

than to him, and there are few in the world I would be more pleased to meet.

Very soon after I went to Baltimore to live, Master Hugh succeeded in getting me hired to Mr. William Gardiner, an extensive ship builder on Fell's Point. I was placed here to learn to calk, a trade of which I already had some knowledge, gained while in Mr. Hugh Auld's ship-yard, when he was a master builder. Gardiner's, however, proved a very unfavorable place for the accomplishment of that object. Mr. Gardiner was, that season, engaged in building two large man-of-war vessels, professedly for the Mexican government. These vessels were to be launched in the month of July, of that year, and, in failure thereof, Mr. G. would forfeit a very considerable sum of money. So, when I entered the ship-yard, all was hurry and driving. There were in the yard about one hundred men; of these about seventy or eighty were regular carpenters—privileged men. Speaking of my condition here, I wrote, years ago—and I have now no reason to vary the picture—as follows:

"There was no time to learn any thing. Every man had to do that which he knew how to do. In entering the ship-yard, my orders from Mr. Gardiner were, to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do. This was placing me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men. I was to regard all these as masters. Their word was to be my law. My situation was a most trying one. At times I needed a dozen pair of hands. I was called a dozen ways in the space of a single minute. Three or four voices would strike my ear at the same moment. It was—'Fred., come help me to cant this timber here.'—Fred., come carry this timber yonder.'—

'Fred., bring that roller here.'—'Fred., go get a fresh can of water.'—'Fred., come help saw off the end of this timber.'—'Fred., go quick and get the crowbar.'—'Fred., hold on the end of this fall.'—'Fred., go the blacksmith's shop, and get a new punch.'—'Hurra, Fred.! run and bring me a cold chisel.'—'I say, Fred., bear a hand, and get up a fire as quick as lightning under that steam-box.'—'Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grindstone.'—'Come, come! move, move! and *browse* this timber forward.'—'I say, darkey, blast your eyes, why don't you heat up some pitch?'—'Halloo! halloo! halloo!' (Three voices at the same time.) 'Come here!—Go there!—Hold on where you are! D—n you, if you move, I'll knock your brains out!'"

Such, dear reader, is a glance at the school which was mine, during the first eight months of my stay at Baltimore. At the end of eight months, Master Hugh refused longer to allow me to remain with Mr. Gardiner. The circumstance which led to his taking me away, was a brutal outrage, committed upon me by the white apprentices of the ship-yard. The fight was a desperate one, and I came out of it most shockingly mangled. I was cut and bruised in sundry places, and my left eye was nearly knocked out of its socket. The facts, leading to this barbarous outrage upon me, illustrate a phase of slavery destined to become an important element in the overthrow of the slave system, and I may, therefore state them with some minuteness. That phase is this: *the conflict of slavery with the interests of the white mechanics and laborers of the south*. In the country, this conflict is not so apparent; but, in cities, such as Baltimore, Richmond, New Orleans, Mobile, &c., it is seen pretty clearly. The slaveholders, with a craftiness peculiar