
A decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns surrounds the central text.

A
COMPENDIUM OF SLAVERY,
AS IT EXISTS IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
BY
ARMSTRONG ARCHER.

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TESTIMONIALS.

THE originals of the following Testimonials, as well as others from parties equally well known, are in the possession of Armstrong Archer, who will be happy in showing them to any persons who may be interested in the details respecting the condition of the slave population in the United States, which, from personal knowledge, he is enabled to relate. He hopes, by the publication of this small work, to contribute something towards keeping alive that sympathy for his suffering brethren yet remaining in bonds, whose condition is rather aggravated than ameliorated by the noble and Christian conduct of England in emancipating the whole of her slave population.

CERTIFICATES OF HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

This is to certify that at the request of the Zion Baptist Church, in the city of New York, under the pastoral care of elder J. T. Raymond, on the thirtieth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, the bearer hereof, ARMSTRONG ARCHER, was by us regularly ordained, and set apart to the office of the gospel minister of the particular Baptist denomination; and we do hereby recommend him as a regular, sound, and faithful minister of the gospel, to the attention, fellowship, and Christian love of all the churches of our denomination in particular, to the notice and respect of all ministers and other Christians of every denomination, to the protection of all magistrates, and to the respectful acceptance of mankind in general; hoping that he will be kindly

received and blessed of God in his labours, wherever he, in his providence, may please to call him.

Given under our hands, this thirtieth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

D. DUNBAR.

Pastor of McDougal Street Church.

J. T. RAYMOND.

Pastor of Zion Church.

L. G. MARSH.

Pastor of the Ebenezer Church.

SAMUEL WHITE.

Pastor of Baptist Church, Staten Island.

W. GEO. MILLER.

Pastor of 2nd Baptist Church N. Y.

WM. PARKINSON.

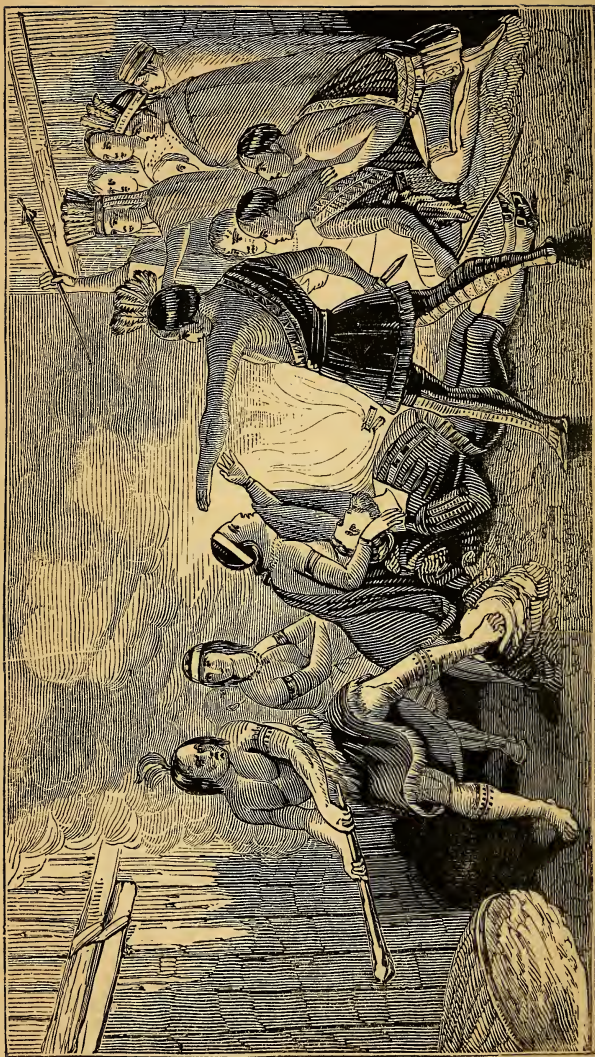
Pastor of the 1st Baptist Church in the City of New York.

New York City, April 30th, 1844.

In the midst of other pressing claims upon my time, I am called upon to certify, which I most cheerfully do, that the bearer, Mr. Armstrong Archer, is *well known* to me, and to this community, as a very pious and consistent Christian. This character he has well sustained for many years, in the church long under my pastoral care, and in the other churches of the Baptist denomination in this city. He goes to Great Britain on business, with the nature of which I have not been made acquainted; but my ministering brethren, and all others whom it may concern, may place the *utmost* confidence in whatever statements he may make. Much haste forbids me to add any more. May our dear African brother find favour in the eyes of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ.

DUNCAN DUNBAR.

Late pastor of the McDougal Street Baptist Church, New York,
now of the South Baptist Church, Boston.



POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

A

COMPENDIUM OF SLAVERY,

AS IT EXISTS IN THE PRESENT DAY

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A brief view of the Author's descent from an African king on one side, and from the celebrated Indian Chief Powhattan on the other; in which he refers to the principal transactions and negotiations between this noble chief and the English colony under the famous Captain Smith, on the coast of Virginia, in the year 1608, as well as to his still more illustrious daughter, the Princess Pocahontas, who excited so much interest in England.

BY ARMSTRONG ARCHER.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN dedicating the following pages to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, I trust that their sympathy with the oppressed and degraded Africans, in their present state of slavery throughout the southern regions of the United States of America, will overlook the imperfections of an humble education, as well as appreciate my motives for thus appearing so publicly before them. I must, however, avow that the intelligence and humanity of this enlightened nation have alone encouraged and induced me to offer this tribute of respect to so illustrious and magnanimous an empire.

With due regard and respect for all the true, candid, and fearless representations which have already been made by the abolitionists, both of the old and new world, respecting this monstrous and antichristian system of servitude, bondage, and kidnapping, I humbly beg leave to add a few of my own personal observations to the dark calendar of iniquities, which cast an indelible stain on the national character of this proud and free republic of the nineteenth century.

While I disclaim any pecuniary considerations on my own part, or any ungrateful prejudice against the land of my nativity, I feel myself fully justified by the principles of humanity and charity, in contributing my mite towards the exposure of so barbarous a traffic in human flesh and bones. This slavery, the abolishing of which is indispensable to the prosperity of the republic, and to the union of the Northern and Southern states, has of late years attracted not only the attention of the more civilized and powerful nations of Europe, but also the sober consideration and legislative pleading of some of the most eloquent and eminent statesmen in the Union, whose talents, respectability, and influence, have often been on the eve of demolishing this execrable

system, and destroying the horrid monster, whose deformity must be for ever branded on the foreheads of slaveholders.

The daily occurrences which presented themselves to my observation during a residence of twenty-five years in my native Virginia, the most bloodthirsty and slave breeding state in all the union, have indeed enabled me to become acquainted with slavery both in its greatest lenity and its most atrocious severity, though, on the present occasion, it is far from being my intention to enter into a detail of its various and innumerable forms. Suffice it to say here, that there never was a Nero, or an autocrat of Russia, or yet an emperor of Turkey, that could cope with the haughty and arrogant Virginians, or devise more excruciating tortures for the most hideous malefactor. Ever since I arrived at the years of discretion, I have cherished within my afflicted bosom a constant desire of publishing these abominations, which, must sooner or later, call down the vengeance of heaven on a proud but blind and stubborn nation. If, therefore, these my humble efforts can in any way tend to the discharge of my duty towards my suffering countrymen, I shall consider the undertaking the proudest act of my mortal career.

The advocates of freedom, liberty, and justice, who must for ever be the opponents of slavery, have within these three or four years, been greatly retarded in the sacred cause of abolition, by the American Colonization Society, which has enlisted on its side, almost an invincible force of talent, wealth, and influence. The Colonization scheme, indeed, is represented by these false friends of the slave as the most laudable and praiseworthy measure that can, consistently with the safety of the nation, be adopted for the redemption and happiness of the people of colour in general.

Restoring the kidnapped Africans, those ill-gotten goods and stolen chattels, to their native soil, is considered by the Society the only retribution which the blacks can receive at the hands of the whites. If these Africans, however, had of their own accord left their country to dwell on American shores, where perhaps they could not subsist, and were consequently necessitated to retrace their steps towards their native clime, the colonization advocates' plan might exhibit some plausibility in their designs, some reason in their arguments, and some logic instead of sophistry. But such is not the case with my oppressed countrymen in

America, who have been feloniously stolen, and most brutally dragged from their own firesides, from their fathers and mothers, from their brothers and sisters, and sometimes from the dearest of all, their beloved children, to cherish in the lap of luxury their mortal foes, the incarnate demons of the slaveholding states.

As far as the Colonization Society has as yet operated, very little good has been done; and the only benefits that can be derived from it are evidently conferred on the free people of colour, for it has no immediate control over slavery. Some thousands of coloured people emigrate yearly to settle on the coast of Africa, many of whom are glad enough to return, after having consumed to no purpose the small capital which they had brought with them. Be this, however, as it may, the poor slaves are still in bondage, and their sufferings are not yet removed by the clemency of the Colonization Society.

Missionaries are sent out to the African settlements, who, because they thus happen to procure for themselves and families a comfortable living, never fail to represent in the most glowing and captivating colours, the prosperity of the colony, greatly to the detriment and injury of the holy cause of abolition. I do not say, indeed, that all these pious and clerical gentlemen are guilty of the same misdemeanor; but such unfortunately is too often the case.

In place, therefore, of working for the abolition of slavery, and relieving the distressed slaves, the Colonization Society has, in my opinion, a contrary tendency; inasmuch as the minds of the American public are at the present moment resting on the belief that the emancipation of the slave is sufficiently guaranteed by the colonization scheme, which affects only those who are already free. It injures them likewise in a most serious manner, by enticing and inducing them to leave the country of their adoption, and dispose of considerable property, which they often accumulate in the United States, in order to conform very foolishly with the objects of the Colonization Society. Many of these duped creatures have I myself seen return from the scorching shores of Africa, pouring out freely their curses on their seducers.

A COMPENDIUM OF SLAVERY.

PRIOR to my observations on slavery, I have thought proper to commence with my father's narrative, and follow with a short history of the famous Powhattan, from whom I am lineally descended. In pursuing this course, my motives are merely, in the first place, to show the vile and impious stratagem to which the kidnappers had recourse in stealing a whole cargo of persons, the leading members of two powerful tribes, including their respective kings, from the coast of Africa, about the year 1784; and, in the next place, to establish my claims on the sympathy and patronage of Englishmen, by the memorable services which the illustrious Pocahontas rendered the first English colony that settled in Virginia.

Although I am well aware of the vanity of many people, in all ages and in all countries, who have spent both time and means in tracing through dark and remote ages, their origin from an illustrious ancestry, in order thereby to establish their noble descent from kings or princes, yet it cannot be denied, but every person should be, in some measure, acquainted with the history of his forefathers. The more we study the history of our own country and that of our progenitors, the better we shall know ourselves. Such knowledge is both honourable and useful. But as there are some who foolishly imagine, that their own personal character should, as a matter of course, be honoured and ennobled, through the deeds of heroes or the martial achievements of rapacious kings, while they themselves are utterly void of pre eminent and virtuous qualities, which leaves them without any real merit of their own, I hope I shall not for a moment be suspected of aiming at so vain a glory.

With regard to the history of my African forefathers, it cannot reasonably be expected that I can throw any ray of

light on a people so obscure on the pages of history, so hidden from the researches of the curious; so simple in the hands of nature, and so neglected by the hand of art, that the biography of an African would seem to carry with it little or no interest among their more favoured brethren of the human race. This is the case particularly in slave countries, where the intellectual and moral faculties of coloured people are not allowed to develop themselves, however excellent may be their natural endowments, so that they are thus unfortunately prevented from receiving the least stimulus from cultivation or refinement. This is certainly no less than denying, before the face of heaven, the bounties of a munificent God, who, we are informed, has no respect to persons.

As the subject of the following pages is slavery, and as nothing is dearer to me, except the author of my existence, than the memory of my ancestors, who also tasted the bitter fruits of bondage and servitude, I shall now relate the circumstances which led to the captivity of my grandfather, received from my father, whose veracity was never questioned, while there are also many living witnesses at this day, who can bear testimony to the truth of the story.

1. MY FATHER'S NARRATIVE.

AT the age of fourteen, about the year 1784, when the slave trade was carried on with its usual fury in that part of Africa called Guinea, which comprises several thousand miles of the sea coast, and extends into the interior for the distance of four or five weeks' journey, thereby including within its boundaries innumerable kingdoms and principalities, I fell a victim to the intrigues of wily kidnappers. The place of my nativity, Kamao, which derived its name from a certain delicious fruit abounding most plentifully in that province, was indeed very fertile in all that might contribute to a comfortable and happy subsistence, and few were the cares of my youthful days. Our plantations were promiscuous; our rising and lying down had no fixed hours;

our liberties were not confined and limited between master and slave, for such unchristian sounds never grated our ears. Nature alone was our guide and ruler, and its dictates were the mandates of reason. As men are not, however, born alike, or endowed with an equality of talents and a sameness of thoughts and ideas, it naturally follows that a society of men, however rude, as long as they are possessed of reason, and live together, should, on finding their affairs tending to confusion, in proportion to their increase, be led, if not instinctively, at least by habits of obedience, to refer their differences to some common head; who, in the process of time, would thus become their sovereign or king. In this simple and natural way men are wont to obtain, in my country, that princely power, which is generally hereditary among them.

This regal authority, my father often told me, had been retained and enjoyed in his family for many years. My father's name was Komasko, and he could repeat the names of many of his royal ancestors with great ease, and he appeared to delight in reiterating their exploits, and dwelling on their respective characteristics.

While one of the slave-ships awaited the completion of her cargo of human chattels on the coast of Guinea, my father had just concluded a treaty with one of the neighbouring kings for the suppression of the slave-trade within their territories, which, as was now too evident, began to depopulate the countries around, and diminish the physical strength of their respective states. It was not until they saw themselves almost unable to defend their country against hostile invasions, that their eyes were opened to the fatal consequences of selling their own flesh and blood, their countrymen, and dearest friends, to strangers, for little or no value. In this state of affairs, particularly in that section of the coast of Guinea to which my father's country was contiguous, the slave-trade received for a moment a merited check, which threatened its entire abolition in those districts.

The policy and the craftiness of the whites were not, however, to be thus baffled, and many indeed were the measures to which they had recourse before they had accomplished their fiendish designs. About three days' journey from the sea dwelt the two allied tribes of whom I now speak, and whose fate I shall always mourn, as well as that direful doom

from which I extricated myself not many years since. As human nature is always weak, and always liable to err, the simplicity and credulity of my father's ally soon yielded to the artifices, persuasions, and fine promises of the slave-hunters. Some natives were at length sent up the country, loaded with presents for the two leagued chiefs, assuring them that the strangers were no other than a friendly power arrived on their coasts, for the sole purpose of exterminating the slave-trade, which proved so destructive to their countrymen. The chiefs were particularly requested to appear on the sea coast without delay, in order to ratify a treaty for the abolition of the slave-trade, where they might also take along with them as many fighting men as would appear to them requisite for their personal safety, in case they suspected the friendly intentions of the foreigners.

Trusting in their own strength, as well as in the integrity and honour of those from whom they had received the most solemn assurances of fidelity and friendship, the two chieftains set out for the coast, attended by forty or fifty of their bravest warriors, armed with their native weapons, and determined to frustrate any malicious plots, if any thing of the kind had been conceived against their liberties. On the fourth day after their departure from home, from which they were destined to be for ever separated, they arrived on the shores of the great waters. Their arrival was hailed as a fit occasion for feasting, dancing, and all other merriments, and of drinking the most intoxicating liquors that could be distilled or adulterated for the destruction of the simple Africans. My father and the allied chief were first received on board the fatal ship, *Penelope*, where they experienced the most signal marks of generosity and hospitality. Thus pleased, they, poor unwary creatures, without hesitation, and at the urgent request of their dissembling hosts, made signal to their attendants to join them in their festivities, with which their followers immediately complied.

As each boarded the *Penelope*, for this was the name of the slaver, he was politely told to deliver up his arms until they were ready to land again, the ship being at this time about a mile from the shore. For some time every thing promised fair for the ensnared Africans. But, alas! their doom was already sealed. Their liberties were now lost in a

dream of pleasure, from which they were to awake only to witness the enormity of human atrocities, to behold their final captivity, to subsist on the bitter fruits of their own credulity, and to feel the iron shackles with which their friendly hosts had bound them hand and foot. No sooner did the poisonous draught lay them senseless on their back, than the blood-thirsty traitors pounced on their helpless prey, to embrue their hands in the innocent blood of their fellow-men.

Thus ended the memorable treaty of 1784 on board of the tragic *Penelope*, that ill-fated ship which, with all hands on board, was lost on the same coast two years afterwards.

My thoughts, although young, could not be otherwise than strange, respecting this sudden change in our condition. The innocent sports of a country life were in a moment converted into the most hideous groans of lamentation. Christian fortitude, which is the only comfort of a slave, was unknown to us then, so that we could not expect the least consolation from this source. The ferocious aspect and the indignant expressions of the crew, who so lately were mild and pleasant, have to this day been indelibly impressed on my mind. The roaring of the tempest, and the cruel lash so freely applied to our naked bodies, seemed to deprive us of reason. My father remarked to one of his shackled neighbours that this was a doom which they long ago deserved, for having, on former occasions, betrayed so many of their countrymen into the hands of their present oppressors. But this observation threw their afflicted souls into still deeper despair.

Among the crew of the *Penelope* there was an Englishman of the name of Johnson, a young man of prepossessing appearance, and whose heart was more tender and compassionate than that of any of his companions. By motions he signified as much as to make us understand that he would not visit Africa any more for the same purpose. If the prayers of persecuted souls can avail any thing on this side of the grave, I am confident that Johnson must have altered his course of life, and repented of his barbarous career. Our grateful hearts never ceased to wish him a long and prosperous life, for the many acts of benevolence and humanity which he rendered us in our captivity. The favours, however, which

this interesting young man conferred on us were scarcely ever observed by his companions. Although his kind attention to our comfort could not relieve our miseries, still we cherished a fond hope of finding others of the same friendly and tender disposition at the place of our destination. This expectation alone, I must acknowledge, contributed more to our existence, than any quantity of food that could be placed before us.

Such indeed was the cruelty of our treatment, and the depression of spirits among my chained countrymen, that out of one hundred and twenty only eighty-four survived. Our calamitous situation led us to think that all would perish in the same manner before we could come to the end of our journey. The minds of some were already made up to meet the most painful death, rather than to bear any longer their iron bonds, with which their necks and legs were so heavily loaded. After five weeks' torture and stormy weather, we came at last in sight of the island of St. Domingo. Having landed, we soon perceived that our dark and lacerated bodies commanded a much higher value than the toys and gewgaws for which Africans had frequently sold each other in their own country.

For three days after our arrival we were treated in rather a handsome manner, well clad, well fed, and congratulated on our happy lot. We were told to be cheerful and merry, which would soon secure for us good masters. Accordingly, the day arrived for the sale of the innocent victims. No sooner had the grand master of ceremonies, the auctioneer, mounted his rostrum, and introduced us to our white brethren as the most tractable, amiable, peaceable, and robust negroes that ever crossed from African shores, than the examination of the human frame commenced, in which those butchers displayed considerable skill, and would seem to have acquired some knowledge of anatomy. Thus we were handled and surveyed from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, like cattle in the market-place. Sometimes, indeed, we might have considered ourselves highly flattered with the compliments which were paid us, if we had not foreseen our final destination. At first the volubility of the auctioneer's tongue impressed us with the idea that he was himself either mad, or pretended to be so for the amusement of his audience. We had not, however, indulged in this imagination long,

when we saw ourselves disposed of, perhaps never to meet again. The auctioneer held our destinies in his hands, and his little hammer appeared to have always the last word to say; and as his hammer ceased to strike, so our doom was for ever sealed. Thus ended our fate in the drama of sale—the master-piece of human wickedness.

To make this sad story short, I have now only to say, that my father and I were sold to the same master, with whom we lived for ten years, when my father died, after having made a sincere and public profession of Christianity for several years before his death. Our master's name was Pierre Bouchereaux, a Frenchman, of considerable wealth, both in slaves and landed property. Peace be to his soul, for he was kind and a humane friend to his African slaves. A few days before my father died, he requested of Mr. Bouchereaux, as the last favour, to set me free, which would make his last hours easy, and comfort him in his journey to everlasting life. As we were both favourites in the master's family, the prayers of my dying father were at once granted.

Immediately on my release from the bonds of servitude, I betook myself to the state of Virginia, in the United States. In the course of four or five years, being free, I accumulated some property. Finding myself somewhat comfortable in my circumstances of life, I married an Indian woman, one of the lineal descendants of king Powhattan, whose name was Tee-can-opee.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of my grandfather, who, as is evident, was shamefully dragged from his native soil. With him they also kidnapped my father, then only a boy; he is my author for what has just been related. In accordance with the proposed plan of this pamphlet, I shall now refer briefly to the history of the Powhattan tribe of Indians, whose chief, the celebrated king Powhattan, as well as his still more illustrious daughter Pocahontas, and his renowned brother Opechancanough, are identified with the early transactions of the first English colony that settled in Virginia. Being myself directly descended by my mother's side from this extraordinary man, who was scarcely ever equalled by any other Indian chief, either in ancient or modern times, in regard to the influence and reputation

which he enjoyed among his countrymen far and wide, as well as the intellect and energy which he always displayed, I feel convinced that a short notice of this celebrated family will not be uninteresting. In doing this I have consulted the most authentic sources of information that can throw any light on the history of Powhattan; among these are the noted Captain Smith, the superintendent and governor of the first English settlement in Virginia—Jefferson's notes on Virginia—Thatcher's Indian Biography—and Stith's History.

II. THE POWHATTAN INDIANS—POCAHONTAS.

It is not my intention to enter into any detail of the history of the Powhattans, but merely to notice the state of that noble tribe when first discovered by Europeans, their dealings and transactions with the English colonists, and the remarkable conduct of Pocahontas towards Captain Smith and his companions, her marriage finally with Rolfe, and her visit to England. Hence the reader may conceive some idea of the national character of those barbarous and uncultivated tribes in their most simple state of nature, on the one side, and see the perils and difficulties which their visitors encountered in establishing a permanent settlement in Virginia, on the other.

To those who are acquainted with the history of the North American Indians, it is very well known that the Powhattan confederacy once ruled the destinies of that portion of the United States which is now called Virginia. This was once the seat of freedom and liberty, where the warriors scarcely knew the bounds of their hunting grounds; and little indeed did they dream that those vast and lofty forests would ever become the nursery of slaves, and the luxuriant domains of their ferocious masters. Many years have not elapsed since the Indians, as well as the scar-branded Africans, were in these their native regions hunted by bloodhounds, as they

are at the present day scoured from the Floridas. This is certainly a sad tale in the history of the aborigines of America, and shows the instability of human affairs. The proud and haughty Indians, those hereditary princes of the American soil, are driven from their lawful homes to the utmost extremities of the far west, there to content themselves for only a short period of time, when finally they must seek, as the last asylum, the shores of Asia, whence they first sprang, and migrated across Behring's straits to the western continent. In a few centuries from hence, the red men of America will live only on the pages of history; for, whenever the population of the United States increases so as to require new settlements and more territories, the ill-fated aborigines, like the trees of the forest at the progress of agriculture, disappear as beings who were only known to the historian. But what cannot the hand of power effect, when ambition and avarice have the sole control of the human heart—when the dictates of reason are completely overpowered by a violent and blind love of theft, rapine, and plunder? Where such crimes are the ruling passions of a nation, where can the honesty, honour, and religion of the people be? The present treatment of the Indians throughout the southern states of America is sufficient to answer this question. It must for ever be a disgrace on the government of the democratic Van Buren to have had recourse to bloodhounds in order to terminate the Florida war, against a handful of Indians, who, it would appear, could not be vanquished by fair fighting.

I have made these few observations merely to show that the Indians have been most shamefully abused, by a people who boast so loudly of being the only free nation on earth! But let me now return to the famous Powhattan chief, and leave the wrongs of the Indian race to be exposed by an abler pen than mine.

The three great communities which inhabited in ancient times the state of Virginia, and some of the surrounding territories, were known under the distinctive appellations of Mannahoacks, Monacans, and Powhattans. Each of these confederacies consisted of many subordinate tribes, with their inferior sachems subservient to a common chief, who acted as king over them all. The Powhattan nation inhabited the low and fertile lands extending from Carolina on

the south to the Patuxent on the north, while the two former nations were settled in the mountainous districts of the interior. Of these three great tribes the Powhattans were certainly the most numerous and the most formidable. It is equally true, that the extensive country which they possessed along the sea coast contributed greatly, both by a mildness of climate and a richness of soil, to increase its population and furnish a sufficient supply of the necessaries of life; whereas those of the neighbouring tribes, who were scattered over the highlands and hilly regions between the falls of the Atlantic rivers and the Alleghany ridge, suffered frequently from the scarcity of food, as well as the severity of the climate. The Powhattans, we are assured, were always looked upon with dread and terror by the confederacies of the Manna-hoacks and Monacans, who were often under the necessity of uniting in self-defence against this powerful and warlike clan. As the Indian nations were generally settled on the banks of rivers, which location is wisely chosen by refined as well as barbarous communities, the Powhattans enjoyed in this respect all the advantages which nature could confer on them, as they chiefly inhabited the banks of the James, Elizabeth, Nansamond, York, and Chickahominy rivers, whence they derived the chief means of subsistence, as appears from the following passage of Captain Smith, alluding to his Potomac expedition. He says that "he met with such an abundance of fish, as for want of nets we attempted to catch them with a frying pan; neither better fish, more plentie, nor more varietie for small fish, had any of us ever seene in any place so swimming in the water—but they are not to be caught with frying pans." With regard to the abundance of game which Smith met in their rivers, we have further proof from the same author. "The rivers," he says, "became so covered with swans, geeze, duckes, and cranes, that we daily feasted with good bread, Virginia pease, pumpions, and putchamins, fish, fowle, and diverse sorts of wild beasts, so fat as we could eat them; so that none of our Tuftaffaty humourists desired to go to England." On another occasion, when Smith happened to pass his Christmas among the Indians of the Powhattan tribe he experienced much hospitality from them, as he informs us in these words: "and we were never more merry, nor fed on more plentie of good oysters, fish, flesh, wilde

fowle, and good bread, nor ever had better fires in England."

These, and many other passages from the history of the valiant Captain Smith, prove beyond a doubt, not only the comfortable circumstances in which the Powhattans were found by the English colonists, but also the generosity and hospitality of rude and savage tribes. It is also an undeniable fact, that the more refined a nation becomes, by imbibing the polish, taste, and ambition of an avaricious and selfish society, the less liberality and generosity does a stranger receive from them, inasmuch as the comforts and luxuries of this world are almost altogether sought by such people. In the course, however, of this short notice of the Powhattan family, we may see some more remarkable instances of their humane, kind, and free disposition, however barbarous and ferocious their conduct might have sometimes proved towards their first European visitors; but before we condemn these rude Indians for any cruel treatment to the first white settlers in Virginia, we must first consider who were the aggressors, the Europeans or the Red-men. When that is properly known we may pronounce judgment, and not until then.

The appellation of Powhattan was given to all the various tribes who constituted the confederacy, merely because the chief of this name was the common father or ruler of all the branches which spread from the real Powhattan family, who by hereditary right obtained the superiority. The Powhattans, properly so called, inhabited what is now called Henrico county, being located on the banks of the James River, about two days' journey from the English settlement at the mouth of that stream. The chief residence of their *emperor*, as he is generally styled by historians, was a small but pleasant village called Powhattan, and situated on a hill, a little below the place where Richmond stands now.

Captain Smith, who was never destined by nature to lead a quiet and sedentary life, found himself now in a most favourable capacity for gratifying his natural and roving disposition. He was placed, moreover, in a situation which continually called forth his activity and energy of mind. His clamorous and discontented companions found themselves destitute of food, and looked to Smith for further supplies. Under these critical circumstances, the captain

was under the necessity of making several voyages along the coast of Virginia, as well as journeys up the rivers towards the interior, in quest of provisions, for which he had to barter with the natives. For this purpose he ascended the Chickahominy River with one barge, another smaller boat, and a sufficient crew. In this expedition the captain, through the disobedience of his unruly followers as well as his own imprudence, was made captive by the Indians, who, under Opechancanough, their sachem, and brother of Powhattan, brought him to Orapakes, one of the chief residences of that tribe. On arriving at that village, men, women, and children assembled around Smith to gaze on their illustrious stranger, whose singular appearance inspired them with feelings of admiration and wonder; at the same time their warriors commenced their national war-dance, which is thus described by the captain himself: "A good time they continued this exercise, and then cast themselves in a ring, dancing in such several postures, and singing and yelling out such hellish notes and screeches; being strangely paynted, every one his quiver of arrows, and at his backe a club; on his arme a fox or an otter's skinne, or such matter for a vambrace; their heads and shoulders paynted red, with oyle and pocones (a small root ground into powder for red colour) mingled together, which scarlet-like colour made an exceeding handsome shew; his bow in his hand; and the skinne of a bird, with her wings abroad dryed, tyed on his head; a piece of copper, a white shell, a long feather, with a small rattle growing at the tayles of their snakes tyed, or some such like toy." In the meantime, Smith and their chief Opechancanough stood in the centre. When the ceremony was ended, they treated him kindly, and served before him a plentiful supply of food, venison and fowle in abundance, which was sufficient for twenty men.

For several days the captain experienced vicissitudes of fortune among his new guests. At one time he would receive the signal marks of friendship, while at another his life would be threatened. Finally, they intimated to him their intention of assaulting the colony at Jamestown, for which purpose they wanted his services. Finding, however, that he could not be bribed to so vile a treachery, they desisted, and proceeded to lead him about the country as a public show, for the gratification of the various tribes which

formed the Powhattan confederacy. Having completed the route, he was at last brought to Opechancanough's own habitation, where he was received with the same ridiculous ceremonies, as we shall now see from his own words. "Being left alone in a long house, with mats spread on each side of it, presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all paynted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many snakes and wesels' skinnes stuffed with mosse, and all their tayles tyed together, so as they met on the croune of his head in a tassel; and round about the tassel was a coronet of feathers, the skinnes hanging round about his head, backe, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face; with a hellish voyce, and a rattle in his hand." As the scenes which ensued are excellently delineated in Mr. Lilly's early history of America, I shall give his description verbatim, as, no doubt, many of my readers are very little acquainted with Indian characteristics.

"This character now began his invocation. He shouted like a fiend with all possible gestures and grimaces. He carried a tremendous rattle in his hand, moreover, to complete the concert. This being over, three more of the same description, painted half red and half black, came rushing in like the first, and performed nearly the same kind of dance. But the eyes of the last three were painted white; and some rough strokes of paint were daubed along their jaws, as an imitation of English mutachios and whiskers.

"These men, having skipped and howled round about Smith till he was nearly stunned with their noise, retired into the ante-chamber, probably to refresh themselves. But the ceremony was not over. Three more now leaped into the room, not a whit less ugly than the others. These had red eyes and white mustachios, painted upon faces as black as a kettle.

"At last, all the dancers seated themselves opposite to Smith—three on one side of the chief performer, and three on the other. He soon commenced a song, accompanied with the noise of rattles. The chief man then laid down five grains of wheat, and commenced an oration, straining his arms and hands with such violence that his veins swelled. At the conclusion of this performance, they all gave a short groan, by way of assent to what was said, and laid down

three grains more. Smith was then entertained with another song and oration, the grain being laid down as before.

“All this continued till night, neither he nor they having a morsel of food. The Indians then feasted merrily upon all the provisions they could muster, giving Smith a good share of them. The ceremonies just described were repeated the two following days. Some maize meal, which they strewed around him in circles, represented their country, they said; the wheat the bounds of the sea; and something else was used to signify the country of the whites. They gave Smith to understand that the world was flat and round, like a trencher, themselves being situated, they said, precisely in the middle.

“After this, they showed him a bag of English gunpowder, which they had taken from some of his men. They said they were going to preserve it carefully till the next spring, supposing it to be some new kind of grain which would yield them a harvest.”

Smith was now invited to visit the residence of Opitchapan, second brother to Powhattan, and heir to all his dominions. He went accordingly, with his Indian guard. The prince feasted him richly with bread and fowl, and other wild meat, while none of the Indians offered to eat with him. Whatever provision he left was put in baskets, and carried back to Pamunkey, where the women and children feasted upon it.

To bring my long story to a close, Smith was at last brought into the presence of King Powhattan himself, at a place called Werowocomoco. This was on the north side of York River, in what is now called Gloucester county, and nearly opposite to the mouth of Queen's Creek, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the river. The usual residence of Powhattan, however, was at a town named from himself. He had reduced under his power a large number of Indian tribes, even as far as Patuxent, in Maryland. He was a noble-looking savage, and at that time about sixty years of age.

On the entrance of Smith into his royal presence, the king was dressed in a cloak made of the skins of racoons, and sitting before a large fire, on an elevated throne, something like a bedstead. On his right and left were his two daughters; they were handsome girls, who might be, as Smith guessed, sixteen and eighteen years of age. The king's chief men, adorned with shells and feathers, and their shoulders painted red, were ranged on each side of the

house. An equal number of women stood directly behind them.

On Smith's being brought in, the whole multitude raised a shout. The queen of the Apamattox tribe was now ordered to bring him water to wash his hands; and another brought him a bunch of feathers, by way of a towel to wipe them. They then feasted him as well as they were able, and a consultation was afterwards held among them: the conclusion seemed to be, that the prisoner should be put to death. Two large stones were brought in, and laid at the feet of the king. Smith was stretched out with his head on one of them; and Powhattan now stood over him with his club, ready to put an end to his life.

The fatal club was uplifted. The Indians were watching in mute suspense for the blow. At this moment the eldest and most beloved daughter of the king, Pocahontas, rushed forward, and threw herself, with a shriek, on the body of Smith. Her hair was loose, and her eyes wild and streaming with tears. She raised her hands to her father, and besought him, with all the eloquence of love and sorrow, to spare the life of his captive. The old king was disappointed; but he loved his beautiful daughter too much to resist her tears and cries. He dropped his uplifted club, and looked around on his warriors, as if to gather new courage. They were touched with pity, like himself, savages as they were. The king now raised his daughter, and promised her to spare the life of Smith. "He shall make your hatchets for you," said the old man, "and your bells, beads, and copper."

This celebrated scene is preserved in a beautiful piece of sculpture, over the western door of the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. The group consists of five figures, representing the precise moment when Pocahontas, by her interposition, saved Smith from being executed. Smith is attired in the military dress, reclining on his elbow, his body extended, ready to receive the death-blow from the war-mace of an Indian who stands near his head. This work is said to be that of Capellano, an Italian, and a pupil of Canova.

After this Smith had many friendly interviews and negotiations with Powhattan. During a stay of several weeks among the Indians, the captain was entertained with feasting and dancing, while he traded also on an extensive scale. Although the English colonists frequently endeavoured to

take advantage of Powhattan in their dealings and bartering, yet we are assured that the old chief was generally wide awake for his new customers, as appears from his reply to Newport: "Captain Newport," said he, "it is not agreeable to my greatness to truck in this peddling manner for trifles. I am a great wevo wance, and I esteem you the same. Therefore lay me down all your commodities together; what I like I will take, and in return you shall have what I conceive to be a fair value."

On Captain Newport's second arrival from England with a fresh supply for the colony, Smith volunteered to visit the Powhattan chief, and invite him to come to Jamestown to receive the presents which King James had sent to him. Among them was a royal crown, to consecrate the "divine right" of his ally in Virginia by the ceremonies of a solemn coronation. Accordingly, Smith repaired to Werowocomoco, the royal residence of the Indian king. On his arrival, however, the chief was absent; but Pocahontas, who was ever the constant and faithful friend of the colonists, lost no time in sending for her father. In the meantime she endeavoured to gratify and honour him, as we learn from the following strange scene.

"Thirtie young women came naked out of the woods, only covered behind and before with a few greene leaves; their bodies all paynted, some of one colour, and some of another, but all differing. Their leader had a fayr payr of buck's horns on her head, and an otter's skinne at her girdle, another at her arme, a quiver of arrows at her backe, a bowe and arrowes in her hand. The next had in her hand a sword, another a club, another a potsticke, all horned alike; the rest every one with their severall devices. These fiends with most hellish shouts and cryes, rushing from among the trees, caste themselves in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with the most excellent ill varietie, oft falling into their infernal passions, and solemnly again to sing and daunce. Having spent neer an hour in this mascarado, as they entered, in like manner they departed."

On the following day Powhattan arrived, and declined leaving his own territories, suspecting, no doubt, the friendly intentions of the colonists at Jamestown. He, however, requested them to send him the presents, which were, on Smith's return, forwarded to him. The two captains, Smith

and Newport, immediately followed with a guard of fifty men. The parties, as Thatcher describes the coronation, then agreed upon the next day for the ceremony; and at that time the presents were brought in, the bed and furniture set up, and the scarlet cloak and other apparel put on the emperor, though with much ado, in consequence of Nomantack's (an Indian servant of Newport) earnest assurance that they would injure him. As for kneeling to receive the crown, which was requested of him, he entirely exhausted the patience of his visitors by his resistance. They gained their point in the end by stratagem. One leaned hard upon his shoulders, so as to cause him to stoop a little, and three more stood ready to fix the royal gewgaw on his head; whereupon, at the discharge of a pistol, the guard were prepared with such a volley of musketry as a salute, the emperor (now a crowned head) started up in a horrible fear, till he saw all was well. Notwithstanding the opposition of Powhattan to the ceremony of coronation, the best feelings were evinced by him towards his English guests.

As it would take up too much time to mention all the bloody murders which the colonists committed among the Indians, and the horrid massacres which the Indians perpetrated in the colonies, I shall hasten to finish the history of the Powhattan chief and his daughter Pocahontas, who twice saved the life of the brave Captain Smith; and in so doing I shall follow the brief account of Stith.

Pocahontas was in the habit of bringing or sending in provisions to Jamestown, for some time after Smith's acquaintance with her, for the relief of the colonists. Every other day four or five of her stout Indians, whom, as a king's daughter, she commanded at pleasure, came lugging in loads of venison, and sweet Indian bread, as yellow as gold, and plenty of wild game. For this she refused all compensation, but the gratitude of the colony and the friendship of Smith.

In 1612, when Captain Argall came over from England, with a view to trade with Powhattan and his tribes, he found them in a state of war with the English. He thought, however, if he could get possession of the old king's beloved and beautiful daughter, as a hostage, this war would soon cease, and a fine trade might be driven with the savages. By means of Japazaws, a Potowmac sachem, he learned

that Pocahontas was concealed somewhere near the Potowmac River, about the mouth of that stream; and, without the least mercy on the poor girl, he bribed Japazaws to surprise her and deliver her into his hands, giving him a bright copper kettle for his reward.

Powhattan was now greatly afflicted. He even sent two of his sons to Jamestown, to offer Governor Gates all the guns, tools, and prisoners he had taken from the English, as a ransom for his daughter. This was refused; but the young men brought him back an account of her being well treated, which pleased and soothed him. Not long after this, Mr. Rolfe proposed marriage to Pocahontas. He had long been attached to her, it is said, Indian as she was; and she had no great dislike for him. She sent to her father, however, to obtain his consent to the marriage. The plan pleased the king greatly. He sent his brother and two sons within ten days to witness the marriage ceremonies; and from this time he continued quite friendly to the colonists.

In 1714, Mr. Hamer, of Jamestown, paid the king a visit, carrying some strings of white and blue beads, fine wooden combs, fish-hooks, knives, and copper, as presents. The old king treated him politely, offered him a pipe of tobacco, and inquired for the health of Dale, who was now governor, and also how his daughter liked her husband, and how her husband liked her. Hamer said they liked each other so well, that she would never return to her father's. Powhattan laughed at this answer, and then demanded the object of Hamer's journey. The latter told him, that governor Dale hearing of the beauty of his second daughter, wished to marry her, and desired the king to send her to Jamestown, at all events, if it were only to visit her sister Pocahontas. The king had hardly patience enough to hear Hamer finish this message. He answered with great gravity, in a solemn voice, "he could not part with both daughters, though he should gladly live in peace with the English. He had grown old and desired no more fighting; but he could not part with his child."

Pocahontas went to England with her husband after this. She was an object of great curiosity and attention in London for several years. She learned the English language, and was baptized under the name of Lady Rebecca. Lady De la Warr took her to court also, and king James treated her

with great kindness. After this captain Smith visited her at Brentford, where she resided with her husband. She could scarcely restrain her feelings at seeing Smith. She died at Gravesend, in 1716. Her descendants are among the most respectable people in Virginia to this day. Powhattan died subsequently, very nearly a hundred years old.

Her son, who with his father Rolfe, was on the eve of sailing from England and accompanying her to Virginia, was on his mother's death, left under the care and protection of Sir Lewis Steukly at Plymouth. After this gentleman had become unfortunate through his opposition to Sir Walter Raleigh, young Rolfe was sent to London, under the tuition of his uncle Henry Rolfe. Having grown up in years, he returned to Virginia, where he inherited a vast tract of land, the property of his grandfather, the famous Powhattan. In a very short time he became wealthy. On his death he left an only daughter, whose descendants can be traced at the present day throughout the United States.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of the first colony in Virginia, and the famous Powhattan. The second daughter of the emperor, as he is generally styled by historians, was called Powcanoe, from whom many Indian families in Virginia have derived their descent.

From this same tribe, among whom Powcanoe was married, I am lineally descended, according to their osmagó, or tradition. The Indians of Virginia at the present day relate some curious and interesting stories concerning Manotee, the eldest son of Powcanoe. The substance of one of them is as follows:—During a predatory excursion against the whites, Manotee, the grandson of Powhattan, conceived and executed a plan for taking a piece of cannon from the English colonists. In order to succeed in this attempt, he proposed to some twenty or thirty warriors that they should visit the white settlement and offer them presents of Indian corn, venison, fish, and deer-skin; at the same time they were to give every assurance of friendship on their part. As the colonists were frequently destitute of provisions, especially in the spring of the year, the presents were highly appreciated. Koriasko in return merely requested that they would fire off one of their pieces of cannon. To this the English immediately agreed. During the firing of the big gun, the Indian chief watched and observed all their movements, so

that he not only learned the manner of loading their guns, but marked particularly the place where they kept their ammunition, and likewise instructed his companions to make the same observation. Having fired four or five shots, which delighted rather than terrified the warriors, Manotee pretended to have some great secret to disclose, and led aside the governor for the purpose of apprising him of an imminent danger. During this interval the Indian warriors performed many ceremonies which excited a great deal of interest on the part of the whites. They covered their faces and eyes with their hands, as a sign of mourning, which they accompanied with shouts of lamentation. Without any delay the governor called his council, and gave them to understand that Manotee came to the settlement for the purpose of saving them from utter destruction, as a hostile tribe was encamped about three miles from the colony, and intended to commit a general massacre. As soon as Manotee saw them apprehensive of danger, he presented himself immediately before the council, and suggested the propriety of arming themselves, and starting in quest of the enemy. He likewise proposed that the governor and himself should command the expedition, while ten of his warriors should remain as a protection for their wives and families. To this proposal the English at once consented, and set off instantly in pursuit of the hostile tribe. The Indian chief shrewdly led the armed colonists to the place where he and his companions had encamped the night before. On their arrival here, Manotee and his warriors showed, or at least pretended to show, a great deal of surprise and vexation at not finding the enemy. The English returned to their settlement, no less gratified at their safety than the Indians were, by having succeeded in securing the piece of cannon through this deception. Those Indians who had remained as a guard for the settlement had no sooner seen the whites depart, than they started off with a piece of cannon, ammunition, and two of their boats. Having arrived at the appointed place, they were soon rejoined by Manotee and his warriors. Although the English felt indignant at this stratagem, which threw them into the greatest consternation, and deprived them of the cannon and a considerable quantity of ammunition, the fraud turned out at last to be the means of saving the lives of several of the colonists, who had been out on a

hunting excursion, and had wandered in the woods for many days, exhausted with fatigue and hunger. In this state of privation, they found themselves one day in the vicinity of an Indian settlement, by means of the report of the gun which had been stolen some few days before. They soon found themselves in the presence of Manotee and three or four hundred warriors, who were summoned to witness the novelty and curiosity of gunpowder. The chief candidly acknowledged the artifice which he had used in taking off the cannon; and, as a remuneration, he received the English with the most exemplary hospitality. After loading them with presents of provisions and other articles, he sent four Indians as guides, who should conduct them to the colony. This and many other stories about Manotee are still alive in the memories of the Indians of Virginia, the descendants of that noble chief.

III. SLAVERY.

Narrative of the Rev. Horace Moulton, an esteemed Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Marlborough, Massachusetts.

LET me say in the first place, that I spent nearly five years in Savannah, Georgia, and in its vicinity, between the years 1817 and 1824. My object in going to the South was to engage in making and burning bricks; but not immediately succeeding, I engaged in no business of much profit, until late in the winter, when I took charge of a set of hands and went to work. During my leisure, I was an observer at the auctions, upon the plantations, and in almost every department of business. The next year, during the cold months, I had several two-horse teams under my care, with which we used to haul brick, boards, and other articles from the wharf, and cotton, rice, corn, and wood from the country. This gave me an extensive acquaintance with merchants, mechanics, and planters. I had slaves under my

control, some portions of every year when at the South. All the brick-yards, except one, on which I was engaged, were connected either with a corn field, potatoe patch, rice field, cotton field, tan works, or with a wood lot. My business usually was to take charge of the brick-making department. At those jobs I have taken sometimes in charge both the field and brick-yard hands. I have been on the plantations in South Carolina, but have never been an overseer of slaves in that state, as has been said in the public papers.

I think the above facts and explanations are necessary to be connected with the account I may give of slavery, that the reader may have some knowledge of my acquaintance with practical slavery; for many mechanics and merchants who go to the south, and stay there for years, know but little of the dark side of slavery. My account of slavery will apply to field hands, who compose much the largest portion of the black population (probably nine-tenths), and not to those who are kept for kitchen maids, nurses, waiters, &c., about the houses of the planters and public hotels, where persons from the north obtain most of their knowledge of the evils of slavery. I will now proceed to take up specific points.

1. *The labour of the slaves.* Males and females work together promiscuously on all the plantations. On many plantations, tasks are given them. The best working hands can have some leisure time; but the feeble and unskilful ones, together with slender females, have indeed a hard time of it, and very often answer for non-performance of tasks at the whipping posts. None who worked with me had tasks at any time. The rule was to work them from sun to sun. But where I was burning brick, they were obliged to take turns, and sit up all night about every other night, and work all day. On one plantation, where I spent a few weeks, the slaves were called to work long before daylight, when business pressed, and worked until late at night; and sometimes some of them all night. A large portion of the slaves are owned by masters who keep them on purpose to hire out; and they usually let them to those who will give the highest wages for them, irrespective of their mode of treatment; and those who hire them will of course try to get the greatest possible amount of work performed, with the least possible expense. Women are seen bringing their infants into the field to their work, and leading others who

are not old enough to stay at the cabins with safety. When they get there, they must set them down in the dirt, and go to work. Sometimes they are left to cry until they fall asleep. Others are left at home, shut up in their huts. Now, is it not barbarous, that the mother, with her child or children around her half starved, must be whipped at night, if she does not perform her task? But so it is. Some who have very young ones fix a little sack, and place the infants on their backs, and work. One reason, I presume is, that they will not cry so much when they can hear their mother's voice. Another is, the mother's fear that poisonous vipers and snakes will bite them. Truly, I never knew any place where the land is so infested with all kinds of the most venomous snakes, as in the low lands round about Savannah. The Moccasin snakes, so called, and water rattlesnakes, the bites of both of which are as poisonous as our upland rattlesnakes at the north, are found in myriads about the stagnant waters and swamps of the south. The females, in order to secure their infants from these poisonous snakes, do, as I have said, often work with their infants on their backs. Females are sometimes called to take the hardest part of the work. On some brick yards where I have been, the women have been selected as the moulders of bricks, instead of the men.

2. *The food of the slaves.* It was a general custom, wherever I have been, for the masters to give each of the slaves, male and female, one peck of corn per week for their food. This at fifty cents per bushel, which was all that it was worth when I was there, would amount to twelve and a half cents per week for board per head.

It cost me on an average, when at the South, one dollar per day for board, the price of fourteen bushels of corn per week. This would make my board equal in amount to the board of forty-six slaves! This is all that good or bad masters allow their slaves round about Savannah on the plantations. One peck of Gourd seed corn is to be measured out to each slave once every week. One man with whom I laboured, however, being desirous to get all the work out of his hands he could, before I left (about fifty in number), bought for them every week, or twice a week, a bullock's head from market. With this they made a soup in a large iron kettle, around which the hands came at meal-time, and

dipping out the soup, would mix it with their hommony, and eat it as though it were a feast. This man permitted his slaves to eat twice a day, while I was doing a job for him. He promised me a beaver hat, and as good a suit of clothes as could be bought in the city, if I could accomplish so much for him before I returned to the North ; giving me the entire control over his slaves. Thus you may see the temptations the overseers sometimes have, to get all the work they can out of the poor slaves. The above is an exception to the general rule of feeding ; for in all other places where I worked and visited, the slaves had nothing from their masters but the corn, or its equivalent in potatoes or rice ; and to this they were not permitted to come but once a day. The custom was to blow the horn early in the morning, as a signal for the hands to rise and go to work ; when commenced, they continued work until about eleven o'clock, A. M., when at the signal, all hands left off, and went into their huts, made their fires, made their corn meal into hommony or cake, ate it, and went to work again at the signal of the horn, and worked until night, or until their tasks were done. Some cooked their breakfast in the field while at work. Each slave must grind his own corn in a hand mill after he has done his work at night. There is generally one hand mill on every plantation for the use of the slaves.

Some of the planters have no corn, others often get out. The substitute for it is the equivalent of one peck of corn either in rice or sweet potatoes ; neither of which is as good for the slaves as corn. They complain more of being faint, when fed on rice or potatoes, than when fed on corn. I was with one man a few weeks who gave me his hands to do a job of work, and to save time one cooked for all the rest. The following course was taken : two crotched sticks were driven down at one end of the yard, and a small pole being laid on the crotches, they swung a large iron kettle on the middle of the pole ; then made up a fire under the kettle and boiled the hommony ; when ready, the hands were called around this kettle, with their wooden plates and spoons. They dipped out and ate standing around the kettle or sitting on the ground, as best suited their convenience. When they had potatoes, they took them out with their hands and ate them. As soon as it was thought they had sufficient time

to swallow their food, they were called to their work again. *This was the only meal they ate through the day.* Now think of the little, almost naked and half starved children, nibbling on a piece of cold Indian cake, or potatoe! Think of the poor female, just ready to be confined, without any thing that can be called convenient or comfortable! Think of the old toil worn father and mother, without any thing to eat but the coarsest of food, and not half enough of that! then think of home. When sick their physicians are their masters and overseers, in most cases, whose skill consists in bleeding and administering large potions of Epsom salts, when the whip and cursing will not start them from their cabins.

3. *Houses.* The huts of the slaves are of the poorest kind. They are not as good as those temporary shanties which are thrown up beside railroads. They are erected with posts and crotches, with but little or no frame work about them. They have no stoves or chimneys; some of them have something like a fire-place at one end, and a board or two off at that side, or on the roof, to let out the smoke. Others have nothing like a fire-place in them; in these the fire is sometimes made in the middle of the hut. These buildings have but one apartment in them; the places where they pass in and about, serve both for doors and windows; the sides and roofs are covered with coarse, and in many instances with refuse boards. In warm weather, especially in the spring, the slaves keep up a smoke, or fire and smoke all night, to drive away the gnats and mosquitoes, which are very troublesome in all the low country of the South; so much so, that the whites sleep under frames with nets over them, knit so fine that the mosquitoes cannot fly through them.

Some of the slaves have rugs to cover them in the coldest weather, but I should think more have not. During driving storms they frequently have to run from one hut to another for shelter. In the coldest weather, when they can get wood or stumps, they keep fires all night in their huts, and lay around them, with their feet towards the blaze. Men, women, and children, lie down together, in most instances. There may be exceptions to the above statements, in regard to their houses, but so far as my observations have extended, I have given a fair description, and I have been on a large number of plantations in Georgia, South Carolina, up and

down the Savannah river. Their huts are generally built compactly on the plantations, forming villages of huts, their size proportioned to the number of slaves on them. In these miserable huts, the poor blacks are herded at night like swine, without any conveniences of bedsteads, tables, or chairs. O misery to the full! to see the aged sire beating off the swarms of gnats and mosquitoes in the warm weather, and shivering in the straw, or bending over a few coals in the winter, clothed in rags. In many instances males and females, both lie down at night with their working clothes on them. God alone knows how much the poor slaves suffer for the want of convenient houses to secure them from the piercing winds and howling storms of winter, especially the aged, sick, and dying. Although it is much warmer there than here, yet I suffered for a number of weeks in the winter, almost as much in Georgia as in Massachussets.

4. *Clothing.* The masters (in Georgia) make a practice of getting two suits of clothes for each slave per year, a thick suit for winter, and a thin one for summer. They provide also one pair of Northern sale shoes for each slave in winter. These shoes usually begin to rip in a few weeks. The negroes' usual mode of mending them is, to wire them together. Do our Northern shoemakers know that they are augmenting the sufferings of the poor slaves, with their almost good for nothing sale shoes? This very insufficient practice of clothing the slave is customary to a very large extent. How many there are who fail of this, God only knows. The children and old slaves are, I should think, exceptions to the above rule. The males and females have their suits from the same cloth for their winter dresses. These winter garments appear to be made of a mixture of cotton and wool, very coarse and sleazy. The whole suit for the men consists of a pair of pantaloons, and a short sailor jacket, without shirt, vest, hat, or any kind of loose garments.

These, if worn steadily when at work, would not probably last more than one or two months; therefore, for the sake of saving them, many of them work, especially in the summer, with no clothing on them except a cloth tied round their waist, and almost all with nothing more on them than pantaloons, and these frequently so torn, that they do not serve the purposes of common decency. The women have

for clothing a short petticoat, and a short loose gown, something like the male's sailor jacket, *without any undergarment, stockings, bonnets, hoods, caps, or any kind of overclothes.* When at work in warm weather, they usually strip off the loose gown, and have nothing on but a short petticoat, with some kind of covering over their breasts. Many children may be seen in the summer months, as naked as they came into the world. I think, as a whole, they suffer more for the want of comfortable bedclothes, than they do for wearing apparel. It is true, that some, by begging or buying, have more clothes than above described, but the masters provide them with nothing more. They are miserable objects of pity. It may be said of many of them, "I was naked, and ye clothed me not." It is enough to melt the hardest heart to see the ragged mothers nursing their almost naked children, with but a morsel of the coarsest food to eat. The Southern horses and dogs have enough to eat, and good care taken of them, but Southern negroes, who can describe their misery?

5. *Punishments.* The ordinary mode of punishing the slaves is both cruel and barbarous. The masters seldom, if ever, try to govern their slaves by moral influence, but by whipping, kicking, beating, starving, branding, cat-hauling, loading with irons, imprisoning, or by some other cruel mode of torturing. They often boast of having invented some new mode of torture, by which they have "tamed the rascals." What is called a moderate flogging at the South is horribly cruel. Should we whip our horses for any offence as they whip their slaves for small offences, we should expose ourselves to the penalty of the law. The masters whip for the smallest offences, such as not performing their tasks, being caught by the guard or patrol at night, or for taking anything from the master's yard without leave. For these, and the like crimes, the slaves are whipped thirty-nine lashes, and sometimes seventy or a hundred, on the bare back. One slave who was under my care was whipped, I think, one hundred lashes, for getting a small handful of wood from his master's yard without leave. I heard an overseer boasting to this same master that he gave one of the boys seventy lashes, for not doing a job of work just as he thought it ought to be done. The owner of the slave appeared to be pleased that the overseer had been so faithful.

The apology they make for whipping so cruelly is, that it is to frighten the rest of the gang. The masters say that what we call an ordinary flogging will not subdue the slaves; hence the most cruel and barbarous scourgings ever witnessed by man are daily and hourly inflicted upon the naked bodies of these miserable bondmen; not by masters and negro-drivers only, but by the constables in the common markets, and jailors in their yards.

When the slaves are whipped either in public or private, they have their hands fastened by the wrists, with a rope or cord prepared for the purpose; this being thrown over a beam, a limb of a tree, or something else, the culprit is drawn up and stretched by the arms as high as possible, without raising his feet from the ground or floor; and sometimes they are made to stand on tiptoe; then the feet are made fast to something prepared for them. In this distorted posture the monster flies at them, sometimes in great rage, with his implements of torture, and cuts on with all his might, over the shoulders, under the arms, and sometimes over the head and ears, or on parts of the body where he can inflict the greatest torment. Occasionally the whipper, especially if his victim does not beg enough to suit him, while under the lash, will fly into a passion, uttering the most horrid oaths; while the victim of his rage is crying at every stroke, "Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy." The scenes exhibited at the whipping posts are awfully terrific to one whose heart has not been hardened to a stone by such sights. I never could look on but a moment. While under the lash, the victim writhes in agony, convulsed with torture. Thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, which tear the skin at almost every stroke, is what the South calls a very moderate punishment. Many masters whip until they are tired—until the back is a gore of blood; then rest upon it: after a short cessation, get up and go at it again; and after having satiated their revenge in the blood of their victims, they sometimes leave them tied for four hours together, bleeding at every wound. Sometimes, after being whipped, they are bathed with a brine of salt and water. Now and then a master, but more frequently a mistress who has no husband, will send them to jail a few days, giving orders to have them whipped, so many lashes, once or twice a day. Sometimes after being whipped, some have been shut up in a dark

place and deprived of food, in order to increase their torments ; and I have heard of some who have, in such circumstances, died of their wounds and starvation.

Such scenes of horror as are above described are so common in Georgia, that they attract no attention. To threaten them with death, with breaking in their jaws or teeth, or cracking their heads, is common talk, when scolding at the slaves. Those who run away from their masters and are caught generally fare the worst. They are usually lodged in jail, with instructions from the owner to have them cruelly whipped. Some order the constables to whip them publicly in the market. Constables at the South are generally savage, brutal men. They have become so accustomed to catching and whipping negroes, that they are as fierce as tigers. Slaves who are absent from their yards or plantations after eight o'clock, P. M., and are taken by the guards in the cities or by the patrols in the country, are, if not called for before nine o'clock A. M. the next day, secured in prisons ; and hardly ever escape until their backs are torn up by the cow hide. On plantations, the evenings usually present scenes of horror. Those slaves against whom charges are preferred for not having performed their tasks, and for various faults, must after work-hours at night undergo their torments. I have often heard the sound of the lash, the curses of the whipper, and the cries of the poor negroes rending the air, late in the evening, and long before day light in the morning.

It is very common for masters to say to the overseers or drivers, "put it on to them," "do'nt spare that fellow;" "give that scoundrel one hundred lashes," &c. Whipping the women when in delicate circumstances, as they sometimes do, without any regard to their entreaties, or the entreaties of their nearest friends, is truly barbarous. If negroes could testify, they would tell you of instances of women being whipped, until they have miscarried at the whipping-post. I heard of such things at the South ; they are undoubtedly facts. Children are whipped unmercifully for the smallest offences, and that before their mothers. A large proportion of the blacks have their shoulders, backs, and arms all scarred up, and not a few of them have had their heads laid open with clubs, stones, and brick-bats, and with the butt-end of whips and canes. Some have had their jaws broken,

others their teeth knocked in or out; while others have had their ears cropped, and the sides of their cheeks gashed out. Some of the poor creatures have lost the sight of one of their eyes, by the careless blows of the whippers or by some other violence.

But punishing slaves as above described is not the only mode of torture. Some tie them up in a very uneasy posture, where they must stand *all night*, and they will work them hard all day, that is, work them hard all day and torture them all night. Others punish them by fastening them down on a log, or something else, and strike them on the bare skin with a board paddle full of holes. This breaks the skin, I should presume, at every hole where it comes in contact with it. Others, when other modes of punishment will not subdue them, cat-haul them, that is, take a cat by the nape of the neck and tail, or by the hind legs, and drag the claws across the back until satisfied. This kind of punishment poisons the flesh much worse than the whip, and is more dreaded by the slave. Some are branded by a hot iron, others have their flesh cut out in large gashes, to mark them. Some, who are prone to run away, have iron fetters riveted around their ancles, sometimes they are only put on one foot, and are dragged on the ground. Others have on large iron collars or yokes on their necks, or clogs riveted on their wrists or ancles. Some have bells put upon them, hung upon a sort of frame to an iron collar. Some masters fly into a rage at trifles, and knock down their negroes with their fists, or with the first thing that they can get hold of. The whip-lash knots, or raw hide, have sometimes, by a reckless stroke, reached round to the front of the body and cut through to the bowels. One slaveholder, with whom I lived, whipped one of his slaves one day as many, I should think, as one hundred lashes, and then turned to the *butt end*, and went to beating him over the head and ears, and truly I was amazed that the slave was not killed on the spot. Not a few slaveholders whip their slaves to death, and then say that they died under "a moderate correction." I wonder that ten are not killed where one is! Were they not much hardier than the whites many more of them must die than do. One young mulatto man, with whom I was well acquainted, was killed by his master in his yard with im-

punity. I boarded at the same time near the place where this glaring murder was committed, and knew the master well. He had a plantation on which he enacted, almost daily, cruel barbarities; some of them I was informed more terrific, if possible, than death itself. Little notice was taken of this murder, and it all passed off without any action being taken against the murderer. The masters used to try to make me whip their negroes. They said I could not get along with them without flogging them; but I found I could get along better with them by coaxing and encouraging them, than by beating and flogging them. I had not a heart to beat and kick about those beings; although I had not grace in my heart the three first years I was there, yet I sympathized with the slaves. I never was guilty of having but one whipped, and he was whipped but eight or nine blows. The circumstances were as follows:—Several negroes were put under my care one spring, who were fresh from Congo and Virginia. I could not understand them, neither could they one word I spoke; I therefore pointed to them to go to work; all obeyed me willingly but one, he refused. I told the driver that he must tie him up and whip him. After he had tied him, by the help of some others, we struck him eight or nine blows, and he yielded. I told the driver not to strike him another blow. We untied him, and he went to work, and continued faithful all the time he was with me. This one was not a sample, however; many of them have such exalted views of freedom that it is hard work for the masters to whip them into brutes, that is, to subdue their noble spirits. The negroes being put under my care, did not prevent the masters from whipping them when they pleased; but they never whipped much in my presence; this work was usually left until I had dismissed the hands. On the plantations the masters chose to have the slaves whipped in the presence of all hands, to strike them with terror.

6. *Runaways*.—Numbers of poor slaves run away from their masters, some of whom doubtless perish in the swamps and other secret places, rather than return back again to their masters; others stay away until they almost famish with hunger, and then return home rather than die, while others who abscond are caught by the negro-hunters, in various ways. Sometimes the master will hire some of his

most trusty negroes to secure any stray negroes who come on to their plantations. The slaves assist one another usually when they can, and not be found out in it. The master can now and then, however, get some of his hands to betray the runaways. Some obtain their living in hunting after lost slaves. The most common way is to train up young dogs to follow them. This can easily be done by obliging a slave to go out into the woods and climb a tree, and then put the young dog on his track, and with a little assistance he can be taught to follow him to the tree, and when found of course the dog would bark at such game as a poor negro on a tree. There was a man living in Savannah when I was there, who kept a large number of dogs for no other purpose than to hunt runaway negroes; and he always had enough of this work to do, for hundreds of runaways are never found; but could he get news soon after one had fled, he was almost sure to catch him. And this fear of the dogs restrains multitudes from running off.

When he went out on a hunting excursion, to be gone several days, he took several persons with him, armed generally with rifles, and followed by the dogs. The dogs were as true to the track of a negro, if one had passed recently, as a hound is to the track of a fox when he has found it. When the dogs draw near to their game, the slave must turn and fight them, or climb a tree. If the latter, the dogs will stay and bark until the pursuers come. The blacks frequently deceive the dogs by crossing and recrossing creeks. Should the hunters who have no dogs start a slave from his hiding place, and the slave not to stop at the hunter's call, he will shoot at him as soon as he would at a deer. Some masters advertize so much for a runaway slave, dead or alive. It undoubtedly gives so much more satisfaction to know that their property is dead, than to know that it is alive without being able to get it. Some slaves run away who never mean to be taken alive again. I will mention one. He ran off, and was pursued by the dogs, but having a weapon with him, he succeeded in killing two or three of the dogs, but was afterwards shot. He had declared that he never would be taken alive. The people rejoiced at the death of the slave, but lamented the death of the dogs, they were such ravenous hunters. Poor fellow, he fought for life and liberty like a

hero; but the bullets brought him down. A negro can hardly walk unmolested at the south. Every coloured stranger that walks the streets is suspected of being a runaway slave; hence he must be interrogated by every negro-hater whom he meets, and should he not have a pass, he must be arrested and hurried off to gaol. Some masters boast that their slaves would not be free if they could. How little they know of their slaves! They are all sighing and groaning for freedom. May God hasten the time!

7. *Confinement at night.*—When the slaves have done their day's work, they must be herded together like sheep in their yards, or on their plantations. They have not as much liberty as northern men, who are sent to jail for debt, for they have liberty to walk a larger yard than the slaves have. The slaves must all be at their homes precisely at eight o'clock, p. m. At this hour the drums beat in the cities, as a signal for every slave to be in his den. In the country the signal is given by the firing of guns, or some other way by which they may know the hour when to be at home. After this hour, the guard in the cities, and patrol in the country, being well armed, are on duty until day-light in the morning. If they catch any negroes during the night without a pass, they are immediately seized and hurried away to the guard-house, or, if in the country, to some place of confinement, where they are kept until nine o'clock, a. m., the next day; if not called for by that time, they are hurried off to jail, and there remain until called for by their master, and his jail and guard-house fees paid. The guards and patrols receive one dollar extra for every one they can catch, who has not a pass from his master, or overseer. But few masters will give their slaves passes to be out at night, unless on some special business; notwithstanding, many venture out, watching every step they take for the guard or patrol, the consequence is, some are caught almost every night, and some nights many are taken; some, fleeing after being hailed by the watch, are shot down in attempting their escape, others are crippled for life.

MONSIEUR C. C. ROBIN, who resided in Louisiana from 1802 to 1806, and who published a volume containing the results of his observations there, thus speaks of the condition of the slaves:—

“ While they are at labour, the manager, the master, or the driver has commonly the whip in hand to strike the idle. But those of the negroes who are judged guilty of serious faults, are punished with twenty, twenty-five, forty, fifty, or one hundred lashes. The manner of this cruel execution is as follows :—Four stakes are driven down, making a long square ; the culprit is extended naked between these stakes, face downwards ; his hands and his feet are bound separately with strong cords to each of the stakes, so far apart that his arms and legs, stretched in the form of St. Andrew’s cross, give the poor wretch no chance of stirring. Then the executioner, who is ordinarily a negro, armed with the long whip of a coachman, strikes upon the reins and thighs. The crack of his whip resounds afar, like that of an angry cartman beating his horses. The blood flows, the long wounds cross each other, strips of skin are raised, without softening either the hand of the executioner or the heart of the master, who cries, ‘ sting him harder.’

“ The reader is moved ; so am I. My agitated hand refuses to trace the bloody picture, to recount how many times the piercing cry of pain has interrupted my silent occupations ; how many times I have shuddered at the faces of those barbarous monsters, where I saw inscribed the number of victims sacrificed to their ferocity.

“ The women are subjected to these punishments as rigorously as the men—not even pregnancy exempts them ; in that case, before binding them to the stakes, a hole is made in the ground to accommodate the enlarged form of the victim.

“ It is remarkable that the white creole women are ordinarily more inexorable than the men. Their slow and languid gait, and the trifling services which they impose, betoken an apathetic indolence ; but should the slave not promptly obey, should he even fail to divine the meaning of their gestures or looks, in an instant they are armed with a formidable whip ; it is no longer the form which but feebly sustains itself. They themselves order the punishment of one of these poor creatures, and with a dry eye see their victim bound to four stakes ; they count the blows, and raise a voice of menace if the arm that strikes relaxes, or if the blood does not flow in sufficient abundance. Their sensibility changed to fury must needs feed itself for a while on

the hideous spectacle ; they must, as if to revive themselves, hear the piercing shrieks, and see the flow of fresh blood ; there are some of them who, in their frantic rage, pinch and bite their victims.

“ It is by no means wonderful, that the laws designed to protect the slave should be little respected by the generality of such masters. I have seen masters pay those unfortunate people the miserable overcoat which is their due ; but others give them nothing at all, and do not even leave them the hours and Sundays granted to them by law. I have seen some of those barbarous masters leave them, during the winter, in a state of revolting nudity, even contrary to their own true interests, for they thus weaken and shorten the lives upon which repose the whole of their own fortunes. I have seen some of those negroes compelled to conceal their nakedness with the long moss of the country. The sad melancholy of these wretches, depicted on their countenances, the flight of some, and the death of others, do not reclaim their masters ; they wreak upon those who remain the vengeance which they can no longer exercise upon the others.”

Narrative and testimony of the REV. FRANCIS HAWLEY, pastor of the Baptist church in Colebrook, Litchfield county, Connecticut. He resided fourteen years in the slave states of North and South Carolina. His character and standing in society are unquestionable.

“Plantations.—A majority of the large plantations are on the banks of rivers, far from the public eye. A great deal of low marshy ground lies in the vicinity of most of the rivers at the south ; consequently, the main roads are several miles from the rivers, and generally no public road passes the plantations. A stranger travelling on the ridge would think himself in a miserably poor country ; but every two or three miles he will see a road turning off, and leading into the swamp ; taking one of those roads, and travelling from two to six miles, he will find a large gate, passing which he will find himself in a clearing of several hundred acres of the first quality of land ; passing on, he will see thirty or forty, or more slaves—men, women, boys, and girls, at their task, every one with a hoe, or, if in cotton-

picking season, with their baskets; the overseer, with his whip, either riding or standing about among them, or, if the weather is hot, sitting under a shade. At a distance, on a little rising ground, if such there be, he will see a cluster of huts, with a tolerable house in the midst for the overseer. Those huts are from ten to fifteen feet square, built of logs, and covered, not with shingles, but with boards, about four feet long, and split out of pine timber with a 'frow.' The floors are very commonly made in this way. Clay is first worked until it is soft; it is then spread on the ground, about four or five inches thick; when it dries it becomes nearly as hard as brick. The crevices between the logs are sometimes filled with the same. These huts generally cost the master nothing—they are commonly built by the negroes at night, and on Sundays. When a slave of a neighbouring plantation takes a wife, or to use the phrase common at the south 'takes up' with one of the women, he builds a hut, and it is called her house. Upon entering these huts (not as comfortable in many instances as the horse stable), generally, you will find no chairs, but benches and stools; no table, no bedstead, and no bed, except a blanket or two, and a few rags or moss; in some instances a knife or two, but very rarely a fork. You may also find a pot or skillet, and generally a number of gourds, which serve them instead of bowls and plates. The cruelties practised on those secluded plantations, the judgment day alone can reveal. O brother, could I summon ten slaves from ten plantations that I could name, and have them give but one year's history of their bondage, it would thrill the land with horror. Those overseers who follow the business of overseeing for a livelihood, are generally the most unprincipled and abandoned of men. Their wages are regulated according to their skill in extorting labour. The one who can make the most bags of cotton, with a given number of hands, is the one generally sought after; and there is a competition among them to see who shall make the largest crop according to the hands he works. I ask, what can be the condition of the poor slaves, under the unlimited power of such men, in whom, by the long continued practice of the most heart-rending cruelties, every feeling of humanity has been obliterated. But it may be asked, cannot the slaves have redress by appealing to their masters? In many instances it is impossible, as their masters

live hundreds of miles off. There are perhaps thousands in the northern slave states (and many in the free states) who own plantations in the southern slave states, and many more spend their summers at the north, or at the various watering places. But what would the slaves gain, if they should appeal to the master? He has placed the overseer over them, with the understanding that he will make as large a crop as possible, and that he is to have entire control, and manage them according to his own judgment. Now, suppose that in the midst of the season the slaves make complaint of cruel treatment; the master cannot get along without an overseer; it is perhaps very sickly on the plantation; he dares not risk his own life there; overseers are all engaged at that season, and if he takes part with his slaves against the overseer, he would destroy his authority, and very likely provoke him to leave his service, which would of course be a very great injury to him. Thus, in nineteen cases out of twenty, self-interest would prevent the master from paying any attention to the complaints of his slaves. And, if any should complain, it would of course come to the ears of the overseer, and the complainant would be inhumanly punished for it.

“ *Clothing.*—The rule, where slaves are hired out, is two suits of clothes per year, one pair of shoes, and one blanket; but as relates to the great body of slaves, this cannot be called a general rule. On many plantations, the children under ten or twelve years old go *entirely naked*—or, if clothed at all, they have nothing more than a shirt. The cloth is of the coarsest kind, far from being durable or warm; and their shoes frequently come to pieces in a few weeks. I have never known any provision made or time allowed for the washing of clothes. If they wish to wash, as they have generally but one suit, they go after their day's toil to some stream, build a fire, pull off their clothes and wash them in the stream, and dry them by the fire; and in some instances they wear their clothes until they are worn out, without washing. I have never known an instance of a slaveholder putting himself to any expense, that his slaves might have decent clothes for the sabbath. If, by making baskets, brooms, mats, &c., at night or on Sundays, the slaves can get money enough to buy a Sunday suit, very well. I have never known an instance of a slaveholder

furnishing his slaves with stockings or mittens. I know that the slaves suffer much, and no doubt many die in consequence of not being well clothed."

Testimony of MR. LEMUEL SAPINGTON, a native of Maryland, who was formerly a slave-driver, but now a repentant sinner.

"I was born in Maryland, afterwards moved to Virginia, where I commenced the business of farming and trafficking in slaves. In my neighbourhood the slaves were quartered. The description generally given of negro quarters is correct. The quarters are without floors, and not sufficient to keep off the inclemency of the weather; they are uncomfortable, both in summer and winter. The food there consists of potatoes, pork, and corn, which were given to them daily, by weight and measure. The sexes were huddled together promiscuously. Their clothing is made by themselves after night, though sometimes assisted by the old women who are no longer able to do out-door work, consequently it is harsh and uncomfortable. I have frequently seen those of both sexes who have not attained the age of twelve years go naked. Their punishments are invariably cruel. For the slightest offence, such as taking a hen's egg, I have seen them stripped and suspended by their hands, their feet tied together, a fence rail of ordinary size placed between their ankles, and then most cruelly whipped, until from head to foot they were completely lacerated; a pickle, made for the purpose of salt and water, would then be applied by a fellow-slave, for the purpose healing the wounds as well as giving pain; then taken down, and without the least respite, sent to work with their hoe.

"Pursuing my assumed right of driving souls, I went to the southern parts of Virginia for the purpose of trafficking in slaves. In that part of the state, the cruelties practised upon the slaves are far greater than where I lived. The punishments there often resulted in death to the slave. There was no law for the slave, but that of the overseer's whip. In that part of the country the slaves receive nothing for food but corn in the ear, which has to be prepared for baking after working hours, by grinding it with a handmill. This they take to the fields with them, and prepare it for eating, by holding it on their hoes over a fire made by a stump.

Among the gangs are often young women, who bring their children to the fields, and lay them in a fence corner, while they are at work, only being permitted to nurse them at the option of the overseer. When a child is three weeks old, a woman is considered in working order. I have seen a woman with her young child strapped to her back labouring the whole day, beside a man, perhaps the father of the child, and he not being able to give her any assistance, himself being under the whip: the uncommon humanity of the driver allowing her the comfort to do so. I was then selling a drove of slaves, which I had brought by water from Baltimore, my conscience not allowing me to drive, as was generally the case, uniting the slaves by collars and thus driving under the whip. About that time an unaccountable something, which I now know was an interposition of Providence, prevented me from prosecuting any farther this unholy traffic; but though I had quitted it, I still continued to live in a slave-state, witnessing every day its evil effects upon my fellow-beings. Among which was a heart-rending scene that took place in my father's house, which led me to leave a slave-state, as well as the imaginary comforts arising from slavery. On preparing for my removal to the state of Pennsylvania, it became necessary for me to go Louisville, in Kentucky, where, if possible, I became more horrified with the impositions practised upon the negro than before. There a slave was sold to go farther south, and was handcuffed for the purpose of keeping him secure; but, choosing death rather than slavery, he jumped overboard, and was drowned. When I returned, four weeks afterwards, his body, that had floated three miles below, was yet unburied. One fact—it is impossible for a person to pass through a slave-state, if he has his eyes open, without beholding every day cruelties repugnant to humanity.”

Testimony of **PRESIDENT EDWARDS**, the younger, before the Connecticut Abolition Society, 1791.

“From these drivers, for every imagined, as well as real neglect or want of exertion, they receive the lash—the smack of which is all day long in the ears of those who are on the plantations or in the vicinity; and it is used with such dexterity and severity, as not only to lacerate the skin, but to tear out small portions of the flesh at every stroke.

“Many, many are knocked down; some have their eyes beaten out; some have an arm or a leg broken, or chopped off; and many, for a small or for no crime at all, have been beaten to death, merely to gratify the fury of an enraged master or overseer.”

TORTURES BY IRON COLLARS, CHAINS, FETTERS,
HANDCUFFS, ETC.

The slaves are often tortured by iron collars, with long prongs or “horns,” and sometimes bells attached to them; they are made to wear chains, handcuffs, fetters, iron clogs, bars, rings, and bands of iron upon their limbs, iron marks upon their faces, iron gags in their mouths, &c.

In proof of this I give the testimony of slaveholders themselves, under their own names, in the form of extracts from their own advertisements in southern papers, in which, describing their runaway slaves, they specify the iron collars, handcuffs, chains, fetters, &c., which they wore upon their necks, wrists, ankles, and other parts of their bodies.

In doing this I will only give the name of the advertiser, the name and date of the newspaper containing the advertisement, with the place of publication, and only so much of the advertisement as will give the particular *fact*, proving the truth of the assertion contained in the *general head*.

WITNESSES.

William Toler, sheriff of Simpson county, Mississippi, Sept. 22, 1838.

Mr. James R. Green, in the “Beacon,” Greensborough, Alabama, Aug. 23, 1838.

Mr. T. Enggy, New Orleans, Galatin-street, between hospital and barracks, New Orleans “Bee,” Oct. 27, 1837.

Mr. John Henderson, Washington county, Missouri, in the “Grand Gulf Advertiser,” Aug. 29, 1838.

TESTIMONY.

Was committed to jail, a yellow boy named Jim; had on a large lock chain around his neck.

Ran away, a negro named Squire; had on a chain locked with a house lock around his neck.

Ran away, negress Caroline; had on a collar with one prong turned down.

Ran away, a black woman, Betsy; had an iron bar on her right leg.

WITNESSES.

William Dyer, sheriff, Claiborne, Louisiana, in the "Herald," Natchitoches, July 26, 1837.

H. W. Rice, sheriff, Colton district, South Carolina, in the "Charleston Mercury," Sept. 1, 1838.

Mr. A. Murat, Baton Rouge, in the New Orleans "Bee," June 20, 1837.

Mr. J. Macoin, 177, Ann-st. New Orleans, in the "Bee," Aug. 11, 1838.

Menard, Brothers, parish of Bernard, Louisiana, in the New Orleans "Bee," Aug. 18, 1838.

H. Gridly, sheriff of Adams county, Missouri, in the "Memphis (Tenn.) Times," Sept. 1834.

Mr. Lambre, in the "Natchitoches (La) Herald," March 29, 1837.

Mr. Ferdinand Lemos, N. Orleans, in the "Bee," Jan. 29, 1838.

Mr. Charles Curcner, New Orleans, in the "Bee," July 2, 1838.

Mr. P. T. Manning, Huntsville, Alabama, in the "Huntsville Advocate," Oct. 23, 1838.

Mr. William L. Lambeth, Lynchburgh, Virginia, in the "Moulton Which" (Ala), Jan. 30, 1836.

Mr. D. F. Guex, secretary of the Steam Cotton Press Company, New Orleans, in the "Commercial Bulletin," May 27, 1838.

Mr. Francis Durett, Lexington, Alabama, in the "Huntsville Democrat," March 8, 1838.

TESTIMONY.

Was committed to jail, a negro named Ambrose; has a ring of iron around his neck.

Committed to jail, a negro named Patrick, about forty-five years old, and is handcuffed.

Ran away, the negro Manuel, *much marked with irons*.

Ran away, the negress Fanny; had on an iron band about her neck.

Ran away, a negro named John, having an iron around his right foot.

Was committed to jail, a negro boy; had on *a large neck iron*, with a huge pair of horns, and a large bar or band of iron on his left leg.

Ran away, the negro boy Teams; he had on his neck an iron collar.

Ran away, the negro George; he had on his neck an iron collar, the branches of which had been taken off.

Ran away, the negro Hown; has a ring of iron on his left foot. Also, Grisee, his wife, having a ring and chain on the left leg.

Ran away, a negro boy named James—said boy was ironed when he left me.

Ran away, Jim; had on when he escaped a pair of chain handcuffs.

Ran away, Edmund Coleman; it is supposed he must have iron shackles on his ankles.

Ran away, a mulatto; had on when he left a pair of handcuffs, and a pair of drawing chains.

It is needless for me to quote all of these southern papers to bear witness against the *iron-hearted* slaveholders, as such advertisements are as common as the advertised sales of any other goods or property. The brute creation could not certainly be more cruelly treated than the fettered slaves of these *free* southern states.

The *New Orleans Courier* says—"We saw one of those miserable beings—he had a large hole in his head—his body from head to foot was covered with scars and filled with worms."

The *New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser* says—"Seven

poor unfortunate slaves were found—some chained to the floor, others with chains around their neck, fastened to the ceiling; and one poor old man, upwards of sixty years of age, chained hand and foot, and made fast to the floor, in a *kneeling position*. His head bore the appearance of having been beaten until it was broken, and the worms were actually to be seen making a feast of his brains? A woman had her back literally cooked (if the expression may be used) with the lash; the very bones might be seen projecting through the skin!”

The *New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser* says—“A negro woman was found chained, covered with bruises and wounds from severe flogging. All the apartments were then forced open. In a room on the ground floor two more were found chained, and in a deplorable condition. Up stairs and in the garret, four more were found chained; some so weak as to be unable to walk, and all covered with wounds and sores. One mulatto boy declares himself to have been chained for five months, being fed daily with only a handful of meal, and receiving every morning the most cruel treatment.”

JOHN M. NELSON, Esq., a native of Virginia, now a highly respected citizen of Highland county, Ohio, and a member of the Presbyterian church in Hillsborough, in a recent letter states the following: “In Staunton, Virginia, at the house of Mr. Robert McDowell, a merchant of that place, I once saw a coloured woman, of intelligent and dignified appearance, who appeared to be attending to the business of the house, with an iron collar around her neck, with horns or prongs extending out on either side, and up, until they met at something like a foot above her head, at which point there was a bell attached. This yoke, as they called it, I understood, was to prevent her from running away, or to punish her for having done so. I had frequently seen *men* with iron collars, but this was the first instance that I recollect to have seen a female thus degraded.”

The following testimony is from Mr. William Armstrong, a highly respected citizen of Muskingum county, Ohio:—“While lying at Alexandria, on Red River, Louisiana, he saw a slave brought to a blacksmith’s shop, and a collar of iron fastened around his neck, with two pieces riveted to the sides, meeting some distance above his head. At the top of the arch, thus formed, was attached a large cow-bell, the

motion of which, while walking the streets, made it necessary for the slave to hold his hand to one of its sides to steady it.

“ In New Orleans he saw several with iron collars, with horns attached to them. The first he saw had three prongs projecting from the collar ten or twelve inches, with the letter S on the end of each. He says iron collars are frequent there.”

The two following facts are stated upon the authority of the Rev. JOSEPH G. WILSON, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Salem, Washington county, Indiana.

“ In Bath Co., Kentucky, Mr. L., in the year 1833, while intoxicated, in a fit of rage whipped a female slave until she fainted and fell on the floor. Then he whipped her to get up. Then with red hot tongs he burnt off her ears, and whipped her again! but all in vain. He then ordered his negro men to carry her to the cabin. There she was found dead next morning.

“ One Wall, in Chester district, South Carolina, owned a slave, whom he hired to his brother-in-law, William Beckman, for whom the slave worked eighteen months, and worked well. Two weeks after returning to his master, he ran away on account of bad treatment. To induce him to return, the master sold him nominally to his neighbour, to whom the slave gave himself up, and by whom he was returned to his master:—punishment stripes. To prevent escape a bar of iron was fastened with three bands at the waist, knee, and ankle. That night he broke the bands and bar, and escaped. Next day he was taken and whipped to death, by three men, the master, Thorn, and the overseer. First, he was whipped and driven towards home, on the way he attempted to escape, and was shot at by the master, caught and knocked down with the butt of the gun by Thorn. In attempting to cross a ditch he fell, with his feet down and face on the bank. They whipped again to get him up, but in vain; he died. His soul ascended to God, to be a swift witness against his oppressors. This took place at twelve o'clock. Next evening an inquest was held. Of thirteen jurors, summoned by the coroner, nine said it was murder; two said it was manslaughter, and two said it was justifiable! He was bound over to court, tried, and acquitted—not even fined.”

The following atrocities were perpetrated by Madame La

Laurie upon her slaves in New Orleans, in 1834. I give them as they appeared in the New Orleans Bee.

“Upon entering one of the apartments, the most appalling spectacle met their eyes. Seven slaves, more or less horribly mutilated, were seen suspended by the neck, with their limbs apparently stretched and torn, from one extremity to the other. They had been confined for several months in the situation from which they had thus been rescued; and had been merely kept in existence to prolong their sufferings, and to make them to taste all that a most refined cruelty could inflict.”

Mr. HENRY P. THOMPSON, a native of Nicholasville, Kentucky, made the following statement at a public meeting in Lane Seminary, Ohio, in 1833. He was at that time a slaveholder.

“Cruelties,” said he, “are so common, I hardly know what to relate. But one fact occurs to me just at this time, that happened in the village where I live. The circumstances are these. A coloured man, a slave, ran away. As he was crossing Kentucky river, a white man who suspected him, attempted to stop him. The negro resisted. The white man procured help, and finally succeeded in securing him. He then wreaked his vengeance on him for resisting; flogging him till he was not able to walk. They then put him on a horse, and came on with him ten miles to Nicholasville. When they entered the village, it was noticed that he sat upon his horse like a drunken man. It was a very hot day; and whilst they were taking some refreshment, the negro sat down on the ground, under the shade. When they ordered him to go, he made several efforts before he could get up; and when he attempted to mount his horse, his strength was entirely insufficient. One of the men struck him, and with an oath, ordered him to get on the horse without any more fuss. The negro staggered back a few steps, fell down, and died. I do not know if any more notice was ever taken of it.”

In proof of the unruly passions of these madmen, whose uncontrollable temper leads them to the most extravagant acts of despotism, we have the following testimony from the Rev. THOMAS SAVAGE, of Bedford, New Hampshire.

“The following circumstance was related to me last summer, by my brother, now residing as a physician at

Rodney, Mississippi; and who, though a pro-slavery man, spoke of it in terms of reprobation, as an act of capricious, wanton cruelty. The planter who was the actor in it, I myself know; and the whole transaction is so characteristic of the man, that, independent of the strong authority I have, I should entertain but little doubt of its authenticity. He is a wealthy planter, residing near Natcher, eccentric, capricious, and intemperate. On one occasion he invited a number of guests to an elegant entertainment, prepared in the true style of Southern luxury. From some cause, none of the guests appeared. In a moody manner, and under the influence, probably, of mortified pride, he ordered the overseer to call the (a term by which the field hands are generally designated), on to the piazza. The order was obeyed, and the people came, 'Now,' said he, 'have them seated at the table. Accordingly they were seated at the well furnished glittering table, while he and his overseer waited on them, and helped them to the various dainties of the feast. 'Now,' said he, after a while, raising his voice, 'take these rascals, and give them twenty lashes a piece. I will show them how to eat at my table.' The overseer in relating it said he had to comply, though reluctantly, with this brutal command."

The following fact was witnessed by an elder of the Presbyterian church in one of the slave states. His name is with the executive committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

"I was passing through a piece of timbered land, and on a sudden I heard a sound as of murder; I rode in that direction, and at some distance discovered a naked black man, hung to a limb of a tree by his hands, his feet chained together, and a pine rail laid with one end on the chain between his legs, and the other on the ground, to steady him; and in this condition the overseer gave him *four hundred lashes*. The miserably lacerated slave was then taken down, and put to the care of a physician. And what do you suppose was the offence for which all this was done? simply this; his owner observing that he laid off corn rows too crooked, he replied, 'Massa, much corn grow on crooked row as on straight one. This was it, this was enough. His overseer, boasting of his skill in managing a *nigger*, he was submitted to him, and treated as above."

DAVID L. CHILD, of Northampton, Massachussets, secre-

tary of the United States, minister at the court of Lisbon during the administration of President Munroe, stated the following fact in an oration delivered by him in Boston, in 1834.

“An honourable friend, who stands high in the State and in the nation, was present at the burial of a female slave in Mississippi, who had been whipped to death at the stake by her master, because she was gone longer of an errand to the neighbouring town, than her master thought necessary. Under the lash she protested that she was ill, and was obliged to rest in the field. To complete the climax of horror, she was delivered of a dead infant while undergoing the punishment.”

Mr. EZEKIEL BIRDSEYE, a highly respected citizen of Cornwall, Litchfield county, Connecticut, who resided for many years at the South, furnished to the Rev. E. R. Tyler, editor of the Connecticut Observer, the following personal testimony.

“While I lived in Limestone county, Alabama, in 1826-7, a tavern-keeper of the village of Moresville discovered a negro carrying away a piece of old carpet. It was during the Christmas holidays, when the slaves are allowed to visit their friends. The negro stated that one of the servants of the tavern owed him some twelve and a half or twenty-five cents, and that he had taken the carpet in payment. This the servant denied. The innkeeper took the negro to a field near by, and whipped him cruelly. He then struck him with a stake, and punched him in the face and mouth, knocking out some of his teeth. After this, he took him back to the house, and committed him to the care of his son, who had just then come home with another young man. This was at evening. They whipped him by turns, with heavy cowskins, and made the dogs shake him. A Mr. Phillips, who lodged at the house, heard the cruelty during the night. On getting up he found the negro in the bar room, terribly mangled with the whip, and his flesh so torn by the dogs, that the cords were bare. He remarked to the landlord that he was dangerously hurt, and needed care. The landlord replied that he deserved none. Mr. Phillips went to a neighbouring magistrate, who took the slave home with him, when he soon died. The father and son were both tried, and acquitted!! A suit was brought however, for

damages in behalf of the owner of the slave, a young lady by the name of Agnes Jones. *I was on the jury when these facts were stated on oath.* Two men testified, one that he would have given £1000 for him, the other £900 or £950. The jury found the latter sum.

“At Union court-house, South Carolina, a tavern-keeper by the name of Samuel Davis, procured the conviction and execution of his own slave, for stealing a cake of gingerbread from a grogshop. The slave raised the latch of the back door, and took the cake doing no other injury. The shop-keeper, whose name was Charles Gordon was willing to forgive him, but his master procured his conviction and execution by hanging. The slave had but one arm; and an order on the State treasury by the court that tried him, which also assessed his value, brought him more money than he could have obtained for the slave in market.”

Mr. SAMUEL HALL, a teacher in Mariotta College, Ohio, informs us, that he has the following statement from a fellow-student in whom he places the greatest confidence.

“I have seen at least fifteen droves of human cattle, passing by us on their way to the South; and I do not recollect an exception, where there were not more or less of them chained together.”

Mr. GEORGE P. C. HUSSEY, of Fayetteville, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, writes thus:

“I was born and raised in Hagerstown, Washington county, Maryland, where slavery is perhaps milder than in any other part of the slave States; and yet I have seen hundreds of coloured men and women chained together, two by two, and driven to the South. I have seen slaves tied up, and lashed till the blood ran down to their heels.”

Mr. GIDDINGS, member of Congress from Ohio, in his speech in the house of representatives, Feb. 13, 1839, made the following statement:

“On the beautiful avenue in front of the capitol, members of Congress during this session, have been compelled to turn aside from their path, to permit a coffle of slaves, males and females, chained to each other by their necks, to pass on their way to this national slave market.”

Testimony of Mr. WILLIAM HANSBOROUGH, of Culpeper county, Virginia, the “owner” of sixty slaves.

“I saw a slave taken out of prison by his master, on a

hot summer's day, and driven, by said master, on the road before him, till he dropped down dead."

BRANDINGS, MAIMINGS, GUN-SHOT WOUNDS, &C.

The slaves are often branded with hot irons, pursued with fire-arms, and shot hunted with dogs and torn by them, shockingly maimed with knives, dirks, &c., as we shall see in the following advertisements.

WITNESSES.

TESTIMONY.

Mr. Micajah Ricks, Nash county, N. Carolina, in the "Raleigh Standard," July, 18, 1838.

Ran away, a negro woman and two children; a few days before she went off *I burnt her with a hot iron* on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M.

Mr. Asa B. Metcalf, Kingston, Adams county, Mi. in the "Natcher Courier," June 15, 1832.

Ran away, Mary, a black woman, has a *scar* on her back and right arm near the shoulder, *caused by a rifle ball*.

Mr. N. Overstreet, Benton, Yazoo, county Mi. in the Lexington (Kentucky) Observer," July 22, 1838.

Ran away, a negro man, named Henry, *his left eye out*, some scars from a *dirk* on and under his left arm, and much scarred with the whip.

Mr. R. P. Carney, Clark co. Alabama, in the "Mobile Register." Dec. 22, 1832.

One hundred dollars reward for a negro fellow, Pompey, forty years old. He is *branded* on the left jaw.

Mr. J. Guyler, Savannah Georgia, in the "Republican," April 12, 1837.

Ran away, Laman, an old negro man, grey, has *only one eye*.

J. A. Brown, jailor, Charleston, South Carolina, in the "Mercury," June 12, 1837.

Committed to jail, a negro man, has *no toes* on his left foot.

Mr. J. Scrivener, Herring Bay, Ann Arundel co. Maryland, in the "Anapolis Republican," April 18, 1837.

Ran away, a negro man, Elijah, has a scar on his left cheek apparently occasioned by a *shot*.

Madame Burvant, corner of Chartres and Toulouse streets, New Orleans, in the "Bee," Dec. 21, 1838.

Ran away, a negro woman named Rachel, has lost *all her toes*, except the large one.

Mr. O. U. Lains, in the "Helena (Ark.) Journal," June 1. 1833.

Ran away, Sam, he was shot a short time since through the hand, and has *several shots in his left arm and side*.

Mr. R. U. Sizer, in the "Grand Gulf Advertizer," July 8, 1837.

Ran away, my negro man Dennis, Said negro has been *shot* in the left arm, between the shoulder and elbow, which has paralyzed the left hand.

Mr. Nicholas Edmunds, in the "Petersburgh (Va.) Intelligencer," May 22, 1838.

Ran away, my negro man, named Simon, he has been shot *badly* in his back and right arm.

WITNESSES.

TESTIMONY.

Mr. J. Bishop, Bishopsville, Sumptre district, South Carolina, in the "Camden Journal," March 4, 1837.

Mr. S. Neyle, Little Ogeechee, Georgia, in the "Savannah Republican," July 3, 1837.

Mrs. Sarah Walsh, Mobile, Alabama, in the "Georgia Journal," March 27, 1837.

Mr. J. P. Ashford, Adams county, Mi., in the "Natcher Courier," Aug. 24, 1838.

Mr. Ely Townsend, Pike county, Alabama, in the "Pensacola Gazette," Sept. 16, 1837.

S. B. Murphy, jailor, Irvington, Georgia, in the "Milledgeville Journal," May 29, 1838.

Mr. A. Luminais, parish of St. John, Louisiana, in the "New Orleans Bee," March 3, 1838.

Mr. Isaac Johnson, Pulaski county, Georgia, in the "Milledgeville Journal," June 19, 1838.

Mr. Thos. Hudnall, Madison county, Mi. in the "Vicksburgh Register," Sept. 5, 1838.

Mr. John M'Murrain, Columbus, Georgia, in the "Southern Sun," Aug. 7, 1838.

Mr. Moses Orme, Annapolis, Maryland, in the "Annapolis Republican," June 20, 1837.

William Strickland, jailor, Kershaw district, S. C., in the "Camden Courier," July 8, 1837.

The Editor of the "Grand Gulf Advertiser," Dec. 7, 1838.

Mr. Wm. Bateman, in the "Grand Gulf Advertiser," Dec. 7, 1837.

Mr. B. G. Simmons, in the "Southern Argus," May 30, 1837.

Ran away, a negro named Arthur, has a considerable *scar* across his *breast and each arm*, made by a knife; loves to talk much of the goodness of God.

Ran away, George; he has a *sword cut* lately received on his left arm.

Twenty-five dollars reward for my man Isaac; he has a scar on his forehead caused by a *blow*, and one on his back made by a *shot from a pistol*.

Ran away, a negro girl called Mary, has a small *scar* over her eye, a *good many teeth missing*; the letter A is branded on *her cheek and forehead*.

Ran away, negro Ben, has a scar on his right hand, his thumb and fore-being injured by being shot last fall, a part of the bone came out; he has also one or two large scars on his back and hips.

Committed, a negro man, is very badly shot in the right side and right hand.

Detained at the jail, a mulatto named Tom, has a scar on the right cheek, and appears to have been *burned with powder* on the face.

Ran away, a negro man named Ned, three of his fingers are drawn into the palm of his hand by a *cut*, has a scar on the back of his neck, nearly half round, done by a *knife*.

Ran away, a negro named Hambleton, limps on his left foot, where he was *shot* a few weeks ago, while *run-away*.

Ran away, a negro boy named Mose, he has a wound in the right shoulder, near the back bone, which was occasioned by a rifle shot.

Ran away, my negro man Bill; he has a *fresh wound* on his *head* above his *ear*.

Committed to jail, a negro; says his name is Cuffee; he is lame in one knee, occasioned by a *shot*.

Ran away, Joshua; his thumb is off of his left hand.

Ran away, William; scar over his left eye, one between his eyebrows, one on his breast, and his right leg has been *broken*.

Ran away, Mark, his left arm has been *broken, right leg also*.

WITNESSES.

Mr. James Artop, in the "Macon (Georgia) Messenger," May 25, 1837.

J. L. Jolly, sheriff of Clinton county, Mi. in the "Clinton Gazette," July 23, 1836.

Mr. Thomas Ledwith, Jacksonville, East Florida, in the "Charleston (S. Carolina) Courier," Sept. 1, 1838.

Mr. Joseph James, sen., Pleasant-ridge, Paulding county, Georgia, in the "Milledgeville Union," Nov. 7, 1837.

Mr. William Riley, Orangeburg district, South Carolina, in the "Columbia Telescope," Nov. 11, 1837.

Mr. Samuel Mason, Warren county, Mi., in the "Vicksburgh Register," July 18, 1838.

TESTIMONY.

Ran away, Caleb, fifty years old, has an awkward gait, occasioned by his being *shot* in the thigh.

Was committed to jail, a negro man, says his name is Josiah, his back very much scarred by the whip, and branded on the thigh and hips in three or four places, thus, J. M. the rim of his right ear has been bit or cut off.

Fifty dollars reward for my fellow, Edward, he has a *scar* on the corner of his mouth, two *cuts* on and under his arm, and the *letter E* on his arm.

Ran away, negro boy Ellic, has a scar on one of his arms *from the bite of a dog*.

Ran away, a negro man, has a scar on the ankle produced by a *burn*, and a *mark* on his arm, resembling the letter S.

Ran away, a negro man named Allen, he has a scar on his breast, also a scar under the left eye, and has *two buck shot* in his right arm.

FLOGGINGS.

With regard to flogging, which is the most common punishment among the slaves, my readers will at once be convinced of its prevalence in the southern states from the following advertisements which I copy. The slaves are terribly lacerated with whips, paddles, &c; red pepper and salt are rubbed into their mangled flesh; hot brine and turpentine are poured into their gashes; and innumerable other tortures inflicted upon them. By *witnesses* I mean those who have signed the advertisements, and by *testimony*, merely an extract from the advertisements.

WITNESSES.

Mr. D. Judd, jailor, Davidson county, Tennessee, in the "Nashville Banner," Dec. 10, 1838.

Mr. Robt. Nicoll, Dauphin street, between Emmanuel and Conception streets, Mobile, Alabama, in the "Mobile Commercial Advertiser."

TESTIMONY.

Committed to jail as a runaway, a negro woman, named Martha, 17 or 18 years of age, has *numerous scars of the whip* on her back.

Ten dollars for my woman Siby, *very much scarred about the neck and ears by whipping*.

WITNESSES.

Mr. Bryant Johnson, Fort Valley, Houston county, Georgia, in the "Standard of Union," Milledgeville, Georgia, Oct. 4, 1838.

Mr. James T. de Jarnett, Vernon, Autauga county, Alabama, in the "Pensacola Gazette," July 14, 1838.

Maurice Y. Garcia, sheriff of the county of Jefferson, Louisiana, in the "New Orleans Bee," Aug. 14, 1838.

R. J. Bland, sheriff of Claiborne county, Miss. in the "Charleston (S. C.) Courier," Aug. 28, 1838.

Mr. James Noe, Red River Landing, Louisiana, in the "Sentinel," Vicksburgh, Miss. Aug. 22, 1837.

William Craze, jailor, Alexandria, Louisiana, in the "Planter Intelligencer," Sept. 26, 1838.

John A. Rowland, jailor, Lumberton, North Carolina, in the "Fayetteville Observer," June 20, 1838.

J. K. Roberts, sheriff of Blount county, Alabama, in the "Huntsville Democrat," Dec. 9, 1838.

Mr. H. Varillat, No. 23, Girod-street, N. O., in the "Commercial Bulletin," Aug. 27, 1838.

Mr. Cornelius D. Tohn, Augusta, Georgia, in the "Chronicle and Sentinel," Oct. 18, 1838.

N. H. Braseale, sheriff of Blount county, Alabama, in the "Huntsville Democrat," June 9, 1838.

Mr. Robt. Beasley, Macon, Georgia, in the Georgia "Messenger," July 27, 1837.

Mr. John Rotton, Rockville, Montgomery county, Maryland, in the "Baltimore Republican," June 13, 1838.

D. S. Bennet, sheriff, Natchitoches, Louisiana, in the "Herald," July 21, 1838.

Messrs. C. C. Whitehead and R. A. Evans, Marion, Georgia, in the Milledgeville "Standard of Union," June 26, 1838.

Mr. Samuel Stewart, Greensboro', Alabama, in the "Southern Advocate," Huntsville, Jan 6, 1838.

Mr. John Walker, No. 6, Bank's Arcade, N. O. in the "Bulletin," Aug. 11, 1838.

TESTIMONY.

Ran away, a negro woman named Martha, *some scars on her back occasioned by the whip.*

Stolen, a negro woman, Celia; on examining her back you will find *marks caused by the whip.*

Lodged in jail, a mulatto boy, *having large marks of the whip* on his shoulders and other parts of the body.

Was committed, a negro boy named Tom, *is much marked with the whip.*

Ran away, a negro fellow named Dick, has *many scars* on his back from being *whipped.*

Committed to jail, a negro slave, his back *is very badly scarred.*

Committed, a mulatto fellow, his back shows *lasting impressions of the whip*, and leaves no doubt of his being a *slave.*

Committed to jail, a negro man, his back much marked by the whip.

Ran away, the negro man named Jupiter, has a fresh mark of a cow-skin on one of his cheeks.

Ran away, a negro man named Johnson, he has a great many marks of the *whip* on his back.

Committed to jail, a negro slave named James, *much scarred* with a whip on his back.

Ran away, my man Fountain, he is marked on the back with the whip.

Ran away, Bill, has several *large scars* on his back from a severe whipping in early life.

Committed to jail, a negro boy, who calls himself Joe; said negro bears *marks of the whip.*

Ran away, negro fellow John; from being whipped has scars on his *back, arms, and thighs.*

Ran away, a boy named Jem, with the marks of the whip on the *small of the back, reaching round to the flank.*

Ran away, the mulatto boy Quash, considerably marked on the back and other places with the lash.

WITNESSES.

Mr. Jesse Beene, Cahawba, Alabama, in the "State Intelligencer," Tuscaloosa, Dec. 25, 1837.

Mr. John Turner, Thomastown, Upson county, Georgia, in the "Standard of Union," Milledgeville, June 26, 1838.

James Derrah, deputy sheriff, Claiborne county, Mi., in the "Port Gibson Correspondent," April 15, 1837.

S. B. Murphy, sheriff, Wilkinson county, Georgia, in the Milledgeville "Journal," May 15, 1838.

Mr. L. E. Cooner, Bramhville, Orangeburgh district, South Carolina, in the Macon "Messenger," May 25, 1837.

John H. Hand, jailor of the parish of West Feliciana, Louisiana, in the "St. Francisville Journal," July 6, 1837.

TESTIMONY.

Ran away, my negro man Billy, he has the marks of the whip.

Left, my negro man George, he has a *great many scars from the lash.*

Committed to jail, negro man Toy, he has been badly whipped.

Brought to jail, a negro man named George, he has a great many scars from the lash.

One hundred dollars reward, for my negro Glasgow, and Kate his wife. Glasgow is 24 years old, has marks of the whip on his back; Kate is 26, has a scar on her cheek, and several marks of the whip.

Committed to jail, a negro boy named John, about 17 years old, his back badly marked with the *whip*, his upper lip and chin *severely bruised.*

The foregoing testimony is, as the reader perceives, that of the slaveholders themselves, voluntarily certifying to the outrages which their own hands have committed upon defenceless and innocent men and women over whom they have assumed authority; nor is it reasonable to imagine that these men would not exaggerate their own cruelties.

I shall now present the testimony of a large number of individuals, with their names and residences, of persons who witnessed the inflictions to which they testify; many of them have been slaveholders, and all residents for longer or shorter periods in slave states.

Rev. John H. CURTIS, a native of Keep Creek, Norfolk county, Virginia, now a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church in Portage county, Ohio, states as follows:

"In 1829 or 1830, one of my father's slaves was accused of taking the key to the office and stealing four or five dollars; he denied it. A constable of the name of Hull was called; he took the negro, very deliberately tied his hands, and whipped him till the blood ran freely down his legs. By this time Hull appeared tired, and stopped; he then took a rope, put a slip noose around his neck, and told the negro he was going to kill him, at the same time drew the rope and began whipping. The negro fell; his cheeks

looked as though they would burst with strangulation. Hull whipped and kicked him till I really thought he was going to kill him ; when he ceased the negro was in a complete gore of blood from head to foot."

SAMUEL ELLISON, a member of the Society of Friends, formerly of Southampton county, Virginia, now of Marlborough Stark county, Ohio, gives the following testimony :—

"While a resident of Southampton county, Virginia, I knew two men after having been severely treated, endeavour to make their escape. In this they failed, were taken, tied to trees, and whipped to death by their overseer. I lived a mile from the negro quarters, and at that distance, could frequently hear the screams of the poor creatures when beaten, and could also hear the blows given by the overseer with some heavy instrument."

The following statement is furnished by MAJOR NYE, of Putnam, Muskingum county, Ohio.

"About four weeks since I had a conversation with Mr. Porter, a respectable citizen of Morgan county, of this State; of about fifty years of age. He told me he formerly travelled about five years in the Southern states, and that on one occasion he stopped at a private house to stay all night; (I think it was in Virginia) while he was conversing with the man, his wife came in and complained that the wench had broke some article in the kitchen, and that she must be whipped. He took the woman into the door yard, stripped her clothes down to her hips, tied her hands together, and drawing them up to a limb, so that she could just touch the ground, took a very large cowskin whip, and commenced flogging; he said that every stroke first raised the skin, and immediately the blood came through; this he continued until the blood stood in a puddle at her feet. He then turned to my informant and said, 'Well, Yankee, what do you think of that?'"

Extract of a letter from GERITT SMITH, Esq. of Peterborough, New York.

Peterborough, Dec. 1, 1838.

[*To the Editor of the Union Herald.*]

"MY DEAR SIR:—You will be happy to hear that the two fugitive slaves, to whom in the brotherly love of your heart, you gave the use of your horse, are still making un-

disturbed progress towards the *monarchical* land whither republican slaves make their escape for the enjoyment of liberty. They had eaten their breakfast, and were seated in my waggon, before day dawn this morning.

“Fugitive slaves have before taken my house in their way, but never any whose lips and persons made so forcible an appeal to my sensibilities, and kindled in me so much abhorrence of the hell-concocted system of American Slavery.

“The fugitives exhibited their bare backs to myself and a number of my neighbours. William’s back is comparatively scarred. But I speak within bounds, when I say, that one third to one half of the whole surface of the back and shoulders of poor Scott, consists of *scars and whales resulting from innumerable gashes*. *His natural complexion* being yellow, and the callous places being nearly black, his back and shoulders remind you of a spotted animal.”

The Louisville Reporter (Kentucky), Jan. 15, 1839, contains the report of a trial for inhuman treatment of a female slave. The following is some of the testimony given in court.

“Dr. CONSTANT testified that he saw Mrs. Maxwell at the kitchen door, whipping the negro severely, without being particular whether she struck her in the face or not. The negro was lacerated by the whip, and the blood flowing. Soon after on going down the steps, he saw quantities of blood on them, and on returning, saw them again. She had been thinly clad, barefooted in very cold weather. Sometimes she had shoes—sometimes not. In the beginning of winter she had linsey dresses, since then calico ones. During the last four months, had noticed many scars on her person. At one time had one of her eyes tied up for a week. During the last three months seemed declining, and had become stupid. Mr. Winters was passing along the street, heard cries, looked up through the window that was hoisted, saw the boy whipping her, as much as forty or fifty licks, while he staid. The girl was stripped down to the hips. The whip seemed to be a cowhide. Whenever she turned her face to him, he would hit her across the face either with the butt end or small end of the whip to make her turn her back round square to the lash, that he might get a fair blow at her.”

Mr. RANKIN, who is a native of Tennessee, in his letters on slavery, published some years since, says:—

“A respectable gentleman, who is now a citizen of Flemingsburg, Fleming county, Kentucky, when in the state of South Carolina, was invited by a slaveholder, to take a walk with him to view his farm. He complied with the invitation thus given, and in their walk they came to the place where the slaves were at work, and found the overseer whipping one of them very severely, for not keeping pace with one of his fellows. In vain the poor fellow alleged that he was sick, and could not work. The master seemed to think all was well enough, hence he and the gentleman passed on. In the space of an hour they returned the same way, and found that the poor slave, who had been whipped as they passed by the field of labour, was actually dead!”

Mr. SAMUEL HALL, a teacher in Marietta college, Ohio, and formerly secretary of the Colonization Society in that village, has published the following statement, on the authority of Mr. Gilden an inhabitant of Marietta, Ohio, who was an eye witness, and whose words I shall now quote.

“A negro was tied up, and flogged until the blood ran down and filled his shoes, so that when he raised either foot and set it down again, the blood would run over their tops. I could not look on any longer, but turned away in horror; the whipping was continued to the number of five hundred lashes, as I understood; a quart of spirits of turpentine was then applied to his lacerated body. The same negro came down to my boat, to get some apples, and was so weak from his wounds and loss of blood, that he could not get up the bank, but fell to the ground. The crime for which the negro was whipped was that of telling the other negroes, that *the overseer had lain with his wife.*”

CROPPING.

Another inhuman method of *marking* slaves, so that they may be easily described and detected when they escape, is called *cropping*. In the following advertisements the run-away is described as ‘*cropped*,’ or a *notch* cut in the ear.

WITNESSES

Mr. F. L. C. Edwards, in the
“Southern Telegraph,” Sept. 25, 1837.

TESTIMONY.

Ran away, from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes, Randal *has one ear* cropped; Bob has lost one eye, Kentucky Tom has one jaw broken.

WITNESSES.

Mr. Stephen M. Jackson in the "Vicksburg Register," March 10, 1837.

The Editor of the New Orleans "Bee," in that paper, Aug. 27, 1837.

Benjamin Russell, deputy sheriff, Bibb county, Georgia, in the "Macon Telegraph," Dec. 25, 1837.

Hon. H. Hitchcock, Mobile, judge of the Supreme Court, in the "Commercial Register," Oct. 27, 1837.

Mrs. Elizabeth, L. Carter, near Groveton, Prince William County, Virginia, in the "National Intelligencer," Washington, D. C. June 10, 1837.

Mr. William D. Buckels, Natches, Mississippi, in the "Natches Courier," July 28, 1838.

Mr. Owen Ellis, Georgeville, Mississippi, in the "North Alabamian," Sept. 15, 1838.

Mr. Zaddock Sawyer Cuthbert, Randolph county, Georgia, in the "Milledgeville Union," Oct. 9, 1838.

William K. Ratcliffe, sheriff Franklin county, Mississippi, in the "Natches Free Trader," Aug. 23, 1838.

Mr. William Brown, in the "Grand Gulf Advertiser," Aug. 29, 1838.

U. M. Whitehead, Natches, in the "New Orleans Bulletin," July 21, 1837.

Mr. Needham, Whitefield, Aberdeen, Mississippi, in the "Memphis (Fenn) Enquirer," June 15, 1838.

Mr. E. Han, La Grange, Fayette county, Fenn, in the Gallatin "Union," June 23, 1837.

D. Herring, Warden of Baltimore City jail, in the "Marylander," Oct. 6, 1837.

Mr. James Marks, near Natchitoches, Louisiana, in the "Natchitoches Herald," July 21, 1838.

TESTIMONY.

Ran away, Anthony, one of *his ears cut off*, and his left hand cut with an axe.

Fifty dollars reward for the negro Jim Blake, has a piece cut out of each ear, and the middle finger of the left hand *cut off* to the second joint.

Brought to jail, John, *left ear cropped*.

Ran away, the slave Ellis, he has lost one of his ears.

Ran away, a negro man, Moses, he has lost a part of one of his ears.

Taken up, a negro man—is very much scarred about the face and body, and has the left ear cut off.

Ran away, George—has had the lower part of *one of his ears bit off*.

Ran away, my negro Tom—has a piece *bit off the top of his right ear, and his little finger is stiff*.

Committed to jail, a negro named Mike ; *his left ear off*.

Ran away, Edmund ; has a scar on his right temple, and under his right eye, and *holes in both ears*.

Ran away, Henry ; has half of one ear bit off.

Ran away, Joe Dennis ; has a small *notch* in one of his ears.

Ran away, negro boy Jack ; has a small *crop out of his left ear*.

Was committed to jail, a negro man, has two scars on his forehead, and the *top of his ear cut off*.

Stolen, a negro man named Winter ; has a notch cut out of the left ear, and the mark of *four or five buck shots* on his legs.

MUTILATION OF TEETH.

Another method of *marking* slaves, is by drawing out, or breaking off one or two *front teeth*, commonly the upper

teeth, as the mark would in that case be the more obvious, as we shall presently see.

WITNESSES.

Jesse Debruhl, Sheriff, Richland District, "Columbia (S. C.) Telescope," Feb. 24, 1838.

Mr. John Hunt, Blackwater Bay, "Pensacola Gazette," Oct. 14, 1837.

Mr. John Frederick Branchville, Orangeburgh district, South Carolina, "Charleston Courier," June 12, 1838.

Mr. Egbert A. Raworth, eight miles west of Nashville, on the Charlotte road, "Daily Republican Banner," Nashville, Tennessee, April 30, 1838.

Benjamin Russell, Deputy Sheriff, Bibb county, Ga. "Macon Telegraph," Dec. 25, 1837.

F. Wisner, master of the Workhouse, "Charleston Courier," Oct. 17, 1837.

Mr. S. Neyle, "Savannah Republican," July 3, 1837.

Mr. John McMurrain, near Columbus, "Georgia Messenger," Aug. 2, 1838.

Mr. John Kennedy, Stewart county, Louisiana, "New Orleans Bee," April 7, 1837.

Mr. A. J. Hutchins, near Florence, Alabama, "North Alabamian," Aug. 25, 1838.

Mr. James Purdon, 33, Common street, "New Orleans Bee," Feb. 13, 1838.

Mr. Robert Calbert, in the "Arkansas State Gazette," Aug. 22, 1838.

Mr. A. G. A. Beazley, in the "Memphis Gazette," March 18, 1838.

Mr. Samuel Townsend, in the "Huntsville Democrat," May 24, 1837.

Mr. Philip A. Den, in the "Virginia Herald," of May 24, 1837.

Mr. John Frederick, in the "Charleston Mercury," Aug. 10, 1837.

Jesse Derhul, sheriff of Richland district, in the "Columbia Telegraph," Sept. 2, 1837.

Mr. E. U. Gilbert, in the "Columbia Enquirer," Oct. 5, 1837.

TESTIMONY.

Committed to jail, Ned about twenty-five years of age, has *lost his two upper front teeth*.

One hundred dollars reward for Perry, one under front tooth missing, aged twenty-three years.

Ten dollars reward for Mary, one or two upper teeth out, about twenty-five years old.

Ran away, Myal, twenty-three years old, one of his fore teeth out.

Brought to jail, John, twenty-three years old, one fore tooth out.

Committed to the Charleston workhouse, Tom, two of his upper front teeth out, about thirty years of age.

Ran away, Peter, has lost two front teeth in the upper jaw.

Ran away, a boy named Moses, some of his front teeth out.

Ran away, Sally, her fore teeth out.

Ran away, George Winston, two of his upper fore teeth out, immediately in front.

Ran away, Jackson, has lost one of his front teeth.

Ran away, Jack, twenty-five years old, has lost one of his fore teeth.

Ran away, Abraham, twenty, or twenty-two years of age, his front teeth out.

Ran away, Dick, eighteen or twenty years of age, has one front tooth out.

Ran away, Washington, about twenty-five years of age, has an upper front tooth out.

Fifty dollars reward, for Mary, twenty-five or twenty-six years old, one or two upper teeth out.

Committed to jail, Ned, twenty-five or twenty-six years old; has lost his two upper front teeth out.

Fifty dollars reward for Prince, twenty-five or twenty-six years old; has lost some of his front teeth out in front on the upper jaw.

WITNESSES.

Publisher of the "Charleston Mercury, Aug. 31, 1837.

Mr. Byrd M. Grace, in the "Macon Telegraph," Georgia, Oct. 16, 1838.

Mr. George W. Barnes, in the Milledgeville journal, Georgia, May 22, 1837.

D. Herring, warden of Baltimore jail, in Baltimore "Chronicle," Oct. 6, 1837.

Mr. J. L. Colborn, in the "Huntsville Democrat," Alabama, July 4, 1837.

Samuel Harman, jun., in the New Orleans "Bee," Oct. 12, 1838.

New Orleans "Bee" of May 31, 1837.

From the same paper.

TESTIMONY.

Ran away, Sellar Saunders, one fore tooth out, about twenty-two years of age.

Ran away, Warren, about twenty-five or twenty-six years old; has lost *some of his front teeth*.

Ran away, Henry, about twenty-three years old, has *one of his upper front teeth out*.

Committed to jail, Elizabeth Steward, seventeen or eighteen years old; has *one of her front teeth out*.

Ran away, Liley, twenty-six years of age; one fore tooth gone.

Fifty dollars reward, for Adolphe, twenty-eight years old; *two of his front teeth are missing*.

Ten dollars reward.—Ran away, Friday, May 12, Julia, a negress, eighteen or twenty years old; he has lost her upper teeth, and the under ones are all broken.

Ran away, Nelson, twenty-seven years old; all his teeth are missing.

It must now appear quite evident that these people, from their young age, could not have lost their teeth in any other way than by violence. The slaves, besides, are known to be possessed of remarkably sound teeth, by far superior to those of the whites. But the fact that their front teeth in all instances were those of which they were deprived, proves beyond a doubt the system of mutilation.

The testimony of the Rev. ABEL BROWN, jun., late pastor of the first Baptist church, Beaver, Pennsylvania.

"I almost daily see the poor heart-broken slave making his way to a land of freedom. A short time since, I saw a noble, pious, distressed, spirit-crushed slave, a member of the Baptist church, escaping from a (professed Christian) bloodhound, to a land where he could enjoy that of which he had been robbed during forty years. His prayers would have made us all feel. I saw a Baptist sister of about the same age; her children had been torn from her, her head was covered with fresh wounds, while her upper lip had scarcely ceased to bleed, in consequence of a blow with the poker, which knocked out her teeth. She, too, was going to a land of freedom. Only a very day since, I saw a girl of

about eighteen, with a child as white as myself, aged ten months; a Christian master was raising her child (as well as his own perhaps) to sell at a southern market. She had heard of the intention, and at midnight took her only treasure, and travelled twenty miles on foot through a land of strangers: she found friends."

Testimony of DOCTOR F. JULIUS LE MOYNE, of Washington, Pennsylvania, dated Jan. 9, 1839.

"Lest you should not have seen the statement to which I am going to allude, I subjoin a brief outline of the facts of a transaction which occurred in western Virginia, adjacent to this country, a number of years ago, a full account of which was published in the "Witness" about two years since by Dr. Mitchell, who now resides in Pennsylvania. A slave boy ran away in cold weather, and during his concealment had his legs frozen; he returned, or was retaken. After some time the flesh decayed and sloughed—of course was offensive; he was carried out to a field, and left there without a bed or shelter, deserted to die. His only companions were the house dogs, which he called to him. After several days and nights spent in suffering and exposure, he was visited by Drs. McKitchen and Mitchell in the field, of their own accord, having heard by report of his lamentable condition; they remonstrated with the master; brought the boy to the house, amputated both legs, and he finally recovered."

Testimony and letter from the south, of the Hon. JAMES K. PAULDING, secretary of the navy of the United States.

"At one of the taverns along the road, we were set down in the same room with an elderly man and a youth, who seemed to be well acquainted with him, for they conversed familiarly, and with true republican independence, for they did not mind who heard them. From the tenor of his conversation I was induced to look particularly at the elder. He was telling the youth something like the following detested tale. He was going, it seems, to Richmond, to inquire about a draft for seven thousand dollars, which he had sent by mail, but which having not been acknowledged by his correspondent he was afraid had been stolen, and the money received by the thief. 'I should not like to loose it,' said he, 'for I worked hard for it, and sold many a poor d---l of a black to Carolina and Georgia to scrape it together.' He then went on to tell many a perfidious tale. All along the

road it seems he made it his business to inquire where lived a man who might be tempted to become a party in this traffic, and when he had got some half dozen of those poor creatures, *he tied their hands behind their backs*, and drove them three or four hundred miles or more, bareheaded and half naked, through the southern burning sun. Fearful that even southern humanity would revolt at such an exhibition of human misery and human barbarity, he gave out that they were runaway slaves he was carrying home to their masters. On one occasion a poor black woman exposed this fallacy, and told the story of her being kidnapped; and when he got her into a wood out of hearing, he beat her, to use his own expression, 'till her back was white.' It seems he married all the men and women he bought himself, because they would sell better by being man and wife! 'But,' saith the youth, 'were you not afraid, in travelling through the wild wood, and sleeping in lone houses, these slaves would rise and kill you?' 'To be sure I was,' said the other; 'but I always fastened the door, put a chair on a table before it, so that it might wake me when falling, and slept with a loaded pistol in each hand. It was a bad life, and I left it off as soon as I could live without it; for many is the time I have separated wives from husbands, and husbands from wives, and parents from children; but then I made them amends by marrying them as soon as I had a chance—that is to say, I made them call each other man and wife and sleep together, which is quite enough for negroes. I made one bad purchase, though,' continued he; 'I bought a young mulatto girl, a lively creature, a great bargain. She had been the favourite of her master, who had lately married. The difficulty was to get her to go, for she, poor creature, loved her master. However, I swore most bitterly I was only going to take her to her mother's at —, and she went with me, though she seemed to doubt me very much. But when she discovered, at last, that we were out of the state, I thought she would go mad; and, in fact, the next night she drowned herself in the river close by. I lost a good five hundred dollars by this trick.'

The testimony of the Rev. HORACE MOULTON, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church in Marlborough, Massachusetts,

"Some," he says, "when other modes of punishment will

not subdue them, *cat-haul* them; that is, take a cat by the nape of the neck and tail, or by its hind legs, and drag the claws across the back until satisfied. This kind of punishment, as I have understood, poisons the flesh much worse than the whip, and is more dreaded by the slave."

Extracts from the letters of PHILEMON BLISS, a highly respectable member of the bar, in Elyria, Lorain county, Ohio, who resided for some time in Florida.

"I have seen a woman, a mother, compelled, in the presence of her master and mistress, to hold up her clothes, and endure the whip of the driver on the naked body for more than twenty minutes; and while her cries would have rent the heart of any one, who had hardened himself to human suffering. Her master and mistress were conversing with apparent indifference. What was her crime? She had a task given her for sewing, which she must finish that day. Late at night she must finish it; but the stitches were too long, and she must be whipped. The same was repeated three or four nights for the same offence. I have seen a man tied to a tree, hands and feet, and receive 305 blows from the paddle on the fleshy parts of the body. Two others received the same punishment at the time, though I did not count the blows. One received 230 lashes. Their crime was stealing mutton. I have frequently heard the shrieks of the slaves, male and female, accompanied by the strokes of the paddles or whips, when I have not gone near the scene of horror. I knew not their crimes, excepting of one woman, which was, stealing four potatoes to eat with her bread! The more common number of lashes inflicted was fifty or eighty. I have sometimes seen men strip, and receive from one to three hundred strokes of the whip and paddle. My studies and meditations were almost nightly interrupted by the cries of the victims of cruelty and avarice.

"But it would be tedious mentioning further particulars. The negro has no other inducement to work but the *lash*; and as man never acts without motive, the lash must be used so long as all other motives are withheld. Hence corporal punishment is a necessary part of slavery."

Extract from the testimony of the Rev. PHINEAS SMITH.

"I will relate a case of torture which occurred on the Brassos, while I resided a few miles distant upon the Chocolate Bayou. The case should be remembered as a true

illustration of the nature of slavery, as it exists at the south. The facts are—An overseer by the name of Alexander, notorious for his cruelty, was found dead in the timbered lands of the Brassos. It was supposed that he was murdered, but who perpetrated the act was unknown. Two black men were, however, seized, taken into the prairie, and put to the torture. A physician by the name of Parrot, from Tennessee, and another from New England by the name of Anson Jones, were present on this occasion. The latter gentleman is now the Texan Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and resides at Washington. The unfortunate slaves being stripped, and all things arranged, the torture commenced by whipping upon their bare backs. Six athletic men were employed in this scene of inhumanity, the names of some of whom I well remember. There was one of the name of Brown, and one or two of the name of Patton. Those six executioners were successively employed in cutting up the bodies of these defenceless slaves, who persisted to the last in the avowal of their innocence. The bloody whip was, however, kept in motion till savage barbarity itself was glutted. When this was accomplished, the bleeding victims were reconveyed to the inclosure of the mansion house, where they were deposited for a few moments; *the dying groans, however, incommoding the ladies, they were taken to a back shed, where one of them soon expired.* The life of the other slave was somewhat despaired of; but, after hanging over the grave for months, he at length so far recovered as to walk about, and labour at light work. These facts cannot be controverted. They were disclosed under the solemnity of an oath, at Columbia, in a court of justice. I was present, and never shall forget them.

“Another case,” continues the same author, “occurred on the San Bernard, near Chance Prairie, where I resided for some time. The facts were these. A slave man fled from his master (Mr. Sweeny), and being closely pursued by the overseer and a son of the owner, he stepped a few yards in the Bernard, and placed himself upon a root, from which there was no possibility of escape, for he could not swim. In this situation he was fired upon with a blunderbuss loaded heavily with ball and grape shot. The overseer, who was at a distance of a few feet only, shot the gun. The charge enter the body of the negro near the groin. He was con-

veyed to the plantation, lingered in inexpressible agony a few days, and expired. A physician was called, but medical and surgical skill was unavailing. No notice whatever was taken of this murder by the public authorities, and the murderer was not discharged from the service of his master."

Extract of a letter to ARTHUR TAPPAN, Esq., of New York, from a gentleman of undoubted veracity, but whose name has been withheld for personal safety.

"At length I arrived at the dwelling of a planter of my acquaintance, with whom I passed the night. At about eight o'clock in the evening I heard the barking of several dogs, mingled with the most agonizing cries that I ever heard from any human beings. Soon after the gentleman came in, and began to apologise, by saying that two of his runaway slaves had just been brought home; and as he had previously tried every species of punishment upon them without effect, he knew not what else to add, except to set his bloodhounds upon them. 'And,' continued he, 'one of them has been so badly bitten that he had been trying to die. I am only sorry that he did not, for then I should not have been further troubled with him. If he lives, I intend to send him to Natches or to New Orleans, to work with the ball and chain.'"

SLAVERY SUPPORTED BY THE CHURCH IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Here follows an extract from the testimony of the Rev. GEORGE BOURNE, of New York city, late editor of the "Protestant Vindicator."

"John Baxter, a Presbyterian elder, the brother of that slaveholding doctor in divinity, George A. Baxter, held as a slave the wife of a Baptist coloured preacher, familiarly, 'uncle Jack.' In a late period of pregnancy he scourged her so that the lives of herself and unborn child were considered in jeopardy. Uncle Jack was advised to obtain the liberation of his wife. Baxter finally agreed, I think, to sell the woman, and her children, three of them, I believe, for six hundred dollars, and an additional hundred if the unborn child survived a certain period after its birth. Uncle Jack was advised to pay one hundred dollars per annum for his wife and children for seven years, and Baxter held a sort of

mortgage upon them for the payment. Uncle Jack was then induced to show me his back in furrows like a ploughed field. His master used to whip up the flesh, then beat it downwards, and then apply the 'negro plaster,' salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar, until all Jack's back was almost as hard and unimpressible as the bones. There is slaveholding religion! A Presbyterian clergyman or elder receiving from a Baptist preacher seven hundred dollars for his wife and children."

I shall here present to the reader a *vice versa* case of a Baptist clergyman who was a slaveholder, in order to show the deplorable state of religion in these regions of infamy, and to prove that the principles of slavery are nourished in the pulpit, in place of the charitable doctrines of Christianity. The testimony is from Mr. JOEL S. BINGHAM, of Cornwall, Vermont, lately a student in Middlebury College, and a member of the Congregational church.

"Rev. Mr. Lewis, a Baptist minister in the vicinity of Frankfort, Kentucky, had a slave that ran away, but was retaken and brought back to his master, who threatened him with punishment for making an attempt to escape. Though terrified, the slave immediately attempted to run away again. Mr. Lewis commanded him to stop, but he did not obey. Mr. Lewis then took a gun *loaded with small shot and fired at the slave, who fell*; but was not killed.

Notwithstanding the personal rights and earthly comfort, of which the slaves are so barbarously deprived, there is something else which they cannot obtain, and which militates more against Christianity. The slaves know as well as their masters, that they must die some day, and that there is an eternity whence they can never return. However ignorant and degraded they have their share of common sense, which tells them that there is an infinite Being, to whom they must render an account of their words, deeds, and thoughts. To prepare themselves for the awful day of judgment, they are even prohibited from perusing or having even in their possession, that word of consolation, the Bible, as we shall now see.

Let us now for a moment attend to the testimony of Mr. HIRAM WHITE, a native of North Carolina, where he resided for thirty-two years, and was a member of the Baptist church.

“About the 20th of December, 1830, a report was raised that the slaves in Chatham county, North Carolina, were going to rise on Christmas day, in consequence of which, a considerable commotion ensued among the inhabitants; orders were given by the governor to the militia captains, to appoint patrolling captains in each district, and orders were given for every man subject to military duty, to patrol as their captains should direct. I went two nights in succession, and after that refused to patrol at all. The reason why I refused was this, orders were given to search every negroes’ house for books or prints of any kind, and Bibles and hymn-books were particularly mentioned, and should we find any, our orders were to inflict punishment by whipping the slave until he informed who gave them to him, or how they came by them.”

The murder of a slave by a Presbyterian minister, his master, according to the testimony of the Rev. FRANCIS HAWLEY, of Connecticut.

“I will now give a few facts, showing the workings of the system. Some years since, a Presbyterian minister moved from North Carolina to Georgia. He had a negro man of an uncommon mind. For some cause, I know not what, this minister whipped him most unmercifully. He next nearly drowned him; he then put him in the fence; this is done by lifting up the corner of a ‘worm fence,’ and then putting the feet through, the rails serve as stocks. He kept him there some time, how long I was not informed, but the poor slave died in a few days, and if I am rightly informed, nothing was done about it, either in church or state. After some time he moved back to North Carolina, and is now a member of the presbytery. I have heard him preach, and have been in the pulpit with him. May God forgive me!

These cruelties and barbarities which have been presented to the reader, are a mere trifle in comparison to all the enormities which are daily perpetrated and inflicted on slaves; they may, however, afford some idea of the atrocities of American slavery.

