

and energy enough to triumph over circumstances so unprecedentedly depressed and depressing. The following are extracts from a journal which he kept while under the brute master:—"O misery, thou art to be my only portion! Father of mercy, forgive me if I wish I had never been born! Oh that I were dead, if death were an annihilation of being; but as it is not, teach me to endure life: to enjoy it I never can. Mine is indeed a severe and cruel master.

. . . Threw this morning a shoe in my face: I had made a wrong stitch. . . . Struck again. . . . Again. I could not bear it: a box on the ear,—a slap on the face. I did not weep in April [when his grandmother died], but I did at this unkind usage. I did all in my power to suppress my inclination to weep, till I was almost suffocated: tears of bitter anguish and futile indignation fell upon my work, and blinded my eyes. I sobbed convulsively. I was half-mad with myself for suffering him to see how much I was affected. Fool that I was! Oh that I were again in the workhouse! . . . He threw his pipe in my face, which I had accidentally broken: it hit me on the temple, and narrowly missed my eye. . . . I held the thread too short: instead of telling me to hold it longer, he struck me on the hand with the hammer (the iron part). Mother can bear witness that it is much swelled; not to mention many more indignities I have received,—many, many more. Again this morning I have wept. What's the matter with my eyes!" Alas, poor boy! And all this took place in proud England,—the land of liberty and of equal rights and laws! Flogging is not a punishment for men, but a very suitable one for brutes; and had the brute master in this case been tied up to the halberts and subjected to a round hundred, he would be a squeamish reformer indeed who could have objected to so just and appropriate a use of the lash.

Suddenly, however, this dire tyranny came to a close. A