are to be made. I remember that, in 1838, many were waiting for the results of the West India experiment, before they could come into our ranks. Those “results” have come long ago; but, alas! few of that number have come with them, as converts. A man must be disposed to judge of emancipation by other tests than whether it has increased the produce of sugar, — and to hate slavery for other reasons because it starves men and whips women, — before he is ready to lay the first stone of his anti-slavery life.

I was glad to learn, in your story, how early the most neglected of God’s children waken to a sense of their rights, and of the injustice done them. Experience is a keen teacher; and long before you had mastered your A B C, or knew where the “white sails” of the Chesapeake were bound, you began, I see, to gauge the wretchedness of the slave, not by his hunger and want, not by his lashes and toil, but by the cruel and blighting death which gathers over his soul.

In connection with this, there is one circumstance which makes your recollections peculiarly valuable, and renders your early insight the more remarkable. You come from that part of the country where we are told slavery appears with its fairest features. Let us hear, then, what it is at its
best estate — gaze on its bright side, if it has one; and then imagination may task her powers to add dark lines to the picture, as she travels southward to that (for the colored man) Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Mississippi sweeps along.

Again, we have known you long, and can put the most entire confidence in your truth, candor, and sincerity. Every one who has heard you speak has felt, and, I am confident, every one who reads your book will feel, persuaded that you give them a fair specimen of the whole truth. No one-sided portrait, — no wholesale complaints, — but strict justice done, whenever individual kindliness has neutralized, for a moment, the deadly system with which it was strangely allied. You have been with us, too, some years, and can fairly compare the twilight of rights, which your race enjoy at the North, with that “noon of night” under which they labor south of Mason and Dixon’s line. Tell us whether, after all, the half-free colored man of Massachusetts is worse off than the pampered slave of the rice swamps!

In reading your life, no one can say that we have unfairly picked out some rare specimens of cruelty. We know that the bitter drops, which even you have drained from the cup, are no incidental aggravations, no individual ills, but such as must mingle always and necessarily in the lot of every slave. They are the essential ingredients, not the occasional results, of the system.

After all, I shall read your book with trembling for you. Some years ago, when you were beginning to tell me your real name and birthplace, you may remember I stopped you, and preferred to remain ignorant of all. With the exception of a vague description, so I continued, till the other day, when you read me your memoirs. I hardly knew, at the time, whether to thank you or not for the sight of them, when I reflected that it was still dangerous, in Massachusetts, for honest men to tell their names! They say the fathers, in 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence with the halter about their necks. You, too, publish your declaration of freedom with danger compassing you around. In all the broad lands which the Constitution of the United States overshadows, there is no single spot, — however narrow or desolate, — where a fugitive slave can plant himself and say, “I am safe.” The whole armory of Northern Law has no shield for you. I am free to say that, in your place, I should throw the MS. into the fire.

You, perhaps, may tell your story in safety, endeared as you are to so many warm hearts by rare gifts, and a still rarer devotion of them to the service of others. But it will be owing only to your labors, and the fearless efforts of those who, trampling the laws and Constitution of the country
under their feet, are determined that they will “hide the outcast,” and that their hearths shall be, spite of the law; an asylum for the oppressed, if, some time or other, the humblest may stand in our streets, and bear witness in safety against the cruelties of which he has been the victim.

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

God speed the day!

Till then, and ever,

Yours truly,

Wendell Phillips.

Frederick Douglass.
NARRATIVE of the LIFE of FREDERICK DOUGLASS

CHAPTER I

I was born in Tuckahoe, near Hillsborough, and about twelve miles from Easton, in Talbot county, Maryland. I have no accurate knowledge of my age, never having seen any authentic record containing it. By far the larger part of the slaves know as little of their ages as horses know of theirs, and it is the wish of most masters within my knowledge to keep their slaves thus ignorant. I do not remember to have ever met a slave who could tell of his birthday. They seldom come nearer to it than planting-time, harvest-time, cherry-time, spring-time, or fall-time. A want of information concerning my own was a source of unhappiness to me even during childhood. The white children could tell their ages. I could not tell why I ought to be deprived of the same privilege. I was not allowed to make any inquiries of my master concerning it. He deemed all such inquiries on the part of a slave improper and impertinent, and evidence of a restless spirit. The nearest estimate I can give makes me now between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age. I come to this, from hearing my master say, some time during 1835, I was about seventeen years old.

My mother was named Harriet Bailey. She was the daughter of Isaac and Betsey Bailey, both colored, and quite dark. My mother was of a darker complexion than either my grandmother or grandfather.

My father was a white man. He was admitted to be such by all I ever heard speak of my parentage. The opinion was also whispered that my master was my father; but of the correctness of this opinion, I know nothing; the means of knowing was withheld from me. My mother and I were separated when I was but an infant — before I knew her as my mother. It is a common custom, in the part of Maryland from which I ran away, to part children from their mothers at a very early age. Frequently, before the child has reached its twelfth month, its mother is taken from it, and hired out on some farm a considerable distance off, and the child is placed under the care of an old woman, too old for field
labor. For what this separation is done, I do not know, unless it be to hinder the development of the child’s affection toward its mother, and to blunt and destroy the natural affection of the mother for the child. This is the inevitable result.

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night. She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home. She made her journeys to see me in the night, travelling the whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day’s work. She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise, unless a slave has special permission from his or her master to the contrary — a permission which they seldom get, and one that gives to him that gives it the proud name of being a kind master. I do not recollect of ever seeing my mother by the light of day. She was with me in the night. She would lie down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone. Very little communication ever took place between us. Death soon ended what little we could have while she lived, and with it her hardships and suffering. She died when I was about seven years old, on one of my master’s farms, near Lee’s Mill. I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial. She was gone long before I knew any thing about it. Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

Called thus suddenly away, she left me without the slightest intimation of who my father was. The whisper that my master was my father, may or may not be true; and, true or false, it is of but little consequence to my purpose whilst the fact remains, in all its glaring odiousness, that slaveholders have ordained, and by law established, that the children of slave women shall in all cases follow the condition of their mothers; and this is done too obviously to administer to their own lusts, and make a gratification of their wicked desires profitable as well as pleasurable; for by this cunning arrangement, the slaveholder, in cases not a few, sustains to his slaves the double relation of master and father.

I know of such cases; and it is worthy of remark that such slaves invariably suffer greater hardships, and have more to contend with, than others. They are, in the first place, a constant offence to their mistress. She is ever disposed to find fault with them; they can seldom do any thing to please her; she is never better pleased than when she sees them under the
lash, especially when she suspects her husband of showing to his mulatto children favors which he withholds from his black slaves. The master is frequently compelled to sell this class of his slaves, out of deference to the feelings of his white wife; and, cruel as the deed may strike any one to be, for a man to sell his own children to human flesh-mongers, it is often the dictate of humanity for him to do so; for, unless he does this, he must not only whip them himself, but must stand by and see one white son tie up his brother, of but few shades darker complexion than himself, and ply the gory lash to his naked back; and if he lisp one word of disapproval, it is set down to his parental partiality, and only makes a bad matter worse, both for himself and the slave whom he would protect and defend.

Every year brings with it multitudes of this class of slaves. It was doubtless in consequence of a knowledge of this fact, that one great statesman of the south predicted the downfall of slavery by the inevitable laws of population. Whether this prophecy is ever fulfilled or not, it is nevertheless plain that a very different-looking class of people are springing up at the south, and are now held in slavery, from those originally brought to this country from Africa; and if their increase will do no other good, it will do away the force of the argument, that God cursed Ham, and therefore American slavery is right. If the lineal descendants of Ham are alone to be scripturally enslaved, it is certain that slavery at the south must soon become unscriptural; for thousands are ushered into the world, annually, who, like myself, owe their existence to white fathers, and those fathers most frequently their own masters.

I have had two masters. My first master's name was Anthony. I do not remember his first name. He was generally called Captain Anthony — a title which, I presume, he acquired by sailing a craft on the Chesapeake Bay. He was not considered a rich slaveholder. He owned two or three farms, and about thirty slaves. His farms and slaves were under the care of an overseer. The overseer's name was Plummer. Mr. Plummer was a miserable drunkard, a profane swearer, and a savage monster. He always went armed with a cowskin and a heavy cudgel. I have known him to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even master would be enraged at his cruelty, and would threaten to whip him if he did not mind himself. Master, however, was not a humane slaveholder. It required extraordinary barbarity on the part of an overseer to affect him. He was a cruel man, hardened by a long life of slaveholding. He would at times seem to take great pleasure in whipping a slave. I have often been awakened at the dawn of day by the most heart-rending
shrieks of an own aunt of mine, whom he used to tie up to a joist, and whip upon her naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers, from his gory victim, seemed to move his iron heart from its bloody purpose. The louder she screamed, the harder he whipped; and where the blood ran fastest, there he whipped longest. He would whip her to make her scream, and whip her to make her hush; and not until overcome by fatigue, would he cease to swing the blood-clotted cowskin. I remember the first time I ever witnessed this horrible exhibition. I was quite a child, but I well remember it. I never shall forget it whilst I remember any thing. It was the first of a long series of such outrages, of which I was doomed to be a witness and a participant. It struck me with awful force. It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hell of slavery, through which I was about to pass. It was a most terrible spectacle. I wish I could commit to paper the feelings with which I beheld it.

This occurrence took place very soon after I went to live with my old master, and under the following circumstances. Aunt Hester went out one night,—where or for what I do not know,—and happened to be absent when my master desired her presence. He had ordered her not to go out evenings, and warned her that she must never let him catch her in company with a young man, who was paying attention to her, belonging to Colonel Lloyd. The young man's name was Ned Roberts, generally called Lloyd's Ned. Why master was so careful of her, may be safely left to conjecture. She was a woman of noble form, and of graceful proportions, having very few equals, and fewer superiors, in personal appearance, among the colored or white women of our neighborhood.

Aunt Hester had not only disobeyed his orders in going out, but had been found in company with Lloyd's Ned; which circumstance, I found, from what he said while whipping her, was the chief offence. Had he been a man of pure morals himself, he might have been thought interested in protecting the innocence of my aunt; but those who knew him will not suspect him of any such virtue. Before he commenced whipping Aunt Hester, he took her into the kitchen, and stripped her from neck to waist, leaving her neck, shoulders, and back, entirely naked. He then told her to cross her hands, calling her at the same time a d——d b——h. After crossing her hands, he tied them with a strong rope, and led her to a stool under a large hook in the joist, put in for the purpose. He made her get upon the stool, and tied her hands to the hook. She now stood fair for his infernal purpose. Her arms were stretched up at their
full length, so that she stood upon the ends of her toes. He then said to her, “Now, you d—d b—h, I’ll learn you how to disobey my orders!” and after rolling up his sleeves, he commenced to lay on the heavy cowskin, and soon the warm, red blood (amid heart-rending shrieks from her, and horrid oaths from him) came dripping to the floor. I was so terrified and horror-stricken at the sight, that I hid myself in a closet, and dared not venture out till long after the bloody transaction was over. I expected it would be my turn next. It was all new to me. I had never seen any thing like it before. I had always lived with my grandmother on the outskirts of the plantation, where she was put to raise the children of the younger women. I had therefore been, until now, out of the way of the bloody scenes that often occurred on the plantation.
My master’s family consisted of two sons, Andrew and Richard; one daughter, Lucretia, and her husband, Captain Thomas Auld. They lived in one house, upon the home plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd. My master was Colonel Lloyd’s clerk and superintendent. He was what might be called the overseer of the overseers. I spent two years of childhood on this plantation in my old master’s family. It was here that I witnessed the bloody transaction recorded in the first chapter; and as I received my first impressions of slavery on this plantation, I will give some description of it, and of slavery as it there existed. The plantation is about twelve miles north of Easton, in Talbot county, and is situated on the border of Miles River. The principal products raised upon it were tobacco, corn, and wheat. These were raised in great abundance; so that, with the products of this and the other farms belonging to him, he was able to keep in almost constant employment a large sloop, in carrying them to market at Baltimore. This sloop was named Sally Lloyd, in honor of one of the colonel’s daughters. My master’s son-in-law, Captain Auld, was master of the vessel; she was otherwise manned by the colonel’s own slaves. Their names were Peter, Isaac, Rich, and Jake. These were esteemed very highly by the other slaves, and looked upon as the privileged ones of the plantation; for it was no small affair, in the eyes of the slaves, to be allowed to see Baltimore.

Colonel Lloyd kept from three to four hundred slaves on his home plantation, and owned a large number more on the neighboring farms belonging to him. The names of the farms nearest to the home plantation were Wye Town and New Design. “Wye Town” was under the overseership of a man named Noah Willis. New Design was under the overseership of a Mr. Townsend. The overseers of these, and all the rest of the farms, numbering over twenty, received advice and direction from the managers of the home plantation. This was the great business place. It was the seat of government for the whole twenty farms. All disputes among the overseers were settled here. If a slave was convicted of any high misdemeanor, became unmanageable, or evinced a determination to run away, he was brought immediately here,
severely whipped, put on board the sloop, carried to Baltimore, and sold to Austin Woolfolk, or some other slave-trader, as a warning to the slaves remaining.

Here, too, the slaves of all the other farms received their monthly allowance of food, and their yearly clothing. The men and women slaves received, as their monthly allowance of food, eight pounds of pork, or its equivalent in fish, and one bushel of corn meal. Their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one pair of linen trousers, like the shirts, one jacket, one pair of trousers for winter, made of coarse negro cloth, one pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes; the whole of which could not have cost more than seven dollars. The allowance of the slave children was given to their mothers, or the old women having the care of them. The children unable to work in the field had neither shoes, stockings, jackets, nor trousers, given to them; their clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts per year. When these failed them, they went naked until the next allowance-day. Children from seven to ten years old, of both sexes, almost naked, might be seen at all seasons of the year.

There were no beds given the slaves, unless one coarse blanket be considered such, and none but the men and women had these. This, however, is not considered a very great privation. They find less difficulty from the want of beds, than from the want of time to sleep; for when their day’s work in the field is done, the most of them having their washing, mending, and cooking to do, and having few or none of the ordinary facilities for doing either of these, very many of their sleeping hours are consumed in preparing for the field the coming day; and when this is done, old and young, male and female, married and single, drop down side by side, on one common bed, — the cold, damp floor, — each covering himself or herself with their miserable blankets; and here they sleep till they are summoned to the field by the driver’s horn. At the sound of this, all must rise, and be off to the field. There must be no halting; every one must be at his or her post; and woe betides them who hear not this morning summons to the field; for if they are not awakened by the sense of hearing, they are by the sense of feeling: no age nor sex finds any favor. Mr. Severe, the overseer, used to stand by the door of the quarter, armed with a large hickory stick and heavy cowskin, ready to whip any one who was so unfortunate as not to hear, or, from any other cause, was prevented from being ready to start for the field at the sound of the horn.
Mr. Severe was rightly named: he was a cruel man. I have seen him whip a woman, causing the blood to run half an hour at the time; and this, too, in the midst of her crying children, pleading for their mother's release. He seemed to take pleasure in manifesting his fiendish barbarity. Added to his cruelty, he was a profane swearer. It was enough to chill the blood and stiffen the hair of an ordinary man to hear him talk. Scarce a sentence escaped him but that was commenced or concluded by some horrid oath. The field was the place to witness his cruelty and profanity. His presence made it both the field of blood and of blasphemy. From the rising till the going down of the sun, he was cursing, raving, cutting, and slashing among the slaves of the field, in the most frightful manner. His career was short. He died very soon after I went to Colonel Lloyd's; and he died as he lived, uttering, with his dying groans, bitter curses and horrid oaths. His death was regarded by the slaves as the result of a merciful providence.

Mr. Severe's place was filled by a Mr. Hopkins. He was a very different man. He was less cruel, less profane, and made less noise, than Mr. Severe. His course was characterized by no extraordinary demonstrations of cruelty. He whipped, but seemed to take no pleasure in it. He was called by the slaves a good overseer.

The home plantation of Colonel Lloyd wore the appearance of a country village. All the mechanical operations for all the farms were performed here. The shoemaking and mending, the blacksmithing, cartwrighting, coopering, weaving, and grain-grinding, were all performed by the slaves on the home plantation. The whole place wore a business-like aspect very unlike the neighboring farms. The number of houses, too, conspired to give it advantage over the neighboring farms. It was called by the slaves the Great House Farm. Few privileges were esteemed higher, by the slaves of the out-farms, than that of being selected to do errands at the Great House Farm. It was associated in their minds with greatness. A representative could not be prouder of his election to a seat in the American Congress, than a slave on one of the out-farms would be of his election to do errands at the Great House Farm. It was associated in their minds with greatness. A representative could not be prouder of his election to a seat in the American Congress, than a slave on one of the out-farms would be of his election to do errands at the Great House Farm. They regarded it as evidence of great confidence reposed in them by their overseers; and it was on this account, as well as a constant desire to be out of the field from under the driver's lash, that they esteemed it a high privilege, one worth careful living for. He was called the smartest and most trusty fellow, who had this honor conferred upon him the most frequently. The competitors for this
office sought as diligently to please their overseers, as the office-seekers in the political parties seek to please and deceive the people. The same traits of character might be seen in Colonel Lloyd’s slaves, as are seen in the slaves of the political parties.

The slaves selected to go to the Great House Farm, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up, came out — if not in the word, in the sound; — and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone. Into all of their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this, when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words: —

“I am going away to the Great House Farm! O, yea! O, yea! O!”

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do.

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs, even now, afflicts me; and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek. To those songs I
trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd’s plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul, — and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because “there is no flesh in his obdurate heart.”

I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the north, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion.
CHAPTER III

COLONEL LLOYD KEPT A LARGE and finely cultivated garden, which afforded almost constant employment for four men, besides the chief gardener, (Mr. M'Durmond.) This garden was probably the greatest attraction of the place. During the summer months, people came from far and near — from Baltimore, Easton, and Annapolis — to see it. It abounded in fruits of almost every description, from the hardy apple of the north to the delicate orange of the south. This garden was not the least source of trouble on the plantation. Its excellent fruit was quite a temptation to the hungry swarms of boys, as well as the older slaves, belonging to the colonel, few of whom had the virtue or the vice to resist it. Scarcely a day passed, during the summer, but that some slave had to take the lash for stealing fruit. The colonel had to resort to all kinds of stratagems to keep his slaves out of the garden. The last most successful one was that of tarring his fence all around; after which, if a slave was caught with any tar upon his person, it was deemed sufficient proof that he had either been into the garden, or had tried to get in. In either case, he was severely whipped by the chief gardener. This plan worked well; the slaves became as fearful of tar as of the lash. They seemed to realize the impossibility of touching tar without being defiled.

The colonel also kept a splendid riding equipage. His stable and carriage-house presented the appearance of some of our large city livery establishments. His horses were of the finest form and noblest blood. His carriage-house contained three splendid coaches, three or four gigs, besides dearborns and barouches of the most fashionable style.

This establishment was under the care of two slaves — old Barney and young Barney — father and son. To attend to this establishment was their sole work. But it was by no means an easy employment; for in nothing was Colonel Lloyd more particular than in the management of his horses. The slightest inattention to these was unpardonable, and was visited upon those, under whose care they were placed, with the severest punishment; no excuse could shield them, if the colonel only suspected any want of attention to his horses — a supposition which he frequently indulged, and one which, of course, made the office of old and young...
Barney a very trying one. They never knew when they were safe from punishment. They were frequently whipped when least deserving, and escaped whipping when most deserving it. Every thing depended upon the looks of the horses, and the state of Colonel Lloyd’s own mind when his horses were brought to him for use. If a horse did not move fast enough, or hold his head high enough, it was owing to some fault of his keepers. It was painful to stand near the stable-door, and hear the various complaints against the keepers when a horse was taken out for use. “This horse has not had proper attention. He has not been sufficiently rubbed and curried, or he has not been properly fed; his food was too wet or too dry; he got it too soon or too late; he was too hot or too cold; he had too much hay, and not enough of grain; or he had too much grain, and not enough of hay; instead of old Barney’s attending to the horse, he had very improperly left it to his son.” To all these complaints, no matter how unjust, the slave must answer never a word. Colonel Lloyd could not brook any contradiction from a slave. When he spoke, a slave must stand, listen, and tremble; and such was literally the case. I have seen Colonel Lloyd make old Barney, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, uncover his bald head, kneel down upon the cold, damp ground, and receive upon his naked and toil-worn shoulders more than thirty lashes at the time. Colonel Lloyd had three sons — Edward, Murray, and Daniel, — and three sons-in-law, Mr. Winder, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Lowndes. All of these lived at the Great House Farm, and enjoyed the luxury of whipping the servants when they pleased, from old Barney down to William Wilkes, the coach-driver. I have seen Winder make one of the house-servants stand off from him a suitable distance to be touched with the end of his whip, and at every stroke raise great ridges upon his back.

To describe the wealth of Colonel Lloyd would be almost equal to describing the riches of Job. He kept from ten to fifteen house-servants. He was said to own a thousand slaves, and I think this estimate quite within the truth. Colonel Lloyd owned so many that he did not know them when he saw them; nor did all the slaves of the out-farms know him. It is reported of him, that, while riding along the road one day, he met a colored man, and addressed him in the usual manner of speaking to colored people on the public highways of the south: “Well, boy, whom do you belong to?” “To Colonel Lloyd,” replied the slave. “Well, does the colonel treat you well?” “No, sir,” was the ready reply. “What, does he work you too hard?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, don’t he give you enough to eat?” “Yes, sir, he gives me enough, such as it is.”
The colonel, after ascertaining where the slave belonged, rode on; the man also went on about his business, not dreaming that he had been conversing with his master. He thought, said, and heard nothing more of the matter, until two or three weeks afterwards. The poor man was then informed by his overseer that, for having found fault with his master, he was now to be sold to a Georgia trader. He was immediately chained and handcuffed; and thus, without a moment's warning, he was snatched away, and forever sundered, from his family and friends, by a hand more unrelenting than death. This is the penalty of telling the truth, of telling the simple truth, in answer to a series of plain questions.

It is partly in consequence of such facts, that slaves, when inquired of as to their condition and the character of their masters, almost universally say they are contented, and that their masters are kind. The slaveholders have been known to send in spies among their slaves, to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition. The frequency of this has had the effect to establish among the slaves the maxim, that a still tongue makes a wise head. They suppress the truth rather than take the consequences of telling it, and in so doing prove themselves a part of the human family. If they have any thing to say of their masters, it is generally in their masters' favor, especially when speaking to an untried man. I have been frequently asked, when a slave, if I had a kind master, and do not remember ever to have given a negative answer; nor did I, in pursuing this course, consider myself as uttering what was absolutely false; for I always measured the kindness of my master by the standard of kindness set up among slaveholders around us. Moreover, slaves are like other people, and imbibe prejudices quite common to others. They think their own better than that of others. Many, under the influence of this prejudice, think their own masters are better than the masters of other slaves; and this, too, in some cases, when the very reverse is true. Indeed, it is not uncommon for slaves even to fall out and quarrel among themselves about the relative goodness of their masters, each contending for the superior goodness of his own over that of the others. At the very same time, they mutually execrate their masters when viewed separately. It was so on our plantation. When Colonel Lloyd's slaves met the slaves of Jacob Jepson, they seldom parted without a quarrel about their masters; Colonel Lloyd's slaves contending that he was the richest, and Mr. Jepson's slaves that he was the smartest, and most of a man. Colonel Lloyd's slaves would boast his ability to buy and sell Jacob Jepson. Mr. Jepson's slaves would boast his ability to whip
Colonel Lloyd. These quarrels would almost always end in a fight between the parties, and those that whipped were supposed to have gained the point at issue. They seemed to think that the greatness of their masters was transferable to themselves. It was considered as being bad enough to be a slave; but to be a poor man’s slave was deemed a disgrace indeed!
CHAPTER IV

Mr. Hopkins remained but a short time in the office of overseer. Why his career was so short, I do not know, but suppose he lacked the necessary severity to suit Colonel Lloyd. Mr. Hopkins was succeeded by Mr. Austin Gore, a man possessing, in an eminent degree, all those traits of character indispensable to what is called a first-rate overseer. Mr. Gore had served Colonel Lloyd, in the capacity of overseer, upon one of the out-farms, and had shown himself worthy of the high station of overseer upon the home or Great House Farm.

Mr. Gore was proud, ambitious, and persevering. He was artful, cruel, and obdurate. He was just the man for such a place, and it was just the place for such a man. It afforded scope for the full exercise of all his powers, and he seemed to be perfectly 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 suffer under the lash, than that the overseer should be convicted, in the presence of the slaves, of having been at fault.” No matter how innocent a slave might be — it availed him nothing, when accused by Mr. Gore of any misdemeanor. To be accused was to be convicted, and to be convicted was to be punished; the one always following the other with immutable certainty. To escape punishment was to escape accusation; and few slaves had the fortune to do either, under the overseership of Mr. Gore. He was just proud enough to demand the most debasing homage of the slave, and quite servile enough to crouch, himself, at the feet of the master. He was ambitious enough to be contented with nothing short of the highest rank of overseers, and persevering enough to reach the height of his ambition. He was cruel enough to inflict the severest punishment, artful enough to descend to the lowest trickery, and obdurate enough to be insensible to the voice of a reproving conscience. He was, of all the overseers, the most dreaded by the slaves. His presence was painful; his eye flashed confusion; and seldom was his sharp, shrill voice heard, without producing horror and trembling in their ranks.
Mr. Gore was a grave man, and, though a young man, he indulged in no jokes, said no funny words, seldom smiled. His words were in perfect keeping with his looks, and his looks were in perfect keeping with his words. Overseers will sometimes indulge in a witty word, even with the slaves; not so with Mr. Gore. He spoke but to command, and commanded but to be obeyed; he dealt sparingly with his words, and bountifully with his whip, never using the former where the latter would answer as well. When he whipped, he seemed to do so from a sense of duty, and feared no consequences. He did nothing reluctantly, no matter how disagreeable; always at his post, never inconsistent. He never promised but to fulfil. He was, in a word, a man of the most inflexible firmness and stone-like coolness.

His savage barbarity was equalled only by the consummate coolness with which he committed the grossest and most savage deeds upon the slaves under his charge. Mr. Gore once undertook to whip one of Colonel Lloyd’s slaves, by the name of Demby. He had given Demby but few stripes, when, to get rid of the scourging, he ran and plunged himself into a creek, and stood there at the depth of his shoulders, refusing to come out. Mr. Gore told him that he would give him three calls, and that, if he did not come out at the third call, he would shoot him. The first call was given. Demby made no response, but stood his ground. The second and third calls were given with the same result. Mr. Gore then, without consultation or deliberation with any one, not even giving Demby an additional call, raised his musket to his face, taking deadly aim at his standing victim, and in an instant poor Demby was no more. His mangled body sank out of sight, and blood and brains marked the water where he had stood.

A thrill of horror flashed through every soul upon the plantation, excepting Mr. Gore. He alone seemed cool and collected. He was asked by Colonel Lloyd and my old master, why he resorted to this extraordinary expedient. His reply was, (as well as I can remember,) that Demby had become unmanageable. He was setting a dangerous example to the other slaves, — one which, if suffered to pass without some such demonstration on his part, would finally lead to the total subversion of all rule and order upon the plantation. He argued that if one slave refused to be corrected, and escaped with his life, the other slaves would soon copy the example; the result of which would be, the freedom of the slaves, and the enslavement of the whites. Mr. Gore’s defence was satisfactory. He was continued in his station as overseer upon the home plantation. His fame
as an overseer went abroad. His horrid crime was not even submitted to judicial investigation. It was committed in the presence of slaves, and they of course could neither institute a suit, nor testify against him; and thus the guilty perpetrator of one of the bloodiest and most foul murders goes unwhipped of justice, and uncensured by the community in which he lives. Mr. Gore lived in St. Michael’s, Talbot county, Maryland, when I left there; and if he is still alive, he very probably lives there now; and if so, he is now, as he was then, as highly esteemed and as much respected as though his guilty soul had not been stained with his brother’s blood.

I speak advisedly when I say this,—that killing a slave, or any colored person, in Talbot county, Maryland, is not treated as a crime, either by the courts or the community. Mr. Thomas Lanman, of St. Michael’s, killed two slaves, one of whom he killed with a hatchet, by knocking his brains out. He used to boast of the commission of the awful and bloody deed. I have heard him do so laughingly, saying, among other things, that he was the only benefactor of his country in the company, and that when others would do as much as he had done, we should be relieved of “the d—n niggers.”

The wife of Mr. Giles Hick, living but a short distance from where I used to live, murdered my wife’s cousin, a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age, mangling her person in the most horrible manner, breaking her nose and breastbone with a stick, so that the poor girl expired in a few hours afterward. She was immediately buried, but had not been in her untimely grave but a few hours before she was taken up and examined by the coroner, who decided that she had come to her death by severe beating. The offence for which this girl was thus murdered was this:—She had been set that night to mind Mrs. Hick’s baby, and during the night she fell asleep, and the baby cried. She, having lost her rest for several nights previous, did not hear the crying. They were both in the room with Mrs. Hicks. Mrs. Hicks, finding the girl slow to move, jumped from her bed, seized an oak stick of wood by the fireplace, and with it broke the girl’s nose and breastbone, and thus ended her life. I will not say that this most horrid murder produced no sensation in the community. It did produce sensation, but not enough to bring the murderess to punishment. There was a warrant issued for her arrest, but it was never served. Thus she escaped not only punishment, but even the pain of being arraigned before a court for her horrid crime.

Whilst I am detailing bloody deeds which took place during my stay on Colonel Lloyd’s plantation, I will briefly narrate another, which
occurred about the same time as the murder of Demby by Mr. Gore.

Colonel Lloyd’s slaves were in the habit of spending a part of their nights and Sundays in fishing for oysters, and in this way made up the deficiency of their scanty allowance. An old man belonging to Colonel Lloyd, while thus engaged, happened to get beyond the limits of Colonel Lloyd’s, and on the premises of Mr. Beal Bondly. At this trespass, Mr. Bondly took offence, and with his musket came down to the shore, and blew its deadly contents into the poor old man.

Mr. Bondly came over to see Colonel Lloyd the next day, whether to pay him for his property, or to justify himself in what he had done, I know not. At any rate, this whole fiendish transaction was soon hushed up. There was very little said about it at all, and nothing done. It was a common saying, even among little white boys, that it was worth a half-cent to kill a “nigger,” and a half-cent to bury one.
As to my own treatment while I lived on Colonel Lloyd’s plantation, it was very similar to that of the other slave children. I was not old enough to work in the field, and there being little else than field work to do, I had a great deal of leisure time. The most I had to do was to drive up the cows at evening, keep the fowls out of the garden, keep the front yard clean, and run of errands for my old master’s daughter, Mrs. Lucretia Auld. The most of my leisure time I spent in helping Master Daniel Lloyd in finding his birds, after he had shot them. My connection with Master Daniel was of some advantage to me. He became quite attached to me, and was a sort of protector of me. He would not allow the older boys to impose upon me, and would divide his cakes with me.

I was seldom whipped by my old master, and suffered little from any thing else than hunger and cold. I suffered much from hunger, but much more from cold. In hottest summer and coldest winter, I was kept almost naked — no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers, nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to my knees. I had no bed. I must have perished with cold, but that, the coldest nights, I used to steal a bag which was used for carrying corn to the mill. I would crawl into this bag, and there sleep on the cold, damp, clay floor, with my head in and feet out. My feet have been so cracked with the frost, that the pen with which I am writing might be laid in the gashes.

We were not regularly allowanced. Our food was coarse corn meal boiled. This was called mush. It was put into a large wooden tray or trough, and set down upon the ground. The children were then called, like so many pigs, and like so many pigs they would come and devour the mush; some with oyster-shells, others with pieces of shingle, some with naked hands, and none with spoons. He that ate fastest got most; he that was strongest secured the best place; and few left the trough satisfied.

I was probably between seven and eight years old when I left Colonel Lloyd’s plantation. I left it with joy. I shall never forget the ecstasy with which I received the intelligence that my old master (Anthony) had determined to let me go to Baltimore, to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, brother to my old master’s son-in-law, Captain Thomas Auld. I received this information about three days before my departure. They were three
of the happiest days I ever enjoyed. I spent the most part of all these three days in the creek, washing off the plantation scurf, and preparing myself for my departure.

The pride of appearance which this would indicate was not my own. I spent the time in washing, not so much because I wished to, but because Mrs. Lucretia had told me I must get all the dead skin off my feet and knees before I could go to Baltimore; for the people in Baltimore were very cleanly, and would laugh at me if I looked dirty. Besides, she was going to give me a pair of trousers, which I should not put on unless I got all the dirt off me. The thought of owning a pair of trousers was great indeed! It was almost a sufficient motive, not only to make me take off what would be called by pig-drovers the mange, but the skin itself. I went at it in good earnest, working for the first time with the hope of reward.

The ties that ordinarily bind children to their homes were all suspended in my case. I found no severe trial in my departure. My home was charmless; it was not home to me; on parting from it, I could not feel that I was leaving anything which I could have enjoyed by staying. My mother was dead, my grandmother lived far off, so that I seldom saw her. I had two sisters and one brother, that lived in the same house with me; but the early separation of us from our mother had well nigh blotted the fact of our relationship from our memories. I looked for home elsewhere, and was confident of finding none which I should relish less than the one which I was leaving. If, however, I found in my new home hardship, hunger, whipping, and nakedness, I had the consolation that I should not have escaped any one of them by staying. Having already had more than a taste of them in the house of my old master, and having endured them there, I very naturally inferred my ability to endure them elsewhere, and especially at Baltimore; for I had something of the feeling about Baltimore that is expressed in the proverb, that “being hanged in England is preferable to dying a natural death in Ireland.” I had the strongest desire to see Baltimore. Cousin Tom, though not fluent in speech, had inspired me with that desire by his eloquent description of the place. I could never point out any thing at the Great House, no matter how beautiful or powerful, but that he had seen something at Baltimore far exceeding, both in beauty and strength, the object which I pointed out to him. Even the Great House itself, with all its pictures, was far inferior to many buildings in Baltimore. So strong was my desire, that I thought a gratification of it would fully compensate for whatever loss of comforts I should sustain by the exchange. I left without a regret, and with the highest hopes of future happiness.
We sailed out of Miles River for Baltimore on a Saturday morning. I remember only the day of the week, for at that time I had no knowledge of the days of the month, nor the months of the year. On setting sail, I walked aft, and gave to Colonel Lloyd’s plantation what I hoped would be the last look. I then placed myself in the bows of the sloop, and there spent the remainder of the day in looking ahead, interesting myself in what was in the distance rather than in things nearby or behind.

In the afternoon of that day, we reached Annapolis, the capital of the State. We stopped but a few moments so that I had no time to go on shore. It was the first large town that I had ever seen, and though it would look small compared with some of our New England factory villages, I thought it a wonderful place for its size – more imposing even than the Great House Farm!

We arrived at Baltimore early on Sunday morning, landing at Smith’s Wharf, not far from Bowley’s Wharf. We had on board the sloop a large flock of sheep; and after aiding in driving them to the slaughterhouse of Mr. Curtis on Louden Slater’s Hill, I was conducted by Rich, one of the hands belonging on board of the sloop, to my new home in Alliciana Street, near Mr. Gardner’s ship-yard, on Fells Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Auld were both at home, and met me at the door with their little son Thomas, to take care of whom I had been given. And here I saw what I had never seen before; it was a white face beaming with the most kindly emotions; it was the face of my new mistress, Sophia Auld. I wish I could describe the rapture that flashed through my soul as I beheld it. It was a new and strange sight to me, brightening up my pathway with the light of happiness. Little Thomas was told, there was his Freddy, — and I was told to take care of little Thomas; and thus I entered upon the duties of my new home with the most cheering prospect ahead.

I look upon my departure from Colonel Lloyd’s plantation as one of the most interesting events of my life. It is possible, and even quite probable, that but for the mere circumstance of being removed from that plantation to Baltimore, I should have to-day, instead of being here seated by my own table, in the enjoyment of freedom and the happiness of home, writing this Narrative, been confined in the galling chains of slavery. Going to live at Baltimore laid the foundation, and opened the gateway, to all my subsequent prosperity. I have ever regarded it as the first plain manifestation of that kind providence which has ever since attended me, and marked my life with so many favors. I regarded the selection of myself as being somewhat remarkable. There were a
number of slave children that might have been sent from the plantation to Baltimore. There were those younger, those older, and those of the same age. I was chosen from among them all, and was the first, last, and only choice.

I may be deemed superstitious, and even egotistical, in regarding this event as a special interposition of divine Providence in my favor. But I should be false to the earliest sentiments of my soul, if I suppressed the opinion. I prefer to be true to myself, even at the hazard of incurring the ridicule of others, rather than to be false, and incur my own abhorrence. From my earliest recollection, I date the entertainment of a deep conviction that slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace; and in the darkest hours of my career in slavery, this living word of faith and spirit of hope departed not from me, but remained like ministering angels to cheer me through the gloom. This good spirit was from God, and to him I offer thanksgiving and praise.
CHAPTER VI

My new mistress proved to be all she appeared when I first met her at the door,—a woman of the kindest heart and finest feelings. She had never had a slave under her control previously to myself, and prior to her marriage she had been dependent upon her own industry for a living. She was by trade a weaver; and by constant application to her business, she had been in a good degree preserved from the blighting and dehumanizing effects of slavery. I was utterly astonished at her goodness. I scarcely knew how to behave towards her. She was entirely unlike any other white woman I had ever seen. I could not approach her as I was accustomed to approach other white ladies. My early instruction was all out of place. The crouching servility, usually so acceptable a quality in a slave, did not answer when manifested toward her. Her favor was not gained by it; she seemed to be disturbed by it. She did not deem it impudent or unmannerly for a slave to look her in the face. The meanest slave was put fully at ease in her presence, and none left without feeling better for having seen her. Her face was made of heavenly smiles, and her voice of tranquil music.

But, alas! this kind heart had but a short time to remain such. The fatal poison of irresponsible power was already in her hands, and soon commenced its infernal work. That cheerful eye, under the influence of slavery, soon became red with rage; that voice, made all of sweet accord, changed to one of harsh and horrid discord; and that angelic face gave place to that of a demon.

Very soon after I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A, B, C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr. Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs. Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, “If you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master — to do as he is told to do. Learning would spoil the best nigger in the world. Now,” said he, “if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a
slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy.” These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty — to wit, the white man’s power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment, I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a time when I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher, I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read. The very decided manner with which he spoke, and strove to impress his wife with the evil consequences of giving me instruction, served to convince me that he was deeply sensible of the truths he was uttering. It gave me the best assurance that I might rely with the utmost confidence on the results which, he said, would flow from teaching me to read. What he most dreaded, that I most desired. What he most loved, that I most hated. That which to him was a great evil, to be carefully shunned, was to me a great good, to be diligently sought; and the argument which he so warmly urged, against my learning to read, only served to inspire me with a desire and determination to learn. In learning to read, I owe almost as much to the bitter opposition of my master, as to the kindly aid of my mistress. I acknowledge the benefit of both.

I had resided but a short time in Baltimore before I observed a marked difference, in the treatment of slaves, from that which I had witnessed in the country. A city slave is almost a freeman, compared with a slave on the plantation. He is much better fed and clothed, and enjoys privileges altogether unknown to the slave on the plantation. There is a vestige of decency, a sense of shame, that does much to curb and check those outbreaks of atrocious cruelty so commonly enacted upon the plantation. He is a desperate slaveholder, who will shock the humanity of his non-slaveholding neighbors with the cries of his lacerated slave. Few are willing to incur the odium attaching to the reputation of being a cruel master; and above all things, they would not be known as not
giving a slave enough to eat. Every city slaveholder is anxious to have it known of him, that he feeds his slaves well; and it is due to them to say, that most of them do give their slaves enough to eat. There are, however, some painful exceptions to this rule. Directly opposite to us, on Philpot Street, lived Mr. Thomas Hamilton. He owned two slaves. Their names were Henrietta and Mary. Henrietta was about twenty-two years of age, Mary was about fourteen; and of all the mangled and emaciated creatures I ever looked upon, these two were the most so. His heart must be harder than stone, that could look upon these unmoved. The head, neck, and shoulders of Mary were literally cut to pieces. I have frequently felt her head, and found it nearly covered with festering sores, caused by the lash of her cruel mistress. I do not know that her master ever whipped her, but I have been an eye-witness to the cruelty of Mrs. Hamilton. I used to be in Mr. Hamilton’s house nearly every day. Mrs. Hamilton used to sit in a large chair in the middle of the room, with a heavy cowskin always by her side, and scarce an hour passed during the day but was marked by the blood of one of these slaves. The girls seldom passed her without her saying, “Move faster, you black gip!” at the same time giving them a blow with the cowskin over the head or shoulders, often drawing the blood. She would then say, “Take that, you black gip!” — continuing, “If you don’t move faster, I’ll move you!” Added to the cruel lashings to which these slaves were subjected, they were kept nearly half-starved. They seldom knew what it was to eat a full meal. I have seen Mary contending with the pigs for the offal thrown into the street. So much was Mary kicked and cut to pieces, that she was oftener called “pecked” than by her name.
I lived in Master Hugh’s family about seven years. During this time, I succeeded in learning to read and write. In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me, had, in compliance with the advice and direction of her husband, not only ceased to instruct, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else. It is due, however, to my mistress to say of her, that she did not adopt this course of treatment immediately. She at first lacked the depravity indispensable to shutting me up in mental darkness. It was at least necessary for her to have some training in the exercise of irresponsible power, to make her equal to the task of treating me as though I were a brute.

My mistress was, as I have said, a kind and 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 on errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids; — not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Durgin and Bailey’s ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. “You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, but I am a slave for life! Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?” These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being a slave for life began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled “The Columbian Orator.” Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the
slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master — things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan’s mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition, without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Any thing, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me. There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate. The silver trump of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now appeared, to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and
felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every
calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

I often found myself regretting my own existence, and wishing
myself dead; and but for the hope of being free, I have no doubt but
that I should have killed myself, or done something for which I should
have been killed. While in this state of mind, I was eager to hear any one
speak of slavery. I was a ready listener. Every little while, I could hear
something about the abolitionists. It was some time before I found what
the word meant. It was always used in such connections as to make it
an interesting word to me. If a slave ran away and succeeded in getting
clear, or if a slave killed his master, set fire to a barn, or did any thing
very wrong in the mind of a slaveholder, it was spoken of as the fruit
of abolition. Hearing the word in this connection very often, I set about
learning what it meant. The dictionary afforded me little or no help. I
found it was “the act of abolishing;” but then I did not know what was
to be abolished. Here I was perplexed. I did not dare to ask any one
about its meaning, for I was satisfied that it was something they wanted
me to know very little about. After a patient waiting, I got one of our
city papers, containing an account of the number of petitions from the
north, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia,
and of the slave trade between the States. From this time I understood
the words abolition and abolitionist, and always drew near when that word
was spoken, expecting to bear something of importance to myself and
fellow-slaves. The light broke in upon me by degrees. I went one day
don the wharf of Mr. Waters; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a
scow of stone, I went, unasked, and helped them. When we had finished,
one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I
was. He asked, “Are ye a slave for life?” I told him that I was. The good
Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the
other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave
for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run
away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be
free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them
as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous.
White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then,
to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was
afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless
remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away. I
looked forward to a time at which it would be safe for me to escape. I
was too young to think of doing so immediately; besides, I wished to learn how to write, as I might have occasion to write my own pass. I consoled myself with the hope that I should one day find a good chance. Meanwhile, I would learn to write.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey’s ship-yard, and frequently seeing the ship carpenters, after hewing, and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece of timber was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked thus – “L.” When a piece was for the starboard side, it would be marked thus – “S.” A piece for the larboard side forward, would be marked thus — “L. F.” When a piece was for starboard side forward, it would be marked thus — “S. F.” For larboard aft, it would be marked thus — ”L. A.” For starboard aft, it would be marked thus — ”S. A.” I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the ship-yard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, “I don’t believe you. Let me see you try it.” I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time, my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these, I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster’s Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time, my little Master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class meeting at the Wilk Street meeting-house 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.
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. Here again my feelings rose up in detestation of slavery. I had now a new conception of my degraded condition. Prior to this, I had become, if not insensible to my lot, at least partly so. I left Baltimore with a young heart overborne with sadness, and a soul full of apprehension. I took passage with Captain Rowe, in the schooner Wild Cat, and, after a sail of about twenty-four hours, I found myself near the place of my birth. I had now been absent from it almost, if not quite, five years. I, however, remembered the place very well. I was only about five years old when I left it, to go and live with my old master on Colonel Lloyd’s plantation; so that I was now between ten and eleven years old.

We were all ranked together at the valuation. Men and women, old and young, married and single, were ranked with horses, sheep, and swine. There were horses and men, cattle and women, pigs and children, all holding the same rank in the scale of being, and were all subjected to the same narrow examination. Silvery-headed age and sprightly youth, maids and matrons, had to undergo the same indelicate inspection. At this moment, I saw more clearly than ever the brutalizing effects of slavery upon both slave and slaveholder.

After the valuation, then came the division. I have no language to express the high excitement and deep anxiety which were felt among us poor slaves during this time. Our fate for life was now to be decided. We had no more voice in that decision than the brutes among whom we were ranked. A single word from the white men was enough — against all our wishes, prayers, and entreaties — to sunder forever the dearest friends, dearest kindred, and strongest ties known to human beings. In addition to the pain of separation, there was the horrid dread of falling
into the hands of Master Andrew. He was known to us all as being a most cruel wretch, — a common drunkard, who had, by his reckless mismanagement and profligate dissipation already wasted a large portion of his father’s property. We all felt that we might as well be sold at once to the Georgia traders, as to pass into his hands; for we knew that that would be our inevitable condition, — a condition held by us all in the utmost horror and dread.

I suffered more anxiety than most of my fellow-slaves. I 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. I had escaped a worse than lion’s jaws. I was absent from Baltimore, for the purpose of valuation and division, just about one month, and it seemed to have been six.

Very soon after my return to Baltimore, my mistress, Lucretia, died, leaving her husband and one child, Amanda; and in a very short time after her death, Master Andrew died. Now all the property of my old master, slaves included, was in the hands of strangers, — strangers who had had nothing to do with accumulating it. Not a slave was left free. All remained slaves, from the youngest to the oldest. If any one thing in my experience, more than another, served to deepen my conviction of the infernal character of slavery, and to fill me with utterable 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 failing 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 me from him to live with himself at St. Michael’s. Here I underwent another most painful separation. It, however, was not so severe as the one I dreaded at the division of property; for, during this interval, a great change had taken place in Master Hugh and his once kind and affectionate wife. The influence of brandy upon him, and of slavery upon her, had effected a disastrous change in the characters of both; so that, as far as they were concerned, I thought I had little to lose by the change. But it was not to them that I was attached. It was to those little Baltimore boys that I felt the strongest attachment. I had received many good lessons from them, and was still receiving them, and the thought of leaving them was painful indeed. I was leaving, too, without the hope of ever being allowed to return. Master Thomas had said he would never let me return again. The barrier betwixt himself and brother he considered impassable.

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

I sailed from Baltimore for St. Michael’s in the sloop Amanda, Captain Edward Dodson. On my passage, I paid particular attention to the direction which the steamboats took to go to Philadelphia. I found, instead of going down, on reaching North Point they went up the bay, in a northeasterly direction. I deemed this knowledge of the utmost importance. My determination to run away was again revived. I resolved to wait only so long as the offering of a favorable opportunity. When that came, I was determined to be off.
CHAPTER IX

I have now reached a period of my life when I can give dates. I left Baltimore, and went to live with Master Thomas Auld, at St. Michael’s, in March, 1832. It was now more than seven years since I lived with him in the family of my old master, on Colonel Lloyd’s plantation. We of course were now almost entire strangers to each other. He was to me a new master, and I to him a new slave. I was ignorant of his temper and disposition; he was equally so of mine. A very short time, however, brought us into full acquaintance with each other. I was made acquainted with his wife not less than with himself. They were well matched, being equally mean and cruel. I was now, for the first time during a space of more than seven years, made to feel the painful gnawings of hunger — a something which I had not experienced before since I left Colonel Lloyd’s plantation. It went hard enough with me then, when I could look back to no period at which I had enjoyed a sufficiency. It was tenfold harder after living in Master Hugh’s family, where I had always had enough to eat, and of that which was good. I have said Master Thomas was a mean man. He was so. Not to give a slave enough to eat, is regarded as the most aggravated development of meanness even among slaveholders. The rule is, no matter how coarse the food, only let there be enough of it. This is the theory; and in the part of Maryland from which I came, it is the general practice, — though there are many exceptions. Master Thomas gave us enough of neither coarse nor fine food. There were four slaves of us in the kitchen — my sister Eliza, my aunt Priscilla, Henny, and myself; and we were allowed less than a half of a bushel of corn-meal per week, and very little else, either in the shape of meat or vegetables. It was not enough for us to subsist upon. We were therefore reduced to the wretched necessity of living at the expense of our neighbors. This we did by begging and stealing, whichever came handy in the time of need, the one being considered as legitimate as the other. A great many times have we poor creatures been nearly perishing with hunger, when food in abundance lay mouldering in the safe and smokehouse, 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; for while he starved us, he stuffed them. We have had three or four preachers there at a time. The names of those who used to come most frequently while I lived there, were Mr. 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.
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. I expected every moment that my brains would be dashed out against the trees. After running thus for a considerable distance, they finally upset the cart, dashing it with great force against a tree, and threw themselves into a dense thicket. How I escaped death, I do not know. There I was, entirely alone, in a thick wood, in a place new to me. My cart was upset and shattered, my oxen were entangled among the young trees, and there was none to help me. After a long spell of effort, I succeeded in getting my cart righted, my oxen disentangled, and again yoked to the cart. I now proceeded with my team to the place where I had, the day before, been chopping wood, and loaded my cart pretty heavily, thinking in this way to tame my oxen. I then proceeded on my way home. I had now consumed one half of the day. I got out of the woods safely, and now felt out of danger, I stopped my oxen to open the woods gate; and just as I did so, before I could get hold of my ox-rope, the oxen again started, rushed through the gate, catching it between the wheel and the body of the cart, tearing it to pieces, and coming within a few inches of crushing me against the gate-post. Thus twice, in one short day, I escaped death by the merest chance. On my return, I told Mr. Covey 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; and at saving-fodder time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades.

Covey would be out with us. The way he used to stand it, was this. He would spend the most of his afternoons in bed. He would then come out fresh in the evening, ready to urge us on with his words, example, and frequently with the whip. Mr. Covey was one of the few slaveholders who could and did work with his hands. He was a hard-working man. He knew by himself just what a man or a boy could do. There was no deceiving him. His work went on in his absence almost as well as in his presence; and he had the faculty of making us feel that he was ever present with us. This he did by surprising us. He seldom approached the spot where we were at work openly, if he could do it secretly. He always aimed at taking us by surprise. Such was his cunning, that we used to call him, among ourselves, “the snake.” When we were at work in the cornfield, he would sometimes crawl on his hands and knees to avoid detection, and all at once he would rise nearly in our midst, and scream out, “Ha, ha! Come, come! Dash on, dash on!” This being his mode of attack, it was never safe to stop a single minute. His comings were like a thief in the night. He appeared to us as being ever at hand. He was under every tree, behind every stump, in every bush, and at every window, on the plantation. He would sometimes mount his horse, as if bound to St. Michael’s, a distance of seven miles, and in half an hour afterwards you would see him coiled up in the corner.
of the wood fence, watching every motion of the slaves. He would, for this purpose, leave his horse tied up in the woods. Again, he would sometimes walk up to us, and give us orders as though he was upon the point of starting on a long journey, turn his back upon us, and make as though he was going to the house to get ready; and, before he would get half way thither, he would turn short and crawl into a fence-corner, or behind some tree, and there watch us till the going down of the sun.

Mr. Covey’s *forte* consisted in his power to deceive. His life was devoted to planning and perpetrating the grossest deceptions. Every thing he possessed in the shape of learning or religion, he made conform to his disposition to deceive. He seemed to think himself equal to deceiving the Almighty. He would make a short prayer in the morning, and a long prayer at night; and, strange as it may seem, few men would at times appear more devotional than he. The exercises of his family devotions were always commenced with singing; and, as he was a very poor singer himself, the duty of raising the hymn generally came upon me. He would read his hymn, and nod at me to commence. I would at times do so; at others, I would not. My non-compliance would almost always produce much confusion. To show himself independent of me, he would start and stagger through with his hymn in the most discordant manner. In this state of mind, he prayed with more than ordinary spirit. Poor man! such was his disposition, and success at deceiving, I do verily believe that he sometimes deceived himself into the solemn belief, that he was a sincere worshipper of the most high God; and this, too, at a time when he may be said to have been guilty of compelling his woman slave to commit the sin of adultery. The facts in the case are these: Mr. Covey was a poor man; he was just commencing in life; he was only able to buy one slave; and, shocking as is the fact, he bought her, as he said, for a *breeder*. This woman was named Caroline. Mr. Covey bought her from Mr. Thomas Lowe, about six miles from St. Michael’s. She was a large, able-bodied woman, about twenty years old. She had already given birth to one child, which proved her to be just what he wanted. After buying her, he hired a married man of Mr. Samuel Harrison, to live with him one year; and him he used to fasten up with her every night! The result was, that, at the end of the year, the miserable woman gave birth to twins. At this result Mr. Covey seemed to be highly pleased, both with the man and the wretched woman. Such was his joy, and that of his wife, that nothing they could do for Caroline during her confinement was too good, or too hard, to be done. The children were regarded as being quite an addition to his wealth.

If at any one time of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my
stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked in all weathers. It was never too hot or
too cold; it could never rain, blow, hail, or snow, too hard for us to work in the
field. Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than of the
night. The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights too
long for him. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a
few months of this discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me.
I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my
intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that
lingered about my eye died; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and
behold a man transformed into a brute!

Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like
stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree. At times I would rise
up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied
with a faint beam of hope, that flickered for a moment, and then vanished. I
sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes
prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a
combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like
a dream rather than a stern reality.

Our house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake Bay, whose
broad bosom was ever white with sails from every quarter of the habitable
globe. Those beautiful vessels, robed in purest white, so delightful to the eye
of freemen, were to me so many shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me
with thoughts of my wretched condition. I have often, in the deep stillness
of a summer’s Sabbath, stood all alone upon the lofty banks of that noble
bay, and traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the countless number of
sails moving off to the mighty ocean. The sight of these always affected me
powerfully. My thoughts would compel utterance; and there, with no audience
but the Almighty, I would pour out my soul’s complaint, in my rude way, with
an apostrophe to the moving multitude of ships: —

“You are loosed from your moorings, and are free; I am fast in my
chains, and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly
before the bloody whip! You are freedom’s swift-winged angels, that fly round
the world; I am confined in bands of iron! O that I were free! O, that I were on
one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me
and you, the turbid waters roll. Go on, go on. O that I could also go! Could I
but swim! If I could fly! O, why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute.
The glad ship is gone; she hides in the dim distance. I am left in the hottest hell
of unending slavery. O God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free! Is there
any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away. I will not stand it. Get caught, or
get clear, I'll try it. I had as well die with ague as the fever. I have only one life to lose. I had as well be killed running as die standing. Only think of it; one hundred miles straight north, and I am free! Try it? Yes! God helping me, I will. It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave. I will take to the water. This very bay shall yet bear me into freedom. The steamboats steered in a north-east course from North Point. I will do the same; and when I get to the head of the bay, I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight through Delaware into Pennsylvania. When I get there, I shall not be required to have a pass; I can travel without being disturbed. Let but the first opportunity offer, and, come what will, I am off. Meanwhile, I will try to bear up under the yoke. I am not the only slave in the world. Why should I fret? I can bear as much as any of them. Besides, I am but a boy, and all boys are bound to some one. It may be that my misery in slavery will only increase my happiness when I get free. There is a better day coming.”

Thus I used to think, and thus I used to speak to myself; goaded almost to madness at one moment, and at the next reconciling myself to my wretched lot.

I have already intimated that my condition was much worse, during the first six months of my stay at Mr. Covey's, than in the last six. The circumstances leading to the change in Mr. Covey's course toward me form an epoch in my humble history. You have seen how a man was made a slave; you shall see how a slave was made a man. On one of the hottest days of the month of August, 1833, Bill Smith, William Hughes, a slave named Eli, and myself, were engaged in fanning wheat. Hughes was clearing the fanned wheat from before the fan, Eli was turning, Smith was feeding, and I was carrying wheat to the fan. The work was simple, requiring strength rather than intellect; yet, to one entirely unused to such work, it came very hard. About three 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 held down by an immense weight. The fan of course stopped; every one had his own work to do; and no one could do the work of the other, and have his own go on at the same time.

Mr. Covey was at the house, about one hundred yards from the treading-yard where we were fanning. On hearing the fan stop, he left immediately, and came to the spot where we were. He hastily inquired what the matter was. Bill answered that I was sick, and there was no one to bring wheat to the fan. I had by this time crawled away under the side of the post
and rail-fence by which the yard was enclosed, hoping to find relief by getting out of the sun. He then asked where I was. He was told by one of the hands. He came to the spot, and, after looking at me awhile, asked me what was the matter. I told him as well as I could, for I scarce had strength to speak. He then gave me a savage kick in the side, and told me to get up. I tried to do so, but fell back in the attempt. He gave me another kick, and again told me to rise. I again tried, and succeeded in gaining my feet; but, stooping to get the tub with which I was feeding the fan, I again staggered and fell. While down in this situation, Mr. Covey took up the hickory slat with which Hughes had been striking off the half-bushel measure, and with it gave me a heavy blow upon the head, making a large wound, and the blood ran freely; and with this again told me to get up. I made no effort to comply, having now made up my mind to let him do his worst. In a short time after receiving this blow, my head grew better. Mr. Covey had now left me to my fate. At this moment I resolved, for the first time, to go to my master, enter a complaint, and ask his protection. In order to this, I must that afternoon walk seven miles; and this, under the circumstances, was truly a severe undertaking. I was exceedingly feeble; made so as much by the kicks and blows which I received, as by the severe fit of sickness to which I had been subjected. I, however, watched my chance, while Covey was looking in an opposite direction, and started for St. Michael’s. I succeeded in getting a considerable distance on my way to the woods, when Covey discovered me, and called after me to come back, threatening what he would do if I did not come. I disregarded both his calls and his threats, and made my way to the woods as fast as my feeble state would allow; and thinking I might be 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; and after a journey of about seven miles, occupying some five hours to perform it, I arrived at master’s store. I then presented an appearance enough to affect any but a heart of iron. From the crown of my head to my feet, I was covered with blood. My hair was all clotted with dust and blood; my shirt was stiff with blood. My legs and feet were torn in sundry places with briers and thorns, and were also covered with blood. I suppose I looked like a man
who had escaped a den of wild beasts, and barely escaped them. In this state I appeared before my master, humbly entreating him to interpose his authority for my protection. I told him all the circumstances as well as I could, and it seemed, as I spoke, at times to affect him. He would then walk the floor, and seek to justify Covey by saying he expected I deserved it. He asked me what I wanted. I told him, to let me get a new home; that as sure as I lived with Mr. Covey again, I should live with but to die with him; that Covey would surely kill me; he was in a fair way for it. Master Thomas ridiculed the idea that there was any danger of Mr. Covey’s killing me, and said that he knew Mr. Covey; that he was a good man, and that he could not think of taking me from him; that, should he do so, he would lose the whole year’s wages; that I belonged to Mr. Covey for one year, and that I must go back to him, come what might; and that I must not trouble him with any more stories, or that he would himself get bold 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 bold of me, which meant that he would whip me. I remained all night, and, according to his orders, I started off to Covey’s in the morning, (Saturday morning,) wearied in body and broken in spirit. I got no supper that night, or breakfast that morning. I reached Covey’s about nine o’clock; and just as I was getting over the fence that divided Mrs. Kemp’s fields from ours, out ran Covey with his cowskin, to give me another whipping. Before he could reach me, I succeeded in getting to the cornfield; and as the corn was very high, it afforded me the means of hiding. He seemed very angry, and searched for me a long time. My behavior was altogether unaccountable. He finally gave up the chase, thinking, I suppose, that I must come home for something to eat; he would give himself no further trouble in looking for me. I spent that day mostly in the woods, having the alternative before me, — to go home and be whipped to death, or stay in the woods and be starved to death. That night, I fell in with Sandy Jenkins, a slave with whom I was somewhat acquainted. Sandy had a free wife who lived about four miles from Mr. Covey’s; and it being Saturday, he was on his way to see her. I told him my circumstances, and he very kindly invited me to go home with him. I went home with him, and talked this whole matter over, and got his advice as to what course it was best for me to pursue. I found Sandy an old adviser. He told me, with great solemnity, I must go back to Covey; but that before I went, I must go with him into another part of the woods, where there was a certain root, which, if I would take some of it with me, carrying it always on my right side, would render it impossible for Mr. Covey, or any other
white man, to whip me. He said he had carried it for years; and since he
had done so, he had never received a blow, and never expected to while he
carried it. I at first rejected the idea, that the simple carrying of a root in my
pocket would have any such effect as he had said, and was not disposed to
take it; but Sandy impressed the necessity with much earnestness, telling me
it could do no harm, if it did no good. To please him, I at length took the
root, and, according to his direction, carried it upon my right side. This was
Sunday morning. I immediately started for home; and upon entering the yard
gate, out came Mr. Covey on his way to meeting. He spoke, to me very kindly,
bade me drive the pigs from a lot near by, and passed on towards the church.
Now, this singular conduct of Mr. Covey really made me begin to think that
there was something in the root which Sandy had given me; and had it been
on any other day than Sunday, I could have attributed the conduct to no
other cause than the influence of that root, and as it was, I was half inclined
to think the root to be something more than I at first had taken it to be. All
got 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
onto me, and I to him. My resistance was so entirely unexpected, that Covey
seemed taken all aback. He trembled like a leaf. This gave me assurance, and I
held him uneasy, causing the blood to run where I touched him with the ends
of my fingers. Mr. Covey soon called out to Hughes for help. Hughes came,
and, while Covey held me, attempted to tie my right hand. While he was in
the act of doing so, I watched my chance, and gave him a heavy kick close
under the ribs. This kick fairly sickened Hughes, so that he left me in the
hands of Mr. Covey. This kick had the effect of not only weakening Hughes,
but Covey also. When he saw Hughes bending over with pain, his courage
quailed. He asked me if I meant to persist in my resistance. I told him I did,
come what might; that he had used me like a brute for six months, and that I
was determined to be used so no longer. With that, he strove to drag me to a
stick that was lying just out of the stable door. He meant to knock me down.
But just as he was leaning over to get the stick, I seized him with both hands by his collar, and brought him by a sudden snatch to the ground. By this time, Bill came. Covey called upon him for assistance. Bill wanted to know what he could do. Covey said, “Take hold of him, take hold of him!” Bill said his master hired him out to work, and not to help to whip me; so he left Covey and myself to fight our own battle out. We were at it for nearly two hours. Covey at length let me go, puffing and blowing at a great rate, saying that if I had not resisted, he would not have whipped me half so much. The truth was, that he had not whipped me at all. I considered him as getting entirely the worst end of the bargain; for he had drawn no blood from me, but I had from him. The whole six months afterwards, that I spent with Mr. Covey, he never laid the weight of his finger upon me in anger. He would occasionally say, he didn’t want to get hold of me again. “No,” thought I, “you need not; for you will come off worse than you did before.”

This battle with Mr. Covey was the 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. It recalled the departed self-confidence, and inspired me again with a determination to be free. The gratification afforded by the triumph was a full compensation for whatever else might follow, even death itself. He only can understand the deep satisfaction which I experienced, who has himself repelled by force the bloody arm of slavery. I felt as I never felt before. It was a glorious resurrection, from the tomb of slavery, to the heaven of freedom. My long-crushed spirit rose, cowardice departed, bold defiance took its place; and I now resolved that, however long I might remain a slave in form, the day had passed forever when I could be a slave in fact. I did not hesitate to let it be known of me, that the white man who expected to succeed in whipping, must also succeed in killing me.

From this time I was never again what might be called fairly whipped, though I remained a slave four years afterwards. I had several fights, but was never whipped.

It was for a long time a matter of surprise to me why Mr. Covey did not immediately have me taken by the constable to the whipping-post, and there regularly whipped for the crime of raising my hand against a white man in defence of myself. And the only explanation I can now think of does not entirely satisfy me; but such as it is, I will give it. Mr. Covey enjoyed the most unbounded reputation for being a first-rate overseer and negro-breaker. It was of considerable importance to him. That reputation was at stake; and had he sent me — a boy about sixteen years old — to the public
whipping-post, his reputation would have been lost; so, to save his reputation, he suffered me to go unpunished.

My term of actual service to Mr. Edward Covey ended on Christmas day, 1833. The days between Christmas and New Year’s day are allowed as holidays; and, accordingly, we were not required to perform any labor, more than to feed and take care of the stock. This time we regarded as our own, by the grace of our masters; and we therefore used or abused it nearly as we pleased. Those of us who had families at a distance, were generally allowed to spend the whole six days in their society. This time, however, was spent in various ways. The staid, sober, thinking and industrious ones of our number would employ themselves in making corn-brooms, mats, horse-collars, and baskets; and another class of us would spend the time in hunting opossums, hares, and coons. But by far the larger part engaged in such sports and merriments as playing ball, wrestling, running foot-races, fiddling, dancing, and drinking whisky; and this latter mode of spending the time was by far the most agreeable to the feelings of our masters. A slave who would work during the holidays was considered by our masters as scarcely deserving them. He was regarded as one who rejected the favor of his master. It was deemed a disgrace not to get drunk at Christmas; and he was regarded as lazy indeed, who had not provided himself with the necessary means, during the year, to get whisky enough to last him through Christmas.

From what I know of the effect of these holidays upon the slave, I believe them to be among the most effective means in the hands of the slaveholder in keeping down the spirit of insurrection. Were the slaveholders at once to abandon this practice, I have not the slightest doubt it would lead to an immediate insurrection among the slaves. These holidays serve as conductors, or safety-valves, to carry off the rebellious spirit of enslaved humanity. But for these, the slave would be forced up to the wildest desperation; and woe betide the slaveholder, the day he ventures to remove or hinder the operation of those conductors! I warn him that, in such an event, a spirit will go forth in their midst, more to be dreaded than the most appalling earthquake.

The holidays are part and parcel of the gross fraud, wrong, and inhumanity of slavery. They are professedly a custom established by the benevolence of the slaveholders; but I undertake to say, it is the result of selfishness, and one of the grossest frauds committed upon the down-trodden slave. They do not give the slaves this time because they would not like to have their work during its continuance, but because they know it would be unsafe to deprive them of it. This will be seen by the fact, that the slaveholders like to have their slaves spend those days just in such a manner as to make them
as glad of their ending as of their beginning. Their object seems to be, to
disgust their slaves with freedom, by plunging them into the lowest depths of
dissipation. For instance, the slaveholders not only like to see the slave drink
of his own accord, but will adopt various plans to make him drunk. One plan
is, to make bets on their slaves, as to who can drink the most whisky without
getting drunk; and in this way they succeed in getting whole multitudes to
drink to excess. Thus, when the slave asks for virtuous freedom, the cunning
slaveholder, knowing his ignorance, cheats him with a dose of vicious
dissipation, artfully labelled with the name of liberty. The most of us used
to drink it down, and the result was just what might be supposed: many of
us were led to think that there was little to choose between liberty and slavery.
We felt, and very properly too, that we had almost as well be slaves to man as
to rum. So, when the holidays ended, we staggered up from the filth of our
wallowing, took a long breath, and marched to the field, — feeling, upon the
whole, rather glad to go, from what our master had deceived us into a belief
was freedom, back to the arms of slavery.

I have said that this mode of treatment is a part of the whole system
of fraud and inhumanity of slavery. It is so. The mode here adopted to disgust
the slave with freedom, by allowing him to see only the abuse of it, is carried out
in other things. For instance, a slave loves molasses; he steals some. His master,
in many cases, goes off to town, and buys a large quantity; he returns, takes
his whip, and commands the slave to eat the molasses, until the poor fellow is
made sick at the very mention of it. The same mode is sometimes adopted to
make the slaves refrain from asking for more food than their regular allowance.
A slave runs through his allowance, and applies for more. His master is enraged
at him; but, not willing to send him off without food, gives him more than is
necessary, and compels him to eat it within a given time. Then, if he complains
that he cannot eat it, he is said to be satisfied neither full nor fasting, and is
whipped for being hard to please! I have an abundance of such illustrations of
the same principle, drawn from my own observation, but think the cases I have
cited sufficient. The practice is a very common one.

On the first of January, 1834, I left Mr. Covey, and went to live with
Mr. William Freeland, who lived about three miles from St. Michael’s. I soon
found Mr. Freeland a very different man from Mr. Covey. Though not rich,
he was what would be called an educated southern gentleman. Mr. Covey, as
I have shown, was a well-trained negro-breaker and slave-driver. The former
(slaveholder though he was) seemed to possess some regard for honor, some
reverence for justice and some respect for humanity. The latter seemed totally
insensible to all such sentiments. Mr. Freeland had many of the faults peculiar
to slaveholders, such as being very passionate and fretful; but I must do him the justice to say, that he was exceedingly free from those degrading vices to which Mr. Covey was constantly addicted. The one was open and frank, and we always knew where to find him. The other was a most artful deceiver, and could be understood only by such as were skilful enough to detect his cunningly-devised frauds. Another advantage I gained in my new master was, he made no pretensions to, or profession of, religion; and this, in my opinion, was truly a great advantage. I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes, — a justifier of the most appalling barbarity, — a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds, — and a dark shelter under, which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection. Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement, I should regard being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly, of all others. It was my unhappy lot not only to belong to a religious slaveholder, but to live in a community of such religionists. Very near Mr. Freeland lived the Rev. Daniel Weeden, and in the same neighborhood lived the Rev. Rigby Hopkins. These were members and ministers in the Reformed Methodist Church. Mr. Weeden owned, among others, a woman slave, whose name I have forgotten. This woman’s back, for weeks, was kept literally raw, made so by the lash of this merciless, religious wretch. He used to hire hands. His maxim was, Behave well or behave ill, it is the duty of a master occasionally to whip a slave, to remind him of his master’s authority. Such was his theory, and such his practice.

Mr. Hopkins was even worse than Mr. Weeden. His chief boast was his ability to manage slaves. The peculiar feature of his government was that of whipping slaves in advance of deserving it. He always managed to have one or more of his slaves to whip every Monday morning. He did this to alarm their fears, and strike terror into those who escaped. His plan was to whip for the smallest offences, to prevent the commission of large ones. Mr. Hopkins could always find some excuse for whipping a slave. It would astonish one, unaccustomed to a slaveholding life, to see with what wonderful ease a slaveholder can find things, of which to make occasion to whip a slave. A mere look, word, or motion, — a mistake, accident, or want of power, — are all matters for which a slave may be whipped at any time. Does a slave look dissatisfied? It is said, he has the devil in him, and it must be whipped out. Does he speak loudly when spoken to by his master? Then he is getting high-minded, and should be taken down a button-hole lower. Does he forget
to pull off his hat at the approach of a white person? Then he is wanting in reverence, and should be whipped for it. Does he ever venture to vindicate his conduct, when censured for it? Then he is guilty of impudence, — one of the greatest crimes of which a slave can be guilty. Does he ever venture to suggest a different mode of doing things from that pointed out by his master? He is indeed presumptuous, and getting above himself; and nothing less than a flogging will do for him. Does he, while ploughing, break a plough, — or, while hoeing, break a hoe? It is owing to his carelessness, and for it a slave must always be whipped. Mr. Hopkins could always find something of this sort to justify the use of the lash, and he seldom failed to embrace such opportunities. There was not a man in the whole county, with whom the slaves who had the getting their own home, would not prefer to live, rather than with this Rev. Mr. Hopkins. And yet there was not a man any where round, who, made higher professions of religion, or was more active in revivals, — more attentive to the class, love-feast, prayer and preaching meetings, or more devotional in his family, — that prayed earlier, later, louder, and longer, — than this same reverend slave-driver, Rigby Hopkins.

But to return to Mr. Freeland, and to my experience while in his employment. He, like Mr. Covey, gave us enough to eat; but, unlike Mr. Covey, he also gave us sufficient time to take our meals. He worked us hard, but always between sunrise and sunset. He required a good deal of work to be done, but gave us good tools with which to work. His farm was large, but he employed hands enough to work it, and with ease, compared with many of his neighbors. My treatment, while in his employment, was heavenly, compared with what I experienced at the hands of Mr. Edward Covey.

Mr. Freeland was himself the owner of but two slaves. Their names were Henry Harris and John Harris. The rest of his hands he hired. These consisted of myself, Sandy Jenkins, and Handy Caldwell. Henry and John were quite intelligent, and in a very little while after I went there, I succeeded in creating in them a strong desire to learn how to read. This desire soon sprang up in the others also. They very soon mustered up some old spelling-books, and nothing would do but that I must keep a Sabbath school. I agreed to do so, and accordingly devoted my Sundays to teaching these my loved fellow-slaves how to read. Neither of them knew his letters when I went there. Some of the

* 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.
slaves of the neighboring farms found what was going on, and also availed themselves of this little opportunity to learn to read. It was understood, among all who came, that there must be as little display about it as possible. It was necessary to keep our religious masters at St. Michael’s unacquainted with the fact, that, instead of spending the Sabbath in wrestling, boxing, and drinking whisky, we were trying to learn how to read the will of God; for they had much 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 women. I look back to those Sundays with an amount of pleasure not to be expressed. They were great days to my soul. The work of instructing my dear fellow-slaves was the sweetest engagement with which I was ever blessed. We loved each other, and to leave them at the close of the Sabbath was a severe cross indeed. When I think that these precious souls are to-day shut up in the prison-house of slavery, my feelings overcome me, and I am almost ready to ask, “Does a righteous God govern the universe? and for what does he hold the thunders in his right hand, if not to smite the oppressor, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the spoiler?” These dear souls came not to Sabbath school because it was popular to do so, nor did I teach them because it was reputable to be thus engaged. Every moment they spent in that school, they were liable to be taken up, and given 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. I kept up my school nearly the whole year I lived with Mr. Freeland; and, beside my Sabbath school, I devoted three evenings in the week, during the winter, to teaching the slaves at home. And I have the happiness to know, that several of those who came to Sabbath school learned how to read; and that one, at least, is now free through my agency.
The year passed off smoothly. It seemed only about half as long as the year which preceded it. I went through it without receiving a single blow. I will give Mr. Freeland the credit of being the best master I ever had, till I became my own master. For the ease with which I passed the year, I was, however, somewhat indebted to the society of my fellow-slaves. They were noble souls; they not only possessed loving hearts, but brave ones. We were linked and interlinked with each other. I loved them with a love stronger than any thing I have experienced since. It is sometimes said that we slaves do not love and confide in each other. In answer to this assertion, I can say, I never loved any or confided in any people more than my fellow-slaves, and especially those with whom I lived at Mr. Freeland’s. I believe we would have died for each other. We never undertook to do any thing, of any importance, without a mutual consultation. We never moved separately. We were one; and as much so by our tempers and dispositions, as by the mutual hardships to which we were necessarily subjected by our condition as slaves.

At the close of the year 1834, Mr. Freeland again hired me of my master, for the year 1835. But, by this time, I began to want to live upon free land as well as with Freeland; and I was no longer content, therefore, to live with him or any other slaveholder. I began, with the commencement of the year, to prepare myself for a final struggle, which should decide my fate one way or the other. My tendency was upward. I was fast approaching manhood, and year after year had passed, and I was still a slave. These thoughts roused me — I must do something. I therefore resolved that 1835 should not pass without witnessing an attempt, on my part, to secure my liberty. But I was not willing to cherish this determination alone. My fellow-slaves were dear to me. I was anxious to have them participate with me in this, my life-giving determination. I therefore, though with great prudence, commenced early to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition, and to imbue their minds with thoughts of freedom. I bent myself to devising ways and means for our escape, and meanwhile strove, on all fitting occasions, to impress them with the gross fraud and inhumanity of slavery. I went first to Henry, next to John, then to the others. I found, in them all, warm hearts and noble spirits. They were ready to hear, and ready to act when a feasible plan should be proposed. This was what I wanted. I talked to them of our want of manhood, if we submitted to our enslavement without at least one noble effort to be free. We met often, and consulted frequently, and told our hopes and fears, recounted the difficulties, real and imagined, which we should be called on to meet. At times we were almost disposed to give up, and try to content ourselves with our wretched lot; at others, we were firm and unbending in our determination to go. Whenever
we suggested any plan, there was shrinking — the odds were fearful. Our path was beset with the greatest obstacles; and if we succeeded in gaining the end of it, our right to be free was yet questionable — we were yet liable to be returned to bondage. We could see no spot, this side of the ocean, where we could be free. We knew nothing about Canada. Our knowledge of the north did not extend farther than New York; and to go there, and be forever harassed with the frightful liability of being returned to slavery — with the certainty of being treated tenfold worse than before — the thought was truly a horrible one, and one which it was not easy to overcome. The case sometimes stood thus: At every gate through which we were to pass, we saw a watchman — at every ferry a guard — on every bridge a sentinel — and in every wood a patrol. We were hemmed in upon every side. Here were the difficulties, real or imagined — the good to be sought, and the evil to be shunned. On the one hand, there stood slavery, a stern reality, glaring frightfully upon us, — its robes already crimsoned with the blood of millions, and even now feasting itself greedily upon our own flesh. On the other hand, away back in the dim distance, under the flickering light of the north star, behind some craggy hill or snow-covered mountain, stood a doubtful freedom — half frozen — beckoning us to come and share its hospitality. This in itself was sometimes enough to stagger us; but when we permitted ourselves to survey the road, we were frequently appalled. Upon either side we saw grim death, assuming the most horrid shapes. Now it was starvation, causing us to eat our own flesh; — now we were contending with the waves, and were drowned; — now we were overtaken, and torn to pieces by the fangs of the terrible bloodhound. We were stung by scorpions, chased by wild beasts, bitten by snakes, and finally, after having nearly reached the desired spot, — after swimming rivers, encountering wild beasts, sleeping in the woods, suffering hunger and nakedness, — we were overtaken by our pursuers, and, in our resistance, we were shot dead upon the spot! I say, this picture sometimes appalled us, and made us

“rather bear those ills we had,
Than fly to others, that we knew not of”

In coming to a fixed determination to run away, we did more than Patrick Henry, when he resolved upon liberty or death. With us it was a doubtful liberty at most, and almost certain death if we failed. For my part, I should prefer death to hopeless bondage.

Sandy, one of our number, gave up the notion, but still encouraged us. Our company then consisted of Henry Harris, John Harris, Henry Bailey,
Charles Roberts, and myself. Henry Bailey was my uncle, and belonged to my
master. Charles married my aunt; he belonged to my master’s father-in-law, Mr.
William Hamilton.

The plan we finally concluded upon was, to get a large canoe belonging
to Mr. Hamilton, and upon the Saturday night previous to Easter holidays,
paddle directly up the Chesapeake Bay. On our arrival at the head of the bay,
a distance of seventy or eighty miles from where we lived, it was our purpose
to turn our canoe adrift, and follow the guidance of the north star till we got
beyond the limits of Maryland. Our reason for taking the water route was, that
we were less liable to be suspected as runaways; we hoped to be regarded as
fishermen; whereas, if we should take the land route, we should be subjected
to interruptions of almost every kind. Any one having a white face, and being
so disposed, could stop us, and subject us to examination.

The week before our intended start, I wrote several protections,
one for each of us. As well as I can remember, they were in the following
words, to wit: —

“THIS is to certify that I, the undersigned, have given the bearer, my
servant, full liberty to go to Baltimore, and spend the Easter holidays. Written
with mine own hand, &c., 1835.

“WILLIAM HAMILTON,
Near St. Michael’s, in Talbot county, Maryland.”

We were not going to Baltimore; but, in going up the bay, we went
toward Baltimore, and these protections were only intended to protect us
while on the bay.

As the time drew near for our departure, our anxiety became more
and more intense. It was truly a matter of life and death with us. The strength
of our determination was about to be fully tested. At this time, I was very
active in explaining every difficulty, removing every doubt, dispelling every fear,
and inspiring all with the firmness indispensable to success in our undertaking;
assuring them that half was gained the instant we made the move; we had talked
long enough; we were now ready to move; if not now, we never should be; and
if we did not intend to move now; we had as well fold our arms, sit down, and
acknowledge ourselves fit only to be slaves. This, none of us were prepared
to acknowledge. Every man stood firm; and at our last meeting we pledged
ourselves afresh, in the most solemn manner, that, at the time appointed, we
would certainly start in pursuit of freedom. This was in the middle of the week,
at the end of which we were to be off. We went, as usual, to our several fields of labor, but with bosoms highly agitated with thoughts of our truly hazardous undertaking. We tried to conceal our feelings as much as possible; and I think we succeeded very well.

After a painful waiting, the Saturday morning, whose night was to witness our departure, came. I hailed it with joy, bring what of sadness it might. Friday night was a sleepless one for me. I probably felt more anxious than the rest, because I was, by common consent, at the head of the whole affair. The responsibility of success or failure lay heavily upon me. The glory of the one, and the confusion of the other, were alike mine. The first two hours of that morning were such as I never experienced before, and hope never to again. Early in the morning, we went, as usual, to the field. We were spreading manure; and all at once, while thus engaged, I was overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling, in the fulness of which I turned to Sandy, who was near by, and said, “We are betrayed!” “Well,” said he, “that thought has this moment struck me.” We said no more. I was never more certain of any thing.

The horn was blown as usual, and we went up from the field to the house for breakfast. I went for the form, more than for want of any thing to eat that morning. Just as I got to the house, in looking out at the lane gate, I saw four white men, with two colored men. The white men were on horseback, and the colored ones were walking behind, as if tied. I watched them a few moments till they got up to our lane gate. Here they halted, and tied the colored men to the gate-post. I was not yet certain as to what the matter was. In a few moments, in rode Mr. Hamilton, with a speed betokening great excitement. He came to the door, and inquired if Master William was in. He was told he was at the barn. Mr. Hamilton, without dismounting, rode up to the barn with extraordinary speed. In a few moments, he and Mr. Freeland returned to the house. By this time, the three constables rode up, and in great haste dismounted, tied their horses, and met Master William and Mr. Hamilton returning from the barn; and after talking awhile, they all walked up to the kitchen door. There was no one in the kitchen but myself and John. Henry and Sandy were up at the barn. Mr. Freeland put his head in at the door, and called me by name, saying, there were some gentlemen at the door who wished to see me. I stepped to the door, and inquired what they wanted. They at once seized me, and, without giving me any satisfaction, tied me — lashing my hands closely together. I insisted upon knowing what the matter was. They at length said, that they had learned I had been in a “scrape,” and that I was to be examined before my master; and if their information proved false, I should not be hurt.

In a few moments, they succeeded in tying John. They then turned
to Henry, who had by this time returned, and commanded him to cross his hands. “I won’t!” said Henry, in a firm tone, indicating his readiness to meet the consequences of his refusal. “Won’t you?” said Tom Graham, the constable. “No, I won’t!” said Henry, in a still stronger tone. With this, two of the constables pulled out their shining pistols, and swore, by their Creator, that they would make him cross his hands or kill him. Each cocked his pistol, and, with fingers on the trigger, walked up to Henry, saying, at the same time, if he did not cross his hands, they would blow his damned heart out. “Shoot me, shoot me!” said Henry; “you can’t kill me but once. Shoot, shoot,—and be damned! I won’t be tied!” This he said in a tone of loud defiance; and at the same time, with a motion as quick as lightning, he with one single stroke dashed the pistols from the hand of each constable. As he did this, all hands fell upon him, and, after beating him some time, they finally overpowered him, and got him tied.

During the scuffle, I managed, I know not how, to get my pass out, and, without being discovered, put it into the fire. We were all now tied; and just as we were to leave for Easton jail, Betsy Freeland, mother of William Freeland, came to the door with her hands full of biscuits, and divided them between Henry and John. She then delivered herself of a speech, to the following effect:—addressing herself to me, she said, “You devil! You yellow devil! it was you that put it into the heads of Henry and John to run away. But for you, you long-legged mulatto devil! Henry nor John would never have thought of such a thing.” I made no reply, and was immediately hurried off towards St. Michael’s. Just a moment previous to the scuffle with Henry, Mr. Hamilton suggested the propriety of making a search for the protections which he had understood Frederick had written for himself and the rest. But, just at the moment he was about carrying his proposal into effect, his aid was needed in helping to tie Henry; and the excitement attending the scuffle caused them either to forget, or to deem it unsafe, under the circumstances, to search. So we were not yet convicted of the intention to run away.

When we got about half way to St. Michael’s, while the constables having us in charge were 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. Our confidence in each other was unshaken. We were resolved to succeed or fail together, after the calamity had befallen us as much as before. We were now prepared for any thing. We were to be dragged that morning fifteen miles behind horses, and then to be placed in the Easton jail. When we reached St. Michael’s, we underwent a sort of examination. We all denied that we ever
intended to run away. We did this more to bring out the evidence against us, than from any hope of getting clear of being sold; for, as I have said, we were ready for that. The fact was, we cared but little where we went, so we went together. Our greatest concern was about separation. We dreaded that more than any thing this side of death. We found the evidence against us to be the testimony of one person; our master would not tell who it was; but we came to a unanimous decision among ourselves as to who their informant was. We were sent off to the jail at Easton. When we got there, we were delivered up to the sheriff, Mr. Joseph Graham, and by him placed in jail. Henry, John, and myself, were placed in one room together — Charles, and Henry Bailey, in another. Their object in separating us was to hinder concert.

We had been in jail scarcely twenty minutes, when a swarm of slave traders, and agents for slave traders, flocked into jail to look at us, and to ascertain if we were for sale. Such a set of beings I never saw before! I felt myself surrounded by so many fiends from perdition. A band of pirates never looked more like their father, the devil. They laughed and grinned over us, saying, “Ah, my boys! we have got you, haven’t we?” And after taunting us in various ways, they one by one went into an examination of us, with intent to ascertain our value. They would impudently ask us if we would not like to have them for our masters. We would make them no answer, and leave them to find out as best they could. Then they would curse and swear at us, telling us that they could take the devil out of us in a very little while, if we were only in their hands.

While in jail, we found ourselves in much more comfortable quarters, than we expected when we went there. We did not get much to eat, nor that which was very good; but we had a good clean room, from the windows of which we could see what was going on in the street, which was very much better than though we had been placed in one of the dark, damp cells. Upon the whole, we got along very well, so far as the jail and its keeper were concerned. Immediately after the holidays were over, contrary to all our expectations, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Freeland came up to Easton, and took Charles, the two Henrys, and John, out of jail, and carried them home, leaving me alone. I regarded this separation as a final one. It caused me more pain than any thing else in the whole transaction. I was ready for any thing rather than separation. I supposed that they had consulted together, and had decided that, as I was the whole cause of the intention of the others to run away, it was hard to make the innocent suffer with the guilty; and that they had, therefore, concluded to take the others home, and sell me, as a warning to the others that remained. It is due to the noble Henry to say, he seemed almost as reluctant at leaving the
prison as at leaving home to come to the prison. But we knew we should, in all
probability, be separated, if we were sold; and since he was in their hands, he
concluded to go peaceably home.

I was now left to my fate. I was all alone, and within the walls of a
stone prison. But a few days before, and I was full of hope. I expected to
have been safe in a land of freedom; but now I was covered with gloom, sunk
down to the utmost despair. I thought the possibility of freedom was gone. I
was kept in this way about one week, at the end of which, Captain Auld, my
master, to my surprise and utter astonishment, came up, and took me out,
with the intention of sending me, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, into
Alabama. But, from some cause or other, he did not send me to Alabama,
but concluded to send me back to Baltimore, to live again with his brother
Hugh, and to learn a trade.

Thus, after an absence of three years and one month, I was once
more permitted to return to my old home at Baltimore. My master sent me
away, because there existed against me a very great prejudice in the community,
and he feared I might be killed.

In a few weeks after I went to Baltimore, Master Hugh hired me
to Mr. William Gardner, an extensive ship-builder, on Fell's Point. I was put
there to learn how to calk. It, however, proved a very unfavorable place for
the accomplishment of this object. Mr. Gardner was engaged that spring in
building two large man-of-war brigs, professedly for the Mexican government.
The vessels were to be launched in the July of that year, and in failure thereof,
Mr. Gardner was to lose a considerable sum; so that when I entered, all was
hurry. There was no time to learn any thing. Every man had to do that which
he knew how to do. In entering the ship-yard, my orders from Mr. Gardner
were, to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do. This was placing
me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men. I was to regard all these
as masters. Their word was to be my law. My situation was a most trying
one. At times I needed a dozen pair of hands. I was called a dozen ways in
the space of a single minute. Three or four voices would strike my ear at the
same moment. It was — "Fred., come help me to cant this timber here." —
"Fred., come carry this timber yonder." — "Fred., go get a fresh can of water." —
"Fred., go quick, and get the crowbar." — "Fred., hold on the end of this fall." — "Fred., go to the blacksmith's shop, and get a new
punch." — "Hurra, Fred! run and bring me a cold chisel." — "I say, Fred.,
bear a hand, and get up a fire as quick as lightning under that steam-box." —
"Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grindstone." — "Come, come! move, move!
and bowse this timber forward.” — “I say, 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. The facts in the case were these: Until a very little while after I went there, white and black ship-carpenters worked side by side, and no one seemed to see any impropriety in it. All hands seemed to be very well satisfied. Many of the black carpenters were freemen. Things seemed to be going on very well. All at once, the white carpenters knocked off, and said they would not work with free colored workmen. Their reason for this, as alleged, was, that if free colored carpenters were encouraged, they would soon take the trade into their own hands, and poor white men would be thrown out of employment. They therefore felt called upon at once to put a stop to it. And, taking advantage of Mr. Gardner’s necessities, they broke off, swearing they would work no longer, unless he would discharge his black carpenters. Now, though this did not extend to me in form, it did reach me in fact. My fellow-apprentices very soon began to feel it degrading to them to work with me. They began to put on airs, and talk about the “niggers” taking the country, saying we all ought to be killed; and, being encouraged by the journeymen, they commenced making my condition as hard as they could, by hectoring me around, and sometimes striking me. I, of course, kept the vow I made after the fight with Mr. Covey, and struck 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 this state of things was too bad. Of course, it was impossible to get any white man to volunteer his testimony in my behalf, and against the white young men. Even those who may have sympathized with me were not prepared to do this. It required a degree of courage unknown to them to do so; for just at that time, the slightest manifestation of humanity toward a colored person was denounced as abolitionism, and that name subjected its bearer to frightful liabilities. The watchwords of the bloody-minded in that region, and in those days, were, “Damn the abolitionists!” and “Damn the niggers!” There was nothing done, and probably nothing would have been done if
I had been killed. Such was, and such remains, the state of things in the Christian city of Baltimore.

Master Hugh, finding he could get no redress, refused to let me go back again to Mr. Gardner. He kept me himself, and his wife dressed my wound till I was again restored to health. He then took me into the ship-yard of which he was foreman, in the employment of Mr. Walter Price. There I was immediately set to calking, and very soon learned the art of using my mallet and irons. In the course of one year from the time I left Mr. Gardner’s, I was able to command the highest wages given to the most experienced calkers. I was now of some importance to my master. I was bringing him from six to seven dollars per week. I sometimes brought him nine dollars per week: my wages were a dollar and a half a day. After learning how to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected the money which I earned. My pathway became much more smooth than before; my condition was now much more comfortable. When I could get no calking to do, I did nothing. During these leisure times, those old notions about freedom would steal over me again. When in Mr. Gardner’s employment, I was kept in such a perpetual whirl of excitement, I could think of nothing, scarcely, but my life; and in thinking of my life, I almost forgot my liberty. I have observed this in my experience of slavery, — that whenever my condition was improved, instead of its increasing my contentment, it only increased my desire to be free, and set me to thinking of plans to gain my freedom. I have found that, to make a contented slave, it is necessary to make a thoughtless one. It is necessary to darken his moral and mental vision, and, as far as possible, to annihilate the power of reason. He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery; he must be made to feel that slavery is right; and he can be brought to that only when he ceases to be a man.

I was now getting, as I have said, one dollar and fifty cents per day. I contracted for it; I earned it; it was paid to me; it was rightfully my own; yet, upon each returning Saturday night, I was compelled to deliver every cent of that money to Master Hugh. And why? Not because he earned it, — not because he had any hand in earning it, — not because I owed it to him, — nor because he possessed the slightest shadow of a right to it; but solely because he had the power to compel me to give it up. The right of the grim-visaged pirate upon the high seas is exactly the same.
I now come to that part of my life during which I planned, and finally succeeded in making, my escape from slavery. But before narrating any of the peculiar circumstances, I deem it proper to make known my intention not to state all the facts connected with the transaction. My reasons for pursuing this course may be understood from the following: First, were I to give a minute statement of all the facts, it is not only possible, but quite probable, that others would thereby be involved in the most embarrassing difficulties. Secondly, such a statement would most undoubtedly induce greater vigilance on the part of slaveholders than has existed heretofore among them; which would, of course, be the means of guarding a door whereby some dear brother bondman might escape his galling chains. I deeply regret the necessity that impels me to suppress any thing of importance connected with my experience in slavery. It would afford me great pleasure indeed, as well as materially add to the interest of my narrative, were I at liberty to gratify a curiosity, which I know exists in the minds of many, by an accurate statement of all the facts pertaining to my most fortunate escape. But I must deprive myself of this pleasure, and the curious of the gratification which such a statement would afford. I would allow myself to suffer under the greatest imputations which evil-minded men might suggest, rather than exculpate myself, and thereby run the hazard of closing the slightest avenue by which a brother slave might clear himself of the chains and fetters of slavery.

I have never approved of the very public manner in which some of our western friends have conducted what they call the underground railroad, but which, I think, by their open declarations, has been made most emphatically the upperground railroad. I honor those good men and women for their noble daring, and applaud them for willingly subjecting themselves to bloody persecution, by openly avowing their participation in the escape of slaves. I, however, can see very little good resulting from such a course, either to themselves or the slaves escaping; while, upon the other hand, I see and feel assured that those open declarations are a positive evil to the slaves remaining, who are seeking to escape. They
do nothing towards enlightening the slave, whilst they do much towards enlightening the master. They stimulate him to greater watchfulness, and enhance his power to capture his slave. We owe something to the slaves south of the line as well as to those north of it; and in aiding the latter on their way to freedom, we should be careful to do nothing which would be likely to hinder the former from escaping from slavery. I would keep the merciless slaveholder profoundly ignorant of the means of flight adopted by the slave. I would leave him to imagine himself surrounded by myriads of invisible tormentors, ever ready to snatch from his infernal grasp his trembling prey. Let him be left to feel his way in the dark; let darkness commensurate with his crime hover over him; and let him feel that at every step he takes, in pursuit of the flying bondman, he is running the frightful risk of having his hot brains dashed out by an invisible agency. Let us render the tyrant no aid; let us not hold the light by which he can trace the footprints of our flying brother. But enough of this, I will now proceed to the statement of those facts, connected with my escape, for which I am alone responsible, and for which no one can be made to suffer but myself.

In the early part of the year 1838, I became quite restless. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master. When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, “Is this all?” He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me. It had the opposite effect. I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole. The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them. I always felt worse for having received any thing; for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honorable sort of robber. My discontent grew upon me. I was ever on the look-out for means of escape; and, finding no direct means, I determined to try to hire my time, with a view of getting money with which to make my escape. In the spring of 1838, when Master Thomas came to Baltimore to purchase his spring goods, I got an opportunity, and applied to him to allow me to hire my time. He unhesitatingly refused my request, and told me this was another stratagem by which to escape. He told me I could go nowhere but that he could get me; and that, in the event of my running away, he should spare no pains in his efforts to catch me. He
exhorted me to content myself, and be obedient. He told me, if I would be happy, I must lay out no plans for the future. He said, if I behaved myself properly, he would take care of me. Indeed, he advised me to complete thoughtlessness of the future, and taught me to depend solely upon him for happiness. He seemed to see fully the pressing necessity of setting aside my intellectual nature, in order to contentment in slavery. But in spite of him, and even in spite of myself, I continued to think, and to think about the injustice of my enslavement, and the means of escape.

About two months after this, I applied to Master Hugh for the privilege of hiring my time. He was not acquainted with the fact that I had applied to Master Thomas, and had been refused. He too, at first, seemed disposed to refuse; but, after some reflection, he granted me the privilege, and proposed the following terms: I was to be allowed all my time, make all contracts with those for whom I worked, and find my own employment; and, in return for this liberty, I was to pay him three dollars at the end of each week; find myself in calking tools, and in board and clothing. My board was two dollars and a half per week. This, with the wear and tear of clothing and calking tools, made my regular expenses about six dollars per week. This amount I was compelled to make up, or relinquish the privilege of hiring my time. Rain or shine, work or no work, at the end of each week the money must be forthcoming, or I must give up my privilege. This arrangement, it will be perceived, was decidedly in my master’s favor. It relieved him of all need of looking after me. His money was sure. He received all the benefits of slaveholding without its evils; while I endured all the evils of a slave, and suffered all the care and anxiety of a freeman. I found it a hard bargain. But, hard as it was, I thought it better than the old mode of getting along. It was a step towards freedom to be allowed to bear the responsibilities of a freeman, and I was determined to hold on upon it. I bent myself to the work of making money. I was ready to work at night as well as day, and by the most untiring perseverance and industry, I made enough to meet my expenses, and lay up a little money every week. I went on thus from May till August. Master Hugh then refused to allow me to hire my time longer. The ground for his refusal was a failure on my part, one Saturday night, to pay him for my week’s time. This failure was occasioned by my attending a camp meeting about ten miles from Baltimore. During the week, I had entered into an engagement with a number of young friends to start from Baltimore to the camp ground early Saturday evening; and being detained by my employer, I was unable to get down to Master Hugh’s without disappointing the company. I knew that Master Hugh was
in no special need of the money that night. I therefore decided to go to
camp meeting, and upon my return pay him the three dollars. I staid at
the camp meeting one day longer than I intended when I left. But as soon
as I returned, I called upon him to pay him what he considered his due. I
found him very angry; he could scarce restrain his wrath. He said he had
a great mind to give me a severe whipping. He wished to know how I
dared go out of the city without asking his permission. I told him I hired
my time, and while I paid him the price which he asked for it, I did not
know that I was bound to ask him when and where I should go. This reply
troubled him; and, after reflecting a few moments, he turned to me, and
said I should hire my time no longer; that the next thing he should know
of, I would be running away. Upon the same plea, he told me to bring my
tools and clothing home forthwith. I did so; but instead of seeking work,
as I had been accustomed to do previously to hiring my time, I spent the
whole week without the performance of a single stroke of work. I did this
in retaliation. Saturday night, he called upon me as usual for my week’s
wages. I told him I had no wages; I had done no work that week. Here
we were upon the point of coming to blows. He raved, and swore his
determination to get hold of me. I did not allow myself a single word;
but was resolved, if he laid the weight of his hand upon me, it should be
blow for blow. He did not strike me, but told me that he would find me
in constant employment in future. I thought the matter over during the
next day, Sunday, and finally resolved upon the third day of September,
as the day upon which I would make a second attempt to secure my
freedom. I now had three weeks during which to prepare for my journey.
Early on Monday morning, before Master Hugh had time to make any
engagement for me, I went out and got employment of Mr. Butler, at his
ship-yard near the drawbridge, upon what is called the City Block, thus
making it unnecessary for him to seek employment for me. At the end of
the week, I brought him between eight and nine dollars. He seemed very
well pleased, and asked me 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 it. I told him I would.
Things went on without very smoothly indeed, but within there was trouble. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings as the time of my contemplated start drew near. I had a number of 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 kidnappers, whose business it was to lie in wait for the panting fugitive, as the ferocious beasts of the forest lie in wait for their prey. The motto which I adopted when I started from slavery was this — “Trust no man!” I saw in every white man an enemy, and in almost every colored man cause for distrust. It was a most painful situation; and, to understand it, one must needs experience it, or imagine himself in similar circumstances. Let him be a fugitive slave in a strange land — a land given up to be the hunting-ground for slaveholders — whose inhabitants are legalized kidnappers — where he is every moment subjected to the terrible liability of being seized upon by his fellowmen, as the hideous crocodile seizes upon his prey! — I say, let him place himself in my situation — without home or friends — without money or credit — wanting shelter, and no one to give it — wanting bread, and no money to buy it, — and at the same time let him feel that he is pursued by merciless men-hunters, and in total darkness as to what to do, where to go, or where to stay, — perfectly helpless both as to the means of defence and means of escape, — in the midst of plenty, yet suffering the terrible gnawings of hunger, — in the midst of houses, yet having no home, — among fellow-men, yet feeling as if in the midst of wild beasts, whose greediness to swallow up the trembling and half-famished fugitive is only equalled by that with which the monsters of the deep swallow up the helpless fish upon which they subsist, — I say, let him be placed in this most trying situation, — the situation in which I was placed, — then, and not till then, will he fully appreciate the hardships of, and know how to sympathize with, the toil-worn and whip-scarred fugitive slave.

Thank Heaven, I remained but a short time in this distressed situation. I was relieved from it by the humane hand of Mr. DAVID RUGGLES, whose vigilance, kindness, and perseverance, I shall never forget. I am glad of an opportunity to express, as far as words can, the love and gratitude I bear him. Mr. Ruggles is now afflicted with blindness, and is himself in need of the same kind offices which he was once so forward in the performance of toward others. I had been in New York but a few days, when Mr. Ruggles sought me out, and very kindly took me to his boarding-house at the corner of Church and Lespenard Streets. Mr. Ruggles was then very deeply engaged in the memorable Darg case, as well as attending to a number of other fugitive slaves, devising ways and means for their successful escape; and, though watched and hemmed in on almost every side, he seemed to be more than a match for his enemies.
Very soon after I went to Mr. Ruggles, he wished to know of me where I wanted to go; as he deemed it unsafe for me to remain in New York. I told him I was a calker, and should like to go where I could get work. I thought of going to Canada; but he decided against it, and in favor of my going to New Bedford, thinking I should be able to get work there at my trade. At this time, Anna, my intended wife, came on; for I wrote to her immediately after my arrival at New York, (notwithstanding my homeless, houseless, and helpless condition,) informing her of my successful flight, and wishing her to come on forthwith. In a few days after her arrival, Mr. Ruggles called in the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, who, in the presence of Mr. Ruggles, Mrs. Michaels, and two or three others, performed the marriage ceremony, and gave us a certificate, of which the following is an exact copy: —

“This may certify, that I joined together in holy matrimony Frederick Johnson† and Anna Murray, as man and wife, in the presence of Mr. David Ruggles and Mrs. Michaels.

“James W. C. Pennington.
“New York, Sept. 15, 1838.”

Upon receiving this certificate, and a five-dollar bill from Mr. Ruggles, I shouldered one part of our baggage, and Anna took up the other, and we set out forthwith to take passage on board of the steamboat John W. Richmond for Newport, on our way to New Bedford. Mr. Ruggles gave me a letter to a Mr. Shaw in Newport, and told me, in case my money did not serve me to New Bedford, to stop in Newport and obtain further assistance; but upon our arrival at Newport, we were so anxious to get to a place of safety, that, notwithstanding we lacked the necessary money to pay our fare, we decided to take seats in the stage, and promise to pay when we got to New Bedford. We were encouraged to do this by two excellent gentlemen, residents of New Bedford, whose names I afterward ascertained to be Joseph Ricketson and William C. Taber. They seemed at once to understand our circumstances, and gave us such assurance of their friendliness as put us fully at ease in

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* She was free.
† I had changed my name from Frederick Bailey to that of Johnson.
their presence. It was good indeed to meet with such friends, at such a
time. Upon reaching New Bedford, we were directed to the house of
Mr. Nathan Johnson, by whom we were kindly received, and hospitably
provided for. Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson took a deep and lively interest
in our welfare. They proved themselves quite worthy of the name of
abolitionists. When the stage-driver found us unable to pay our fare, he
held on upon our baggage as security for the debt. I had but to mention
the fact to Mr. Johnson, and he forthwith advanced the money.

We now began to feel a degree of safety, and to prepare
ourselves for the duties and responsibilities of a life of freedom. On the
morning after our arrival at New Bedford, while at the breakfast-table,
the question arose as to what name I should be called by. The name
given me by my mother was, “Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey.”
I, however, had dispensed with the two middle names long before I left
Maryland, so that I was generally known by the name of “Frederick
Bailey.” I started from Baltimore bearing the name of “Stanley.” When
I got to New York, I again changed my name to “Frederick Johnson,”
and thought that would be the last change. But when I got to New
Bedford, I found it necessary again to change my name. The reason of
this necessity was, that there were so many Johnsons in New Bedford,
it was already quite difficult to distinguish between them. I gave Mr.
Johnson the privilege of choosing me a name, but told him he must
not take from me the name of “Frederick.” I must hold on to that, to
preserve a sense of my identity. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the
“Lady of the Lake,” and at once suggested that my name be “Douglass.”
From that time until now I have been called “Frederick Douglass;” and
as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others,
I shall continue to use it as my own.

I was quite disappointed at the general appearance of things
in New Bedford. The impression 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. I saw no whipping of men; but all seemed to go smoothly on. Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober, yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man. To me this looked exceedingly strange. From the wharves I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland.

Every thing looked clean, new, and beautiful. I saw few or no dilapidated houses, with poverty-stricken inmates; no half-naked children and barefooted women, such as I had been accustomed to see in Hillsborough, Easton, St. Michael’s, and 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. I found among them a determination to protect each other from the blood-thirsty kidnapper, at all hazards. Soon after my arrival, I was told of a circumstance which illustrated their spirit. A colored man and a fugitive slave were on unfriendly terms. The former was heard to threaten the latter with informing his master of his whereabouts. Straightway a meeting was called among the colored people, under the stereotyped notice, “Business of importance!” The betrayer was invited to attend. The people came at the appointed hour, and organized the meeting by appointing a very religious old gentleman as president, who, I believe, made a prayer, after which he addressed the meeting as follows: “Friends, we have got him here, and I would recommend that you young men just take him outside the door, and kill him!” With this, a number of them bolted at him; but they were intercepted by some more timid than themselves, and the betrayer escaped their vengeance, and has not been seen in New Bedford since. I believe there have been no more such threats, and should there be hereafter, I doubt not that death would be the consequence.

I found employment, the third day after my arrival, in stowing a sloop with a load of oil. It was new, dirty, and hard work for me; but I went at it with a glad heart and a willing hand. I was now my own master. It was a happy moment, the rapture of which can be understood only by those who have been slaves. It was the first work, the reward of which was to be entirely my own. There was no 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

*I am told that colored persons can now get employment at calking in New Bedford – a result of anti-slavery effort.*
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 woodhorse and saw, and I very soon found myself a plenty of work. There was no work too hard — none too dirty. I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry the hod, 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 would be quite idle for me to attempt to describe. The paper became my meat and my drink. My soul was set all on fire. Its sympathy for my brethren in bonds — its scathing denunciations of slaveholders — its faithful exposures of slavery — and its powerful attacks upon the upholders of the institution — sent a thrill of joy through my soul, such as I had never felt before!

I had not long been a reader of the “Liberator,” before I got a pretty correct idea of the principles, measures and spirit of the anti-slavery reform. I took right hold of the cause. I could do but little; but what I could, I did with a joyful heart, and never felt happier than when in an anti-slavery meeting. I seldom had much to say at the meetings, because what I wanted to say was said so much better by others. But, while attending an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket, on the 11th of August, 1841, I felt strongly moved to speak, and was at the same time much urged to do so by Mr. William C. Coffin, a gentleman who had heard me speak in the colored people’s meeting at New Bedford. It was a severe cross, and I took it up reluctantly. The truth was, I felt myself a slave, and the idea of speaking to white people weighed me down. I spoke but a few 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. What I have said respecting and against religion, I mean strictly to apply to the slaveholding religion of this land, and with no possible reference to Christianity proper; for, between the Christianity of this land, and the Christianity of Christ, I recognize the widest possible difference — so wide, that to receive the one as good, pure, and holy, is of necessity to reject the other as bad, corrupt, and wicked. To be the friend of the one, is of necessity to be the enemy of the other. I love the pure, peaceable, and impartial Christianity of Christ: I therefore hate the corrupt, slaveholding, women-whipping, cradle-plundering, partial and hypocritical Christianity of this land. Indeed, I can see no reason, but the most deceitful one, for calling the religion of this land Christianity. I look upon it as the climax of all misnomers, the boldest of all frauds, and the grossest of all libels. Never was there a clearer case of “stealing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.” I am filled with unutterable loathing when I contemplate the religious pomp and show, together with the horrible inconsistencies, which everywhere 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. He who proclaims it a religious duty to read the Bible denies me the right of learning to read the name of the God who made me. He who is the religious advocate of marriage robs whole millions of its sacred influence, and leaves them to the ravages of wholesale
pollution. The warm defender of the sacredness of the family relation is the same that scatters whole families, — sundering husbands and wives, parents and children, sisters and brothers, — leaving the hut vacant, and the hearth desolate. We see the thief preaching against theft, and the adulterer against adultery. We have men sold to build churches, women sold to support the gospel, and babes sold to purchase Bibles for the *poor heathen! all for the glory of God and the good of souls!* The slave auctioneer’s bell and the church-going bell chime in with each other, and the bitter cries of the heart-broken slave are drowned in the religious shouts of his pious master. Revivals of religion and revivals in the slave-trade go hand in hand together. The slave prison and the church stand near each other. The clanking of fetters and the rattling of chains in the prison, and the pious psalm and solemn prayer in the church, may be heard at the same time. The dealers in the bodies and souls of men erect their stand in the presence of the pulpit, and they mutually help each other. The dealer gives his blood-stained gold to support the pulpit, and the pulpit, in return, covers his infernal business with the garb of Christianity. Here we have religion and robbery the allies of each other — devils dressed in angels’ robes, and hell presenting the semblance of paradise.

“*Just God! and these are they,*

*Who minister at thine altar, God of right!*

*Men who their hands, with prayer and blessing, lay*

*On Israel’s ark of light.*

*What! preach, and kidnap men?*

*Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor?*

*Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then*

*Bolt hard the captive’s door?*

*What! servants of thy own*

*Merciful Son, who came to seek and save*

*The homeless and the outcast, fettering down*

*The tasked and plundered slave!*

*Pilate and Herod friends!*

*Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!*

*Just God and holy! is that church which lends*

*Strength to the spoiler thine?”*
The Christianity of America is a Christianity, of whose votaries it may be as truly said, as it was of the ancient scribes and Pharisees, “They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men’s shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. All their works they do for to be seen of men. — They love the 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! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.”

Dark and terrible as is this picture, I hold it to be strictly true of the overwhelming mass of professed Christians in America. They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Could any thing be more true of our churches? They would be shocked at the proposition of fellowshipping a sheep-stealer; and at the same time they hug to their communion a 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?”

A PARODY

“Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell
   How pious priests whip Jack and Nell,
And women buy and children sell,
And preach all sinners down to hell,
   And sing of heavenly union.

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

“They’ll church you if you sip a dram,
   And damn you if you steal a lamb;
Yet rob old Tony, Doll, and Sam,
Of human rights, and bread and ham;
   Kidnapper’s heavenly union.
They'll loudly talk of Christ's reward,
And bind his image with a cord,
And scold, and swing the lash abhorred,
And sell their brother in the Lord
       To handcuffed heavenly union.

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

We wonder how such saints can sing,
Or praise the Lord upon the wing,
Who roar, and scold, and whip, and sting,
And to their slaves and mammon cling,
       In guilty conscience union.

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

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

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

Love not the world, the preacher said,
And winked his eye, and shook his head;
He seized on Tom, and Dick, and Ned,
Cut short their meat, and clothes, and bread,
       Yet still loved heavenly union.
“Another preacher whining spoke
Of One whose heart for sinners broke:
He tied old Nanny to an oak,
And drew the blood at every stroke,
   And prayed for heavenly union.

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

“All good from Jack another takes,
And entertains their flirts and rakes,
Who dress as sleek as glossy snakes,
And cram their mouths with sweetened cakes;
   And this goes down for union.”

Sincerely and earnestly hoping that this little book may do something toward throwing light on the American slave system, and hastening the glad day of deliverance to the millions of my brethren in bonds — faithfully relying upon the power of truth, love, and justice, for success in my humble efforts — and solemnly pledging my self anew to the sacred cause, — I subscribe myself,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS
LYNN, Mass., April 28, 1845

THE END
PHOTOGRAPHS

A

FAMILY’S PERSPECTIVE

BY

NETTIE WASHINGTON DOUGLASS

...
While it’s difficult to see in this photograph, Frederick Douglass is resting his hands on Abraham Lincoln’s cane. He received the cane from Mrs. Lincoln after the president’s assassination. The cane was one of many artifacts in the home of my paternal grandmother, Fannie Douglass. One day I took my children, Kenneth, Nettie and Douglass, to visit their great-grandmother. It happened to be inventory day for the artifacts, so there were several items at the foot of the bed in the guest room. I laid Douglass (several months old) upon the bed on his back. He immediately turned over and reached for the cane. Before I could stop him, the handle was in his mouth. When I strongly suggested he remove it, his great-grandmother corrected me saying, “You leave that baby alone, he knows what he’s doing. He’s chewing on Abraham Lincoln’s cane!”

Well, what’s a mother to do! Seeing a picture of Frederick Douglass placing his DNA on the cane long before his great-great-great-grandson did the same… priceless!

My great-grandfather, Charles, answers the call of duty during the Civil War. I can hardly imagine the internal conflict between Frederick Douglass, The Great Abolitionist, who so passionately lobbied President Lincoln to give black men the opportunity to control their own destinies as soldiers in the Union Army and Frederick Douglass, the father, who when Lincoln finally acceded, made his eldest sons his first recruits. Unlike most black men in America in 1863, Douglass’s sons had a lot to lose by going to war; they were free and enjoyed a high level of social prominence. I believe my great-grandfather lived up to the lofty expectations placed upon him and, fortunately for me, Charles returned home safely to start his family.

Charles Redmond Douglass, youngest son of Frederick, in Civil War uniform. c. 1863 - Courtesy of the Frederick Douglass family.
The funeral of Frederick Douglass; a very sad day for the Douglass men. Frederick was abandoned at an early age and, because of that, family would become especially precious to him. His incredible rise from enslaved child to statesman only enhanced his love for family.

Pictured left to right are my great-grandfather, Charles Remond Douglass (son); my grandfather, Joseph Henry Douglass (grandson); and my great-great-uncle, Lewis Henry Douglass (son).

February 1895 - Courtesy of the Frederick Douglass family.
Here is my favorite picture: my grandfather, Joseph, playing the violin for my great-great-grandfather. Joseph was taught to play by Frederick Douglass and later became an accomplished concert violinist who performed at the White House on several occasions. The two were extremely close, and the time they shared together brought Frederick great pleasure and relaxation. Thanks to a very dear friend, I had the surprise of a lifetime when my favorite picture came to life in a reenactment.

c. 1894 - Courtesy of the Frederick Douglass family.
I adore this photo of my paternal grandparents, Joseph Douglass and Fannie Howard Douglass (whose father, David T. Howard of Atlanta, GA, was the first black licensed embalmer in Georgia) with their children: my aunt, Blanche Elizabeth, who died at 10 years of age, and the baby, my father, Frederick Douglass III.

My grandparents met at Oberlin College, in Oberlin, Ohio, where Fannie was continuing her music education. Joseph was invited to give a violin concert at the college, and Fannie was selected by her teacher to accompany him on the piano. The rest is history! Sadly, my grandfather died from pneumonia a few years before I was born. I have often imagined the extraordinary first-hand stories my grandfather would have shared with me about his grandfather, Frederick Douglass.

c. 1915 - Courtesy of the Frederick Douglass family.
This picture is extremely special to me, as it is the wedding picture of my beautiful mother and handsome father. Their marriage united the historical icons, Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, who had been friends and would have welcomed the idea of one day becoming in-laws (which becomes real with the handshake of Frederick Douglass III and Booker T. Washington III). Their descendants continue this friendship and family bond today. My parents had a civil ceremony (Nov. 1941) in the den of The Oaks, Booker T. Washington’s home, on the campus of Tuskegee Institute, now Tuskegee University.

Pictured from left to right: Dr. Frederick Douglass III (great-grandson of Frederick Douglass); Nettie Hancock Washington (granddaughter of Booker T. Washington); Booker T. Washington III (my mother’s brother and grandson of Booker T. Washington).

c. 1941 - Courtesy of the Frederick Douglass family.
Whenever I see this image I chuckle at the memory of the pressure I felt on my left arm from Josephine Baker, holding on to me tightly. Later, my mother told me that Ms. Baker, who had famously adopted twelve children of various ethnic backgrounds in an effort to create a “rainbow tribe,” asked if she could adopt me. Of course, I had lots of questions about that!

Pictured here are my mother, Nettie Hancock Washington (left); me, Nettie Washington Douglass (front); and Josephine Baker (right).

c. 1954 - Courtesy of the Frederick Douglass family.

The Douglass narrative continues with my children; Kenneth Bruce Morris, Jr., Nettie Douglass (Morris) Johnson and Douglass Washington Morris.
1619 – On August 20, the first group of some 20 captive Africans arrive at Jamestown, Virginia. This marks the beginning of slavery in what would become the United States of America.

1776 – On July 4, the Second Continental Congress adopts the Declaration of Independence, which states that all men are created equal.

1788 – June 21, the U.S. Constitution is ratified after being signed by the ninth (New Hampshire) of thirteen states. This document includes the three-fifths clause that, for the purpose of representation and taxation, counts enslaved people as three-fifths of a person.

1808 – Congress bans the importation of enslaved people from any country.

1818 – Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, who would later become Frederick Douglass, is born on the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay in Talbot County, Maryland.

1827 – Sophia Auld, the wife of Frederick’s master, begins teaching young Frederick his letters. When Mr. Auld discovers what she’s doing, he forbids her to continue teaching Frederick, or “it would forever unfit him to be a slave.” From that point forward, Douglass understands that reading or knowledge is his “pathway from slavery to freedom.”

1831 – Douglass “got hold” of (bought for 50 cents) a copy of The Columbian Orator. It made “a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights.” He said, “The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers.”

In order to assemble a fairly accurate timeline for Douglass’s early years, other autobiographies should be taken into account as he later corrects some of the dates noted in the Narrative.

Frederick Douglass, Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave (Atlanta: Frederick Douglass Family Initiatives, 2017) Page 35-36.

Ibid., Page 36.

Ibid., Page 40.
**1834** – January 1, Douglass is sent to live with Mr. Edward Covey, who “had acquired a very high reputation for breaking young slaves.”15 In August, Douglass “resolved to fight” Covey, a decision Douglass identifies as “the turning-point in my career as a slave.”16 Douglass’s service with Covey ends December 25.17

**1836** – In April, Douglass plans to escape with four other enslaved men, but they are betrayed prior to implementing the plan. Douglass and the others are taken to Easton jail in Talbot County, Maryland.18

**1838** – September 3, Douglass disguises himself as a sailor and escapes to New York City. On September 15, he marries Anna Murray; then, they proceed to settle in New Bedford, Massachusetts. He changes his name to Frederick Douglass.


**1840** – Son, Lewis, is born (1840-1908).

**1841** – August 9, Douglass sees William Lloyd Garrison speak at the Bristol Anti-Slavery Society’s annual meeting. Douglass is invited to speak two days later at an anti-slavery convention in Nantucket.

**1842** – Son, Frederick Jr., is born (1842-1892).

**1844** – Son, Charles Remond, is born (1844-1920).


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15 Ibid., Page 50.
16 Ibid., Page 60.
17 Ibid. In this autobiography, Douglass notes his time of service with Mr. Covey taking place during 1933, but later revises that to 1934.
18 Ibid., Page 79. Douglass notes the year of his quelled escape as 1835 but later revises it to 1836.
19 Ibid., Page 94.
1846 – Friends from Newcastle upon Tyne, United Kingdom, raise enough money ($711) to buy Douglass’s freedom from his former master Hugh Auld in Maryland. December 12, Douglass becomes a free man.

1847 – December 3, Douglass establishes the *North Star* abolitionist newspaper in Rochester, New York. He meets the influential abolitionist John Brown.

1848 – July 19, Douglass participates in the first women’s rights convention at Seneca Falls, New York.

1849 – Daughter, Annie, is born (1849-1860).

1850 – September 18, the *Fugitive Slave Act* is passed, requiring that freedom-seeking people who escape slavery must be returned to their “owner” upon capture.


1855 – August, Douglass publishes his second autobiography, *My Bondage and My Freedom*.

1859 – October 16, John Brown is captured at Harpers Ferry. Douglass flees to Canada, then to Europe, to evade arrest on charges of being Brown’s accomplice.

1860 – Daughter, Annie, dies at the age of ten.

1861 – April 12, the Civil War begins when Confederate shore batteries fire upon Fort Sumter, South Carolina.

1863 – January 1, President Abraham Lincoln signs the Emancipation Proclamation, one hundred days after issuing its preliminary draft. August 10, Douglass visits Lincoln at the Executive Mansion in Washington DC. Douglass lobbies Lincoln to allow Black soldiers to fight in the Union army. His first recruits into the Massachusetts 54th are his sons Lewis and Charles. Lewis fights in the Battle of Fort Wagner on Morris Island in Charleston harbor. (The battle is popularized in the 1989 film, *Glory*).
1864 – August 25, Douglass meets President Lincoln at the Executive Mansion (later to become known as the White House) to discuss Lincoln’s reelection campaign.

1865 – March 4, Douglass attends Lincoln’s inauguration and is greeted personally by the president at the Inauguration Ball. The Civil War comes to an end. The Thirteenth Amendment, the first of the “Reconstruction Amendments,” which also include the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, is ratified, formally ending the nation’s legal institution of slavery for all except those convicted of a crime. The amendment’s exception clause opens the possibility of abuse, exploitation and iniquity within the criminal justice system. Black Code laws begin to be enacted in former Confederate states to restrict the rights of newly freed black citizens.

1866 – The Civil Rights Act of 1866 gives the full benefit of the laws and equal rights as citizens to African Americans. The act was passed by a two-thirds vote of Congress, overriding the veto of President Andrew Johnson who argued that blacks were not qualified for citizenship.

1868 – July 9, the Fourteenth Amendment is ratified, defining what it is to be a U.S. citizen. It prohibits states from restricting citizen rights and ensures each citizen “the right to due process and the equal protection of the laws.”

1869 – Grandson, Joseph Douglass, is born to Charles and Libbie. Joseph is the only one of their six children to live to adulthood.

1870 – February 3, the Fifteenth Amendment is ratified, giving all men the right to vote regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Women continue to be excluded from the right to vote.

1871 – January, Douglass is appointed by President Ulysses Grant to the Commission of Inquiry for the possible annexation of Santo Domingo.

1874 – Douglass is named President of the struggling Freedmen’s Savings and Trust. Hoping to help resuscitate the bank, Douglass donates his own money, but the institution cannot be saved.
1875 – The Civil Rights Act of 1875 is passed to guarantee all Americans, regardless of race, color or previous conditions of servitude, equal treatment in public accommodations, public transportation and to prohibit exclusion from jury service. The act was deemed unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in 1883.


1881 – January, Douglass publishes his third autobiography, The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass. He is appointed Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia by President James Garfield.

1882 – Douglass’s wife, Anna, dies (1813-1882).

1884 – Douglass marries suffragist and abolitionist, Helen Pitts. She later creates the Frederick Douglass Memorial and Historical Association to preserve Douglass’s Cedar Hill home in Anacostia, District of Columbia. The marriage is controversial because Helen is white.

1889 – President Benjamin Harrison appoints Douglass as Minister to Haiti. He is also appointed Chargé d’affaires for Santo Domingo.

1895 – February 20, Douglass dies of a heart attack or stroke at Cedar Hill after returning from a meeting of the National Council of Women. The Plessy v. Ferguson ruling finds that state laws requiring racial segregation or “separate but equal” laws are constitutional.

1901 – The Executive Mansion, the residence of the President of the United States, officially becomes the White House, Washington, shortly after Teddy Roosevelt hosts African American educator Booker T. Washington for dinner and the ensuing uproar amongst Southern legislators.

1913 – Great-grandson, Frederick Douglass III (1913-1942) is born to Joseph and Fannie.

1942 – Great-great-granddaughter, Nettie Washington Douglass (1942-) is born to Dr. Frederick Douglass III and Nettie Hancock Washington, the granddaughter of Booker T. Washington, thus uniting the bloodlines of Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington.

1964 – The Civil Rights Act, championed by President Lyndon B. Johnson, out-laws discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex or national origin, requires equal access to public places and employment, enforces desegregation of schools and affords the right to vote.

1968 – The Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 is also brought forth by President Johnson in response to increasing crime rates. The act increases federal involvement and the flow of federal dollars to state criminal justice.

1971 – In June, President Richard Nixon declares war on drugs, proclaiming, “America’s public enemy number one in the United States is drug abuse.” The federal government begins pouring resources into the war on drugs.

1994 – The Violent Crime Control and Law Enforcement Act of 1994, signed by President Bill Clinton, is the largest crime bill in US history, providing 100,000 new police officers, $9.7 billion in funding for prisons and $6.1 billion for prevention programs. It also expands the federal death penalty, implements the “three strikes” penalty for repeat offenders and allows for adult prosecution of children 13 and over in some instances among other provisions.

2008 – Democratic candidate for president, Barack Obama, promises to “eliminate the disparity between sentencing for crack and powder cocaine.”


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2011 – Former president Jimmy Carter calls for an end to unfair sentencing and the war on drugs, saying, “Not only has this excessive punishment destroyed the lives of millions of young people and their families (disproportionately minorities), but it is wreaking havoc on state and local budgets.”

2016 – The United States has the highest incarceration rate in the world of more than 2.2 million people. Most incarcerated youth are locked up for non-violent offenses. There is a stark racial and ethnic disparity between incarcerated black and latino citizens (together accounting for 29% of the general population and 59% of the prison population) versus white citizens (accounting for 64% of the general population and 39% of the prison population).

22 www.prisonpolicy.org
23 Ibid.
FURTHER RESOURCES

Some books noted below may contain explicit language or adult content. Please read reviews or age recommendations before assigning any book.

Books

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Blight, David (Editor), *The Columbian Orator*, NYU Press, 1998


Douglass, Frederick, *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass from 1817-1882*, Christian Age Office, 1882

Douglass, Frederick, *The Heroic Slave*, John P. Jewett and Company, 1853


**Organizations**

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Equal Justice Initiative  
www.eji.org

Frederick Douglass Family Initiatives  
www.fdfi.org

Frederick Douglass Ireland Project  
www.DouglassIreland.org

Gilder Lehrman Center for the Study of Slavery, Resistance and Abolition  
www.glc.yale.edu

Historians Against Slavery  
www.Historians.AgainstSlavery.org

Library of Congress  
www.loc.gov

National Human Trafficking Hotline  
www.HumanTraffickingHotline.org

National Museum of African American History and Culture  
www.nmaahc.si.edu

National Park Service  
www.nps.gov

National Underground Railroad Freedom Center  
www.FreedomCenter.org

National Youth Leadership Council  
www.nylc.org

Teaching Tolerance  
www.Tolerance.org