

transformed into a brute. I had neither sufficient time in which to eat or sleep, except on Sunday. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking, under some large tree. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of my master, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. The overwork and the brutal chastisement, combined with that ever-gnawing and soul-devouring thought, 'I am a slave, a slave for life, a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom,' rendered me a living embodiment of mental and physical wretchedness."

At last the down-trodden victim of oppression revolted and, when next attacked, fought with his master for two hours. But he was too valuable a chattel to be hanged and quartered, as was the penalty for that crime. He opened a Sunday-school, which grew to the number of forty. In his nineteenth year he went to Baltimore to work in a shipyard. Here he was made the butt and sport of the white labourers, but he had learned to defend himself, and was soon left severely alone. The story of his escape is a very romantic one. He borrowed a sailor's suit, forged a pass, and made his way North. He says, "I was like one going to war without weapons—ten chances of defeat to one of victory. However, gloomy as was the prospect, thanks be to the Most High, who is ever the God of the oppressed, at the moment which was to determine my whole earthly career, His grace was sufficient: my mind was made up."

He at length reached New York, and sent for a former fellow-slave to join him and become his wife and helpmeet. Their wedding trip was taken, in part, on the deck of a steamer at night, *en route* to New Bedford, where he went seeking work. He had no money to pay for breakfast, so his baggage was placed in pawn. At last he found work, and was struck with the immense superiority of free to slave labour. His wife went to service and he to sawing wood. He joined the Methodist Church, but found the caste feeling very strong. Being a man of unusual intelligence and ability, he soon became an Abolitionist, the champion of the rights of his people, and editor of the *Liberator*. A reward of \$5,000 was offered by the State of Georgia for his capture, but his zeal glowed all the warmer. "I have need to be on fire," he said, at the remonstrance of a friend, "for I have mountains of ice around me to melt."

New England had little more sympathy with the slave than had Georgia. A Connecticut lady was imprisoned for teaching coloured girls to read. A Philadelphia mob destroyed forty-four houses of coloured people and murdered a black man. In 1836, in New England, a clergyman was sentenced to four months' hard labour for lecturing on anti-slavery, and another was shot in Illinois for a similar offence. But with tongue and pen Douglass championed the rights of his people till, after years of trial and persecution, the civil war swept away the last relic of American slavery.

The narrative is full of dramatic interest. No passage is more so than his interview, when United States marshal, with his old master, who was very ill and nigh unto death:

"Not Marshal, but Frederick to you as formerly," said Douglass. They shook hands, the master burst into tears, and both for awhile were speechless. The son of his old master was among the applicants for service under the ex-slave. He was an agent of the underground railway, and through his help many slaves found their way to Canada. He was in demand at public meetings, in order, as he said, "to give colour to the occasion."