

THE BARKER LIBRARY OF THREE HUNDRED VOLUMES,

THE CHEAPEST COLLECTION OF WORKS EVER PUBLISHED.

My desire is to spread knowledge and righteousness throughout the earth, and thus to secure the present and eternal welfare of my fellow-men. I would have all men to understand, not only the great truths and duties of religion, but every thing else calculated to promote their comfort and their welfare. I am especially desirous that the Young should have a large stock of useful knowledge, that they may be guided right, and be brought into the way of usefulness and happiness from their earlier years. I wish to see mankind at large, both male and female, raised to their proper level, and forming one vast society of wise, and good, and happy souls.

But if men are to have knowledge, they must read; and if they are to read, they must have books. And they must have books of their own too. It is not enough for them to have access to public libraries; they must have libraries in their own houses. Public libraries have their use, but nothing will supply the place of private libraries. If the great and glorious end at which we aim is to be accomplished, there must be a library in every house, and every man must be his own librarian. People must have access to books at all seasons; they must have a choice of books at hand; they must have the opportunity of looking into this, or of reading a few pages of that, or of going through with the other, just as their wants or inclinations may lead them. Public libraries are good things for those who have got the habit of reading, but not for those who have the habit yet to form. They are good for those who wish to consult scarce books, and they will come in well as supplements to private libraries; but they will never do alone. People must have libraries of their own, if they are to feel that interest in books and reading, and to make that proficiency in knowledge, which is so much to be desired. Many have wondered that public libraries have been so little used by the masses of the people; in me there seems no mystery about the matter. People, especially English people, must read and learn at home, if they are to read and learn at all. Let people be supplied with libraries of their own in their own dwellings, and let them have the privilege of choosing at all times what books they will read, and of changing their book at what hours they please, without the troubles and difficulties connected with public libraries, and we shall have a reading and enlightened people without fail.

But if people generally are to have libraries of their own, they must have books cheap. At present, books are so dear, that none but the rich can procure any tolerable supply. Three hundred volumes, at six shillings a volume, would cost ninety pounds. But how is a poor man to raise a sum like this? It is impossible. But suppose a good-sized volume could be sold for ninepence, instead of six shillings, and that a library of three hundred such volumes could be sold for TWELVE or TWELVE POUNDS, the case would be widely different. And this can be done. I have made my calculations, and I find, that with the help of a Steam Press, and of apparatus for binding the books myself, I can, if I can get persons to subscribe for five thousand copies, publish volumes nearly equal to my Edition of Channing, bound in cloth, numbered and lettered, for NINEPENCE each. Yes; volumes of NEARLY THREE HUNDRED pages, printed on good paper, with good new type, in good style, can be sold for ninepence each.

This is what I propose to do. I propose to publish a Library of three hundred of such volumes. And if I can get subscribers for five thousand libraries, I shall be able to publish one volume a week. Already I have obtained many hundred subscriptions, but not sufficient to justify a weekly issue; and I have therefore determined to commence with printing one volume a month, and to continue doing so as long as I can, without running into debt, until I obtain five thousand subscribers, when the publication will go on as at first intended, at the rate of one volume per week. Those who intend to sub-

scribes, are requested to send us their names at once, or to give them to any of

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our regular agents. Let those who wish to see the work accomplished, get as many subscribers as they can. The more they get, the sooner will the work be completed.

We may observe, that the Library will consist of the best books that we can procure, on a great variety of subjects.—Several of the works will be on religious subjects, while others will be historical, scientific, political, and biographical. Our object will be, 1, To supply a complete Library, as complete a library as possible, considering the number of volumes it will include; and 2, to make the Library as good, as instructive, and as profitable as we can.

Among the books that will be published first, will be the following :

An improved version of the Bible with notes.

A Dictionary of the Bible.

A Common Place Book of the Bible; or the passages of Scripture arranged under different heads, so as to enable people to see at once all that the Scriptures say on any particular subject.

An Englishman's Greek Concordance of the New Testament, enabling every one, with comparatively little assistance, to judge for himself, as to the meaning of the Greek Testament, and to test the criticisms of professors and theological writers.

An English Concordance of the Bible.

The Life of William Penn, and a selection of his writings.

The Life of John Wesley, and a selection of his works.

The Works of the Rajah Rammohan Roy, including his 'Precepts of Jesus the Guide to peace and happiness, and his three Appeals to the British Public.'

Several volumes of Poetry, selected from Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Milton, Young, Wordsworth, Bowring, Nichols, Placé, and other truly excellent Poetical writers.

A system of Grammar and Logic.

Selections from the most practical works of the Greek and Latin Fathers.

A Volume of William Law's, from his works on Christian Perfection, the Spirit of Love, and the Spirit of Prayer.

Selected Works of Robert Hall.

A Life of W. K. Channing.

The Cause and Cure of Intebility.

History of [the] Occupations of Celestianity, by Priestley.

Lectures to a Philosophical Unbeliever on the Truth of Religion, and some other theological works, by Priestley.

Life of Luther, and the History of the Reformation.

The History and Portraits of ancient Quakerism.

Selected Works of Dr. Isaac Barron, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Wilkin, Bishop Hoadley, Richard Baxter, and Theophilus Lindsey.

Selections from the Works of Malbranche, Bacon, Locke, Leibniz, and others on the human mind, on the pursuit of truth, &c.

Foley's natural Theology, or the existence and perfections of God as revealed in the works of creation.

Two other volumes on the same subject.

True and False Religion, by A. Norton.

Four Volumes of Discourses on practical subjects, by J. Barker.

Several Vols. on practical science.

A Volume on Political Economy.

A Volume on Domestic Economy.

A Volume on Health and Disease, and the Sanatory Improvement of the people.

Some Volumes on Political and Social Reform.

A Commentary on the New Testament, in six volumes.

A Commentary on several parts of the Old Testament.

Two or three volumes of Anecdotes, illustrating various branches of Christian truth and duty.

A Work on Temperance and Totalitism.

A Work on Peace and War.

A Work on American Slavery.

The Lives of several noted Sanctity and Reformers.

The Lives of several distinguished Philanthropists.

The Lives of several distinguished Philosophers, with selections and extracts from their Writings.

Two Volumes of Maxims and Proverbs.

Several Volumes of excellent Extracts from several old writers, including John Hales of Eaton, Owen

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Feltman, John Howe, William Dell, and others.

La Certe on the causes of Inequality.

A History of the Church.

Three or four Volumes on Natural Philosophy.

Life of Franklin, and a selection of his Works.

Life of Madison, and a selection of his Works.

Life of Hamilton, and a selection of his Works.

Natural History of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.

Advice on the Pursuit of Knowledge, on the Formation of Character, on Marriage, on Fraternal Duties, and on Trade.

A Treatise on Moral Philosophy.

A volume of Facts and Certainties, A volume of Doubts and Questions.

Paul and Ambrose, or a remarkable Discussion between an American Quaker of the old school, and an American Calvinist, on the Scriptures, the Light within, Water Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Justification by Faith alone, the Trinity, the Holy Ministry, &c.

Selections from the Works of Anton, Robinson, Carpenter, &c.

Life of Jeremy Taylor, with his Library of Prophecy, and some of his other Works.

Life of Robert Robinson, and some of his Works.

Other works will be named as we proceed. The Works will be selected and composed so as to give the best information on every subject of importance that the extent of the Library will allow. And as to the order in which they will be published, that will depend in a great measure on the wants and wishes of the subscribers whose suggestions are invited.

The Books which I am proposing to publish, will be cheaper than the cheapest that have ever yet been published.

The price to those who do not subscribe for the works, but get them through the booksellers, will be one shilling bound and lettered. The booksellers themselves cannot have them under this price. The best plan for those who wish to forward this great work, will be, for a number in every town or neighborhood to join together, and as the names are obtained, forward them to me direct, without delay. Expenses will thus be saved in carriage and remittances. The books are sent all in one parcel, and the money can be all sent in one Post-office order.

I recommend young persons to abstain from intoxicating drink, tobacco, and snuff. The cost of two pints of ale a week, and an ounce of tobacco, will enable them in the course of four years, to furnish themselves and their children with means of instruction and profit without end.

I should be glad if rich people would subscribe for four, eight, or ten Libraries each. Indeed, some have already done so to the extent of some hundreds of Libraries.

What would four, eight, or ten shillings a week be for some rich people? And what a vast amount of good they might do by lending or giving books, to such young persons as are too poor to purchase Libraries for themselves, but who would yet be likely to make a good use of books, if they had them at command. It might not be necessary for them to give to each person a whole Library; but a Library might be divided among several. Or they might sell them the books at reduced prices. Some that could not pay ninepence a volume for them, might be able to pay threepence or sixpence.

In cases where youths could not afford more than twopenny or threepenny a week, two, three, or four might join together to purchase a Library, if they could agree about using or dividing it.

If I should die, I hope that the Legatee, or some other kind person would be found able to carry forward the work to its completion.

If any of the subscribers should die, or become too poor to continue their subscriptions; they will not be subject to any loss or penalty. At the same time, it is very desirable that those who give in their names, should do the best in their power either to continue their subscriptions themselves, or induce others to continue them in their places.

If they should become so poor as to need the money they spend in the books, it is very likely, if they take care of their books, that they will at any time be able to sell them for the price they gave for them, or even more.

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It is a miserable book indeed that cannot be sold, in cloth boards, for sixpence, to any old bookseller.

If I should be able to carry out my plan, I shall not only have supplied a lot of cheap books to the poor myself, but have stimulated or obliged others to supply books cheaper as well. Let it once be seen that good and useful books can be got for sixpence a volume, and the book trade will be revolutionized inevitably. The booksellers will not be able to sell good books of nine shillings, bound, for nine-pence, but they will come down six-half, or three-quarters perhaps, and let you have their eight shilling books for two-and-six-pence, and their three shilling books for one. And this will be something gained. And this reduction in the price of books will not reduce the wages of printers, &c.; it will rather increase them. For it will increase the demand for books beyond calculation. And when labour is in demand, it will always be well paid in countries like ours. I can supply books at sixpence a piece, and yet give better wages than any printer out of London is giving. I should be ashamed to offer cheap books at the expense of my men. I would not do such a thing.

I hope those who are friendly to the cause of Reform, will assist me in this work to the utmost of their power. I feel persuaded that we can never have an enlightened, a reformed, and a happy race of men, without a plentiful supply of useful books and tracts to the masses of the people. Men may preach, and build schools, and form Mechanics' Institutes, and give courses of lectures, but nothing will do without a plentiful supply of tracts and books.—Preaching, and lectures, and schools, and Mechanics' Institutions will all do good; but still they must be accompanied with a cheap literature, if the people are to be instructed. It is the Press that must have the chief part in enlightening and governing the world, for the times to come. It is at home, by their own firesides, that men are to be educated. Nine out of ten of those who gain much knowledge, gain it, not from the pulpit, not in the lecture room, not at the school, but at home. It is there that they learn to think. It is there that they form or modify their opinions. It is there that their souls get gradually freed with the love of truth, the love of righteousness, the love of God, and the love of man. It is there that reforms and revolutions are bred. It is there that the world must be saved.

Let the country be supplied with abundance of good cheap tracts and books, and great and glorious changes in society will take place inevitably. Give me the Press, and the power to keep it going, and I will shake every corrupt institution in the land. I will shake the whole world. I will undertake every false creed, and every false system of philosophy in the universe. I will persecute the advocates of error as usual. I will silence both the false priest and the blaspheming infidel; or if I do not silence them, I will make their talking like the idle wind, which men regard not. In short, be the followers of Christ,—let the lovers of truth and righteousness, the friends of knowledge and the friends of man use the Press as they ought, and they shall rule the world; they shall rule both the kings and the people; they shall rule both man's bodies and souls!

It is known that I am myself what most of the books call heterodox, and I do not wish to conceal the fact, that several of the Theological Works which I propose to publish, are what would be called heterodox. Still, my object in proposing to publish this Library, is something far better and higher than the mere spread of heterodox opinions. What I want is, to make people truly wise, and great, and good,—to lead forth in useful action their thinking and their moral powers, and make them Christ-like and God-like men and women. Only let them be brought to read, and taught to think, and led to live for God and for their kind, and I will trust them to form their opinions for themselves.

Hence most of the books on religion, that I propose to publish, are of a general and practical character. I have chosen them, simply because they are calculated to rouse, enlighten, and free the soul, and fit it for the service of its Maker, and for the service of mankind.

JOSEPH BARKER.

INTERESTING

MEMOIRS AND DOCUMENTS

RELATIVE TO

AMERICAN SLAVERY,

AND THE

GLORIOUS STRUGGLE NOW MAKING

FOR

COMPLETE EMANCIPATION.

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MCCCXVI.

PRINTED BY J. BARNES, WHEELING, NEAR LEHIGH.

PREFACE.

This volume is the first of a Library which the publisher intends to send out. For the present, he expects to send out a volume a month, but as soon as the number of subscribers or purchasers reaches five thousand, he will send forth one a fortnight, or one a week. The second volume containing a life of Wm. Penn, with selections from his writings, may be looked for in about four weeks. The third, containing the most useful works of the late Robert Hall, may be looked for in March.

As to the worth of the volumes, the readers must judge for themselves. All I can do, is, to publish such works as appear to me to be most needed, and most likely to prove useful. What I wish is, to improve people's minds and characters, to make them wiser, and better, and happier men,—to bring them to live and labour like sons of God,—like that great instructor and example of our race set before us in the Gospels. I wish to see men interesting themselves in every branch of useful knowledge, and in every work of charity. I wish to see them labouring for the injured and unhappy everywhere; and toiling for the universal spread of truth and righteousness, of purity, and liberty, and joy. My first volume points to the American slave, and calls for help in his behalf. In the United States of America, there are upwards of three millions of persons held in the most abject and miserable slavery. The people of England can deliver these millions from their wretchedness, if they will. The object of this volume is, to awaken their will, and to direct its movements. It will give you first a view of the system of slavery, unfolding something of its crimes and horrors. It will show you next, the connexion of this system with the American and English churches, making it manifest, that slavery derives its strength from the silence or sanction of those churches, and that if once those churches can be brought to do their duty in this matter, the system will be overthrown. It will point out what

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that duty is, and show how all may contribute towards inducing the churches to do their duty.

I grant that the subject of slavery is not an enticing one for a specimen volume, but that cannot be helped. It is a subject of great importance, and it is time it was studied and understood. And our object should be, not to find pleasure, but to do good: not to divert ourselves, but to aid the cause of truth, of righteousness, and of human happiness. If there be any who prefer a moment's personal pleasure, to the freedom and the welfare of their race, we are sorry for them. Men calling themselves Christians, ought to be pleased with nothing so much as plans and labours for the improvement and happiness of their race. Nay, reason itself might show us, that the proper end of life is to do good, to honour God by blessing men. And the day will come when all who have reason left them, will think all things little, and low, and trifling but this; and when their only comfort will be the consciousness that they have done something for the improvement and the welfare of their brethren. He alone acts like a Christian, or a rational being, and he alone can secure the full and proper blessedness of a human being, who makes the welfare of his fellow-men the great end and endeavour of his life.

But we are far from thinking that the volume before us is not interesting; on the contrary, we consider it one of the most interesting volumes that has issued from the press. The narrative of Lewis and Milton Clarke is as interesting as it well can be. It would please even a novel reader if it were only a *TALE*. And the account of Jonathan Walker and his *SEASONS HARD* is much the same. And the other matters, though not fiction, are stranger than fiction. Still, if you cannot bring your minds to read the book, go and do something else that is good, and we shall be satisfied. Others will read, and profit by their reading, and even you may come back in time. Farewell.

NARRATIVE OF LEWIS CLARKE.

I was born in March, as near as I can ascertain, in the year 1815, in Madison county, Kentucky, about seven miles from Richmond, upon the plantation of my grandfather, Samuel Campbell. He was considered a very respectable man, among his fellow-robbers, the slaveholders. It did not render him less honorable in their eyes, that he took to his bed Mary, his slave, perhaps half white, by whom he had one daughter, Letitia CAMPBELL. This was before his marriage.

My father was from "beyond the flood"—from Scotland, and by trade a weaver. He had been married in his own country, and lost his wife, who left to him, as I have been told, two sons. He came to this country in time to be in the earliest scenes of the American revolution. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill, and continued in the army to the close of the war. About the year 1800, or before, he came to Kentucky, and married Miss Letitia Campbell, then held as a slave by her own father. My father died, as near as I can recollect, when I was about ten or twelve years of age. He had received a wound in the war, which made him lame as long as he lived. I have often heard him tell of Scotland, sing the merry songs of his native land, and long to see its hills once more.

Mr. Campbell promised my father that his daughter Letitia should be made free in his will. It was with this promise that he married her. And I have no doubt that Mr. Campbell was as good as his word, and that, by his will, my mother and her nine children were made free. But ten persons in one family, each worth three hundred dollars, are not easily set free among those accustomed to live by continued robbery. We did not, there-

face, by an instrument from the hand of the dead, escape the avaricious grab of the slave-holder. It is the common belief that the will was destroyed by the heirs of Mr. Campbell.

The night in which I was born, I have been told, was dark and terrible—black as the night for which Job prayed, when he besought the clouds to pitch their tent round about the place of his birth; and my life of slavery was but too exactly prefigured by the stormy elements that hovered over the first hour of my being. It was with great difficulty that any one could be urged out for a necessary attendant for my mother. At length, one of the sons of Mr. Campbell, William, by the promise from his mother of the child that should be born, was induced to make an effort to obtain the necessary assistance. By going five or six miles, he obtained a female professor of the couch.

William Campbell, by virtue of this title, always claimed me as his property. And well would it have been for me if this claim had been regarded. At the age of six or seven years, I fell into the hands of his sister, Mrs. Betsey Banton, whose character will be best known when I have told the horrid wrongs which she heaped upon me for ten years. If there are any *etc* spirits that come up from hell, and take possession of one part of mankind, I am sure she is one of that sort. I was consigned to her under the following circumstances: When she was married, there was given her, as part of her dower, as is common among the Algerines of Kentucky, a *girl*, by the name of Ruth, about fourteen or fifteen years old. In a short time, Ruth was dejected and injured, by beating and abuse of different kinds, so that she was sold, for a half-fool, to the more tender mercies of the sugar-planter in Louisiana. Mrs. Betsey obtained then, on loan from her parents, another slave, named Phillis. In six months Phillis had suffered so severely, under the hand of this monster-woman, that she made an attempt to kill herself, and was taken home by the parents of Mrs. Banton. This produced a regular slave-holding family brawl; a

regular war, of *four* years, between Mrs. Barton and her own parents. These wars are very common among the Algerines in Kentucky; indeed, slave-holders have not arrived at that degree of civilization that enables them to live in tolerable peace, though united by the nearest family ties. In them is fulfilled what I have read in the Bible—"The father is against the son, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and their *foes* are of their own household." Some of the slave-holders may have a *wide* house; but one of the *cut-headed*, *snake-eyed*, *brawling* women, which slavery produces, can fill it from cellar to garret. I have heard every place I could get into any way ring with their screech-owl voices. Of all the animals on the face of this earth, I am most afraid of a real mad, passionate, raving, slave-holding woman. Somebody told me, once, that Edmund Burke declared that the natives of India fled to the jungles, among tigers and lions, to escape the more barbarous cruelty of Warren Hastings. I am sure I would sooner lie down to sleep by the side of tigers than near a raging mad slave-woman. But I must go back to Mrs. Barton. I have been describing her in the abstract. I will give a full-grown portrait of her right away. For four years after the trouble about Phillis, she never came near her father's house. At the end of this period, apothec of the sisters was to be married, and sister Betsy could not repress the tide of curiosity urging her to be present at the nuptial ceremonies. Beside, she had another motive. Either shrewdly suspecting that she might deserve less than any member of the family, or that some ungrounded partiality would be manifested toward her sister, she determined, at all hazards, to be present, and see that the scales which weighed out the children of the plantation, should be held with even hand. The wedding-day was appointed; the sons and daughters of this joyful occasion were gathered together, and then came also the fair-faced, but black-hearted, Mrs. Barton. Satan, among the sons of God, was never less welcome than this fury among her kindred. They all knew what she came for, to make mischief, if possible. "Well, now, if there sint

Bets !” exclaimed the old lady. The father was moody and silent, knowing that she inherited largely of the disposition of her mother ; but he had experienced too many of her retorts of courtesy to say as much, for dear experience had taught him the discretion of silence. The brothers smiled at the prospect of fun and frolic ; the sisters trembled for fear, and word flew round among the slaves, “ The old she-bear has come home ! look out ! look out ! ”

The wedding went forward. Polly, a very good sort of a girl to be raised in that region, was married, and received, as the first instalment of her dower, a girl and a boy. Now was the time for Mrs. Banton, and thus she began “ Poll has a girl and a boy, and I only had that fool of a girl. I reckon, if I go home without a boy too, this house went be left standing.”

This was said, too, while the sugar of the wedding-cake was yet melting upon her tongue. How the bitter words would flow when the guests had retired, all began to imagine. To arrest this whirlwind of rising passion, her mother promised any boy upon the plantation, to be taken home on her return. Now, my evil star was right in the top of the sky. Every boy was ordered in, to pass before this female scowress, that she might select a victim for her unprovoked malice, and on whom to pour the vials of her wrath for years. I was that unlucky fellow. Mr. Campbell, my grandfather, objected, because it would divide a family, and offered her Moses, whose father and mother had been sold south. Mrs. Campbell put in for William’s claim, dated *ante natum*—before I was born ; but objections and claims of every kind were swept away by the wild passion and shrill-toned voice of Mrs. B. Me she would have, and none else. Mr. Campbell went out to hunt, and drive away bad thoughts ; the old lady became quiet, for she was sure none of her blood run in my veins, and, if there was any of her husband’s there, it was no fault of hers. Slave women are always revengeful toward the children of slaves that have any of the blood of their husbands in them. I was too young,

only seven years of age, to understand what was going on. But my poor and affectionate mother understood and appreciated it all. When she left the kitchen of the mansion-house, where she was employed as cook, and came home to her own little cottage, the tear of anguish was in her eye, and the image of sorrow upon every feature of her face. She knew the female Nero, whose rod was now to be over me. That night sleep departed from her eyes. With the youngest child clasped firmly to her bosom, she spent the night in walking the floor, coming ever and anon to lift up the clothes and look at me and my poor brother, who lay sleeping together. *Sleeping*, I said. Brother slept, but not I. I saw my mother when she first came to me, and I could not sleep. The vision of that night—its deep, ineffaceable impression—is now before my mind with all the distinctness of yesterday. In the morning, I was put into the carriage with Mrs. B. and her children, and my weary pilgrimage of suffering was fairly begun. It was her business on the road, for about twenty-five or thirty miles, to initiate her children into the art of tormenting their new victim. I was seated upon the bottom of the carriage, and these little imps were employed in pinching me, pulling my ears and hair; and they were stirred up by their mother, like a litter of young wolves, to torment me in every way possible. In the mean time, I was compelled by the old she-wolf to call them "Master," "Mistress," and bow to them, and obey them at the first call.

During that day, I had, indeed, no very agreeable foreboding of the torments to come; but, sad as were my anticipations, the reality was infinitely beyond them. Infinitely more bitter than death were the cruelties I experienced at the hand of this merciless woman. Save from one or two slaves on the plantation, during my ten years of captivity here, I scarcely heard a kind word, or saw a smile toward me from any living being. And now that I am where people look kind, and act kindly toward me, it seems like a dream. I hardly seem to be in the same world that I was then. When I first got into the

free states, and saw every body look as if they loved one another, sure enough, I thought, this must be the "*Hesperia*" of LOVE I had heard something about. But I must go back to what I suffered from that wicked woman. It is hard work to keep the mind upon it ; I hate to think it over—but I must tell it—the world must know what is done in Kentucky. I cannot, however, tell all the ways by which she tormented me. I can only give a few instances of my suffering, as specimens of the whole. A book of a thousand pages would not be large enough to tell of all the tears I shed, and the sufferings endured, in THAT TEN YEARS OF PURGATORY."

A very trivial offence was sufficient to call forth a great burst of indignation from this woman of ungoverned passions. In my simplicity, I put my lips to the same vessel, and drank out of it, from which her children were accustomed to drink. She expressed her utter abhorrence of such an act, by throwing my head violently back, and dashing into my face two dippers of water. The shower of water was followed by a heavier shower of *kicks* ; yes, delicate reader, this lady did not hesitate to kick, as well as cuff in a very plentiful manner ; but the words, bitter and cutting, that followed, were like a storm of hail upon my young heart. "She would teach me better manners than that ; she would let me know I was to be brought up to her hand ; she would have one slave that knew his place ; if I wanted water, go to the spring, and not drink there in the house." This was new times for me ; for some days I was completely benumbed with my sorrow. I could neither eat nor sleep. If there is any human being on earth, who has been so blessed as never to have tasted the cup of sorrow, and therefore is unable to conceive of *suffering* ; if there be one so lost to all feeling as even to say, that the slaves do not suffer when *families* are separated, let such a one go to the ragged quilt which was my couch and pillow, and stand there night after night, for long, weary hours, and see the bitter tears streaming down the face of that more than orphan

boy, while, with half-suppressed sighs and sobs, he calls again and again upon his absent mother.

"Say, mother, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son!
Wretch even thou! life's journey just begun."

Let him stand by that couch of bitter sorrow through the terrible lonely night, and then wring out the wet end of those rags, and see how many tears yet remain, after the burning tapers had absorbed all they could. He will not doubt, he cannot doubt, but the slave has feeling.

There were several children in the family, and my first main business was to wait upon them. Another young slave and myself have often been compelled to sit up by turns all night, to rock the cradle of a little peevish scion of slavery. If the cradle was stopped, the moment they awake a dolorous cry was sent forth to mother and father that Lewis had gone to sleep. The reply to this call would be a direction from the mother for these petty tyrants to get up and take the whip, and give the good-for-nothing scoundrel a smart whipping. This was the midnight pastime of a child ten or twelve years old. What might you expect of the future man?

There were four house-slaves in this family, including myself; and though we had not, in all respects, so hard work as the field hands, yet in many things our condition was much worse. We were constantly exposed to the whims and passions of every member of the family; from the least to the greatest, their anger was wreaked upon us. Nor was our life an easy one, in the hours of our toil or in the amount of labor performed. We were always required to sit up until all the family had retired; then we must be up at an early dawn in summer, and before day in winter. If we failed, through weariness or any other reason, to appear at the first morning summons, we were sure to have our hearing quickened by a severe chastisement. Such horror has seized me, lest I might not hear the first shrill call, that I have often in dreams fancied I

heard that unwelcome voice, and have leaped from my couch, and walked through the house and out of it before I awoke. I have gone and called the other slaves, in my sleep, and asked them if they did not hear master call. Never, while I live, will the remembrance of those long, bitter nights of fear pass from my mind.

But I want to give you a few specimens of the abuse which I received. During the ten years that I lived with Mrs. Banton, I do not think there were as many days, when she was at home, that I, or some other slave, did not receive some kind of beating or abuse at her hands. It seemed as though she could not live nor sleep unless some poor back was smarting, some head beating with pain, or some eye filled with tears, around her. Her tender mercies were indeed cruel. She brought up her children to imitate their example. Two of them manifested some dislike to the cruelties taught them by their mother, but they never stood high in favor with her; indeed any thing like humanity or kindness to a slave, was looked upon by her as a great offence.

Her instruments of torture were ordinarily the raw hide, or a bunch of hickory-sprouts seasoned in the fire and tied together. But if these were not at hand, nothing came amiss. She could relish a beating with a chair, the broom, tongs, shovel, shears, knife-handle, the heavy heel of her slipper, or a bunch of keys; her zeal was so active in these barbarous inflictions, that her invention was wonderfully quick, and some way of inflicting the requisite torture was soon found out.

One instrument of torture is worthy of particular description. This was an oak club, a foot and a half in length, and six inch and a half square. With this delicate weapon she would beat us upon the hands and upon the feet until they were blistered. This instrument was carefully preserved for a period of four years. Every day, for that time, I was compelled to see that hated tool of cruelty lying in the chair by my side. The least degree of delinquency either in not doing all the appointed work, or in look or behavior, was visited with a beating from

this oak club. That club will always be a prominent object in the picture of horrors of my life of more than twenty years of bitter bondage.

When about nine years old, I was sent in the evening to catch and kill a turkey. They were securely sleeping in a tree—their accustomed resting-place for the night. I approached as cautiously as possible, and selected the victims I was directed to catch; but, just as I grasped him in my hand, my foot slipped, and he made his escape from the tree, and fled beyond my reach. I returned with a heavy heart to my mistress with the story of my misfortune. She was enraged beyond measure. She determined, at once, that I should have a whipping of the worst kind, and she was bent upon adding all the aggravations possible. Master had gone to bed drunk, and was now as fast asleep as drunkards ever are. At any rate, he was filling the house with the noise of his snoring and with the perfume of his breath. I was ordered to go and call him—wake him up—and ask him to be kind enough to give me fifty good smart lashes. To be whipped is bad enough—to ask for it is worse—to ask a drunken man to whip you is too bad. I would sooner have gone to a nest of rattlesnakes, than to the bed of this drunkard. But go I must. Softly I crept along, and gently shaking his arm, said, with a trembling voice, “Master, master, mistress wants you to wake up.” This did not go to the extent of her command, and in a great fury she called out, “What, you went ask him to whip you, will you?” I then added, “Mistress wants you to give me fifty lashes.” A bear at the smell of a lamb was never roused quicker. “Yes, yes, that I will; I’ll give you such a whipping as you will never want again.” And, sure enough, so he did. He sprang from the bed, seized me by the hair, lashed me with a handful of switches, threw me my whole length upon the floor; beat, kicked, and cuffed me worse than he would a dog, and then threw me, with all his strength, out of the door, more dead than alive. There I lay for a long time, scarcely able and not daring to move, till I could

hear no sound of the furies within, and then crept to my couch, longing for death to put an end to my misery. I had no friend in the world to whom I could utter one word of complaint, or to whom I could look for protection.

Mr. Banton owned a blacksmith's shop, in which he spent some of his time, though he was not a very efficient hand at the forge. One day, mistress told me to go over to the shop and let master give me a flogging. I knew the mode of punishing there too well. I would rather die than go. The poor fellow who worked in the shop, a very skilful workman, one day came to the determination that he would work no more, unless he could be paid for his labor. The enraged master put a handful of nail-rods into the fire, and when they were *red-hot*, took them out, and cooled one after another of them in the blood and flesh of the poor slave's back. I know this was the shop mode of punishment. I would not go; and Mr. Banton came home, and his wife told him the story of my refusal. He broke forth in a great rage, and gave me a most unmerciful beating; adding that, if I had come, he would have burned the hot nail-rods into my back.

Mrs. Banton, as is common among slave-holding women, seemed to hate and abuse me all the more, because I had some of the blood of her father in my veins. There are no slaves that are so badly abused, as those that are related to some of the women, or the children of their own husband; it seems as though they never could hate these quite bad enough. My sisters were as white and good-looking as any of the young ladies in Kentucky. It happened once of a time, that a young man called at the house of Mr. Campbell, to see a sister of Mrs. Banton. Seeing one of my sisters in the house, pretty well dressed, and with a strong family look, he thought it was Miss Campbell; and, with that supposition, addressed some conversation to her which he had intended for the private ear of Miss C. The mistake was noised abroad, and occasioned some amusement to young peo-

ple. Mrs. Barton heard of it, and it made her children of wrath sizzling hot; every thing that diverted and amused other people seemed to enrage her. There are hot-springs in Kentucky; she was just like one of them, only beinful of boiling poison.

She must wreak her vengeance, for this innocent mistake of the young man, upon me. "She would fix me, so that nobody should ever think I was white." Accordingly, in a burning hot day, she made me take off every ray of clothes, go out into the garden, and pick herbs for hours, in order to turn me black. When I went out, she threw cold water on me, so that the sun might take effect upon me; when I came in, she gave me a severe beating on my blistered back.

After I had Eved with Mrs. B. three or four years, I was put to spinning hemp, flax, and tow, on an old-fashioned foot-wheel. There were four or five slaves at this business, a good part of the time. We were kept at our work from daylight to dark in summer, from long before day to nine or ten o'clock in the evening in winter. Mrs. Barton, for the most part, was near, or kept continually passing in and out, to see that each of us performed as much work as she thought we ought to do. Being young, and sick at heart all the time, it was very hard work to go through the day and evening and not suffer exceedingly for want of more sleep. Very often, too, I was compelled to work beyond the ordinary hour, to finish the appointed task of the day. Sometimes I found it impossible not to drop asleep at the wheel.

On these occasions, Mrs. B. had her peculiar contrivances for keeping us awake. She would sometimes sit, by the hour, with a dipper of vinegar and salt, and throw it in my eyes to keep them open. My hair was pulled till there was no longer any pain from that source. *And I can now suffer myself to be lifted by the hair of the head, without experiencing the least pain.*

She very often kept me from getting water to satisfy my thirst, and in one instance kept me for two entire days without a particle of food. This she did, in order

that I might make up for lost time. But, of course, I lost rather than gained upon my task. Every meal taken from me made me less able to work. It finally ended in a terrible beating.

But all my severe labor, and bitter and cruel punishments, for these ten years of captivity with this worse than Arab family, all these were as nothing to the sufferings I experienced by being separated from my mother, brothers, and sisters; the same things, with them near to sympathize with me, to hear my story of sorrow, would have been comparatively tolerable.

They were distant only about thirty miles; and yet, in ten long, lonely years of childhood, I was only permitted to see them three times.

My mother occasionally found an opportunity to send me some token of remembrance and affection, a sugar-plum or an apple; but I scarcely ever ate them; they were laid up, and handled and wept over till they wasted away in my hand.

My thoughts continually by day, and my dreams by night, were of mother and home; and the horror experienced in the morning, when I awoke and behold it was a dream, is beyond the power of language to describe.

But I am about to leave this den of robbers, where I had been so long imprisoned. I cannot, however, call the reader from his new and unpleasant acquaintance with this unlovely pair, without giving a few more incidents of their history. When this is done, and I have taken great pains, as I shall do, to put a copy of this portrait in the hands of this Mrs. B., I shall bid her farewell. If she sees something awfully hideous in her picture, as here represented, she will be constrained to acknowledge it is true to nature. I have given it from no malice, no feeling of resentment towards her, but that the world may know what is done by slavery, and that slave-holders may know that their crimes will come to light. I hope and pray that Mrs. B. will repent of her many and aggravated sins before it is too late.

The scenes between her and her husband, while I was with them, strongly illustrate the remark of Jefferson, that slavery fosters the worst passions of the master. Scarcely a day passed, in which bitter words were not bandied from one to the other. I have seen Mrs. B., with a large knife drawn in her right hand, the other upon the collar of her husband, swearing and threatening to cut him square in two. They both drank freely, and swore like highwaymen. He was a gambler and a counterfeiter. I have seen and handled his moulds and his false coin. They finally quarrelled openly, and separated ; and the last I knew of them, he was living a sort of poor vagabond life in his native state, and she was engaged in a protracted lawsuit with some of her former friends, about her father's property.

Of course, such habits did not produce great thrift in their worldly condition, and myself and other slaves were mortgaged, from time to time, to make up the deficiency between their income and expenses. I was transferred, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, to a Mr. K., whose name I shall forbear to mention, lest, if he or any other man should ever claim property where they never had any, this, my own testimony, might be brought in to aid their wicked purposes.

In the exchange of masters, my condition was, in many respects, greatly improved. I was free, at any rate, from that kind of suffering experienced at the hand of Mrs. B., as though she delighted in cruelty for its own sake. My situation, however, with Mr. K. was far from enviable. Taken from the work in and around the house, and put at once, at that early age, to the constant work of a full-grown man, I found it not an easy task always to escape the lash of the overseer. In the four or five years that I was with this man, the overseers were often changed. Sometimes we had a man that seemed to have some consideration, some mercy ; but generally their eye seemed to be fixed upon one object, and that was, to get the greatest possible amount of work out of every

slave upon the plantation. When stopping to clear the tobacco-plants from the worms which infest them,—a work which draws most cruelly upon the back,—some of these men would not allow us a moment to rest at the end of the row; but, at the crack of the whip, we were compelled to jump to our places, from row to row, for hours, while the poor back was crying out with torture. Any complaint or remonstrance under such circumstances is sure to be answered in no other way than by the lash. As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so a slave is not permitted to open his mouth.

There were about one hundred and fifteen slaves upon this plantation. Generally, we had enough, in quantity, of food. We had, however, but two meals a day, of corn-meal bread and soup, or meat of the poorest kind. Very often, so little care had been taken to cure and preserve the bacon, that, when it came to us, though it had been fairly killed once, it was more alive than dead. Occasionally, we had some refreshment over and above the two meals, but this was extra, beyond the rules of the plantation. And, to balance this gratuity, we were also frequently deprived of our food, as a punishment. We suffered greatly, too, for want of water. The slave-drivers have the notion that slaves are more healthy, if allowed to drink but little, than they are if freely allowed nature's beverage. The slaves quite as confidently cherish the opinion that, if the master would drink less peach brandy and whisky, and give the slave more water, it would be better all around. As it is, the more the master and overseer drink, the less they seem to think the slave needs.

In the winter, we took our meals before day in the morning, and after work at night; in the summer, at about nine o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon. When we were cheated out of our two meals a day, either by the cruelty or caprice of the overseer, we always felt it a kind of special duty and privilege, to make up, in some way, the deficiency. To accomplish this,

we had many devices; and we sometimes resorted to our peculiar methods, when incited only by a desire to taste greater variety than our ordinary bill of fare afforded.

This sometimes led to very disastrous results. The poor slave who was caught with a chicken or a pig, killed from the plantation, had his back scored most unmercifully. Nevertheless, the pigs would die without being sick or squealing once; and the hens, chickens, and turkeys sometimes disappeared, and never stuck up a feather to tell where they were buried. The old goose would sometimes exchange her whole nest of eggs for round pebbles; and patient as that animal is, this quality was exhausted, and she was obliged to leave her nest with no train of offspring behind her.

One old slave woman upon this plantation was altogether too keen and shrewd for the best of them. She would go out to the corn-crib with her basket, watch her opportunity, with one effective blow pop over a little pig, slip him into her basket, and put the cobs on top, trudge off to her cabin, and look just as innocent as though she had a right to eat of the work of her own hands. It was a kind of first principle, too, in her code of morals, that they that *scorched* had a right to eat. The moral of all questions in relation to taking food was easily settled by aunt Peggy. The only question with her was, *How* and *when* to do it.

It could not be done openly, that was plain. It must be done secretly: if not in the daytime, by all means in the night. With the dead pig in the cabin, and the water all hot for scalding, she was at one time warned by her son that the Philistines were upon her. Her resources were fully equal to the sudden emergency. Quick as thought, the pig was thrown into the boiling kettle, a doe was put over it, her daughter seated upon it, and, with a good, thick quilt around her, the overseer found little Clara taking a steam-bath for a terrible cold. The daughter, acting well her part, groaned sadly; the mother was very busy in tucking in the quilt, and the over-

seer was blinded, and went away without seeing a bristle of the pig.

Aunt Peggy cooked for herself, for another slave named George, and for me. George was very successful in bringing home his share of the plunder. He could capture a pig or a turkey without exciting the least suspicion. The old lady often rallied me for want of courage for such enterprises. At length, I summoned resolution one rainy night, and determined there should be one from the herd of swine brought home by my hands. I went to the crib of corn, got my ear to shell, and my cart-stake to despatch a little roaster. I raised my arm to strike, summoned courage again and again, but to no purpose. The scattered kernels were all picked up, and no blow struck. Again I visited the crib, selected my victim, and struck! The blow glanced upon the side of the head, and, instead of falling, he ran off, squealing louder than ever I heard a pig squeal before. I ran as fast, in an opposite direction, made a large circuit, and reached the cabin, emptied the hot water, and made for my couch as soon as possible. I escaped detection, and only suffered from the ridicule of old Peggy and young George.

Poor Jess, upon the same plantation, did not so easily escape. More successful in his effort, he killed his pig, but he was found out. He was hung up by the hands, with a rail between his feet, and fell three hundred lashes scored in upon his naked back. For a long time his life hung in doubt; and his poor wife, for becoming a partaker after the fact, was most severely beaten.

Another slave, employed as a driver upon the plantation, was compelled to whip his own wife, for a similar offence, so severely that she never recovered from the cruelty. She was literally whipped to death by her own Ambrud.

A slave, called Hall, the hostler on the plantation, made a successful sally, one night, upon the animals forbidden to the Jews. The next day, he went into the barn-loft, and fell asleep. While sleeping over his abun-

dant supper, and dreaming, perhaps, of his feast, he heard the shrill voice of his master, crying out, "The hogs are at the horse-trough; where is Hall? The "hogs" and "Hall," coupled together, were enough for the poor fellow. He sprang from the hay, and made the best of his way off the plantation. He was gone six months; and at the end of this period, he procured the intercession of the son-in-law of his master, and returned, escaping the ordinary punishment. But the transgression was laid up. Slave-holders seldom forgive, they only postpone the time of revenge. When about to be severely flogged, for some pretended offence, he took two of his grandsons, and escaped as far towards Canada as Indiana. He was followed, captured, brought back, and whipped most horribly. All the old score had been treasured up against him, and his poor back stoned for the whole at once.

On this plantation was a slave, named Sam, whose wife lived a few miles distant; and Sam was very seldom permitted to go and see his family. He worked in the blacksmith's shop. For a small offence, he was hung by the hands, a rail between his feet, and whipped in turn by the master, overseer, and one of the wasters, till his back was torn all to pieces; and, in less than two months, Sam was in his grave. His last words were, "Mother, tell master he has killed me at last, for nothing; but tell him if God will forgive him, I will."

A very poor white woman lived within about a mile of the plantation house. A female slave, named Flora, knowing she was in a very suffering condition, shelled out a peck of corn, and carried it to her in the night. Next day, the old man found it out, and this deed of charity was stoned for by one hundred and fifty lashes upon the bare back of poor Flora.

The master with whom I now lived was a very passionate man. At one time he thought the work on the plantation did not go on as it ought. One morning, when he and the overseer waked up from a drunken frolic, they swore the hands should not eat a morsel of anything, till

a field of wheat of some sixty acres was all cradled. There were from thirty to forty hands to do the work. We were driven on to the extent of our strength, and, although a brook ran through the field, not one of us was permitted to stop and taste a drop of water. Some of the men were so exhausted that they reeled for very weakness; two of the women fainted, and one of them was severely whipped, to revive her. They were at last carried helpless from the field and thrown down under the shade of a tree. At about five o'clock in the afternoon the wheat was all cut, and we were permitted to eat. Our suffering for want of water was excruciating. I trembled all over from the lawned gnawing of hunger, and from burning thirst.

In view of the sufferings of this day, we felt fully justified in making a foraging expedition upon the milk-room that night. And when master, and overseer, and all hands were locked up in sleep, ten or twelve of us went down to the spring house; a house built over a spring, to keep the milk and other things cool. We pressed altogether against the door, and open it came. We found half a good baked pig, plenty of cream, milk, and other delicacies; and, as we felt in some measure delegated to represent all that had been cheated of their meals the day before, we ate plentifully. But after a successful plundering expedition within the gates of the enemy's camp, it is not easy always to cover the retreat. We had a reserve in the pasture for this purpose. We went up to the herd of swine, and, with a milk-pail in hand, it was easy to persuade them there was more where that came from, and the whole tribe followed readily into the spring-house, and we left them there to wash the dishes and wipe up the floor, while we retired to rest. This was not malice in us; we did not love the waste which the hogs made; but we must have something to eat, to pay for the cruel and reluctant fast; and when we had obtained this, we must of course cover up our track. They watch us narrowly; and to take an egg, a pound of meat,

or any thing else, however hungry we may be, is considered a great crime; we are compelled therefore, to waste a good deal sometimes, to get a little.

I lived with this Mr. K. about four or five years; I then fell into the hands of his son. He was a drinking, ignorant man, but not so cruel as his father. Of him I hired my time at twelve dollars a month; boarded and clothed myself. To meet my payments, I split rails, burned coal, peddled grass seed, and took hold of whatever I could find to do. This last master, or owner, as he would call himself, died about one year before I left Kentucky. By the administrators I was hired out for a time, and at last put up upon the auction block, for sale. No bid could be obtained for me. There were two reasons in the way. One was, there were two or three old mortgages which were not settled, and the second reason given by the bidders was, I had had too many privileges; had been permitted to trade for myself and go over the state; in short, to use their phrase, I was a "spoilt nigger." And sure enough I was, for all their purposes. I had long thought and dreamed of LIBERTY; I was now determined to make an effort to gain it. No tongue can tell the doubt, the perplexities, the anxiety which a slave feels, when making up his mind upon this subject. If he makes an effort and is not successful, he must be laughed at by his fellows; he will be beaten unmercifully by the master, and then watched and used the harder for it all his life.

And then, if he gets away, *what, what will he find?* He is ignorant of the world. All the white part of mankind, that he has ever seen, are enemies to him and all his kindred. How can he venture where none but white faces shall greet him? The master tells him, that abolitionists *decoy* slaves off into the free states, to catch them and sell them to Louisiana or Mississippi; and if he goes to Canada, the British will put him in a *vine under ground, with both eyes put out, for life*. How does he know what, or whom to believe? A horror of great darkness comes upon him, as he thinks over what may

befal him. Long, very long time did I think of escaping before I made the effort.

At length, the report was started that I was to be sold for Louisiana. Then I thought it was time to act. My mind was made up. This was about two weeks before I started. The first plan was formed between a slave named Isaac and myself. Isaac proposed to take one of the horses of his mistress, and I was to take my pony, and we were to ride off together; I as master, and he as slave. We started together, and went on five miles. My want of confidence in the plan induced me to turn back. Poor Isaac pleaded like a good fellow to go forward. I am satisfied from experience and observation, that both of us must have been captured and carried back. I did not know enough at that time to travel and manage a waiter. Every thing would have been done in such an awkward manner, that a keen eye would have seen through our plot at once. I did not know the roads, and could not have read the guide-boards; and ignorant as many people are in Kentucky, they would have thought it strange to see a man with a waiter, who could not read a guide-board. I was sorry to leave Isaac, but I am satisfied I could have done him no good in the way proposed.

After this failure, I staid about two weeks; and after having arranged every thing to the best of my knowledge, I saddled my pony, went into the cellar where I kept my grass-seed apparatus, put my clothes into a pair of saddle-bags, and them into my seed-bag, and, thus equipped, set sail for the north star. O what a day was that to me! This was on Saturday, in August, 1841. I wore my common clothes, and was very careful to avoid special suspicion, as I already imagined the administrator was very watchful of me. The place from which I started was about fifty miles from Lexington. The reason why I do not give the name of the place, and a more accurate location, must be obvious to any one who remembers that, in the eye of the law, I am yet accounted a slave, and no spot in the United States affords an asylum for

the wanderer. True, I feel protected in the hearts of the many warm friends of the slave by whom I am surrounded; but this protection does not come from the laws of any one of the United States.

But to return. After riding about fifteen miles, a Baptist minister overtook me on the road, saying, "How do you do, boy? are you free? I always thought you were free, till I saw them try to sell you the other day." I then wished him a thousand miles off, preaching, if he would, to the whole plantation, "Servants, obey your masters;" but I wanted neither sermons, questions, nor advice from him. At length I mustered resolution to make some kind of a reply. "What made you think I was free?" He replied, that he had noticed I had great privileges, that I did much as I liked, and that I was almost white. "O yes," I said, "but there are a great many slaves as white as I am." "Yes," he said, and then went on to name several; among others, one who had lately, as he said, run away. This was touching altogether too near upon what I was thinking of. Now, said I, he must know, or at least reckon, what I am at—*running away*.

However, I blushed as little as possible, and made strange of the fellow who had lately run away, as though I knew nothing of it. The old fellow looked at me, as it seemed to me, as though he would read my thoughts. I wondered what in the world *slaves could run away for*, especially if they had such a chance as I had had for the last few years. He said, "I suppose you would not run away on any account, you are so well treated." "O," said I, "I do very well; very well, sir. If you should ever hear that I had run away, be certain it must be because there is some great change in my treatment."

He then began to talk with me about the seed in my *bag*, and said that he should want to buy some. Then, I thought, he means to get at the truth by looking in my *seed bag*, where, sure enough, he would not find *grass seed*, but the seeds of Liberty. However, he dodged off soon, and left me alone. And although I have heard

my, poor company is better than none, I felt much better without him than with him.

When I had gone on about twenty-five miles, I went down into a deep valley by the side of the road, and changed my clothes. I reached Lexington about seven o'clock that evening, and put up with brother Cyrus. As I had often been to Lexington before, and stopped with him, it excited no attention from the slave-holding gentry. Moreover, I had a pass from the administrator, of whom I had hired my time. I remained over the Sabbath with Cyrus, and we talked over a great many plans for future operations, if my efforts to escape should be successful. Indeed, we talked over all sorts of ways for me to proceed. But both of us were very ignorant of the roads, and of the best way to escape suspicion. And I sometimes wonder that a slave, so ignorant, so timid as he is, ever makes the attempt to get his freedom. "*Without are foes, within are fears.*"

Monday morning, bright and early, I set my face in good earnest toward the Ohio River, determined to see and tread the north bank of it, or die in the attempt. I said to myself, One of two things,—FREEDOM OR DEATH! The first night I reached Mayslick, fifty odd miles from Lexington. Just before reaching this village, I stopped to think over my situation, and determine how I would pass the night. On that night hung all my hopes. I was within twenty miles of Ohio. My horse was unable to reach the river that night. And besides, to travel and attempt to cross the river in the night, would excite suspicion. I must spend the night there. But how? At one time, I thought, I will take my pony out into the field and give him some corn, and sleep myself on the grass. But then the dogs will be out in the evening, and if caught under such circumstances, they will take me for a thief if not for a runaway. That will not do. So, after weighing the matter all over, I made a plunge right into the heart of the village, and put up at the tavern.

After seeing my pony disposed of, I looked into the bar-room, and saw some persons that I thought were

from my part of the country, and would know me. I shrunk back with horror. What to do I did not know. I looked across the street, and saw the shop of a silversmith. A thought of a pair of spectacles, to hide my face, struck me. I went across the way, and began to barter for a pair of double-eyed green spectacles. When I got them on, they blind-folded me, if they did not others. Every thing seemed right up in my eyes. Some people buy spectacles to see out of; I bought mine to keep from being seen. I hobbled back to the tavern, and called for supper. This I did to avoid notice, for I felt like any thing but eating. At tea, I had not learned to measure distances with my new eyes, and the first pass I made with my knife and fork at my plate went right into my lap. This confused me still more, and, after drinking one cup of tea, I left the table, and got off to bed as soon as possible. But not a wink of sleep that night. All was confusion, dreams, anxiety, and trembling.

As soon as day dawned, I called for my horse, paid my reckoning, and was on my way, rejoicing that that night was gone, say how. I made all diligence on my way, and was across the Ohio, and in Aberdeen by noon, that day!

What my feelings were, when I reached the free shore, can be better imagined than described. I trembled all over with deep emotion, and I could feel my hair rise upon my head. I was on what was called a *free soil*, among a people who had no slaves. I saw white men at work, and no slave smarting beneath the lash. Every thing was indeed new and wonderful. Not knowing where to find a friend, and being ignorant of the country—unwilling to inquire, lest I should betray my ignorance, it was a whole week before I reached Cincinnati. At one place, where I put up, I had a great many more questions put to me than I wished to answer. At another place, I was very much annoyed by the officiousness of the landlord, who made it a point to supply every guest with newspapers. I took the copy handed me,