

BROWN WILLIAM WELLS

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF
THE LIFE AND ESCAPE OF
WM. WELLS BROWN
FROM AMERICAN SLAVERY

William Brown

**Illustrated Edition of the Life
and Escape of Wm. Wells
Brown from American Slavery**

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Brown W.

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Illustrated Edition of the Life and Escape of Wm. Wells Brown from American Slavery Written by Himself

TESTIMONIALS. TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM AND EMANCIPATION IN EUROPE

Boston, July 17, 1849.

In consequence of the departure for England of their esteemed friend and faithful co-labourer in the cause of the American slave, William W. Brown, the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society would commend him to the confidence, respect, esteem, and hospitality of the friends of emancipation wherever he may travel: —

1. Because he is a fugitive slave from the American, house of bondage, and on the soil which gave him birth can find no spot on which he can stand in safety from his pursuers; protected by law.

2. Because he is a man, and not a chattel; and while as the latter he may at any time be sold at public vendue under the American star-spangled banner, we rejoice to know that he will be recognised and protected as the former under the flag of England.

3. Because, for several years past, he has nobly consecrated his time and talents, at great personal hazard, and under the most adverse circumstances, to the uncompromising advocacy of the cause of his enslaved countrymen.

4. Because he visits England for the purpose of increasing, consolidating and directing British humanity and piety against that horrible system of Slavery in America, by which three millions of human beings, by creation the children of God, are ranked with fourfooted beasts, and treated as marketable commodities.

5. Because he has long been in their employment as a lecturing agent in Massachusetts, and has laboured to great acceptance and with great success; and from the acquaintance thus formed, they are enabled to certify that he has invariably conducted himself with great circumspection, and won for himself the sympathy, respect, and friendship, of a very large circle of acquaintance.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON

ROBERT F. WALLCUT

SAMUEL MAY, JUN

Boston, July 18, 1849.

My dear friend,

To-day you leave the land of your nativity, in which you have been reared and treated as a slave – a chattel personal – a marketable commodity – though it claims to be a republican and Christian land, the freest of the free, the most pious of the pious – for the shores of Europe; on touching which, your shackles will instantly fall, your limbs expand, your spirit exult in absolute personal freedom, as a man, and nothing less than a man. Since your escape from bondage, a few years since, you have nobly devoted yourself to the cause of the three millions of our countrymen who are yet clanking their chains in hopeless bondage – pleading their cause eloquently and effectively, by day and by night, in season and out of season, before the people of the Free States (falsely so called) of America, at much personal hazard of being seized and hurried back to slavery. Not to forsake that cause, but still more powerfully to aid it, by enlisting the sympathies, and consolidating the feelings and opinions of the friends of freedom and universal emancipation in the old world in its favour and against the atrocious slave system, do you bid farewell to the land of whips and chains to-day. God – the God of the oppressed, the poor, the needy, the defenceless – be with you, to guide, strengthen, aid, and bless you abundantly! Three millions of slaves are your constituents, and you are their legitimate and faithful representative. With a mother, sister, and three brothers, yet pining in hopeless servitude, with the marks of the slavedriver’s lash upon your body, you cannot but “remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.” Speak in trumpet tones to Europe, and call upon the friends of “liberty, equality, and fraternity” there, to cry, “Shame upon recreant and apostate America, which flourishes the Declaration of Independence in one hand, and the whip of the negro overseer in the other!” Challenge all that is free, all that is humane, all that is pious, across the Atlantic, to raise a united testimony against American slaveholders and their abettors, as the enemies of God and the human race! So shall that cry and that testimony cause the knees of the oppressor to smite together, the Bastille of slavery to tremble to its foundation, and the hearts of the American Abolitionists to be filled with joy and inspired afresh! Tell Europe that our watchword is, “Immediate – unconditional emancipation for the slave,” and the motto we have placed on our anti-slavery banner is, “No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!”

You have secured the respect, confidence, and esteem of thousands of the best portion of the American people; and may you continue faithful to the end, neither corrupted by praise, nor cast down by opposition, nor intimidated by any earthly power!

Accept the assurances of my warm personal regard, and believe me to be,

Your faithful co-labourer and unwearied advocate of the best of causes,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON,

President of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

WM. W. BROWN

At a large and influential meeting of the coloured citizens of Boston, U.S., held in the Washington Hall, on Monday evening, 16th of July, 1849, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: – That, in taking a farewell of our brother, Wm. Wells Brown, we bid him God speed in his mission to Europe, and we cordially commend him to the hospitality of the friends of humanity.

From the Annual Report of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, adopted at their meeting held in Boston, U.S., on the 26th of January, 1851: – “We have again to express our acknowledgment to the untiring anti-slavery men and women of Great Britain for their continued sympathy, encouragement, and assistance, which we have been happy to acknowledge in former years. The kindness with which Wm. Wells Brown was received on his first arrival seems to have met with no diminution. We notice, with pleasure, meetings held for him, and attended by him, in various parts of

the United Kingdom, which appear to have had an excellent effect in arousing and keeping alive the anti-slavery sentiments of the British people; of these sentiments we have received substantial results in the contributions which enrich the Annual Bazaar.”

FRANCIS JACKSON, President

EDMUND QUINCY, Secretary

JOHN T. HILTON, Chairman

J. H. SNOWDON

WM. T. RAYMOND

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH ENGLISH EDITION

The present Narrative was first published in Boston (U.S.), in July, 1847, and eight thousand copies were sold in less than eighteen months from the time of its publication. This rapid sale may be attributed to the circumstance, that for three years preceding its publication, I had been employed as a lecturing agent by the American Antislavery Society; and I was thus very generally known throughout the Free States of the Great Republic as one who had spent the first twenty years of his life as a slave, in her southern house of bondage.

In visiting Great Britain I had two objects in view. Firstly, to attend the Peace Convention held in Paris, in August, 1849, to which I had been delegated by the American Peace Committee for a Congress of Nations. Many of the most distinguished American Abolitionists considered it a triumphant evidence of the progress of their principles, that one of the oppressed coloured race – one who is even now, by the constitution of the United States, a slave – should have been selected for this honourable office, and were therefore very desirous that I should attend. Secondly, I wished to lay before the people of Great Britain and Ireland the wrongs that are still committed upon the slaves and the free coloured people of America. The rapid increase of communication between the two sides of the Atlantic has brought them so close together that the personal intercourse between the British people and American slaveowners is now very great; and the slaveholder, crafty and politic, as deliberate tyrants generally are, rarely leaves the shores of Europe without attempting at least to assuage the prevalent hostility against his beloved “peculiar institution.” The influence of the Southern States of America is mainly directed to the maintenance and propagation of the system of slavery in their own and in other countries. In the pursuit of this object, every consideration of religion, liberty, national strength, and social order is made to give way; and hitherto they have been very successful. The actual number of the slaveholders is small; but their union is complete, so that they form a dominant oligarchy in the United States. It is my desire, in common with every Abolitionist, to diminish their influence; and this can only be effected by the promulgation of truth and the cultivation of a correct public sentiment at home and abroad. Slavery cannot be let alone. It is aggressive, and must be either succumbed to or put down.

In putting forth the eighth edition of this little book, I cannot but express a surprise that a work written hastily, and that too by one who never had a day’s schooling, should have met with so extensive a sale.

In committing my narrative once more to the public, I cannot do so without returning my heartfelt thanks to the gentlemen connected with the English press, for the very kind manner in which they have noticed it, and thereby aided in getting it before the public.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN

22, Cecil Street, Strand. May, 1851.

NARRATIVE

CHAPTER I

I was born in Lexington, Kentucky, one of the Western slave states. My mother was the slave of Dr. John Young: my father was a slaveholder and a relative of my master. Dr. Young was the owner of from forty to fifty slaves, most of whom were field hands. I have no recollection of Kentucky, as my master removed from that state, during my infancy, to a large plantation, which he had purchased, near the town of St. Charles.

My master, being a politician, soon found those who were ready to put him into office, for the favors he could render them; and a few years after his arrival in Missouri he was elected to a seat in the legislature. In his absence from home everything was left in charge of Mr. Cook, the overseer, and he soon became more tyrannical and cruel. Among the slaves on the plantation was one by the name of Randall. He was a man about six feet high, and well-proportioned, and known as a man of great strength and power. He was considered the most valuable and able-bodied slave on the plantation; but no matter how good or useful a slave may be, he seldom escapes the lash. But it was not so with Randall. He had been on the plantation since my earliest recollection, and I had never known of his being flogged.. No thanks were due to the master or overseer for this. I have often heard him declare that no white man should ever whip him – that he would die first.

Cook, from the time that he came upon the plantation, had frequently declared that he could and would flog any nigger that was put into the field to work under him. My master had repeatedly told him not to attempt to whip Randall, but he was determined to try it. As soon as he was left sole dictator, he thought the time had come to put his threats into execution. He soon began to find fault with Randall, and threatened to whip him if he did not do better. One day he gave him a very hard task – more than he could possibly do; and at night, the task not being performed, he told Randall that he should remember him the next morning. On the following morning, after the hands had taken breakfast, Cook called out to Randall, and told him that he intended to whip him, and ordered him to cross his hands and be tied. Randall asked why he wished to whip him. He answered, because he had not finished his task the day before. Randall said that the task was too great, or he should have done it. Cook said it made no difference – he should whip him. Randall stood silent for a moment, and then said, “Mr. Cook, I have always tried to please you since you have been on the plantation, and I find you are determined not to be satisfied with my work, let me do as well as I may. No man has laid hands on me, to whip me, for the last ten years, and I have long since come to the conclusion not to be whipped by any man living.” Cook, finding by Randall’s determined look and gestures, that he would resist, called three of the hands from their work, and commanded them to seize Randall, and tie him. The hands stood still; – they knew Randall – and they also knew him to be a powerful man, and were afraid to grapple with him. As soon as Cook had ordered the men to seize him, Randall turned to them, and said – “Boys, you all know me; you know that I can handle any three of you, and the man that lays hands on me shall die. This white man can’t whip me himself, and therefore he has called you to help him.” The overseer was unable to prevail upon them to seize and secure Randall, and finally ordered them all to go to their work together.

Nothing was said to Randall by the overseer for more than a week. One morning, however, while the hands were at work in the field, he came into it, accompanied by three friends of his, Thompson, Woodbridge and Jones. They came up to where Randall was at work, and Cook ordered him to leave his work, and go with them to the barn. He refused to go; whereupon he was attacked by the overseer and his companions, when he turned upon them, and laid them, one after another, prostrate on the ground. Woodbridge drew out his pistol, and fired at him, and brought him to the

ground by a pistol ball. The others rushed upon him with their clubs, and beat him over the head and face, until they succeeded in tying him. He was then taken to the barn, and tied to a beam. Cook gave him over one hundred lashes with a heavy cowhide, had him washed with salt and water, and left him tied during the day. The next day he was untied, and taken to a blacksmith's shop, and had a ball and chain attached to his leg. He was compelled to labor in the field, and perform the same amount of work that the other hands did. When his master returned home, he was much pleased to find that Randall had been subdued in his absence.

CHAPTER II

Soon afterwards, my master removed to the city of St. Louis, and purchased a farm four miles from there, which he placed under the charge of an overseer by the name of Friend Haskell. He was a regular Yankee from New England. The Yankees are noted for making the most cruel overseers.

My mother was hired out in the city, and I was also hired out there to Major Freeland, who kept a public house. He was formerly from Virginia, and was a horse-racer, cock-fighter, gambler, and withal an inveterate drunkard. There were ten or twelve servants in the house, and when he was present, it was cut and slash – knock down and drag out. In his fits of anger, he would take up a chair, and throw it at a servant; and in his more rational moments, when he wished to chastise one, he would tie them up in the smoke-house, and whip them; after which, he would cause a fire to be made of tobacco stems, and smoke them. This he called “Virginia play.”

I complained to my master of the treatment which I received from Major Freeland; but it made no difference. He cared nothing about it, so long as he received the money for my labor. After living with Major Freeland five or six months, I ran away, and went into the woods back of the city; and when night came on, I made my way to my master’s farm, but was afraid to be seen, knowing that if Mr. Haskell, the overseer, should discover me, I should be again carried back to Major Freeland; so I kept in the woods. One day while in the woods, I heard the barking and howling of dogs, and in a short time they came so near that I knew them to be the bloodhounds of Major Benjamin O’Fallon. He kept five or six, to hunt runaway slaves with.

As soon as I was convinced that it was them, I knew there was no chance of escape. I took refuge in the top of a tree, and the hounds were soon at its base, and there remained until the hunters came up in a half or three quarters of an hour afterwards.

There were two men with the dogs, who, as soon as they came up, ordered me to descend. I came down, was tied, and taken to St. Louis jail. Major Freeland soon made his appearance, and took me out, and ordered me to follow him, which I did. After we returned home, I was tied up in the smoke-house, and was very severely whipped. After the major had flogged me to his satisfaction, he sent out his son Robert, a young man eighteen or twenty years of age, to see that I was well smoked. He made a fire of tobacco stems, which soon set me to coughing and sneezing. This, Robert told me, was the way his father used to do to his slaves in Virginia. After giving me what they conceived to be a decent smoking, I was untied and again set to work.

Robert Freeland was a “chip of the old block.” Though quite young, it was not unfrequently that he came home in a state of intoxication. He is now, I believe, a popular commander of a steamboat on the Mississippi river. Major Freeland soon after failed in business, and I was put on board the steamboat Missouri, which plied between St. Louis and Galena. The commander of the boat was William B. Culver. I remained on her during the sailing season, which was the most pleasant time for me that I had ever experienced. At the close of navigation I was hired to Mr. John Colburn, keeper of the Missouri Hotel. He was from one of the free states; but a more inveterate hater of the negro I do not believe ever walked God’s green earth. This hotel was at that time one of the largest in the city, and there were employed in it twenty or thirty servants, mostly slaves.

Mr. Colburn was very abusive, not only to the servants, but to his wife also, who was an excellent woman, and one from whom I never knew a servant to receive a harsh word; but never did I know a kind one to a servant from her husband. Among the slaves employed in the hotel was one by the name of Aaron, who belonged to Mr. John F. Darby, a lawyer. Aaron was the knife-cleaner. One day, one of the knives was put on the table, not as clean as it might have been. Mr. Colburn, for this offence, tied Aaron up in the wood-house, and gave him over fifty lashes on the bare back with a cow-hide, after which, he made me wash him down with rum. This seemed to put him into more agony than the whipping. After being untied he went home to his master, and complained of the treatment which he

had received. Mr. Darby would give no heed to anything he had to say, but sent him directly back. Colburn, learning that he had been to his master with complaints, tied him up again, and gave him a more severe whipping than before. The poor fellow's back was literally cut to pieces; so much so, that he was not able to work for ten or twelve days.

There was, also, among the servants, a girl whose master resided in the country. Her name, was Patsey. Mr. Colburn tied her up one evening, and whipped her until several of the boarders came out and begged him to desist. The reason for whipping her was this. She was engaged to be married to a man belonging to Major William Christy, who resided four or five miles north of the city. Mr. Colburn had forbid her to see John Christy. The reason of this was said to be the regard which he himself had for Patsey. She went to meeting that evening, and John returned home with her. Mr. Colburn had intended to flog John, if he came within the inclosure; but John knew too well the temper of his rival, and kept at a safe distance: – so he took vengeance on the poor girl. If all the slave-drivers had been called together, I do not think a more cruel man than John Colburn – and he too a northern man – could have been found among them.

While living at the Missouri hotel, a circumstance occurred which caused me great unhappiness. My master sold my mother, and all her children, except myself. They were sold to different persons in the city of St. Louis.

I turned to my bed, and found no consolation but in my tears. Experience has taught me that nothing can be more heart-rending than for one to see a dear and beloved mother or sister tortured, and to hear their cries, and not be able to render them assistance. But such is the position which an American slave occupies.

CHAPTER III

I was soon after taken from Mr. Colburn's, and hired to Elijah P. Lovejoy, who was at that time publisher and editor of the "St. Louis Times." My work, while with him, was mainly in the printing office, waiting on the hands, working the press, &c. Mr. Lovejoy was a very good man, and decidedly the best master that I had ever had. I am chiefly indebted to him, and to my employment in the printing office, for what little learning I obtained while in slavery.

Though slavery is thought, by some, to be mild in Missouri, when compared with the cotton, sugar and rice growing states, yet no part of our slaveholding country is more noted for the barbarity of its inhabitants than St. Louis. It was here that Col. Harney, a United States officer, whipped a slave woman to death. It was here that Francis McIntosh, a free colored man from Pittsburg, was taken from the steamboat *Flora* and burned at the stake. During a residence of eight years in this city, numerous cases of extreme cruelty came under my own observation; – to record them all would occupy more space than could possibly be allowed in this little volume. I shall, therefore, give but a few more in addition to what I have already related.

Capt. J. B. Brant, who resided near my master, had a slave named John. He was his body servant, carriage driver, &c. On one occasion, while driving his master through the city – the streets being very muddy, and the horses going at a rapid rate – some mud spattered upon a gentleman by the name of Robert More. More was determined to be revenged. Some three or four months after this occurrence, he purchased John, for the express purpose, as he said, "to tame the d – d nigger."

After the purchase he took him to a blacksmith's shop, and had a ball and chain fastened to his leg, and then put him to driving a yoke of oxen, and kept him at hard labor, until the iron around his leg was so worn into the flesh, that it was thought mortification would ensue. In addition to this, John told me that his master whipped him regularly three times a week for the first two months: – and all this to "*tame him*" more noblelooking man than he was not to be found in all St. Louis, before he fell into the hands of More; and a more degraded and spirit-crushed looking being was never seen on a southern plantation, after he had been subjected to this "*taming*" process for three months. The last time that I saw him, he had nearly lost the entire use of his limbs.

While living with Mr. Lovejoy, I was often sent on errands to the office of the "Missouri Republican," published by Mr. Edward Charless. Once, while returning to the office with type, I was attacked by several large boys, sons of slave-holders, who pelted me with snow-balls. Having the heavy form of type in my hands, I could not make my escape by running; so I laid down the type and gave them battle. They gathered around me, pelting me with stones and sticks, until they overpowered me, and would have captured me, if I had not resorted to my heels. Upon my retreat they took possession of the type; and what to do to regain it I could not devise. Knowing Mr. Lovejoy to be a very humane man, I went to the office and laid the case before him. He told me to remain in the office. He took one of the apprentices with him and went after the type, and soon returned with it; but on his return informed me that Samuel McKinney had told him he would whip me, because I had hurt his boy. Soon after, McKinney was seen making his way to the office by one of the printers, who informed me of the fact, and I made my escape through the back door.

McKinney not being able to find me on his arrival, left the office in a great rage, swearing that he would whip me to death. A few days after, as I was walking along Main street, he seized me by the collar, and struck me over the head five or six times with a large cane, which caused the blood to gush from my nose and ears in such a manner that my clothes were completely saturated with blood. After beating me to his satisfaction he let me go, and I returned to the office so weak from the loss of blood that Mr. Lovejoy sent me home to my master. It was five weeks before I was able to walk again. During this time it was necessary to have some one to supply my place at the office, and I lost the situation.

After my recovery, I was hired to Capt. Otis Reynolds, as a waiter on board the steamboat *Enterprise*, owned by Messrs. John and Edward Walsh, commission merchants at St. Louis. This boat was then running on the upper Mississippi.

My employment on board was to wait on gentlemen, and the captain being a good man, the situation was a pleasant one to me; – but in passing from place to place, and seeing new faces every day, and knowing that they could go where they pleased, I soon became unhappy, and several times thought of leaving the boat at some landing-place, and trying to make my escape to Canada, which I had heard much about as a place where the slave might live, be free, and be protected.

But whenever such thoughts would come into my mind, my resolution would soon be shaken by the remembrance that my dear mother was a slave in St. Louis, and I could not bear the idea of leaving her in that condition. She had often taken me upon her knee, and told me how she had carried me upon her back to the field when I was an infant – how often she had been whipped for leaving her work to nurse me – and how happy I would appear when she would take me into her arms. When these thoughts came over me, I would resolve never to leave the land of slavery without my mother. I thought that to leave her in slavery, after she had undergone and suffered so much for me, would be proving recreant to the duty which I owed to her. Besides this, I had three brothers and a sister there – two of my brothers having died.

My mother, my brothers Joseph and Millford, and my sister Elizabeth, belonged to Mr. Isaac Mansfield, formerly from one of the free states, (Massachusetts, I believe.) He was a tinner by trade, and carried on a large manufacturing establishment. Of all my relatives, mother was first, and sister next. One evening, while visiting them, I made some allusion to a proposed journey to Canada, and sister took her seat by my side, and taking my hand in hers, said, with tears in her eyes —

“Brother, you are not going to leave mother and your dear sister here without a friend, are you?”

I looked into her face, as the tears coursed swiftly down her cheeks, and bursting into tears myself, said —

“No, I will never desert you and mother!”

She clasped my hand in hers, and said —

“Brother, you have often declared that you would not end your days in slavery. I see no possible way in which you can escape with us; and now, brother, you are on a steamboat where there is some chance for you to escape to a land of liberty. I beseech you not to let us hinder you. If we cannot get our liberty, we do not wish to be the means of keeping you from a land of freedom.”

I could restrain my feelings no longer, and an outburst of my own feelings caused her to cease speaking upon that subject. In opposition to their wishes, I pledged myself not to leave them in the hand of the oppressor. I took leave of them, and returned to the boat, and laid down in my bunk; but “sleep departed from mine eyes, and slumber from mine eyelids.”

A few weeks after, on our downward passage, the boat took on board, at Hannibal, a drove of slaves, bound for the New Orleans market. They numbered from fifty to sixty, consisting of men and women from eighteen to forty years of age. A drove of slaves on a southern steamboat, bound for the cotton or sugar regions, is an occurrence so common, that no one, not even the passengers, appear to notice it, though they clank their chains at every step. There was, however, one in this gang that attracted the attention of the passengers and crew. It was a beautiful girl, apparently about twenty years of age, perfectly white, with straight light hair and blue eyes. But it was not the whiteness of her skin that created such a sensation among those who gazed upon her – it was her almost unparalleled beauty. She had been on the boat but a short time before the attention of all the passengers, including the ladies, had been called to her, and the common topic of conversation was about the beautiful slave-girl. She was not in chains. The man who claimed this article of human merchandise was a Mr. Walker – a well known slave-trader, residing in St. Louis. There was a general anxiety among the passengers and crew to learn the history of the girl. Her master kept close by her side, and it would have been considered impudent for any of the passengers to have spoken to her, and the crew were

not allowed to have any conversation with them. When we reached St. Louis, the slaves were removed to a boat bound for New Orleans, and the history of the beautiful slave-girl remained a mystery.

I remained on the boat during the season, and it was not an unfrequent occurrence to have on board gangs of slaves on their way to the cotton, sugar and rice plantations of the south.

Toward the latter part of the summer Captain Reynolds left the boat, and I was sent home. I was then placed on the farm, under Mr. Haskell, the overseer. As I had been some time out of the field, and not accustomed to work in the burning sun, it was very hard; but I was compelled to keep up with the best of the hands.

I found a great difference between the work in a steamboat cabin and that in a corn-field.

My master, who was then living in the city, soon after removed to the farm, when I was taken out of the field to work in the house as a waiter. Though his wife was very peevish, and hard to please, I much preferred to be under her control than the overseer's. They brought with them Mr. Sloane, a Presbyterian minister; Miss Martha Tulley, a niece of theirs from Kentucky; and their nephew William. The latter had been in the family a number of years, but the others were all newcomers.

Mr. Sloane was a young minister, who had been at the South but a short time, and it seemed as if his whole aim was to please the slaveholders, especially my master and mistress. He was intending to make a visit during the winter, and he not only tried to please them, but I think he succeeded admirably. When they wanted singing, he sung; when they wanted praying, he prayed; when they wanted a story told, he told a story. Instead of his teaching my master theology, my master taught theology to him. While I was with Captain Reynolds my master "got religion," and new laws were made on the plantation. Formerly we had the privilege of hunting, fishing, making splint brooms, baskets, &c., on Sunday; but this was all stopped. Every Sunday we were all compelled to attend meeting. Master was so religious that he induced some others to join him in hiring a preacher to preach to the slaves.

CHAPTER IV

My master had family worship, night and morning. At night the slaves were called in to attend; but in the mornings they had to be at their work, and master did all the praying. My master and mistress were great lovers of mint julep, and every morning, a pitcher-full was made, of which they all partook freely, not excepting little master William. After drinking freely all round, they would have family worship, and then breakfast. I cannot say but I loved the julep as well as any of them, and during prayer was always careful to seat myself close to the table where it stood, so as to help myself when they were all busily engaged in their devotions. By the time prayer was over, I was about as happy as any of them. A sad accident happened one morning. In helping myself, and at the same time keeping an eye on my old mistress, I accidentally let the pitcher fall upon the floor, breaking it in pieces, and spilling the contents. This was a bad affair for me; for as soon as prayer was over, I was taken and severely chastised.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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