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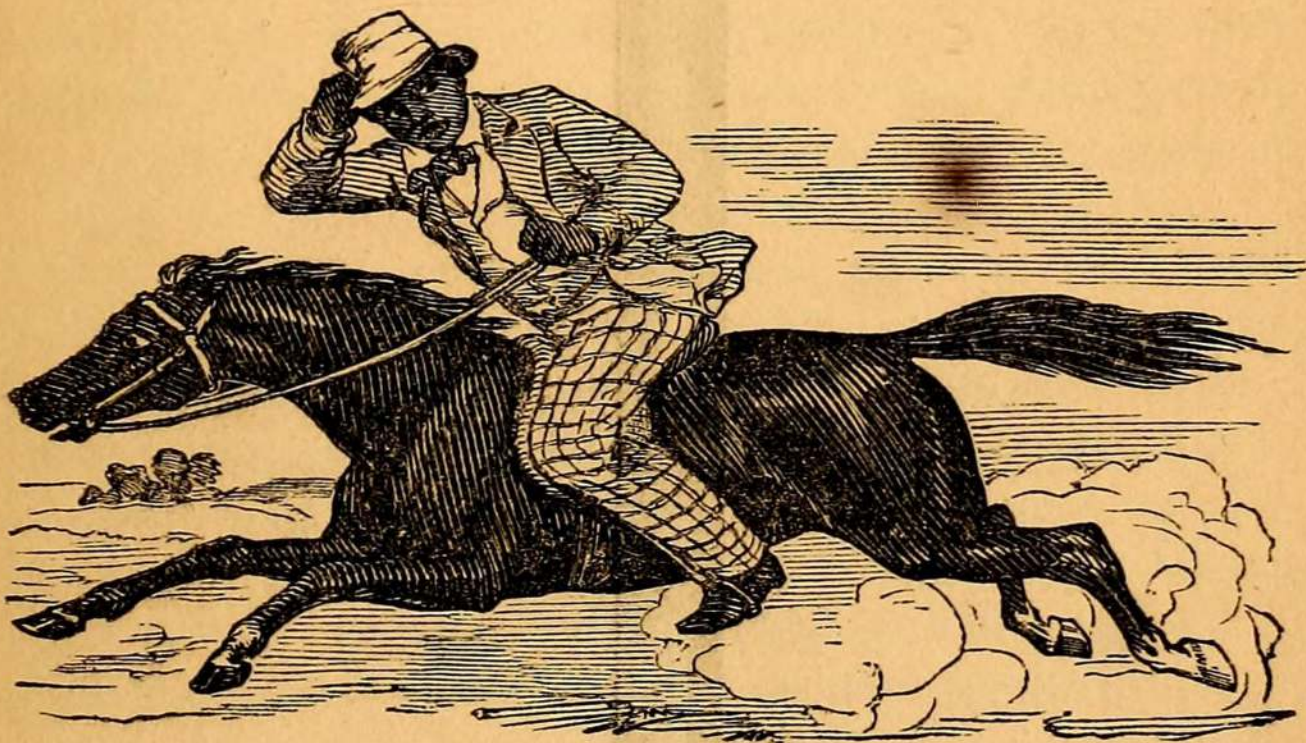






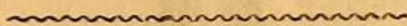
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THE  
EXPERIENCE OF A SLAVE  
IN  
SOUTH CAROLINA.



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BY  
JOHN ANDREW JACKSON.



London:  
PRINTED BY PASSMORE & ALABASTER, WILSON STREET, FINSBURY.

1862.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.





FAC-SIMILE OF THE GIMLET WHICH I USED TO BORE A  
HOLE IN THE DECK OF THE VESSEL. (See page 27.)



## P R E F A C E .

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IN aiming to arrest the attention of the reader, ere he proceeds to the unvarnished, but ower true tale of John Andrew Jackson, the escaped Carolinian slave, it might be fairly said that "truth was stranger than fiction," and that the experience of slavery produces a full exhibition of all that is vile and devilish in human nature.

Mrs. Stowe, as a virtuous woman, dared only allude to some of the hellish works of slavery—it was too foul to sully her pen ; but the time is come when iniquity should no longer be hid : and that evil which Wilberforce and Clarkson exposed, and of which Wesley said it was "the sum of all human villanies," must now be laid bare in all its hellish atrocities. The half has not yet been told ; but appalling as are the statements made, yet when the fiercest organized effort to extend the monster evil of North-American slavery is being made, every patriot is called on to sympathize over the woes and sufferings of human kind, and plead for freedom and liberty.

Cowper long ago told his fellow-countryman that

"Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same."

Therefore, kind reader, we ask your sympathy, while you peruse some of the iniquities perpetrated upon a suffering race, and that too often by men and women calling themselves Christians, and using a religious cloak to screen their monstrous, foul, and cruel acts.

Shrink not, gentle reader, when those fearful atrocities are brought before your notice. Such narratives as Jackson's are wanted to arouse the people. The evil is afar off, and interested parties say, "Don't believe it ; it is false, or it is exaggerated." Not so ; the worst cannot be told. You cannot speak out, or tell a fraction of the



horrid scenes enacted, where every child and feeble woman is at the brutal mercy of brutalised man ; where marriage is a fiction, and five millions of people live practically in a state of unrecognised whoredom and polygamy.

Would that English mothers and English daughters could feel as they ought for those whose virtue and honour, whose life and liberty, may be purchased by any libertine wretch, who has the "almighty dollar" in plenty in his pocket. Let us but think of our sisters, our wives, our children, and thank God with them, that

"I was not born a little slave,  
To labour in the sun ;  
To wish I was but in my grave,  
And all my labour done."

Many an English reader, knowing that every year we pay a million of money as interest for the twenty millions by which the freedom of West Indian slaves was purchased, and spend nearly another million to keep down the slave trade of America, Cuba, and Brazil, are very earnest in declaring their abhorrence of American slavery, and, like the *Times*, finds fault with President Lincoln's government for not putting an end to slavery by proclamation, thinking that our British hands are quite clean. But they forget the share that England has had in the bondage of the human race. Liverpool and Bristol for years was the seat of the African slave trade ; and, once upon a time, G. F. Cooke, the actor, on the boards of a Liverpool theatre, when displeased with his audience for hissing him, turned fiercely on them, and told them that Liverpool was paved with the blood of the negro slaves ; and in 1862 it is not quite clear of the same, vide the *Nightingale Slaver*.

Three hundred years ago Sir John Hawkins procured the first cargo of negroes from the coast of Guinea, and took them to Hispaniola, and so profitable was his trip that a new expedition was soon prepared, of which Queen Elizabeth shared the profits. This royal patronage of the slave trade was further extended under other reigns, and,



on the 10th of December, 1770, our good King George issued a proclamation under his own hand, commanding the Governor of Virginia, "upon pain of the highest displeasure, to assent to no law by which the importation of slaves shall be in any respect prohibited and obstructed."

Before we then heartily condemn the United States, let us remember that when they would not have slavery, it was forced upon them by the English Government.

When in 1645 the ship of one Thomas Keyser and James Smith brought a cargo of negroes to Boston, they were heavily fined and compelled to return those negroes again to Africa. Noble men were they of Massachusetts; and despite the Irish and rowdy element of Boston and Portland, yet noble men are they at the present hour. There the fugitive slave has liberty and protection.

Virginia, long the battle ground of freedom during the old war, as well as the new one, often spoke out nobly against slavery. Her patriots, like Jefferson, though himself a slaveholder, yet steadily resented the influence of that growing evil. At that time, Franklin spoke through the press, and memorials from all the States were sent to King George. The king was inexorable; and while the English judges declared that when a slave set his foot on the soil of England he was free, yet the monarch stood in the path of humanity, and became the pillar of the American Slave Trade.

England gave America slavery. England by the use of her cotton, has mainly helped to continue it; and let but English sympathy be withdrawn from the South, and soon slavery there must fall. It lies with Christian men and women to expose its evils, denounce its cruelties, lay open its horrors, and spare not its infamous immoralities. Truly there is a God that judgeth the earth. There is wanted fact upon fact to enlighten the English public, when its *leading papers* palliate and excuse the atrocities of the South. They would ignore the existence of four millions out of the twenty who live and breathe beyond



the Atlantic under the stars and stripes. Christian England should stand to a man opposed to those who would kill every slave found with arms in hand, or away from his master's plantation; who have no scruples in brutalizing, burning, flaying, flogging, scourging, and shooting the wives and daughters of their runaway slaves.

Every sickening brutality is practised upon the hapless men and women, without hope of any redress; surely these injustices cry to heaven for vengeance. How long, Lord, how long. Stonewall Jackson may, with the courage and piety of a Cromwell, but without his rightful cause, carry the war into Maryland, and Pope and M'Clellan be driven back to the Free States; but yet with one burst of freedom, even Dr. Mackay shall re-echo from Washington to the "Times" of to-morrow, his favourite phrase:

"There's a good time coming, boys,  
Wait a little longer."

The day of escape from bondage will come to all, as it has to some; and surely their cry will be heard, and the refrain so long sung by the negroes of the South:

"O let my people go,"

be answered from heaven, perhaps even with a slaughter as great as that of the "smart Egyptians," when they came onward with all the panoply of their chariots and horsemen to the Red Sea, there to sink amid the waters. Then sang Miriam:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free."

W. M. S.

September 20, 1862.



# THE EXPERIENCE OF A SLAVE

IN

## SOUTH CAROLINA.



### CHAPTER I.

#### MY BIRTH AND TRAINING.

I WAS born in South Carolina. My grandfather was stolen from Africa. My father learned the African method of curing snake bites, and was in consequence, called Dr. Clavern. My mother's name was Betty. I had five brothers and five sisters. Of these, two brothers and two sisters were dead when I left the plantation. My earliest recollection was of my mistress, whom I feared above all persons, as she used every means in her power to spite me. The reason for this was as follows:—When I was about ten years old, I and her son were digging for hickory root to amuse ourselves with, when he, seeing that I was obtaining mine quicker than he, kicked me on the nose, upon which I wiped the blood upon him. He ran and informed his mother, who whipped me on my naked back, to console her son, till the blood ran down. After that, she always hated not only me but my family, and would even stint my mother's allowance; and since then, I had many whippings through her influence.

My mistress had four daughters, viz.:—Anne, Eliza, Jane, and Martha. Of Anne, the eldest, I knew but little, as she married when I was very young, and went to another plantation. Eliza, the next, was the worst of the three. She used to whip me almost as much as my mistress. Of Jane, the next, I also knew but little, as she married a minister named Brailly, when I was very young; but, as far as I know, she was the best of the three. Martha, the youngest, was very bad. I will give a speci-



men of her abilities. One day, as she was returning from a walk in the garden, she saw my youngest brother, William, walking in the yard, and, from pure mischief, she picked some horse nettles, and, coming up to him, (he was quite naked) began to sting him with them, and, as he ran away, she ran after him, and kept up with him, stinging him on the sides and back, till at last he fell down through pain; nevertheless, she kept on stinging him, without any intermission; at last he got up and began running, and by that time I got up to him, (I was about ten years of age, and he being between five and six) and I cried out to him, "Run faster, William, run faster," whereupon she turned upon me, and I being able to run faster than she, I escaped her, and by that means my brother William effected his escape. When William got home, he was covered with large lumps all over his body. When she was married she had my sister whipped to death. The circumstances were as follows:—

My sister was religious, and perhaps it stung her conscience, or it might have been for some other reason; but, at all events, she ordered my sister to leave off praying, and as she discovered my sister did not obey her commands, she asked her husband, Gamble M'Farden (a member of the Salem Brick Church, who was, if possible, worse than herself, and she was a member also) to give her a hundred lashes, and he took her and hung her up by the hands to the beef gallows, (an apparatus on which they hang oxen when they skin them) and called his negro slave Toney, and ordered him to give her a hundred lashes, and he commenced beating her incessantly; he then remonstrated with his master, because she fainted, and his brutal master, (who, though a member of a Christian church, was notwithstanding, equal to the devil himself) coolly ordered him to bring a pail of water and throw over her, to revive her; and when she came to, he ordered him to continue, which Toney did; but at length made a pause, and told his master that he had given her fifty lashes, but the brutal answer was, "Give me the whip, and I will give her the other fifty, which he did. She died at the end of three weeks, leaving two children, a boy and girl, who, with my father, I now hope to buy. My mistress also had four sons, James, Robert, Thomas, and Mack. James English, a member of Brick Church, was as bad as any of them; he was married when I was little. I worked on his



plantation once, driving oxen, and I will relate what I saw there. A slave named Jack, was taken sick while working on the plantation, and he laid himself down in the fence corner. When his master came, he saw him lying down, and he told him to get up immediately and go on working. Jack replied, "O massa, I'm so sick." "Get up immediately, you lazy varmint," replied his master, and he commenced whipping him till he got up; but as soon as his master was off that field, he lay down again. The slaves, seeing his master returning, told him he had better get up, as master was coming, but he could not, and when the master returned he began to whip him again; but seeing he could not get up, he went to the house and brought a tumblerful of castor oil, and forced him to drink it, and then said, "Now get up, you rascal, or I will whip you," and made him continue his work; but his conscience smote him, and he sent for a doctor, and upon his certificate allowed him to return home. I cannot leave off without relating another incident about him. On one occasion there were a hundred negroes to be sold, and James English went to buy. Among the negroes to be bought there was one named Willis; when he was put on the block, and the bidding began, James English began to bid, and Willis, seeing him bidding, jumped down from the auction-block. The auctioneer said, "Why do you jump down, you rascal?" He replied, "Because that man, (pointing to James English) is bidding for me." "Why do you not want him to bid for you?" "'Cause he's the baddest massa 'tween this an' hell fire." This scene was repeated twice, but James English at length bought him; and he went towards the plantation till within three miles of it, when the negroes of another plantatian again told him that there was not a worse master in the whole district. His fears returning afresh, he fled to the woods, but hunger compelled him to return. When he got back he was put into irons, and taken out next morning and hung up, and received a hundred lashes; and when the stripes were partially healed, they gave him twenty-five lashes every other morning as long as they thought he could bear it.

Afterwards, James English was taken ill, but such were his savage propensities, that he got out of bed and dressed himself, and took his whip and went into the cotton field, and commenced quarrelling with a slave named Old George, on the plea that he did not pick cotton fast



enough. I will repeat his words: "Never mind, you old rascal, when I get better I'll give you sixty lashes,—never mind, you old rascal you." But from that time he began to get worse, and went home and sent for the doctor, Mr. Miller. The following conversation then took place:—"Doctor, I am very sick, can you help me?" The doctor, after feeling his pulse, replied, "I can't save you." "Why, doctor?" "You have mortification in the head." He did not believe this, and sent for Dr. Hainsworth. When Dr. Hainsworth came, he said also, "I can't save you, you will die in a few days." His terror on hearing this announcement was extreme. He prayed the doctors to save his life, but in vain. In five days that terrible hour drew nigh, and his agony and death struggles were such that he required to be held down. Thus ended the life of a member of a Christian Church. When the tidings of his death reached the negroes, they were overjoyed, and especially Willis, who went round to every hut, and shook hands with every negro, saying, "How d'ye do, brudder, de devil is dead an' gon' to hell, an' Old George got clear of his sixty lashes." Of Robert, the next brother, I knew nothing, as he died when very young. Thomas, the next, was, if possible, worse than James. He was also a member of Mount Zion Chapel. He was articted to a lawyer. While studying the law, he used to whip the negroes on the plantation exceedingly. I will give you an instance of it. He had just bought a new whip, and wished to try it, and, seeing me go by, he called me and told me to bring him some water to wash his hands in. I went and got it as quickly as possible. When I brought it to him, he said, "You have been too slow, now pull off your jacket," and he then commenced whipping me, having first shut both doors, but I pushed open one of them and ran. I was then between ten und twelve years of age. He ran after me, and soon caught me, and whipped me again till the blood ran. When a young man, he went to Tennessee, and married. The lady's name was Livinia. At his marriage his father gave him twelve negroes. He had then a son named West, and after ten years he returned to South Carolina. His father bought him a plantation five miles from his own, and gave him another slave girl as a nurse for his boy. The boy was very cross, and his mother asserted that the girl pinched the baby, which was not true. This girl was continually being whipped upon that



false accusation, so that at length she ran away and went back to her old plantation. But the master tied a rope round her neck and sent her back to his son, who immediately ordered two flat irons to be put on the fire, and had her laid down on a log, and made three negroes, by the names of Frank, Save, and Peter, hold her down. He then took the first iron and pressed it to her body on one side; and when he removed it the skin stuck to it. He repeated the same with the other iron, on the other side of the body. She then left him, and started that night for the old plantation: her pain was so great that she was all night going that little distance. The old master, on seeing the burns, declared she should not go back any more. The following conversation took place when Thomas came to see his father: "Thomas, did you burn this girl so?" "Yes, pa, I did, because she ran away." "Well, you shan't have her any more." But, in this case, Thomas was a true son of his father, and the old proverb remained unshaken, viz., "The chip off the old block don't fall far from the stump." About this time he became a minister. He preached his first sermon in Mount Zion Chapel, and the negroes flocked to hear him, and were so overjoyed to think that now he had experienced true religion, he would be more merciful to them, but he was the same devil still. He owned a slave whose name was January, who could not pick cotton as fast as the other negroes. For this reason, this minister of religion gave him from twenty-five to one hundred lashes, and fifty blows with the paddle, which so frightened the negro that he ran away into the woods; but was caught, and again whipped, and put into the stocks, and was taken out every other morning, and received twenty-five lashes for a time, and then put to work with a lock and chain round his neck. At that time, his son West was overseer and whipping the negroes for his father. At the time I left slavery he often whipped the slaves severely. In the Southern States of America, any negro found out at night after nine o'clock, without a pass, is liable to be taken up and receive thirty-nine lashes; and it is a common amusement for young men to go out at night in parties patrolling. This minister, Thomas English, one night joined a party, and they came upon a slave named Isaac, on Dr. Grag's plantation, and they gave chase, but he outran them, and this minister was leading them on, shouting at the top of his voice,



with horrid oaths, "Catch the rascal." We will now pass on to Mack, the youngest brother, he was worse than either of the others, and was the one who kicked me when I was digging for hickory root. He had not finished his schooling, before he was put to oversee his father's plantation. He used to whip the slaves more than his father. Among the atrocities which he committed, he knocked my mother down with the butt of his whip, while I stood by feeling as if I had been struck myself, when he suddenly turned round and said, "Go on with your work, you —— rascal." His whip spared neither old nor young. This youth ordered every negro to pick one cwt. of cotton each day—which was almost impossible for them to do—and on their not presenting that amount of cotton at the machine, he gave them from twenty-five to fifty lashes each; so that during the cotton-picking season, the place was filled with screams of agony every evening. There was a slave named Isaac, who could not pick cotton so fast as the others, and the consequence was, that he was flogged every night by this youth. This tyrant was going to give him fifty lashes again one evening, on the scaffold where they weigh the cotton, about ten feet high; and Isaac jumped down in the dark on a snaggy stump and ruined his feet, and could not work for more than a month. He used often to call the negroes up at midnight to screw cotton, and to move fences in the sweet potatoe fields.

The time of killing hogs is the negroes' feast, as it is the only time that the negroes can get meat, for they are then allowed the chitterlings and feet; then they do not see any more till next hog-killing time. Their food is a dry peck of corn that they have to grind at the hand-mill after a hard day's work, and a pint of salt, which they receive every week. They are only allowed to eat twice a-day. Mack English once tied down a slave named Old Prince, and gave him one hundred lashes with the whip, and fifty blows with the paddle, because he could not work fast enough to please him. A slaveholder named Mr. Wilson, having died in debt, my master bought two of his slave girls, named Rose and Jenny. Jenny was forced to have Adam, who was already married; also her sister Rose was married to March, before she came on our plantation. Mack English, having turned a wishful eye on Rose, wrapped himself up in his big cloak, and went to the nigger-house in the night, and called a



slave named Esau, and told him to tell Rose to come to him as he wanted her. She sent back to say, "I'm nursing my baby and can't come." "Go and tell her I don't care about her baby, she must come," answered Mack, "and if she does not come, I'll give her twenty-five lashes to-morrow morning." "Go and tell him, Esau, my husband will be coming, and I can't come," answered she. The next morning he tied her up and cut her naked back all over; the further particulars are too revolting to tell.

We will now relate his death. He went with his father one summer to the White Sulphur Springs. There he was taken ill, and death took place in five days. His death-bed was a scene of heartrending agony. He swore, and he cursed, he shrieked "Murder! Murder!! Murder!!! Pa, you stand here and see all these doctors hunching and punching me. Murder! Murder!!" Then, as he expired, he shrieked with fearful agony, "God to blast." This I heard from Old Bob, the carriage driver, who was his nurse till his death. The following conversation I overheard when his father returned:—"Wife, our son is dead and gone to hell." "Hush! hush! talking so before the niggers." "Well, he is, he died cursing and swearing." Just then, Mack's playmate, named Davey Wilson, entered and inquired for him. "Your playmate is dead and gone to hell," was the answer he received. His wife immediately replied, "Hush! hush! shut your mouth, you old fool, what are you telling him that for." Davey Wilson went and told his mother, who told the minister, Mr. Reed, of Mount Zion Church, who preached a sermon to the young about his death. After that, none of the English's family attended Mount Zion Chapel. When he went to the White Sulphur Springs, I prayed that I might never see him again, and thus was my prayer signally answered. I remembered when he and his father both whipped me at the same time, about sunrise, on my naked back, and then made me work till twelve o'clock without eating anything. I also remember that when he was going to the Springs, he said, "When I get back, my father will give me the Creek Swamp plantation and fifty niggers, and then I will buy a cowhide whip, well corded, five feet long, and I'll make all the niggers take Ephraim by force, and tie him to an oak tree, and I'll make Adam give him one of the hardest hundred lashes that ever man put on nigger." I, myself, was willed to that tyrant, but God



had willed me to myself. Surely the words of the Psalmist came true in this case: "Thy search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search; both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep. But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded."

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## CHAPTER II.

### REMINISCENCES OF MY OLD MASTER.

WE will now speak about my old master, the father of those whom I have spoken of in the above chapter. He was originally a Quaker in North Carolina, United States, but he came to South Carolina and married a lady who had a few slaves. He then set up a liquor store on the Creek Swamp plantation, where he sold to the white people in the daytime, and at night traded with the slaves. He told the slaves round about to steal cotton and bring it to him, and he would give them whisky for it; but if their masters caught them, they were not to say that they were bringing it to him. The consequence was, that some slaves brought one cwt. to him, for which he gave them one gallon of whiskey. The cwt. of cotton was worth fourteen dollars, or about £2 18s. 4d. in English money, and the gallon of whisky was worth one dollar, or about 4s. 2d.; but the slaves did not know this, and so they were cheated. Others who brought a half-cwt., received half-a-gallon, and so on. This he continued for a long time, until for fear of being betrayed, he put a stop to it. This method of getting rich is very common among the slaveholders of South Carolina. He afterwards became very rich, and owned two plantations, where he hired different overseers to whip his niggers, and he himself whipped them too. He used to work them till nine o'clock at night, and in the winter season he blew the horn at midnight, and put them to killing hogs, and cutting down pine trees, and threshing wheat and oats. He also had a mill on a "branch," and on the other side there is a Church called the Rock Church; he and other masters, made their slaves go to hear the Rev. Mr. Glen preach on such texts as "Servants obey your masters,"—"Thou shalt not steal,"—"He that knew his master's will and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." But, after a while, Mr. Glen did not insist sufficiently on that doctrine, and therefore, they drove



him away, and different "circuit riders" took his place. These circuit riders are a rascally set. The following is an instance of their wickedness: one of them, as he was riding along the road by the cotton fields where the slaves were working, saw a female slave named Matilda, who pleased him, and he told her to meet him at such a place. She did so; and when he had accomplished his vile purpose, he gave her a dollar, which turned out to be a bad one. He often preached at St. Luke's Church on Lynch's Creek. If the pastors do such things, what will the masters and their sons do? But, to return to my master; he could not bear any one of the negroes to finish his task before sunset; if any did, he would set them such a heavy task next day, that it would be impossible for him to finish it, and then he would give him fifty lashes, which sometimes would cause him to fly to the woods; and when he returned, he would receive one hundred lashes, and fifty blows with the paddle.

A negro woman of the plantation, called my mother names, and thereupon my mother and this woman went to fighting; and when my master heard of it, he tied my mother up and gave her ninety lashes, but did not touch the other woman, (called Nancy) as she was his favourite; and there was my mistress looking on and saying, "That's right, put it to her, cut her all to pieces." Among other things, the mule I had to plough with was a very vicious one, and used sometimes to kick the plough out of my hands. Once, as the mule was kicking, my master came into the field, and said that I spoiled the mule; he then at once tied me up and gave me fifty lashes. One morning, as he was going to whip me again, I started off for the swamp, and he set five dogs after me, and said, "Suboy! suboy! catch him!" When the dogs came level with me, I clapped my hands also, and said, "Suboy! suboy! catch him!" as if both my master and I were in chase of a fox or hare ahead of us, and, upon that, the dogs went before me and were soon out of sight, and so I got away. About this time, my master went to the White Sulphur Springs, and hired a man named Burl Quiney, to oversee the plantation during his absence. There was a nigger-driver named Old Peter. Mrs. English told Burl Quiney that he should give the first slave that he took up to whip, a pretty good hiding to scare the whole plantation, for that they were a set of niggers never conquered by any overseer that had



ever been there. She said so, supposing that I or another slave named Isaac—whom she hated as much as she did me—would be the first to be made an example of. But it turned out differently. The task of Old Peter, the nigger-driver, was to see that all the negroes had their proper tasks. When Burl Quiney rode along, he noticed one of the females and said, “Peggy, you shall not do so much work as the rest of the girls to-day.” So he moved the stake back, so that she should do only three tasks instead of four—the allotted quantity to each slave. This was done that she should have time to meet him in the evening. After a time, Old Peter coming along and seeing the stake moved, enquired, “Who moved that stake?” “Massa Burl Quiney,” said Peggy, “because I have the cows to milk.” Old Peter answered, “Massa makes you do as much as the rest, so I’ll move the stake back.” When Burl Quiney came that way and found the stake moved back again, he asked Peggy who moved it? “Uncle Peter,” said Peggy. “How dare he move a stake from where a white man put it? Where is he?” said Burl Quiney. “At the other end of the field,” replied Peggy. He then rode up to him and said, “Peter, haul off your jacket, sir! how dare you move that stake?” “Massa always makes that girl do as much as the rest,” replied Old Peter. Now, the example was to be made of Old Peter, the favourite slave of my mistress. He cut his back with a lash in which wire was interwoven. That evening, old Peter went to the house, and told his mistress that Burl Quiney had cut his back to pieces, because he told Peggy to do as much as the other slaves. “Did he want her to do less?” enquired Mrs. English. “Yes, ma’am.” “What for?” “I don’t know,” said he. But still, old Peter *did* know, but dared not tell his mistress. When Burl Quiney went to supper, Mrs. English said to him, “Mr. Quiney, I did not mean that you should whip Old Peter!” “You made no distinction, madam, but told me that the first one I took up to whip I was to make an example of, to frighten the whole plantation.” Next morning, when the horn was blown, Burl Quiney looked anxiously for Old Peter, intending to give him another whipping for telling his mistress what he did; but he did not make his appearance. So Burl Quiney hastened down to the nigger-house, and there found Old Peter lying sick from the effects of the whipping of the previous day. Burl Quiney then said,



“Peter, did you not hear the horn blow?” Yes, sir, but I am sick!” “Out with you, sir, or I’ll make you sicker than that before I have done with you.” So he hauled him out, and kicked and beat him all the way to the field. When he got him there, he said, “Now, sir, haul off your jacket, I am going to give you one hundred lashes!” The old man would not. He then kicked him in the stomach several times, and knocked him down with the butt end of his whip, and said, “Now, cross your hands, sir.” And he kicked him, and he cried out to the slaves, “Run here, this man is going to kill me!” The slaves immediately surrounded him; but Burl Quiney seeing them do so, said, “Why do you come round me? go off to your work!” And he ran off a short distance; but we all surrounded him again like blackbirds, and would not go away, because we thought we should frighten him from the old man. Old Peter’s daughter went to her mistress, and told her to come and stop Burl Quiney from beating papa; and as she was coming, the slaves cried out to her, “Come on quickly, missus; Burl Quiney is going to kill Uncle Peter!” She answered, “What can I do? go away from there, you niggers, that man will have you all hung and burnt!” Then, Burl Quiney tied his hands and tied him to a tree, and gave him one hundred lashes; he then ordered him to do his duty, but the poor old nigger-driver was unable. Two slaves, named Isaac and Prince, took him on a handbarrow to the nigger-house; but Burl Quiney went down and ordered him into the field. He was forced out by the cowhide. When he got to the field, he lay down, and Burl Quiney whipped him up, and again made him discharge his duties; but he lay down again, and was again whipped up with a horrid oath. At twelve o’clock, the horn was again sounded for the negroes to go home to breakfast. But, to return to Old Peter; he was carried home on a mule to the nigger-house, never again to come out of it. He died three days after. A coroner’s inquest was held upon the body, and also a post mortem examination, and Dr. Gray found that one of his bowels was ruptured. The jury returned the following verdict: “Burl Quiney, overseer to Mr. English, did wilfully cause the death of the deceased by whipping with the cowhide.” But Burl Quiney answered, “Yes, gentlemen, but Mrs. English was the cause of it.” Mrs. English exclaimed, “You are a liar, sir!” The Rev. Thomas English here



said, "Sir, if you say that ma was the instigation of your killing that old nigger, you are a liar, and the truth is not in you!" Burl Quiney was then committed to jail; and on taking him to Sumpterville prison, all three mounted, Burl Quiney having a much better horse than either of the other two. When, therefore, Quiney bade the others "Good night," he put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight. During the inquest, Thomas English said, "Let this be an example to you niggers;" but I (Jackson) said in my mind, "No, let it be an example to you and your mother."

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### CHAPTER III.

#### MY MISTRESS.

My mistress was a native of South Carolina; she was mean to everybody but her own family; she used to say that the bran flour was too good for the slaves to eat. The sight which most delighted her eyes, was to see a slave whipped. John Durant had a large plantation of slaves on Lynch's Creek, which he willed to John Ashmore, his nephew. The uncle was drunk one night, and it was understood that John Ashmore tied a silk handkerchief round his uncle's neck and strangled him, in order to take possession of the property, which he did. He took liberties among the female slaves. Three brothers of the deceased, Alex Durant, Davy Durant, and Dr. Durant, believed that John Ashmore had murdered their brother, and they sued him for the property. The lawsuit was progressing when I left, and some of the negroes were sold to carry it on; but it is most likely John Ashmore won it, as he engaged the best lawyer in Sumpterville, named Lawyer Moses. I bought of one of the slaves, who was leaving, a little sow pig, for which I gave three yards of cloth, and took it to Wells' plantation, where my wife lived, and she raised it there and it increased to twenty pigs. My mistress found out that my wife had some hogs; one of the slaves informed of me. "Is it Jackson's wife?" said she, "they are his hogs then, and he feeds them on my plantation." She then called my mother: "Old Bet, where does Jackson get food for his hogs?" "They live on the acorns, ma'am." "You are a liar, they feed on my corn," said she; "I will order Ransom Player (the overseer) to give him one hundred lashes and kill all his hogs, the



unlawful rascal." He killed one, but I hid the others until I sold them, but I was forced to sell them against my will. A poor man named Daniels, determined to get these hogs by stratagem. He asked me what I would take for them, and he told me he would give me twenty dollars. We killed some out of the drove, and for those which were left he offered me thirteen dollars; but I did not sell them for a long time because I knew he would not pay me. He told me if I did not sell them to him, the first time he caught me when patrolling, he would whip me; but I did not mind that either; but when my mistress kept tormenting me about them, I told Daniel he might have them for thirteen dollars, to get rid of the fuss. He said, "Well, you must bring me a written permission to sell them, before I can buy them." I said, "My mistress hates the Daniels' family and won't give me a permission." "Well, Jack, get your wife Louisa to get an order from her owners." My wife got it, so I went one evening, as I was afraid he was not going to give me the money, and said, "Now, Mr. Daniels, if you have the thirteen dollars ready I have the order." He replied, "Well, let me see it." "No, you put the money in my hand first." Daniel replied, "No, I can't do that until I see the order." "Well, if you don't give me the thirteen dollars will you give me the order back?" He said, "Yes." "But have you the money with you?" "Oh! Yes," replied Daniels. I then handed him the order. He then read it, and said, "Well, this is as good in my pocket as ten dollars. Now, Jackson, if you interfere with those hogs I'll prosecute you—they are my hogs now." "But you promised to give me the thirteen dollars." "Ah! by George I haven't got it." "Why, you told me you had." "Well, so I have if you can change a one hundred dollar bill." "But I have no money, I thought you were going to give me some, and then fearing you would'nt I wanted the money first." Now, these Daniels were considered to be great liars. They were once had up before the magistrate for stealing Alex Durant's long-tailed sow; they were tried and sentenced to be whipped in the same manner as a slave; but Lawyer Moses got him out of it. But, to return to the hogs they were about to steal from me. Daniels told me to bring my wife Louisa, and he would pay her, which I did. He then put us off, telling us to come next week, and so on, week after week, till we found out it was no



use, for he did not intend to pay us. The last time I went, on going to the gate, the dogs were barking furiously, and the old father came out, and said, with a horrid oath, "Who is that?" "It's me," said I. "What do you want?" "I have brought Louisa for the money." "Well," said he, "my son ain't at home." I stood there in the dark, when the son came out and said, "Where is she?" I said, "Here I am." "Have you got your wife with you?" "Yes." "Well, I ain't got the money yet." We went away sorrowfully; he never paid us a cent of the money.

My mistress's expressed opinion was this, "Never to give the niggers any meat; for where she was brought up a dry peck of corn and a pint of salt was all that was allowed to niggers per week." My master, her husband, did as she said, so that we were often on the verge of starvation. Nevertheless, she had a favourite dog, which she called "Old Rip," of the mastiff breed, which she continually fed with meat that we would have given anything to possess. She would tie the female slaves, who did the domestic work, to trees or bedposts, whichever was handiest, and whip them severely with a dogwood or hickory switch, for the slightest offence, and often for nothing at all apparently, but merely for the purpose of keeping up her practice. She would also make her daughters whip them, and thus she brought up her children in the way they should not go, and in consequence, when they were old they did not depart from it. Through her my mother got many a hundred lashes. Since my escape I heard of the death of my mother. My mistress had two household gods, viz., her bunch of keys, in which she manifested a peculiar interest, and her brandy bottle, which she consulted with a frequency which was most alarming, especially as when she was drunk it was her invariable practice to attack the cook (one Ann Dolly) most unmercifully with the broomstick.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### MY YOUTHFUL DAYS.

MY first employment was that of a scarecrow in the corn fields. I was driven into the field at the earliest dawn of day, and I did not leave the field till sunset. My food was a cake made by mixing Indian meal with water and



a little salt, and which was then baked in the ashes. This I had to take to the field to subsist on during the day. When I was older I had to manage the plough. Being young, I had not sufficient strength to hold the plough steadily; in consequence of which, my master used to follow me from end to end of the field, beating me over the head with a cowhide. On our way across the field one of the leashes happening to touch the mule, it kicked the plough from my hands, for which my master stripped me totally naked, and beat me till my back was covered with blood. My brothers, and indeed, all of my age shared the same fate with me. The horses were usually turned out at night into the field, and it was my duty to bring them home before daylight. The horses, however, apparently anxious to escape the hard work imposed on man and beast alike, had hid themselves in a wood which abounded with rattlesnakes. This caused me great fear as I was barefooted. After a hard hunt I succeeded in finding them. However, on my arrival home, I was tied up and beaten severely by both my master and son at the same time. I was also ox-driver, and in that capacity, I was sent to Wilson's Steam Saw Mill for planks, on various occasions. When the account was rendered, my master was surprised at the number of planks he had used, and to escape paying for the whole, he declared that I had fetched the planks for myself, which was a diabolical falsehood. I wanted no planks, and had I wanted them, I should not have got them in that way, as I should have been sure to have been found out. Nevertheless, to carry conviction that his word was true, he took me before Mr. Wilson's house, and stripped me, and gave me fifty lashes.

About this time, I fell in love with a slave girl named Louisa, who belonged to a Mrs. Wells, whose plantation was about a mile off. Mrs. Wells was a comparatively kind mistress. Shortly after, I married Louisa. Do not let the reader run away with the idea that there was any marriage ceremony, for the poor slaves are debarred that privilege by the cruel hand of their fellow-man. My master was exceedingly angry when he heard of my marriage, because my children would not belong to him, and whenever he discovered that I had visited my wife's plantation during the night, I was tied up and received fifty lashes. But no man can be prevented from visiting his wife, and the consequence was, that I was beaten on the average,



at least every week for that offence. I shall carry these scars to my grave. My wife had two children, one of whom died. But we were soon separated, as her owner removed to Georgia, and we were parted for ever.

Our clothes were rags, and we were all half naked, and the females were not sufficiently clothed to satisfy common decency.

I will now refer to the "American Camp-Meeting," which is held in tents, and is a gathering of both black and white Methodists for worship and prayer. It is continued day by day for a week; but the blacks can only attend during Saturday night and part of Sunday, having to be at work again early on Monday morning. These meetings are infested by a set of white people, who are libertine scoundrels, and attend for the purpose of seizing and carrying off by force, for their own vile purposes, the most beautiful slave girls they can see. On the father's interfering to save their daughters, they only receive a shower of blows on the head with hickory sticks. I often saw this with my own eyes, and not daring to say a word. One of these wretches, John Mulder by name, having seized a negro's wife, on their way to the camp-meeting, and threatening the husband's life with a pistol, was knocked down senseless by the enraged husband with a stick. In consequence of which, a Lynch law was made that no negro should carry a stick. It is no wonder that this is the case, for "if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch;" and the Methodist ministers there are notorious for their villany. As an instance of the truth of this, I may mention the case of the Rev. Thomas English, of whom we have already spoken, and indeed I could give many instances too vile to speak about. It was the custom among them when conducting the Lord's Supper, to have the white people partake first, and then say to the negroes—"Now, all you niggers that are humble and obedient servants to your masters, can come and partake." The negroes said among themselves "There is no back kitchen in heaven;" but if they had been overheard, they would have been whipped severely. I fear this case will be an example of the truth of our Lord's saying, "The first shall be last and the last first."

We were now put to picking cotton. This is not so pleasant a job as might be imagined. The whole field is covered with "stinging worms," a species of caterpillar.



At the setting of the sun each slave had to bring one hundred weight of cotton, which many of the weaker slaves could not do. In consequence of this, each night there were two hours' whipping at the "ginning house." The masters would not even allow them their usual night's rest. They made them pack cotton before daylight, and as soon as twenty bales were packed they were sent off to Charleston. The cotton plant is planted in April or May, and the cotton is picked out of the pods in August. The heat of that month raises large bumps on the slaves backs; besides, the frequent infliction of the whip and the lash is almost intolerable. One slave, named "Old Prince," because he could not do sufficient work, was continually being beaten. On one occasion, he received fifty lashes, and fifty blows with the paddle—a paddle is a board six inches broad, and eight inches long, with twelve gimlet holes in it; each of these holes raised a blister every time a blow was inflicted, which rendered it extremely painful—in a few days the skin all peeled off his lacerated body. At this time we were under the control of Burl Quiney, who murdered Old Peter, as related before. He also murdered four negroes belonging to James Rambert. Wherever he was overseer, he succeeded in murdering one or more negroes. He used to make the negroes shuck corn till past midnight, and they had to rise with the sun next morning to their day's work. They are not allowed a change of clothes, but only one suit for summer, and the perspiration is so great that they smell rank; thus they are robbed of comfort and cleanliness by the cruelty and avarice of their masters. They wear no shoes, and they had to work in "the New Ground," a place infested by snakes and scorpions, and they were often bitten by snakes, while 6,000,000 of lazy white men are riding about calling negroes lazy, whilst they are the laziest.

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## CHAPTER V.

### MY ESCAPE.

A SLAVE on a neighbouring plantation had a pony; it being discovered by his mistress, she ordered the overseer, the Rev. P. Huggin, to kill it. Meanwhile, I went in the night and purchased it of the slave with some fowls. As my master had just then gone out of his mind I could keep it with greater impunity, so that at length I went to



a camp meeting on it. My mistress' grandson saw me on it, and told Ransom Player, the overseer, and my mistress ordered him to give me one hundred lashes, and to kill the pony. When he attempted to tie me I resisted and fled, and swam across a mill pond, which was full of alligators, and so escaped the whipping. I went to work next day, and kept a look out for them. My mistress hearing of it, said to the overseer, Mr. Player, "You can't whip that nigger yourself, wait till Rev. T. English, and Mr. M'Farden, and Mr. Cooper, are here, and then you can catch him in the barn." The last two were her sons-in-law. I kept the pony hid in the woods till Christmas.

We all had three days' holiday at Christmas, and I, therefore, fixed upon that time as most appropriate for my escape. I may as well relate here, how I became acquainted with the fact of there being a Free State. The "Yankees," or Northerners, when they visited our plantations, used to tell the negroes that there was a country called England, where there were no slaves, and that the city of Boston was free; and we used to wish we knew which way to travel to find those places. When we were picking cotton, we used to see the wild geese flying over our heads to some distant land, and we often used to say to each other, "O that we had wings like those geese, then we would fly over the heads of our masters to the 'Land of the free.'" I had often been to Charleston—which was 150 miles distant from our plantation—to drive my master's cattle to market, and it struck me that if I could hide in one of the vessels I saw lading at the wharfs, I should be able to get to the "Free country," wherever that was. I fixed, as I said before, on our three days' holiday at Christmas, as my best time for escape. The first day I devoted to bidding a sad, though silent farewell to my people; for I did not even dare to tell my father or mother that I was going, lest for joy they should tell some one else. Early next morning, I left them playing their "fandango" play. I wept as I looked at them enjoying their innocent play, and thought it was the last time I should ever see them, for I was determined never to return alive. However, I hastened to the woods and started on my pony. I met many white persons, and was hailed, "You nigger, how far are you going?" To which I would answer, "To the next plantation, mas're;" but I took good care not to stop at the next plantation. The first night I stopped at G. Nelson's



plantation. I stopped with the negroes, who thought I had got leave during Christmas. Next morning, before day, I started on for the Santé River. The negro who kept that ferry, was allowed to keep for himself all the money he took on Christmas day, and as this was Christmas day, he was only too glad to get my money and ask no questions; so I paid twenty cents, and he put me and my pony across the main gulf of the river, but he would not put me across to the "Bob Landing;" so that I had to wade on my pony through a place called "Sandy Pond" and "Boat Creek." The current was so strong there, that I and my pony were nearly washed down the stream; but after hard struggling, we succeeded in getting across. I went eight miles further, to Mr. Shipman's hotel, where one Jessie Brown, who hired me of my master, had often stopped. I stayed there until midnight, when I got my pony and prepared to start. This roused Mr. Shipman's suspicions, so he asked me where I belonged to. I was scared, but at length, I said, "Have you not seen me here with Jesse Brown, driving cattle?" He said, "Yes, I know Jesse Brown well. Where are you going?" I answered, "I am going on my Christmas holiday." This satisfied him. I was going to take a longer holiday than he thought for. I reached Charleston by the next evening. There I met a negro, who allowed me to put my pony in his master's yard, his master being out of town at the time. It is the custom there, for the masters to send their slaves out in the morning to earn as much money as they can, how they like. So I joined a gang of negroes working on the wharfs, and received a dollar-and-a-quarter per day, without arousing any suspicion. Those negroes have to maintain themselves, and clothe themselves, and pay their masters two-and-a-half dollars per week out of this, which, if they fail to do, they receive a severe castigation with a cat-o'-nine-tails. One morning, as I was going to join a gang of negroes working on board a vessel, one of them asked me if I had my badge? Every negro is expected to have a badge with his master's name and address inscribed on it. Every negro unable to produce such a badge when asked for, is liable to be put in jail. When I heard that, I was so frightened that I hid myself with my pony, which I sold that night for seven-and-a-half dollars, to a negro. I then bought a cloak from a Jewish lady, who cheated me, and gave me a lady's cloak instead of a man's, which,



however, answered my purpose equally well. I then got seven biscuit-loaves of bread, and a bottle of water which I put in my pocket, and I also bought a large gimlet and two knives. I then found I had over ten dollars left of what I had earned. I then went to the wharf early in the morning with my cloak on, and underneath all my rattle-traps. A few days previously, I had enquired of a mulatto negro, for a vessel bound for Boston. I then went on board and asked the cook, a free negro, if his vessel was bound for Boston? To which he replied, "Yes." "Can't you stow me away?" said I. "Yes," said he, "but don't you betray me! Did not some white man send you here to ask me this?" "No." "Well," answered he, "don't you betray me! for we black men have been in jail ever since the vessel has been here; the captain stood bond for us yesterday and took us out." "What did they put you in jail for?" said I. "They put every free negro in jail that comes here, to keep them from going among the slaves. Well, I will look out a place to stow you away, if you are sure no white man has sent you here." So I went the next morning to ask him to redeem his promise. I went on board, and saw him lighting a fire in his galley, so I said to him, "Now I am ready for you to stow me away." "Walk ashore, I will have nothing to do with you; I am sure some white person sent you here." I said "No, no one knows it but me and you." "I don't believe it," said he, "so you walk ashore;" which I did. But as I looked back, I saw him go into the galley again and shut the door, so I went on board the vessel again, and crept stealthily on tiptoe to the hatch. I stood there fearing and hoping—fearing lest the cook should come out of the galley, and hoping that the mate or captain would come from the cabin, and order me to take off the hatch. Presently the mate came out of the cabin, and I asked him if I should take off the hatch. He thinking that I was one of the gang coming to work there, told me I might. So I immediately took off the hatch, and descended. The gang soon came down; they asked me, "Are you going to work here this morning?" I said, "No." "Arn't you a stevedore?" I said, "No." "I know better, I know by that cloak you wear. Who do you belong to?" I answered, "I belong to South Carolina." It was none of their business whom I belonged to; I was trying to belong to myself. Just then they were all ordered on



deck, and as soon as I was left, I slipped myself between two bales of cotton, with the deck above me, in a space not large enough for a bale of cotton to go; and just then a bale was placed at the mouth of my crevice, and shut me in a space about 4-ft. by 3-ft., or thereabouts. I then heard them gradually filling up the hold; and at last the hatch was placed on, and I was left in total darkness. I should have been stifled for want of air, but by the providence of God, a board in the partition between the sailors' sleeping place and the hold where I was, was broken out, so that the air came through there. Next morning, I heard the sailors singing their farewell songs, and soon after, the vessel began to rock from side to side. I then began to feel that I was indeed, now upon my journey from slavery to freedom, and that I soon should be able to call myself FREE, and I felt so happy, and rejoiced so in my heart; but all these feelings were rudely stopped by a feeling of sickness, and the more the vessel went, the sicker I got, till I felt as miserable as I was happy before. I then began to bore with my gimlet, and after a long time, I was able to bore two holes in the deck with great labour, through which I could see the sailors passing and repassing overhead. By this time I found that my water was exhausted, and I began to feel all the horrors of thirst. I felt that I could with pleasure have drunk the filthiest water in my native swamps. I cast my eyes up through the gimlet holes and saw the stars, and I thought that God would provide for me, and the stars seemed to be put there by Him to tell me so; and then I felt that He would care for me as He did for Jonah in the whale's belly, and I was refreshed. Next morning I saw through the holes, a man standing over them with his arms folded, apparently in deep thought, so I called out, "Pour me some water down, I am most dead for water." He, however, looked up instead, and persisted in examining the rigging, apparently thinking the voice came from there, so I cut a splinter and pushed it through the hole to attract his attention; as soon as he caught sight of it, he ran away and called to the captain, "Run here, cap'n, there is a ghost aboard!" The captain came and knelt down and examined the holes, and asked me how I came there? I said, "I got stowed away." He asked me if some white man did not stow him away to get him in trouble? I assured him he was mistaken, as I stowed myself away.



The cook said, "Cap'n, there was one wanted me to stow him away at Charleston, but I would not." "Cook, you should have told me that," said the captain. "Boys, get the chisel and cut him out." As soon as I was out, I saw the cook preparing to wash his hands, and I seized upon the water and drained it to the last drop. It was nearly half-a-gallon.

The vessel continued her journey to Boston. The captain persisted that some white man had placed me there to get him into trouble; and said he would put me into the first vessel he met, and send me back; however, he met no vessel, and we gradually approached Boston. At last the pilot came on board, and I was sent into the fore-castle to prevent his seeing me, and we soon arrived at Boston. At nine o'clock on the evening of the 10th of February, 1847, I landed at Boston, and then indeed I thanked God that I had escaped from hell to heaven, for I felt as I had never felt before—that is, *master of myself*, and in my joy I was as a bouncing sparrow. Three sailors named Jim Jones, Frank, and Dennis, took me to the sailor's boarding-house, kept by one Henry Forman, Richmond-street, and I became his servant, and worked for him, and received my board as payment. About June I left him, and went to Salem, and worked for James Brayton, Samuel Pittman, and many others, in the tan yards. I received a dollar-and-a-half per day, out of which I saved one hundred dollars in the course of a year, which I put in the savings' bank. I used often to work at sawing wood during the night, and it did not seem such a hardship as when I did the same in South Carolina. Why? Because I felt that I was free, and that I worked because I wished; whilst in South Carolina I worked because my master compelled me. This *fact* is, in my mind, more satisfactory than twenty theories, as to the superiority of free labour over slave labour. When I was a slave we were employed the whole of the day in breaking and hauling home the corn, and then when night came on we were not allowed to snatch an instant's sleep until we had shucked the whole of the corn brought in during the day; so that it was generally between one and two o'clock in the morning before we were allowed to rest our wearied bodies. As soon as dawn appeared we were roused by the overseer's whip, for we were so exhausted that the horn failed to rouse us as usual; and then we would discover that the



rats had actually eaten a part of our feet. As the slaves are not allowed boots or shoes (except for a short time in the winter), the combined action of the frost at night, and the heat during the day, harden the feet; so that the outside skin at last cracks, and is very painful to the negroes. This outside skin is called "dead skin," as the slaves cannot *feel* the rats eating it until their teeth touch the more tender part of the feet. During the day, that part of the foot which has been skinned by the rats is very tender and causes great pain. The presence of rats in our houses brought venomous snakes, who frequented them for the purpose of swallowing the rats, and who sometimes bit the negroes, and then my father's power of curing snake-bites was called into play. On one occasion there was a sale of slaves near, and a man came to the auction to purchase a slave girl. He fixed on one who pleased him, and took her into a neighbouring barn and stripped her *start naked*, for the purpose of examining her, as he would a horse, previous to buying her. The father and mother of the girl were looking through the window and keyhole and various crevices, with many other slaves, who saw all that passed. He ultimately purchased her for his own vile purposes, and when he had had several children by her, sold both her and her children. Marriage in the slave States among the slaves is absolutely "Nil." There was on one plantation, a slave about thirty years of age and six feet high, named Adam. He had a wife on a neighbouring plantation belonging to Mr. Hancock. My master bought a young slave girl about fourteen years old, named Jenny Wilson, and he then ordered Adam to leave his present wife and take Jenny. Adam, after having some hundreds of lashes for obstinately persisting in loving his wife, at last consented, but not so Jenny, who was, in love with me and I with her. But she was at last compelled to obey her master by the bloody cowhide. My master served nearly all his male slaves in a similar manner. One of his slaves, however, named Abraham, was unusually obstinate, and would not give up his wife. At last my master, in despair, sent him to his son-in-law's plantation, Gamble M'Farden, who was an inveterate drunkard, and who murdered my sister Bella, as related elsewhere. He ordered Abraham not to go up to see his wife any more; but Abraham loved his wife too much to be parted from her in that manner, so he went fifteen long miles once



every fortnight, on the Saturday night, for the pleasure of seeing his wife for a short time. He was found out, and whipped to death by that drunkard Mr. M'Farden. My brother Ephraim did not escape; he was compelled to leave his wife and marry the house girl.

But I am wandering. While I was at Salem, I heard from Mr. Forman, that Anderson, my old slave-driver, had called for me. I will give some incidents that will illustrate his character. He was brought up among the negroes, and was so familiar with negro habits, that he possessed unusual facilities for getting them into trouble. He was hired for the purpose of subduing me and another slave named Isaac, but fortunately my escape saved me from experiencing his tender mercies.

In the adjacent swamp there was an abundance of wild turkeys, the sight of which greatly tantalized the negroes, as they had no gun to shoot them with. On one occasion my father, old Doctor Clavern, had made a pen to catch the wild turkeys with. This soon came to the ears of Anderson, and he immediately sought out my father, and accosted him with "Old Doc. Clave., where is your turkey pen?" "In the swamp, massa." "Tell me where it is? turkeys are too good for niggers." "I can't exactly tell where it is, massa." "Then I will find out and destroy it; for turkeys are too good for niggers." He fully carried out his threat; for soon afterwards he discovered the pen, and destroyed it. When he next met with my father, he said, "Old Doc. Clave., does you catch turkeys now?" "No, massa Anderson; somebody spoil my pen." "'Twas I spoiled it, you rascal, so that you should not catch turkeys any more." This may serve to show his badness of disposition. On another occasion, I had made a fish trap in the stream which ran through the swamp. Anderson heard of it, and organized a party to proceed to the swamp, and search for it. After a long search they succeeded in discovering it, and took all the fish out, and destroyed it, for the simple reason that "fish was too good for niggers." Owing to his having been brought up among negroes, he was perfectly familiar with their peculiarities of dialect, &c. If he suspected that any negroes had fresh meat, obtained as narrated above, he would sneak to the nigger houses in the dead of night, and say, in their peculiar manner, "Brudder, ope' t' door; I want to 'peak to you for a mirnit." This would deceive the negroes, and they would



open the door, expecting to see another negro, when, to their amazement and confusion, it would be "Neddy Anderson," as he was called. "O you rascals!" he would say, "you got fresh meat here; you steal it;" and next day they would have so many lashes for daring to eat meat, or whatever it might be. He was accustomed to be hired to whip negroes, and he used to revel in this (to him) delightful occupation. He would sneak about during the night, for the purpose of catching negroes wandering from their plantations, so that he might have the pleasure of whipping them. I heard since my escape, of my mother's death, and that she died under him. I therefore cannot but conclude that my mistress, who hated her, incited him to whip her in particular, and that, horrible to think of, she must have died under his lash. I believe, also, that my youngest brother, Casey, must have fallen a victim to his cruelty; for I have heard of his death also, and that Anderson had given him some severe whippings. Had I sufficient space I could fill a volume with instances of his wickedness and cruelty. But, to proceed—he was so anxious to catch me that he followed me to Boston—at least, I believe, from the description given by Mr. Forman, that it was he; but fortunately I had gone to Salem, which is 15 miles from Boston. Mr. Forman did not tell Anderson where I was, but merely told him that there was no such person as Jackson there. Anderson said, "I know better, here is the letter he wrote home, wishing to know what he can buy his father and mother for, and I now want to see him." This incensed the sailors, who said, "Here are the slave-hunters, hunting for niggers," and drove them from the house. Mr. Forman wrote to me at Salem, to warn me not to come to Boston, as they were hunting for me there. I remained at Salem, and worked in the tan yard there, turning the splitting machine, until I had saved one hundred dollars. Since my escape I have saved about one thousand dollars of my own earnings, for the purpose of purchasing my relatives. I was in correspondence with some gentlemen in America, through my friend the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for that purpose, when the present war interrupted and broke up my hopes and plans. If this war obviates the necessity of buying my people, by freeing the negroes, (as I hope and pray to God it will, and as I believe it will) I shall then, if God pleases, devote my money in building a Chapel in Canada, for escaped slaves; or wherever my old fellow-



labourers are located. Though "absent in the body," my whole heart is with my fellow-sufferers in that horrible bondage; and I will exert myself until the last of my relatives is released. On one occasion I saw my brother Ephraim tied up and blindfolded with his own shirt, and beaten with fifty lashes before his own wife and children, by a wretch named Sam Cooper, because he was falsely accused of having stolen a yard of bagging. Fathers! think of being tied up and stripped before your wife and children, and beaten severely for nothing at all; and then think that it is a daily, nay, hourly, occurrence in the Slave States of America, and you will begin to have some idea of what American slavery is. But to proceed with my life. Just as I was beginning to be settled at Salem, that most atrocious of all laws, the "Fugitive Slave Law," was passed, and I was compelled to flee in disguise from a comfortable home, a comfortable situation, and good wages, to take refuge in Canada. I may mention, that during my flight from Salem to Canada, I met with a very sincere friend and helper, who gave me a refuge during the night, and set me on my way. Her name was Mrs. Beecher Stowe. She took me in and fed me, and gave me some clothes and five dollars. She also inspected my back, which is covered with scars which I shall carry with me to the grave. She listened with great interest to my story, and sympathized with me when I told her how long I had been parted from my wife Louisa and my daughter Jenny, and perhaps, for ever. I was obliged to proceed, however, and finally arrived in safety at St. John's, where I met my present wife, to whom I was married lawfully, and who was also an escaped slave from North Carolina. I stayed there some time, and followed the trade of whitewasher, and at last I embarked for England. When I arrived at Liverpool, I proceeded to Scotland, where I met with true friends of abolition. I lectured in most of the Free Churches there, including Dr. Candlish's, Dr. Guthrie's, and Mr. Alexander Wallis's. I lectured twice in Dr. Candlish's Church. I then proceeded to Aberdeen, where I lectured to crowded audiences; and I then fell in with more friends, until I met with the Rev. Mr. Barker, of Huddersfield, who directed me to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who received me and my wife into his Church as members, and who has been my firm friend and adviser ever since. I am now only anxious for the war to end with freedom to the



oppressed, (for I firmly believe that will be its ultimate issue) and then I will revisit the old scenes of oppression, and read the Bible to those to whom it has long been a sealed Book. May God hasten this happy consummation.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### AMERICAN BUTTERFLY AND SLAVERY.

A BAD man called Old Ben Calo, who was nearly seven feet high, used to go about ditching for different slaveholders, far too lazy to work on his own plantation in the Pine Woods. On one occasion, he wanted me to steal from my master a bushel of corn for him, which I refused to do. This annoyed him very much, and, in the course of time, he came to my white people and told them that he saw me the night before on a horse, and that he believed me to be trading with Tom Hancock. This he did to gain their favour. They then asked him how he knew it was me. "I know it was him, he replied." "It might have been a white man," said they. "No; I am sure it was Jackson, for I waited some time for him to return on this side of the branch. After I had started to go home, I heard the noise of horses' feet coming behind. As he approached, I gave him the road, and ordered him to stop; he disregarded this and galloped by. I then pulled the trigger of my gun three times to shoot him, but it would not fire, because he bewitched it." Foolish man—if what he said was true—God alone preserved my life that night. Ben Calo is not the only man who acts so deceitfully; there are scores whom I might mention. One more instance I will mention here of a man named Squire Sanders; he lived in South Carolina, Sumpter District; he had been in the habit for a long time of trading secretly with slaves, which trading he, of course, found very profitable; and he encouraged them to steal cotton, corn, etc. He was at last suspected of having received stolen property. Thereupon, James Laws and another slaveholder, at once hit on the following plan to find him out: they placed a basket of cotton on the head of one of their own slaves, named Job. Previous to this, however, a negro from the same plantation, named Alex, ran ahead on purpose to inform Squire Sanders that his master was coming that night to test his honesty, and begged him not to purchase anything of any slave that might come to him. "Well, my boy," said the



Squire joyfully, "if I find this to be true, I will make you a present of five dollars." Between ten and eleven o'clock, Job arrived, followed at a distance by his master on horse-back. The dogs began to bark, and Squire Sanders came out to enquire what was the matter. "Who's that?" he asked. "James Law's Job," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I have some cotton for you." "Have you got an order from your master to bring me cotton this time of night?" "No, sir," said Job. "How dare you bring me cotton here without an order? go along back, and to-morrow I will see your master about this." James Law then returned, convinced in his own mind that the Squire was an honest man, and did not trade with slaves. And Alex received his five dollars. So the Squire went on trading as usual; but he adopted the plan of having the cotton taken to one of the negro-houses, and received by Abraham, a negro. This I know to be the truth.

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#### THE AMERICAN BUTTERFLY.

THE character of the slaveholder, is to work his slaves very hard so that they may not get up in the night to raise an insurrection, or carry off cotton or corn to other masters who trade with slaves at night. "The harder we work them," say they, "the sounder they will sleep until we blow the horn to put them to work next day." The butterfly, and bumble bee, and the mosquito-hawk, fly from blossom to blossom through the cotton fields, enjoying the glorious liberty which is denied to the slaves. A circumstance occurred in the cotton fields, during a very heavy thunderstorm, which I think is worthy of notice here. The thunder and lightning was terrific, frightening the most hardened. One old negro sinner named Munday, who was ploughing in the field, and who was swearing fearfully, was struck dead by the lightning.

The lightning once burnt a space of ground in the cotton fields, and nothing afterwards ever grew on that spot.

We will now turn to the hawk and the owl. The hawk snatches away chickens from the hen during the day, and the owl steals them at night, yet the slave is not allowed to have a gun to shoot them. I went one Sunday to see my old aunt, and I came back through my master's pasture, three miles in length and about the same in width, killing snakes and scorpions as I went along, until I came



up to a region where the great storm—which we call a hurricane—had torn up the pine trees by the roots. On one of these trees there was a large head, which frightened me; it had large dreadful-looking eyes, which turned as I walked on. I afterwards discovered this to be an owl, not able to fly; but the head was quite as large as a full-grown owl's. I succeeded in killing this, but not until I had had a sharp fight with the old ones, who were overhead, and who followed me quite half a mile, knowing I had taken their young one. The slaveholders live upon their slaves just as the hawk and owl live upon the hen and chicken.

The Methodists and Independents hold slaves, as also do the Baptists.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NEGRO SONGS.

I FEAR that this chapter will prove to many rather uninteresting; but at the same time, there are many who, I am quite sure, would wish to know what *are* the songs with which the negroes beguile their leisure hours. The following is one of them, and a great favourite among the negroes.

#### A SPIRITUAL HYMN.

“O Shepherd, wha' thou bin all day,  
 O Shepherd, wha' thou bin all day,  
 O Shepherd, wha' thou bin all day,  
 You promised my Jesus to mind these lambs,  
 And he pays you at the coming day.  
 O children, he pays you at the coming day,  
 O children, he pays you at the coming day,  
 O children, he pays you at the coming day.

O Shepherd, the lambs all gone astray,  
 O Shepherd, the lambs all gone astray,  
 O Shepherd, the lambs all gone astray,  
 You promised my Jesus to mind these lambs,  
 And he pays you at the coming day.  
 O children, he pays you at the coming day,  
 O children, he pays you at the coming day,  
 O children, he pays you at the coming day.

Did you ever see such a carriage roll,  
 Did you ever see such a carriage roll,  
 Did you ever see such a carriage roll,  
 And it rolls like judgment day.  
 O children, it rolls like judgment day,  
 O children, it rolls like judgment day,  
 O children, it rolls like judgment day.



The fore-wheel roll by the grace of God,  
 The fore-wheel roll by the grace of God,  
 The fore-wheel roll by the grace of God,  
 And the hind-wheel roll by faith.  
 O children, the hind-wheel roll by faith,  
 O children, the hind-wheel roll by faith,  
 O children, the hind-wheel roll by faith.

It roll for me and it roll for you,  
 It roll for me and it roll for you,  
 It roll for me and it roll for you,  
 And it roll for the whole world round.  
 O children, it roll for the whole world round,  
 O children, it roll for the whole world round,  
 O children, it roll for the whole world round.

Did you ever hear such a trumpet ring,  
 Did you ever hear such a trumpet ring,  
 Did you ever hear such a trumpet ring,  
 And it ring like judgment day.  
 O children, it ring like judgment day,  
 O children, it ring like judgment day,  
 O children, it ring like judgment day.

It ring for me and it roll for you,  
 It ring for me and it roll for you,  
 It ring for me and it roll for you,  
 And it ring for the whole world round.  
 O children, it ring for the whole world round,  
 O children, it ring for the whole world round,  
 O children, it ring for the whole world round.

My Jesus he put on the long white robe,  
 My Jesus he put on the long white robe,  
 My Jesus he put on the long white robe,  
 And he sail thro' Galilee.  
 O children, he sail thro' Galilee,  
 O children, he sail thro' Galilee,  
 O children, he sail thro' Galilee.

He sail for me and he sail for you,  
 He sail for me and he sail for you,  
 He sail for me and he sail for you,  
 And he sail for the whole world round.  
 O children, he sail for the whole world round,  
 O children, he sail for the whole world round,  
 O children, he sail for the whole world round."

This hymn is a great favourite with the slaves, and is sung by them while they clap their hands to keep time. Probably the reason for the number of repeats, is because they have no books allowed them; and indeed, they cannot read, and therefore, on hearing a single line sung by the white people, these poor slaves cannot prize it too much, as is shown by their singing it over and over.



The following is a favourite hymn of the poor negroes in the dusk of eventide, or on the dark night, after work :

“ We shall hear the trumpet sounding  
 'Fore the break of day,  
 We'll take the wings of th' morning,  
 And fly away to my Canaan land,  
 Bright angels shall come to bear my soul  
 To my rosen, rosen\* Lamb.”

This hymn was often to me a sweet solace after a hard day's work under the horrible tyranny of slavery. It used to refresh us to think that heaven was so near, and that soon we should be there.

The following is perhaps, not quite so intelligible as the previous one :—

“ Oh, me an' my wife we'er hand in hand,  
 And all our children in one band—  
 They honour the Lamb.  
 Oh, silver slippers on my feet,  
 We'll slip and slide thro' paradise,  
 And honour the Lamb.”

It must be remembered that these hymns are composed of fragments of hymns, which we had heard sung at the meeting-houses and camp-meetings of the white men. Under these circumstances, it is indeed wonderful that they are as intelligible as they are. A few more may, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader. This one we used to sing when in some such spirit as was David of old, when he indicted that interesting Psalm, beginning “Truly God is good to Israel.” (lxxiii.)

“ Old Satan told me to my face  
 He'd drag my kingdom down ;  
 But Jesus whispered in my ears  
 He'd build it up again.

CHORUS.

Oh, we'll walk and talk 'bout Jesus,  
 Glory, hallelujah !  
 Oh, we'll walk and talk 'bout Jesus,  
 Glory to my soul.”

We used to sing this when we had seen the wicked in high places, and the servants of God suffering injustice. But when we had sung this we considered the end, and saw that they were set in slippery places. Our hymns were all we could get of real spiritual food, and yet they were blest by God to the conversion of many, and to the

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\* rosen, probably a corruption of risen.



building up of his saints. "Truly out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hath he perfected praise."

After we had sung one of these songs, we would kneel down, and one of us would offer prayer, and then we would spring up and strike up a new song—one of joy and gladness:—

"Oh, what a happy day  
When the Christian people meet,  
They shall meet to part no more.  
Tracks I see and I'll pursue  
The narrow way to heaven I view,  
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a happy day, &c., &c."

It will be seen more particularly from the foregoing, that the negroes compose their songs chiefly from snatches of hymns which they hear sung by the white people, interpolated, it is true, with now and then a line of the original. Judge them not harshly, gentle reader, for their plagiarism, if such it may be called, for were you in their position, we doubt if you could do better.

As perhaps these slave songs may be interesting to the reader, I will give two or three more, with which I will conclude:—

"I want to go where Moses gone,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
I want to go to the promised land,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
Sweet milk and honey overflows,  
Glory, hallelujah!"

These lines would be repeated with great energy, the hallelujah being sometimes in the middle of the line, instead of in its legitimate position; thus:—

"I want to go, hallelu', hallelu',  
Where Moses gone, hallelu', hallelu', hallelu'."

The following may show our feelings with regard to death:—

"Death, O death, O where are you going?  
Oh hallelu', hallelu', hallelujah!  
I'm coming for some of your souls,  
Oh hallelu', hallelu', hallelujah!"

We feared not death, but would rather welcome it with songs, for we, ignorant as we are, felt that we should receive the "Crown of Life."



It is remarkable to notice that, although the poor negroes are but very little acquainted with the Sacred Scriptures, yet the Almighty, apparently to show man the futility of attempting to keep the mind of his fellow-man in ignorance of Him, has imparted to the poor despised one a species of subtlety in acquiring religious knowledge, which may appear to those who are not personally acquainted with the fact, extraordinary and impossible. If God so honour the negro, and if He works for his deliverance from bondage as He has been doing, ought we to be idle? Surely if we stand calmly by, and see our brother murdered, shall not we be guilty of his blood? Some have blamed "Abolitionists" for over-zealousness; but surely no one could be too zealous for the destruction of a system which works, or can work, as described in these pages. "Let us be up and doing, for the night cometh when no man *can* work."

"Oh, early in the morning,  
Early in the evening,  
Then we'll shout glory, glory, in my soul.  
Old fathers, can't you rise and tell?  
Bless the Lord, we'll rise and tell,  
Then we'll shout glory, glory, in my soul."

This the slaves sing to keep time while picking cotton in the fields under the burning sun; soon after, the whip-lash falls on their backs by their drunken masters and overseers, till the blood runs down. And still they say that the slaves are better off than the working people in free countries, which is as big a lie as ever was told.

A man by the name of Stevondecause, in South Carolina, kept a storehouse at the cross road, over the mill branch, where he sold liquor and other things to the white people at daytime; he enticed the negroes to steal at night cotton and corn, and other things, for which he gave them liquor and one thing or another; and he steals it from them by not giving them what it is worth, and tells them to go and steal more, and not let their masters see them. And when he got rich enough to buy niggers himself, he stopped trading with the others. He went across Black River Swamp, where he bought a plantation, and was one of the worst masters that ever lived. He was afraid to let any of his niggers leave his plantation at night, and told them if they did he would whip them; and why, because it takes a rough to catch a rough, and he is afraid they will steal



his cotton, as he got other master's niggers to steal for him to make him rich. Mr. Neddy Anderson, and William Miles, and Stevondecause, are very bad men—more like beasts than men—they used to go about all the plantations on Sunday nights, and frighten the negroes that used to come together to hold prayer-meetings, chasing them here and there, and whipping as many as they could catch without a pass. Mr. Anderson spends a great deal of his time in plaiting whips to whip the negroes with; my mistress hired him as overseer to come and flog all the negroes, and me in particular, after Christmas, because I had a black pony. But she gave us three days at Christmas, and I have not been home since; for I and the pony gave them leg-bail for security, and thank God, got safe to a Free State.

Two negroes were being taken away from their families in chains to the new countries, on the way there, the master stopped for dinner at one of the planter's houses, while the slaves were fastened to a tree. After dinner, he sent for his horse to be brought. The horse would not let the slave put the bridle on him, he bit at him. "Master," said the slave, "I can't catch your horse, he bites." "Oh, well, I'll go." He went, and said, "What are you about, sir?" and rubbing him down behind, and lifting one of his hind feet, the horse kicked his brains out. The slaves were then let loose and sent back.

The Rev. Mr. Reed, minister of Mount Zion Church, South Carolina, when his wife wanted him to whip her slave girl, he said, "I can't, I am a minister of the gospel." "Well, other ministers whip their niggers, and you can whip yours too." "No, I can't." "Well, I will send her to Mr. Sam. Wilson, and have her whipped." So she sat down and wrote a few lines, and she called her slave girl to her and said, "Here, Madam Manda, take this letter to Mr. Wilson." Which was five miles from her house. When he broke open the letter, he read, "Please give the bearer fifty lashes on the bare back, well put on." The girl looked astonished, and thought she had committed some crime, and said, "Please massa, don't whip me, mistress give me this letter to give you." He said, "I don't care, I am going to give you fifty lashes." After she was flogged, she returned to her cruel mistress, who examined her back, and said, "Right good for you; I'm glad, I long wanted you whipped." A drunken slave-



holder, by the name of Old Billy Dunn, whipped one of his negroes to death, and dug a hole in the field, and threw him in without coffin or anything of the kind, just as dogs are buried; and in the course of time, the niggers ploughed up the bones, and said, "Brudder, this the place where Old Billy Dunn buried one of his slaves that was flogged to death."

I, John Andrew Jackson, once a slave in the United States, have seen and heard all this, therefore I publish it.

J. A. JACKSON.

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FLIGHT OF THE BONDMAN,

DEDICATED TO WILLIAM W. BROWN,

*And Sung by the Hutchinsons.*

BY ELIAS SMITH.

AIR—Silver Moon.

From the crack of the rifle and baying of hound,  
Takes the poor panting bondman his flight;  
His couch through the day is the cold damp ground,  
But northward he runs through the night.

CHORUS.

O God, speed the flight of the desolate slave,  
Let his heart never yield to despair;  
There is room 'mong our hills for the true and the brave,  
Let his lungs breathe our free northern air!

Oh, sweet to the storm-driven sailor the light,  
Streaming far o'er the dark swelling wave;  
But sweeter by far 'mong the lights of the night,  
Is the star of the north to the slave.  
O God, speed, &c.

Cold and bleak are our mountains, and chilling our winds,  
But warm as the soft southern gales  
Be the hands and the hearts which the hunted one finds,  
'Mong our hills and our own winter vales.  
O God, speed, &c.

Then list to the 'plaint of the heart-broken thrall,  
Ye blood-hounds go back to your lair;  
May a free northern soil soon give freedom to all,  
Who shall breathe in its pure mountain air.  
O God, speed, &c.







Who comes in his pride to that low cottage door—  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?  
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

'Nay, Ellen, for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;  
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame and too vulgar to feel.

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

O come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long;  
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom.

O come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law.'

O could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel:

“Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet sunny zephyr which breathes over slaves

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In fetters with *them*, than in freedom with *thee!*”

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### THE SLAVE'S SONG.

AIR—Dearest May.

Now, freemen, listen to my song, a story I'll relate,  
It happened in the valley of the old Carolina State:  
They marched me to the cotton field, at early break of day,  
And worked me there till late sunset, without a cent of pay.

#### CHORUS.

They worked me all the day,  
Without a bit of pay,  
And believed me when I told them  
That I would not run away.



Massa gave me a holiday, and said he'd give me more,  
 I thanked him very kindly, and shoved my boat from shore ;  
 I drifted down the river, my heart was light and free,  
 I had my eye on the bright north star, and thought of liberty.

They worked me all the day,  
 Without a bit of pay,  
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night,  
 When the sun was gone away.

I jumped out of my good old boat and shoved it from the shore,  
 And travelled faster that night than I had ever done before ;  
 I came up to a farmer's house, just at the break of day,  
 And saw a white man standing there, said he, " You are run away."

They worked me all the day,  
 Without a bit of pay,  
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night,  
 When the sun was gone away.

I told him I had left the whip, and baying of the hound,  
 To find a place where man was man, if such there could be found,  
 That I heard in Canada, all men were free  
 And that I was going there in search of liberty.

They worked me all the day,  
 Without a bit of pay,  
 So I took my flight in the middle of the night,  
 When the sun was gone away.

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### YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Ye heralds of freedom, ye noble and brave,  
 Who dare to insist on the rights of the slave,  
 Go onward, go onward, your cause is of God,  
 And he will soon sever the oppressor's strong rod.

The finger of slander may now at you point,  
 That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint ;  
 And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,  
 Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,  
 May now all oppose you, the victory is yours ;  
 The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,  
 And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard, and fight by his side,  
 O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride ;  
 His gracious protection will be to you given,  
 And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.



TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOUR OF JOHN ANDREW JACKSON, A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

“ I am very happy to say that Mr. Jackson is a member of my Church, and is well worthy of all confidence and regard.

April 12th, 1860.

C. H. SPURGEON.”

“ We, the undersigned, bear testimony to the truth of Mr. Jackson’s statements, being satisfied regarding these either by personal investigation of his case, or by the evidence of those who have done so, and on whose veracity we can depend. The credentials he carries with him are attested by parties of the very highest respectability in Edinburgh. We therefore commend him to the kind sympathies of every friend of the slave, not only on account of his exposure and denunciation of slavery in general, but his very laudable object of raising funds to procure the deliverance of his father and two children of a murdered sister from bondage.

MEREAMLER WALLACE, Minister, East Campbell Street N. P. Church, Glasgow.

WILLIAM BRUCE, Minister, U. P. Church, Edinburgh.

WM. GRAHAM, Minister, Newhaven.

ROBT. NELSON, Deacon, St. John’s Free Church.

THOS. NELSON, Printer, etc.

W. J. DUNCAN, Banker.”

“ 18, Coates Crescent,  
Edinburgh, 7th May, 1857.

Mr. Jackson, on producing what seemed to me sufficient testimonials, and particularly a strong one from Mrs. Beecher Stowe, was allowed to deliver two lectures in my Church. These lectures were, I have reason to know, very creditable to him. I have no doubt of his being entitled to countenance and support in his laudable undertaking.

THOS. CANDLISH, D.D.,  
Minister of Free St. George’s.

JAMES GRANT, 7, Gilmore Place.”



“Resermere Presbyterian Manor,  
Loanhouse, Edinburgh, 18th May, 1857.

From testimonials produced by Mr. Jackson, given by Mrs. Beecher Stowe and others, I was convinced of the truth of his case, gave him the use of my Church for public lectures on two occasions, and felt happy in affording him hospitality for two nights. From all I have seen and heard, it gives me pleasure to testify my conviction that he is entitled to cordial sympathy and encouragement in the laudable object he has in view—the deliverance of some relations from that state of bondage from which he himself has in the good providence of God escaped.

I can cordially unite with the above, from

WM. ANDERSON, Minister of the gospel.

DAVID GUTHRIE, Minister of the Free  
Church, Tibetson.”

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“Glasgow, October 15, 1857.

At a meeting of the Joint Committees of the “Glasgow New Association for the Abolition of Slavery,” the certificates of John Andrew Jackson, a fugitive slave, having been examined and considered satisfactory, it was unanimously agreed to vote him two guineas towards the object of his mission.

JOHN SMITH, Treasurer.”

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“J. A. Jackson having called on me and shown his testimonials, I took him to a lady, Miss Griffith, who was visiting this town on anti-slavery business, and who has resided several years in America. She examined him very closely, and was fully satisfied that his representations of himself are correct. I believe implicit reliance may be placed in his truthfulness and honesty.

RICHD. SKINNER,

Minister of Ramsden Street Chapel,

March 25th, 1858.

Huddersfield.”



Samuel Fessenden, a gentleman well known in the United States, with whom Mr. Jackson lived some time, gave him this character:—

“This may certify that I have known Mr. John Andrew Jackson more than five years; I believe him to be a reliable man for integrity and truth. His history, which is very thrilling, may be relied on, as he relates it. He is anxious to redeem his father and two children of a sister in slavery. He has a claim on your sympathies.

SAMUEL FESSENDEN.”

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“Boston, April 30th, 1856

Be it known that we know John Andrew Jackson, a coloured man, to be industrious and honest; said Jackson worked in Salem, Mass., having worked for us at different times during the years of 1847-8-9, and 50. We further state that we believe said John Andrew Jackson was formerly a slave, and that his word may be relied upon, as we think him a man of integrity and truth.

SAMUEL HIGBEE, North Street.

JOHN GILMER.”

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“Be it known to whom it may concern, that I went with the above John Andrew Jackson and saw Mrs. Foreman, in Richmond Street, Boston, and she fully corroborated his statement in reference to his being a slave; also said her son had been on board the vessel, and seen the spot where the said John Andrew Jackson was cut out, according to his statement; I would further add, that I know the above gentlemen, Samuel Higbee and John Gilmer, to be men of character and highly respectable, and that their statement may be fully relied upon.

G. W. COCHRANE, 60 & 70, Read St.”



Mr. Jackson lectured twice in the Rev. Mr. Candlish's Church, Edinburgh, when the rev. gentleman took the chair; he also lectured in almost all the Churches in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and he lectured all the way through to London, where he still continues to lecture on slavery, and endeavours to bring in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; he is now waiting to see how the conflict in America will end; and if it please God that the slaves get their freedom, his intention is to go and preach the gospel among them as long as he lives.

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I am happy to say, that since writing the foregoing, President Lincoln has issued his proclamation, that "On January 1st, 1863, all slaves within any State, or part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the Federal Government, shall be then, thenceforward, and for ever *free*."—J. A. J.











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