

To my grandfather Andrew  
Skinner Anthony, did a young man  
I know nothing of his cruelty, but I  
fear Fred is right about his intemperate  
habits.

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LIFE AS A SLAVE.

appalled before that power, which, to human seem-  
ing, could bless or blast us in a moment. Added to  
the dread of separation, most painful to the majority  
of the slaves, we all had a decided horror of the  
thought of falling into the hands of Master Andrew.  
He was distinguished for cruelty and intemperance.

Slaves generally dread to fall into the hands of  
drunken owners. Master Andrew was almost a con-  
firmed sot, and had already, by his reckless misman-  
agement and profligate dissipation, wasted a large  
portion of old master's property. To fall into his  
hands, was, therefore, considered merely as the first  
step toward being sold away to the far south. He  
would spend his fortune in a few years, and his farms  
and slaves would be sold, we thought, at public out-  
cry; and we should be hurried away to the cotton  
fields, and rice swamps, of the sunny south. This  
was the cause of deep consternation.

The people of the north, and free people generally,  
I think, have less attachment to the places where they  
are born and brought up, than have the slaves. Their  
freedom to go and come, to be here and there, as they  
list, prevents any extravagant attachment to any one  
particular place, in their case. On the other hand,  
the slave is a fixture; he has no choice, no goal, no  
destination; but is pegged down to a single spot, and  
must take root here, or nowhere. The idea of remo-  
val elsewhere, comes, generally, in the shape of a  
threat, and in punishment of crime. It is, therefore,  
attended with fear and dread. A slave seldom thinks  
of bettering his condition by being sold, and hence  
he looks upon separation from his native place, with

MY SAD PROSPECTS AND GRIEF.

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none of the enthusiasm which animates the bosoms  
of young freemen, when they contemplate a life in  
the far west, or in some distant country where they  
intend to rise to wealth and distinction. Nor can those  
from whom they separate, give them up with that  
cheerfulness with which friends and relations yield  
each other up, when they feel that it is for the good  
of the departing one that he is removed from his na-  
tive place. Then, too, there is correspondence, and  
there is, at least, the hope of reünion, because reünion  
is possible. But, with the slave, all these mitigating  
circumstances are wanting. There is no improvement  
in his condition probable,—no correspondence possible,  
—no reünion attainable. His going out into the  
world, is like a living man going into the tomb, who,  
with open eyes, sees himself buried out of sight and  
hearing of wife, children and friends of kindred tie.

In contemplating the likelihoods and possibilities  
of our circumstances, I probably suffered more than  
most of my fellow servants. I had known what it  
was to experience kind, and even tender treatment;  
they had known nothing of the sort. Life, to them,  
had been rough and thorny, as well as dark. They  
had—most of them—lived on my old master's farm in  
Tuckahoe, and had felt the reign of Mr. Plummer's  
rule. The overseer had written his character on the  
living parchment of most of their backs, and left them  
callous; my back (thanks to my early removal from  
the plantation to Baltimore,) was yet tender. I had  
left a kind mistress at Baltimore, who was almost a  
mother to me. She was in tears when we parted, and  
the probabilities of ever seeing her again, trembling

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