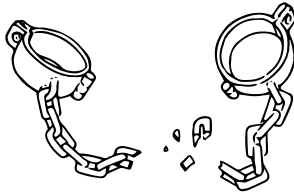


NARRATIVE OF  
THE LIFE OF  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS  
AN AMERICAN SLAVE

*Frederick Douglass*

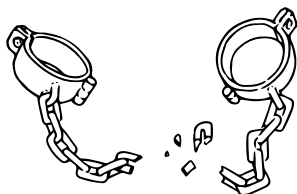




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## INTRODUCTION

There's an interesting moment in 2 Kings 18:4 that can easily pass you by. It says, “[King Hezekiah] removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brasen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan” (KJV). The serpent in the text refers to the incident in the book of Numbers when the Israelites are attacked by poisonous snakes as a judgment from God for their repeated unfaithfulness. God directs Moses to fashion a serpent from bronze and hoist it up above the camp. Any Israelites who looked toward the bronze serpent would be saved. Though the serpent became an idol several hundred years later, it is striking that we find God's people keeping for many, many years something that would have reminded them of their failures.

In a day when most anything can be rendered disposable, Americans are not accustomed to keeping things that remind them of times of darkness, sadness, or failure. We do not keep the nameplate from the job where we were fired. We do not keep the bad report card or the paper that got an F. It is common for divorced couples to “purge” their homes of things that remind them of their former husband or wife. Nationally, we do not build monuments to commemorate our nation's greatest failures. There is no Richard Nixon

Memorial in Washington, nor is there a pillar to commemorate the Great Depression erected anywhere near Wall Street, though one can't help wondering if things might have played out differently in 2008 if there were. In America we forget the bad and try to remember the positive. We are the consummate optimists.

This idea of a negative memorial, something we keep that serves as a warning to us of the dire consequences of falling into sin, is perhaps a useful starting place for considering Frederick Douglass's remarkable *Narrative*. If we are to understand both the good and the bad in America, there may be no better text to begin with than with this book.

### **The World Around**

Douglass was born sometime in February of 1818 in Maryland. At the time Maryland was a slave state, but its northern border was part of the old Mason-Dixon line that divided free states from slave states. Often this meant that slavery in Maryland was not as brutal as slavery in states further south, such as Alabama or Mississippi. These things are relative, of course, because slavery in Maryland was still exceedingly brutal.

In terms of the broader historical moment, at the time of his birth James Monroe was in the White House. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison were still living and Abraham Lincoln was a nine-year-old boy living in Illinois. Many of the most difficult legal battles regarding slavery were still yet to come. The nation was still in its infancy at this point, and there were a number of questions that, at Douglass's birth, were still unanswered—such as the legal status of an escaped slave living in the North or even the basic ability of non-white people to own property. These questions would be legally resolved during Douglass's early life.

her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash. (47-48)\*

Douglass's unflinching portrayal of American slavery is horrifying, but the horror is precisely the point: We should never forget exactly *how* bad and ugly and terrifying this institution was, nor should we forget how willing Americans were to tolerate this institution. Indeed, as we consider that last point we should become even more discomfited.

### Worldview Analysis

One point Douglass returns to over and over in his narrative is the religiosity of many slaveholders. Douglass's master, who was renowned for his religiosity, could quote Scripture while he beat his crippled slave and could do so not only without remorse, but firm in his belief that he was actually doing what the Scriptures taught. How are we to make sense of this?

The first extended discussion of Southern religion in Douglass's work comes early in the book as he discusses the effect that his master's conversion experience had on his treatment of his slaves. Simply put, his master was more brutal after his religious experience—which I am reluctant to call a conversion—than he was before. Douglass had his theory as to why this was: “Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slave-holding cruelty” (46).

Put another way, Douglass believed his master was aware of the evil of his behavior prior to his conversion, but his depravity insulated him from the full judgment of his own conscience. After his conversion, however, he acquired a religious justification for his slavery that

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\* All page numbers taken from the Canon Classics edition (2016).

emboldened him because it caused him to believe that he was acting righteously in his treatment of his slaves.

Douglass's description of Mr. Covey is similar: His neighbors all believed him to be "a pious soul" and he himself professed Christian faith and taught Sunday School at his local Methodist church. Yet this did nothing to alter Covey's treatment of his slaves. He forced them to work in all weather and was particularly known for hiding out near the fields where the slaves worked so that he could then unexpectedly spring out of the bushes to beat any slaves failing to work hard enough.

So how did Douglass make sense of this religion he saw in the antebellum South? He addresses the question directly at the end of the *Narrative*. The answer will be familiar to readers of the Gospels: He says that the religion of the slaveholders is not true religion, but is rather the religion of the Pharisees, of those people who tithe from their spice racks while failing to attend to the most basic demands of religious life. Douglass's summary of this religion is withering, but no more severe than the words of Christ to the Pharisees or those of the prophets to Israel:

I am filled with unutterable loathing when I contemplate the religious pomp and show, together with the horrible inconsistencies, which every where surround me. We have men-stealers for ministers, women-whippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for church members. The man who wields the blood-clotted cousin [a whip] during the week fills the pulpit on Sunday, and claims to be a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. The man who robs me of my earnings at the end of each week meets me as a class-leader on Sunday morning, to show me the way of life, and the path of salvation. He who sells my sister, for purposes of prostitution, stands forth as the pious advocate of purity. He who proclaims it a religious duty to read the Bible denies me the right of learning to read the name of the God who made me. He who is the religious advocate of marriage robs whole millions of its



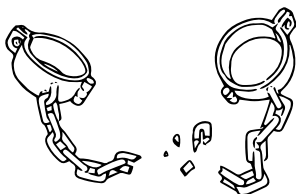
sacred influence, and leaves them to the ravages of wholesale pollution. The warm defender of the sacredness of the family relation is the same that scatters whole families,—sundering husbands and wives, parents and children, sisters and brothers,—leaving the hut vacant, and the hearth desolate. (97-98)

There are two things worth noting in this devastating denunciation of Southern religion. First, it is worth noting how *biblical* this language actually is. Throughout the Old Testament prophets we find writers inspired by God saying many of the same things to God's people, noting how their attendance to the external rituals of religion means nothing when it is divorced from a transformed life. In Amos 5:21-23, God says to Israel, "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols." (The verse immediately following this denunciation of Israel, Amos 5:24, was famously quoted in Martin Luther King Jr's "I have a Dream" Speech.)

Jesus, of course, speaks in these terms throughout the Gospels. Jesus condemns the Pharisees with these words,

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye pay the tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. (Matt. 23:23-25)

Douglass is not making any of these criticisms as someone outside of the Church. Nowhere in the *Narrative* does Douglass repudiate Christianity itself. Rather, Douglass himself is a Christian and this is



## PREFACE

When Frederick Douglass was sent as a small boy from the Eastern Shore of Maryland to the city of Baltimore, he regarded it ever after as the gift of a sovereign and most kind providence. He had been born a slave in an agricultural county, where the slaves were driven hard, often with great cruelty, and he knew that if he had not been sent to the city he would have died in obscurity. Douglass was clearly a man with extraordinary gifts, a remarkable genius, but in the conditions under which he was born, such gifts would never have registered at all. To the extent his abilities ever became visible, they would have been a threat to his overseers, and to the extent they remained invisible, they (and he) would have been completely overlooked.

But one day, inexplicably, for no reason he could understand, he was sent to Baltimore to work as a house slave for part of his owner's extended family there.

“Going to live in Baltimore laid the foundation, and opened the gateway, to all my subsequent prosperity. I have ever regarded it as the first plain manifestation of that kind providence which has ever since attended me.”

And even though he was a small boy, it was this move that resulted in the birth of a sustained hope in him. “This good spirit was from God, and to him I offer thanksgiving and praise.”

When Douglass was around thirteen years old, he sought out spiritual counsel from a white Methodist minister named Hanson, who explained the gospel to him. "I cannot say that I had a very distinct notion of what was required of me, but one thing I did know well: I was wretched and had no means of making myself otherwise." Douglass also sought counsel from an old black man named Charles Lawson, who instructed him to cast all his care upon God. One result of him doing so was this: "I loved all mankind, slaveholders not excepted, though I abhorred slavery more than ever."

An extraordinary intervention of God's grace was evident in his life, and Douglass knew this to be the case. He gave all the glory to God. But God's instrument for quickening his love of liberty had come about by an odd means. For those of you who are reading this book as students, it would be good for you to reflect on how much we tend to take things like education for granted. Pay special attention to the hunger that Douglass developed for *letters*. He did not see education as a diverting activity—he came to see it as his passport out of slavery.

When Douglass got to Baltimore, his new mistress began to teach him to read, and succeeded in teaching him a few letters. But her husband reacted strongly to what she was doing and sternly forbade it. He told her that it was "unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read." Douglass had been learning the alphabet from his mistress, but he learned how important that was from his hostile master. Douglass records that his master told his wife, "If you teach that nigger (speaking of [Frederick]) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave." Douglass continued, "From that moment, I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom."

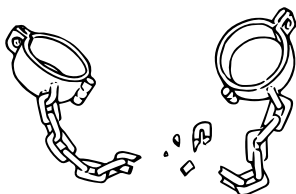
When he was sent on errands, he had various devices to get some of the white boys to teach him some more letters. Painstakingly, slowly, he taught himself to read. He knew that it was a key that would unlock many of the doors that held him prisoner.

After he had learned to read, whenever he was sent on an errand, he would sneak a book out with him, and would hurry to complete the errand, so he would have time to read a lesson before returning. He would also sneak bread out of the house to give to poor white boys, who in exchange would teach him—who “in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge.”

By any accounting, Frederick Douglass was a remarkable man. He overcame much adversity, and forgave much cruelty. But he also wrote down an account of how God was gracious to him, and in that account he left much that was valuable for us.

DOUGLAS WILSON

*February 2016*



## CHAPTER I

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

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

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

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

tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

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

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

Every year brings with it multitudes of this class of slaves. It was doubtless in consequence of a knowledge of this fact, that one great

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

I have had two masters. My first master's name was Anthony. I do not remember his first name. He was generally called Captain Anthony—a title which, I presume, he acquired by sailing a craft on the Chesapeake Bay. He was not considered a rich slaveholder. He owned two or three farms, and about thirty slaves. His farms and slaves were under the care of an overseer. The overseer's name was Plummer. Mr. Plummer was a miserable drunkard, a profane swearer, and a savage monster. He always went armed with a cowskin and a heavy cudgel. I have known him to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even master would be enraged at his cruelty, and would threaten to whip him if he did not mind himself. Master, however, was not a humane slaveholder. It required extraordinary barbarity on the part of an overseer to affect him. He was a cruel man, hardened by a long life of slaveholding. He would at times seem to take great pleasure in whipping a slave. I have often been awakened at the dawn of day by the most heart-rending shrieks of an own aunt of mine, whom he used to tie up to a joist, and whip upon her naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers, from his gory victim, seemed to move his iron heart from its bloody purpose. The louder she screamed, the harder he whipped; and where

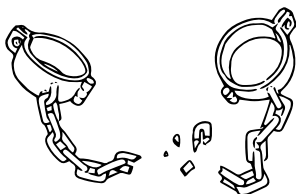


the blood ran fastest, there he whipped longest. He would whip her to make her scream, and whip her to make her hush; and not until overcome by fatigue, would he cease to swing the blood-clotted cowskin. I remember the first time I ever witnessed this horrible exhibition. I was quite a child, but I well remember it. I never shall forget it whilst I remember any thing. It was the first of a long series of such outrages, of which I was doomed to be a witness and a participant. It struck me with awful force. It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hell of slavery, through which I was about to pass. It was a most terrible spectacle. I wish I could commit to paper the feelings with which I beheld it.

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

Aunt Hester had not only disobeyed his orders in going out, but had been found in company with Lloyd's Ned; which circumstance, I found, from what he said while whipping her, was the chief offence. Had he been a man of pure morals himself, he might have been thought interested in protecting the innocence of my aunt; but those who knew him will not suspect him of any such virtue. Before he commenced whipping Aunt Hester, he took her into the kitchen, and stripped her from neck to waist, leaving her neck, shoulders, and back, entirely naked. He then told her to cross her hands, calling her at the

same time a d——d b—h. After crossing her hands, he tied them with a strong rope, and led her to a stool under a large hook in the joist, put in for the purpose. He made her get upon the stool, and tied her hands to the hook. She now stood fair for his infernal purpose. Her arms were stretched up at their full length, so that she stood upon the ends of her toes. He then said to her, "Now, you d——d b—h, I'll learn you how to disobey my orders!" and after rolling up his sleeves, he commenced to lay on the heavy cowskin, and soon the warm, red blood (amid heart-rending shrieks from her, and horrid oaths from him) came dripping to the floor. I was so terrified and horror-stricken at the sight, that I hid myself in a closet, and dared not venture out till long after the bloody transaction was over. I expected it would be my turn next. It was all new to me. I had never seen any thing like it before. I had always lived with my grandmother on the outskirts of the plantation, where she was put to raise the children of the younger women. I had therefore been, until now, out of the way of the bloody scenes that often occurred on the plantation.



## CHAPTER II

**M**y master's family consisted of two sons, Andrew and Richard; one daughter, Lucretia, and her husband, Captain Thomas Auld. They lived in one house, upon the home plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd. My master was Colonel Lloyd's clerk and superintendent. He was what might be called the overseer of the overseers. I spent two years of childhood on this plantation in my old master's family. It was here that I witnessed the bloody transaction recorded in the first chapter; and as I received my first impressions of slavery on this plantation, I will give some description of it, and of slavery as it there existed. The plantation is about twelve miles north of Easton, in Talbot County, and is situated on the border of Miles River. The principal products raised upon it were tobacco, corn, and wheat. These were raised in great abundance; so that, with the products of this and the other farms belonging to him, he was able to keep in almost constant employment a large sloop, in carrying them to market at Baltimore. This sloop was named Sally Lloyd, in honor of one of the colonel's daughters. My master's son-in-law, Captain Auld, was master of the vessel; she was otherwise manned by the colonel's own slaves. Their names were Peter, Isaac, Rich, and Jake. These were esteemed very highly by the other slaves, and looked upon as the privileged ones of the plantation; for it was no small affair, in the eyes of the slaves, to be allowed to see Baltimore.

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

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

There were no beds given the slaves, unless one coarse blanket be considered such, and none but the men and women had these. This,

however, is not considered a very great privation. They find less difficulty from the want of beds, than from the want of time to sleep; for when their day's work in the field is done, the most of them having their washing, mending, and cooking to do, and having few or none of the ordinary facilities for doing either of these, very many of their sleeping hours are consumed in preparing for the field the coming day; and when this is done, old and young, male and female, married and single, drop down side by side, on one common bed,—the cold, damp floor,—each covering himself or herself with their miserable blankets; and here they sleep till they are summoned to the field by the driver's horn. At the sound of this, all must rise, and be off to the field. There must be no halting; every one must be at his or her post; and woe betides them who hear not this morning summons to the field; for if they are not awakened by the sense of hearing, they are by the sense of feeling: no age nor sex finds any favor. Mr. Severe, the overseer, used to stand by the door of the quarter, armed with a large hickory stick and heavy cowskin, ready to whip any one who was so unfortunate as not to hear, or, from any other cause, was prevented from being ready to start for the field at the sound of the horn.

Mr. Severe was rightly named: he was a cruel man. I have seen him whip a woman, causing the blood to run half an hour at the time; and this, too, in the midst of her crying children, pleading for their mother's release. He seemed to take pleasure in manifesting his fiendish barbarity. Added to his cruelty, he was a profane swearer. It was enough to chill the blood and stiffen the hair of an ordinary man to hear him talk. Scarce a sentence escaped him but that was commenced or concluded by some horrid oath. The field was the place to witness his cruelty and profanity. His presence made it both the field of blood and of blasphemy. From the rising till the going down of the sun, he was cursing, raving, cutting, and slashing among the slaves of the field, in the most frightful manner. His career was short. He died very soon after I went to Colonel Lloyd's; and he died as he lived,

uttering, with his dying groans, bitter curses and horrid oaths. His death was regarded by the slaves as the result of a merciful providence.

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

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

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