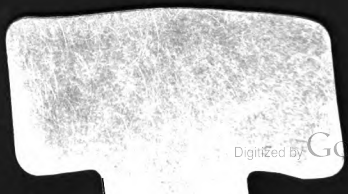
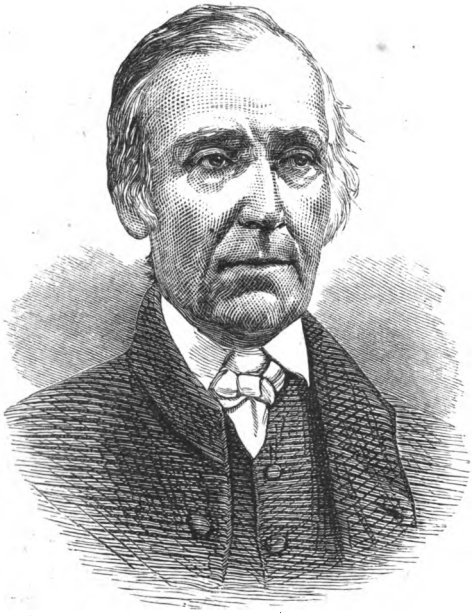
REMINISCENCES OF AN ABOLITIONIST



Reminiscences of an Abolitionist.



Yours Truly
Levi Coffin.

REMINISCENCES

OF AN

ABOLITIONIST.

THRILLING INCIDENTS, HEROIC ACTIONS, AND WONDERFUL ESCAPES OF FUGITIVE SLAVES, IN CONNECTION WITH THE ANTI-SLAVERY UNDERGROUND RAILROAD OF THE UNITED STATES, RELATED BY ITS PRESIDENT, LEVI COFFIN.

With Portrait of Levi Coffin, and Facsimile of Autography.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

LONDON:
DYER BROTHERS, 21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In preparing the Reminiscences of Levi Coffin for publication on this side of the Atlantic, it has been my aim to produce a volume which, by its price, should not be beyond the reach of the great body of British readers. I have had, therefore, to condense and, in some portions, to summarise the contents of the American edition, which consists of more than seven hundred pages. In doing this, however, no material point has been omitted; and I believe the interest of the work has been increased rather than diminished by the process of condensation.

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LEVI COFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE record of the most thrilling epoch in the history of the United States—the Abolitionist struggle for Negro freedom—would be incomplete without some narration of the eventful career of Levi Coffin. No unworthy compatriot of the noble men and women who bravely faced the terrors of that Martyr Age, he assisted fugitive slaves to escape to a land of freedom, when the penalty of such humanity was death; when even to express an opinion adverse to slavery was to endanger one's life; and at a period when Abolitionist meetings were broken up by organized ruffians, howbeit sometimes they were "gentlemen of property and standing;" when public halls devoted to free discussion, as well as private houses, were ransacked and burnt; when Abolitionist printing presses were destroyed, and Abolitionist advocates flogged, imprisoned, and sometimes murdered in cold blood, by the emissaries of Southern honour and

chivalry, with the concurrence, if not with the approbation, of the largest proportion of the religious sentiment, seared and demoralized, alike of teachers and people, both South and North.

Of that great and heroic struggle for the rights of the oppressed, for the salvation of the slave—not less heroic because of the sublime non-resistant principle of its heroes—it has been well said that William Lloyd Garrison was the prophet, Wendel Phillips the orator, John G. Whittier the poet, and Harriet Beecher Stowe the novelist. To these illustrious names let us add that of Levi Coffin—not less worthy, although less known—the Good Samaritan of hunted flesh and blood, with skin not coloured like his own, under whose roof were sheltered over three thousand fugitive slaves, and around whose life-story is gathered all the interest of the most exciting romance, with all the reality and charm of absolute truth.

Levi Coffin was born on October 28th, 1798, at New Garden, North Carolina. His parents were members of the religious Society of Friends, as were also a number of his relatives who were settled as farmers in the neighbourhood of New Garden. Referring to the time of his boyhood, he says:—"I date my conversion to Abolitionism from an incident which occurred when I was about seven years old. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and created that horror of the cruelties of slavery which has been the motive of so many actions of my life. At the time of which I speak, Virginia and Maryland were the principal slave-rearing States, and to a great extent supplied the Southern market Free negroes in Pennsylvania were fre-.

quently kidnapped or decoyed into these States, then hurried away to Georgia, Alabama, or Louisiana, and sold. The gangs were handcuffed and chained together, and driven by a man on horseback, who flourished a long whip, such as is used in driving cattle, and goaded the reluctant and weary when their feet lagged on the long journey. One day I was by the roadside where my father was chopping wood, when I saw such a gang approaching along the new Salisbury road. The coffle of slaves came first, chained in couples on each side of a long chain which extended between them; the driver was some distance behind, with the wagon of supplies. My father addressed the slaves pleasantly, and then asked, 'Well, boys, why do they chain you?' One of the men, whose countenance betrayed unusual intelligence, and whose expression denoted the deepest sadness, replied: 'They have taken us away from our wives and children, and they chain us lest we should make our escape and go back to them.' My childish sympathy and interest were aroused, and when the dejected procession had passed on, I turned to my father and asked many questions concerning them, why they were taken away from their families, etc. In simple words, suited to my comprehension, he explained to me the meaning of slavery, and, as I listened, the thought arose in my mind—'How terribly we should feel if father were taken away from us.'

"Another incident of my boyhood is indelibly engraved on my mind. I accompanied my father one spring to the famous shad fishery at the narrows of the Yadkin River, a spot of wild and romantic scenery, where the stream breaks through a spur of the mountains and goes foaming and

dashing down its rocky bed in a succession of rapids. Every spring, when the shad ascended the river, many people resorted to the place to obtain fish. They brought with them a variety of merchandise, saddlery, crockery-ware, etc., and remained in camp some time, buying and selling. The fishery was owned by two brothers named Crump. They were slaveholders, and sometimes allowed their slaves the privilege of fishing after night and disposing of the fish thus obtained, on their own account. A slave, who had availed himself of this privilege, disposed of the fish he caught to my father. Next morning he came to the place where we were preparing breakfast, and entered into conversation with my father, speaking of the fish he had sold him, and asking him if he would take more on the same terms. Noticing this, and thinking it a piece of presuming familiarity and impertinence on the part of the negro, a young man, nephew of the Crumps, seized a fagot from the fire and struck the negro a furious blow across the head, baring the skull, covering back and breast with blood, and his head with fire; swearing at the same time that he would allow no such impudence from niggers. My father protested against the act, and I was so deeply moved that I left my breakfast untasted, and going off by myself gave vent to my feelings in sobs and tears."

Levi Coffin's first opportunity for aiding a slave to escape occurred when he was fifteen years old, and the incident, with a less successful one subsequently, is thus described by himself:—"It was a custom in North Carolina to make a 'frolic' of any special work, like corn-husking and log-rolling. The neighbours would assemble at the place ap-

pointed, and with willing hearts and busy hands soon complete the work. Then followed the supper and the merry-making.

"At a gathering of this kind, a corn-husking at Dr. Caldwell's, I was present. The neighbours assembled about dark, bringing their slaves with them. The negroes were assigned a place at one end of the heap, the white people took their place at the other, and all went to work, enlivening their labour with songs and merry talk.

"A slave-dealer, named Stephen Holland, had arrived in the neighbourhood a short time before, with a coffle of slaves, on his way to the South, and as this was his place of residence, he stopped for a few days before proceeding on his journey. He brought with him his band of slaves to help his neighbour husk corn, and I was much interested in them. When the white people went in to supper I remained behind to talk with the strange negroes, and see if I could render them any service. In conversation I learned that one of the negroes, named Stephen, was free born, but had been kidnapped and sold into slavery. Till he became of age he had been indentured to Edward Lloyd, a Friend, living near Philadelphia. When his apprenticeship was ended, he had been hired by a man to help drive a flock of sheep to Baltimore. After reaching that place he had been seized one night as he was asleep in the negro house of a tavern, gagged and bound, then placed in a close carriage, and driven rapidly across the line into Virginia, where he was confined the next night in a cellar. He had then been sold for a small amount to Holland, who was taking him to the Southern market, where he expected to realise a large sum from his sale. I became deeply interested in his story, and began to think

how I could help him to regain his freedom. Remembering Dr. Caldwell's Tom, a trusty negro, whom I knew well, I imparted to him my wishes, and desired him, if it could be arranged, to bring Stephen to my father's the next night. They came about midnight, and my father wrote down the particulars of Stephen's case, and took the address of the Lloyds. The next day he wrote to them, giving an account of Stephen and his whereabouts. In two weeks from that time, Hugh Lloyd, a brother of Edward Lloyd, arrived by stage in Greensboro. Procuring conveyance, he came to my father's, and there learned that Stephen had been taken southward by the slave-dealer Holland. Next day being regular meeting-day at the Friends' Meeting-House, at New Garden, the case was laid before the men after meeting, and two of them, Dr. George Swain and Henry Macy, volunteered to accompany Hugh Lloyd in search of Stephen.

"A sum of money was made up for the expenses of their journey, and Lloyd was furnished with a horse and saddle and the necessary equipments. The party found Stephen in Georgia, where he had been sold by Holland, who had gone farther South. A suit was instituted to gain possession of him, but the laws of that State required proof, in such instances, that the mother had been free, and Hugh Lloyd was too young to give this proof. So the matter was referred to the next term of court, security being given by Stephen's master that he should be produced when wanted. Lloyd returned North, and sent affidavits and free papers giving proof in the case, and in six months Stephen was liberated and returned home. The man who had hired him to drive the sheep to Baltimore had, in the meantime, been arrested

on the charge of kidnapping, but as Stephen was the only prosecuting witness, the suit could not go on while he was absent. The man's friends took him out of jail on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and gave bond for his appearance at court, but he preferred forfeiting his bond to standing the trial, and fled the country before Stephen returned.

"But I was not always so fortunate as to be able to render assistance to the objects of my sympathy. Sometimes I witnessed scenes of cruelty and injustice, and had to stand passively by. The following is an instance of that kind: I had been sent one day on an errand to a place in the neighbourhood, called Clemen's Store, and was returning home along the Salem Road, when I met a party of movers, with wagons, teams, slaves, and household goods, on their way to another State. After passing them I came to a blacksmith's shop, in front of which were several men, talking and smoking, in idle chat, and proceeding on my way I met a negro man, trudging along slowly on foot, carrying a bundle. He inquired of me regarding the party of movers; asked how far they were ahead, etc. I told him 'about half a mile,' and as he passed on the thought occurred to me that this man was probably a runaway slave. I had heard of instances when families were separated—the wife and children being taken by their owners to another part of the country—of the husband and father following the party of emigrants, keeping a short distance behind the train of wagons during the day, and creeping up to the camp at night, close enough for his wife to see him and bring him food. A few days afterwards I learned that this man had been stopped and questioned by the party of men at the blacksmith's shop, that

he had produced a pass, but they being satisfied that it was a forgery had lodged him in jail at Greensboro, and sent word to his master concerning him. A week or two afterwards I was sent to a blacksmith's shop at Greensboro, to get some work done. The slave's master had, that very day, arrived and taken possession of him, and brought him to the blacksmith's shop to get some irons put on him before starting back to his home. While a chain was being riveted around the negro's neck, and handcuffs fastened on his wrists, his master upbraided him for having run away. He asked: 'Weren't you well treated?' 'Yes, massa.' 'Then what made you run away?' 'My wife and children were taken away from me, massa, and I think as much of them as you do of yours, or any white man does of his. Their massa tried to buy me too, but you would not sell me, so when I saw them go away I followed.' The mere recital of his words can convey little idea of the pitiful and pathetic manner in which they were uttered; his whole frame trembled, and the glance of piteous, despairing appeal he turned upon his master would have melted any heart less hard than stone.

"The master said, 'I've always treated you well, trusting you with my keys, and treating you more like a confidential servant than a slave, but *now* you shall know what slavery is. Just wait till I get you back home!' He then tried to make the negro tell where he had got his pass, who wrote it for him, etc., but he refused to betray the person who had befriended him. The master threatened him with the severest punishment, but he persisted in his refusal. Then torture was tried, in order to force the name from him. Laying the slave's fettered hand on the blacksmith's anvil, the master

struck it with a hammer until the blood settled under the finger-nails. The negro winced under each cruel blow, but said not a word. As I stood by and watched this scene, my heart swelled with indignation, and I longed to rescue the slave and punish the master. One end of the chain, riveted to the negro's neck, was made fast to the axle of his master's buggy; then the master sprang in, and drove off at a sweeping trot, compelling the slave to run at full speed, or fall and be dragged by his neck. I watched them till they disappeared in the distance, and as long as I could see them, the slave was running."

The woods and thickets in the vicinity of New Garden were often resorted to by runaway slaves for concealment. For such fugitives Levi Coffin was always on the look-out. He writes: "My father, in common with other farmers in that part of the country, allowed his hogs to run in the woods, and I often went out to feed them. My sack of corn generally contained supplies of bacon and corn-bread for the slaves; and many a time I sat in the thickets with them as they hungrily devoured my bounty, and listened to the stories they told of hard masters and cruel treatment, or spoke in language, simple and rude, yet glowing with native eloquence, of the glorious hope of freedom which animated their spirits in the darkest hours, and sustained them under the sting of the lash.

"These outlying slaves knew where I lived, and, when reduced to extremity of want or danger, often came to my room, in the silence and darkness of night, to obtain food or assistance. In my efforts to aid these fugitives I had a zealous co-worker in my friend and cousin, Vestal Coffin.

"Vestal was several years older than I, was married and had the care of a family, but, in the busiest season of work, could find time to co-operate with me in all my endeavours to aid runaway slaves. We often met at night in a thicket where a fugitive was concealed, to counsel in regard to his prospects, and lay plans for getting him safely started to the North. We employed General Hamilton's Sol, a gray-haired, trusty old negro, to examine every coffle of slaves to which he could gain access, and ascertain if there were any kidnapped negroes among them. When such a case was discovered, Sol would manage to bring the person, by night, to some rendezvous appointed, in the pine thickets or the depths of the woods, and there Vestal and I would meet them and have an interview. There was always a risk in holding such meetings, for the patrollers, or mounted officers, frequently passed along the road near our place of concealment. When information had been obtained from kidnapped negroes regarding the circumstances of their capture, Vestal Coffin wrote to their friends, and in many cases succeeded in getting them liberated. In this way a negro man of family and means, who had been abducted from Pennsylvania, and taken to New Orleans and sold, was finally restored to his friends. Obtaining through Vestal Coffin a knowledge of his whereabouts, they brought suit against his owners, and gained his liberty.

"Another negro was kidnapped from Delaware, and brought to Guilford County, North Carolina, by a man named John Thompson. Learning the particulars of his case, Vestal Coffin went to Hillsboro, a neighbouring town, and obtained a writ, which he placed in the hands of the sheriff to be served on

Thompson, requiring him to produce the negro in court, for investigation regarding the unlawfulness of his being held in bondage. Thompson, disregarding the writ, sent the negro South, and sold him. Vestal Coffin went back and procured another writ, causing Thompson to be arrested on charge of kidnapping, and thrown into prison till the negro should be produced. This proceeding greatly enraged Thompson, but he was obliged to send for the negro, who was delivered to the charge of Vestal Coffin. When the case went into court, Thompson secured the best lawyers; but Vestal Coffin had right on his side, and finally triumphed."

We now come to the story of a white slave, which, says Levi Coffin, "gives one of the many instances in which the deepest suffering was inflicted on those who merited it by no act of their own, but received the curse by inheritance."

"A slaveholder, living in Virginia, owned a beautiful slave woman, who was almost white. She became the mother of a child, a little boy, in whose veins ran the blood of her master, and the closest observer could not detect in its appearance any trace of African descent. He grew to be two or three years of age, a most beautiful child, and the idol of his mother's heart, when the master concluded, for family reasons, to send him away. He placed him in the care of a friend living in Guilford County, North Carolina, and made an agreement that he should receive a common-school education, and at a suitable age be taught some useful trade. Years passed; the child grew to manhood, and having received a good common-school education, and learned the shoemaker's trade, he married an estimable young white woman, and had

a family of five or six children. He had not the slightest knowledge of the taint of African blood in his veins, and no one in the neighbourhood knew that he was the son of an Octoroon slave woman. He made a comfortable living for his family, was a good citizen, a member of the Methodist Church, and was much respected by all who knew him. In course of time his father, the Virginian slaveholder, died; and when the executors came to settle up the estate, they remembered the little white boy, the son of the slave woman, and knowing that by law—such law!—he belonged to the estate, and must be by this time a valuable piece of property, they resolved to gain possession of him. After much inquiry and search, they learned of his whereabouts, and the heir of the estate, accompanied by an administrator, went to Guilford County, North Carolina, to claim his half-brother as a slave. Without making themselves known to him, they sold him to a negro trader, and gave a bill of sale, preferring to have a sum in ready money, instead of a servant who might prove very valuable, but who would, without doubt, give them a great deal of trouble. He had been free all his life, and they knew he would not readily yield to the yoke of bondage. All this time the victim was entirely unconscious of the cruel fate in store for him.

"His wife had been prostrated by a fever then prevalent in the neighbourhood, and he had waited upon her, and watched by her bedside, until he was worn out with exhaustion and loss of sleep. Several neighbour women coming in one evening to watch with the invalid, he surrendered her to their care, and retired to seek the rest he so much needed. That night the slave-dealer came with a gang of ruffians,

burst into the house, and seized their victim as he lay asleep, bound him, after heroic struggles on his part, and dragged him away. When he demanded the cause of his seizure, they showed him the bill of sale they had received, and informed him that he was a slave. In this rude, heartless manner the intelligence that he belonged to the African race was first imparted to him, and the crushing weight of his cruel destiny came upon him when totally unprepared. His captors hurried him out of the neighbourhood, and took him toward the Southern slave markets. To get him black enough to sell without question, they washed his face in tan ooze, and kept him tied in the sun; and to complete his resemblance to a mulatto, they cut his hair short, and seared it with a hot iron to make it curly. He was sold in Georgia or Alabama, to a hard master, by whom he was cruelly treated.

"Several months afterward, he succeeded in escaping, and made his way back to Guilford County, North Carolina. Here he learned that his wife had died a few days after his capture, the shock of that calamity having hastened her death, and that his children were scattered among the neighbours. His master, thinking that he would return to his old home, came in pursuit of him with hounds, and chased him through the thickets and swamps. He evaded the dogs by wading in a mill-pond, and climbing a tree, where he remained all night. Next day he made his way to the house of Stanton White (afterwards my father-in-law), where he remained several days. Dr. George Swain, a man of much influence in the community, had an interview with him, and, hearing the particulars of his seizure, said he thought the proceedings were illegal. He held a consultation with several lawyers,

and instituted proceedings in his behalf. But the unfortunate victim of man's cruelty did not live to regain his freedom. He had been exposed and worried so much, trailed by dogs, and forced to lie in swamps and thickets, that his health was broken down, and he died before the next term of court."

The next is a case in which Levi Coffin was one of the chief actors, and which affords a good illustration both of his energy and shrewdness as a young man. "Strange as it may seem," he says, "I turned slave-hunter. A gentleman by the name of Barnes, who lived in the eastern part of the State, had a body servant named Jack, to whom he was much attached.

"Barnes was a bachelor, with no direct heirs, and being in ill-health, he made his will, in which, as was allowed by a provision of the law, he bequeathed to Jack his freedom for faithfulness and meritorious conduct, also a considerable portion of his estate. At his death, distant relatives flocked to the scene, seized upon the property and entered suit to contest the will. Jack knew very well that from Southern courts of justice he could expect no favour; so procuring a copy of the will, and a certificate of good conduct, signed by several leading white men of the place, who were friendly to him, he sought a more secure place in which to await the decision of the court. He had heard of a settlement of Quakers at New Garden, who were opposed to slavery and friendly to coloured people. He obtained directions to aid him in finding this place, and left home privately, that it might not be known where he was if the case should go against him. He reached New Garden safely, was introduced to me, and I took him to my father's house.

"Jack remained in our neighbourhood for some time. He won the esteem and sympathy of all who knew him and his story, by his steady habits, intelligent character, and manly deportment. He came to New Garden in the fall of 1821, and in the following March received the news that the case in court had been decided against him. The property that had been willed to him was turned over to the relatives of his master, and he was consigned again to slavery. The judge decided that Barnes was not in his right mind at the time he made the will; this was apparent from the nature of the will. The heirs took possession of the property, but where was Jack, the able-bodied valuable servant, who also belonged to them? He was not to be found, and they advertised in the papers, offering one hundred dollars reward to any one who would secure him, or give information that would lead to his discovery. This advertisement appeared in the paper published at Greensboro, and when Jack saw it he was greatly alarmed.

"It was decided that for the present he must be concealed, and he was secreted among his friends, part of the time at our house. A council was held by Jack's friends to devise some plan to get him to a free State. Bethuel Coffin, my uncle, who lived a few miles distant, was then preparing to go to Indiana, on a visit to his children and relatives. He would be accompanied by his son Elisha and by his daughter Mary. They intended to make the journey in a two-horse wagon, taking with them provisions and cooking utensils, and camp out on the way. This was the usual mode of travelling in those days. The road they proposed to take was called the Kanawha road. It was the nearest

route, but led through a mountainous wilderness, most of the way.

"This was thought to be a safe route for Jack to travel, as it was very thinly inhabited. It was agreed that my cousin Vestal and I should go to see our uncle, and learn if he was willing to incur the risk and take Jack with him. He said he was willing, and all the arrangements were made. The night after they started, Vestal Coffin took Jack, on horseback, to Dan River, about twenty miles distant, where they camped the first night, and where the fugitive joined them.

"Here we will leave his story for a time, and turn to the trials and persecutions of another slave, named Sam, who lived in the neighbourhood of New Garden. Osborne, his master, who might have represented the character of Legree in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' took particular delight in whipping and abusing poor Sam, till he was compelled to take to the thickets or the premises of his friends for safety. Even the slaveholders in the neighbourhood sympathized with him. After living in this manner for several months, and finding no opportunity to escape to the North, Sam went to Robert Thompson, a slave-dealer, and asked him to buy him. He was willing to take the chance of getting a better master, even if he was sold to the rice swamps of the far South. Thompson went to Osborne, and offered him six hundred dollars for Sam, 'as he ran,' taking the chances of his capture. Osborne replied, 'I'll not take less than $999.99 for him until I have caught him; then, after I have settled with him, you may have him for $550.'

"Thompson swore at Osborne, and told him he hoped he

would never get Sam, then returned home, and giving Sam a pair of good pantaloons, told him to clear himself and never let his master get possession of him again.

"A few days after my uncle had started on his journey, Osborne was out looking for his slave. Meeting a man whom he knew, who was returning from a journey near the mountains, Osborne asked him if he had met any movers on that road accompanied by a negro. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'I met an old Quaker man with a two-horse wagon, who said he was going to Indiana, and there was a negro man walking a short distance behind the wagon.'

"He described the negro, and Osborne said, with an oath: 'That's my nigger Sam, I'm sure. I heard that he got the papers of some free nigger, and said he intended to follow the first movers he could meet with going to the West. It is old Mr. Coffin and his son Elisha. I suppose the rascal has made them believe he is a free man. I think they are both gentlemen and would not steal my nigger. I will follow them.'

"The third day after my uncle started, I met a man who had heard this conversation between Osborne and the traveller, and who informed me that Osborne had gone directly home, got a fresh horse, and started in pursuit that very morning. I hastened home and told my father the story. We decided that something must be done immediately. We knew that if Osborne should come up with the party and find that the negro was not his Sam, but Jack Barhes, he would capture him all the same, for he knew that Jack had been in the neighbourhood, and that a reward was offered. He would recognize Jack by the description in the

advertisement, and bring him back for the sake of the one hundred dollars reward. It was decided that I should go at once to my Cousin Vestal. Vestal felt as we did, that something must be done, and that quickly, to rescue Jack from Osborne's clutches. We came to the conclusion, that the only thing was for some person to start at once on a good travelling horse, and go far enough ahead of Osborne to warn Jack of his danger. Vestal was so situated that he could not go, but he accompanied me to his brother Elihu's, to see what arrangements could be made there. We laid the matter before him, knowing that he would be a suitable person to go, but he could not leave his business then. He insisted that I should undertake the trip, and Vestal uniting with him, I decided to go, though I was young and had never been on such a responsible journey before.

"Elihu offered me his fine travelling mare and all the necessary equipments. I told him I had no money with me and no overcoat—was entirely unprepared for travelling. But they agreed to furnish everything needful, and to inform my parents of my mission, that they might not be uneasy at my long absence. Elihu had the horse brought out and freshly shod, and prepared a wallet of oats that I might feed it when necessary during the night. His wife prepared some provisions for me to eat on the journey, which were placed in the saddle-bags. I put on Elihu's warm overcoat, and with enough money in my pocket to take me to the Ohio River and back, I felt fully equipped. I ate my supper, mounted my beautiful travelling mare, and started between sunset and dark. There was no moon, but the night was clear and the stars shone brightly. The first ten miles of

the way was familiar to me, and I had directions as far as Dan River ford; beyond that all was new and strange. I travelled at a steady but moderate pace the first twenty miles, and reached the ford about midnight. Dan River at this place is a wide, shallow stream, with a swift current, perfectly safe to cross if one is acquainted with the ford. There were piles of stones placed at intervals across it, to guide the traveller, but it was difficult to see them by starlight, and when I got to the middle of the river I lost sight of them. I thought I had got into deep water, and that my mare was swimming—I seemed to go so swiftly and easily—but I soon discovered it was my head that was swimming, and that the animal was standing still. I had involuntarily checked her by my tight hold on the reins. Casting my eye across the river, I pushed ahead, and in a few moments was below the ford and in deep water. My animal swam out with me nicely, but I got a good wetting. Reaching the opposite shore, I alighted, and pulling off my shoes, wrung the water from my stockings and pantaloons as well as I could. I then rubbed the limbs of the mare, and after giving her some oats on a smooth stone, and partaking of some food from my store in the saddle-bags, I mounted again, and set off at a greater speed. Now and then I drew rein in front of a house by the wayside, and calling somebody out of bed, inquired the road to Patrick Court-House. After receiving directions, I rode on before the people had time to question me. Just at daybreak I came to a log-house with a tavern sign. Calling the man out, I inquired about the road and found I had travelled forty-seven miles. The man told me if I would stop an hour or two I would have com-

pany on my journey, a gentleman who had stopped with him that night and was going the same road, adding, 'He is in pursuit of some movers who have one of his negroes with them.'

"I made some excuse and pushed on. I knew that it was Osborne, and that I was now ahead of him; but the next thought was—can I keep ahead of him? I was satisfied that I could not; I had travelled all night and my animal was tired, while his had rested through the night and would be fresh for the journey. I had taken good care of my mare, giving her a light feed of oats several times during the night, and rubbing her legs frequently; she seemed in good condition, but I did not think it would be possible to push ahead and reach my uncle's wagon before Osborne overtook me.

"Many anxious thoughts passed through my excited mind, and finally I fixed on a plan. I would stop at the next tavern, which was a few miles ahead, feed my mare, get breakfast, and rest a few hours, thus allowing Osborne to overtake me. I knew him by sight, but did not think he knew me, as we had never had any acquaintance. I intended to travel awhile in his company and find out his plans, then make an excuse for taking another road, and fall back while he went on, then pass him in the night when he was at some tavern. It was half-past eight o'clock when I halted at the next tavern, and called for breakfast, and food for my horse. About nine o'clock Osborne rode up and stopped for the same purpose. It was the custom then, in travelling on horseback, to make an early start, and stop about nine o'clock for breakfast.

"Osborne went to the bar and called for liquor and invited

me to drink with him—though I was a stranger to him—but I declined. After breakfast he inquired which way I was travelling. I told him that I was going west, would cross the mountain at Marberry's Gap, then take the left-hand road leading to Burk's Forks. At that place my uncle Samuel Stanley had a stock farm where he kept a number of cattle through the winter, allowing them to fatten on the range during the summer. I said: 'Last fall I went over there and helped my cousin Jesse Stanley drive a drove of beef cattle home to Guilford County, then we crossed the mountain at Bell Spur, but I thought I would cross this time at Marberry's Gap.' Osborne inquired: 'Is your name Stanley?' 'No, it is Coffin.' 'Are you any relation to old Mr. Bethuel Coffin?' 'Yes, he is my uncle.' 'Well, I am in pursuit of him. He has one of my niggers with him, taking him to Indiana, I suppose.'

"'How is that?' I asked, assuming great surprise; 'how did he get the negro? I saw him start, and there was none with him then.' 'Oh, I don't think he stole the nigger,' said Osborne; then he went on to relate the story that has been told before, how he supposed his negro had got free papers, and imposed on my uncle.

"Osborne now supposed my only business was the journey to Burk's Forks; I had certainly deceived him, but told no untruth. He had taken several drinks, and now became very jovial and familiar, expressing great satisfaction that I was going the same road; it was lonesome travelling through that rough, thinly settled country, and he was glad to have my company. His pocket-bottle was filled with whisky; then our horses were brought to the door, and we started off

together. He had frequent recourse to his whisky bottle, and pressed me to drink; I turned it up to my mouth several times, but took care that no liquor passed down my throat. I wanted to encourage his drinking and keep my own head clear, thinking that if he became stupefied with liquor I could more easily gain ground upon him, reach the camp that night before him, and warn poor Jack of his danger.

"Osborne communicated all his plans to me, saying that he did not intend to go upon them in the daytime, but to keep back, when he came near them, till they had camped for the night; then he would gather a company of armed men, surround the camp and take Sam, dead or alive, shooting him down if he attempted to escape. He said: 'See here, young man, I want you to go with me, and help capture the nigger; I will pay you well. If it proves not to be Sam, I think I know who it is. There was a nigger man working about last winter in the Quaker Settlement, who was willed free by a crazy master, but the heirs broke the will and have advertised for him, offering a hundred dollars reward to any one who will secure him and give them notice. His name is Jack Barnes, and he is so well described in the advertisement I think I would know him. If it is not my nigger with your uncle, it must be that fellow, and I will land him in Greensboro jail, sure. If you will go along and help me I will divide the reward with you; that will be fifty dollars apiece, and will pay us well these hard times.'

"I made several excuses: said it would consume too much time, my business was urgent, etc.

"'Now, see here, my good fellow,' continued Osborne,

'you will lose nothing. I will return with you through the Burk's Forks settlement, and spend a day or two there, giving you time to do your business. Come, what do you say ?'

"I still made excuses, though I had fully made up my mind to go with him, having come, by this time, to the conclusion that my first plan would not do. Osborne had inquired of every person we met in regard to the party of movers, asking how far they were ahead and if there was a negro man with them. The answer to the last question was always 'Yes;' then Osborne would ask them to describe the man, and when they did, he would exclaim, with an oath, 'That's my nigger, sure.'

"Jack answered the description of Sam pretty well in regard to personal appearance. All this made it plainer to me that my original plan would not do: if I were to get ahead of Osborne, overtake my uncle and get Jack out of the way before Osborne came upon them, and try to keep him out of the way, Osborne, on coming to the wagon and not finding the negro, could easily prove that he had been with the party at the last camping place, and might harass and perhaps detain my uncle. Then it would be difficult for me to keep Jack secure in the mountains till Osborne gave up the search and returned home, and then try to place him with my uncle again. This arrangement, therefore, was abandoned, and I resolved to travel on with Osborne till we reached the movers, hoping that the influence of the liquor, which he had partaken of freely during the day, or some other influence, would aid me in effecting Jack's escape. We were now nearing the top of the Blue Ridge, and in the afternoon passed the spot where my uncle had camped the

night before. A short distance beyond the mountain ridge was the road that led to Burk's Forks. When we reached t, I halted and allowed Osborne to renew his urgent solicitations and offers of money. Finally, and in an apparently reluctant manner, I agreed to keep him company, just to oblige him, he thought—and we went on together. By this time we were seemingly much attached to each other. Osborne's pocket bottle had been refilled, at my expense, and to gain still further his favour, I exerted myself to entertain him, telling him stories and recounting jokes that kept him constantly laughing. It is needless to say that this gaiety was all assumed on my part, for I was still weighed down with the heavy responsibility of my mission. Toward nightfall we learned that the wagon was only twelve or fifteen miles ahead of us. I was anxious to press on and accomplish our work that night, pleading the urgency of my business at Burk's Forks. Osborne, on the contrary, wished to stop for the night at the first house that afforded entertainment. I said, 'Let us stop and get our horses fed, allow them to rest an hour or two and take some refreshment ourselves, then press on and finish our work to-night.' 'No,' said Osborne, 'that will not do. I want to collect a company of eight or ten men, well armed, to surround the camp, and it is too late to rally them to-night.'

"We stopped at a little log-house, where a sign indicated entertainment for man and beast, and called for refreshments. I was now getting into a part of the country I had seen before. I knew that one Squire Howells kept a tavern on that road, not far ahead; that he owned no slaves, and was a popular man among the mountaineers. I inquired the

distance to his house, and was informed that it was eight miles. I also learned that my uncle's party had passed a few hours before, and would probably camp near Squire Howells', as it was a favourable spot, on account of water, etc.

"I now renewed my persuasions to induce Osborne to go on; told him that the poor cabin where we then were afforded little accommodation or comfort; that if we went on to Squire Howells' we would be near the camp, and as that neighbourhood was more thickly settled, we could collect the men he wanted and accomplish our work without spending another day. He finally yielded, and called for our horses. He invited me to drink with him at the bar, and I sipped the liquor lightly, wishing to promote his drinking. It was now dark, but the stars shone brightly, and we made our way along the road without difficulty.

"We arrived at Squire Howells' tavern before the inmates had gone to bed. Osborne inquired if a two-horse wagon with movers had passed that evening, and where they would be likely to camp. Howells replied, 'They passed this evening; bought some horse feed of me, and inquired for a good camping place. I directed them to the Six-Mile Branch, as we call it, a stream about six miles from here, where they would find good water and every accommodation for camping.' 'Was there a nigger with them?' asked Osborne. 'Yes,' answered Howells, and gave his description. 'That's my nigger,' said Osborne; 'and I am after him, bound to have him, dead or alive. I want you to raise a company of men and help me capture him. I will pay you well for it.' 'I don't much like that kind of business,' said

Howells. 'Oh, I'll make you like it,' added Osborne; 'I have plenty of money.'

"A glow of hope and comfort warmed my heart. I liked Howells' expression, and thought perhaps he might aid me if I could enlist his sympathy for the fugitive. I dismounted and said: 'Well, we will have our horses fed, get some refreshment, and talk the matter over.' Howells invited us to walk into the house while he and his son took our horses to the stable. I told Osborne to go in and I would go to the stable to give directions about feeding our horses. I was all excitement, for I felt that the crisis was near. Now was the time to act, if I succeeded in saving Jack. It would be difficult to describe my feelings, my intense anxiety. I had travelled one hundred and twenty miles without sleep or rest, yet I felt no symptoms of sleepiness or fatigue. After giving directions to the young man about feeding our horses, I took Squire Howells aside. I told him that Osborne and I were from the same county in North Carolina, and that I fell in company with him that morning as I was travelling in this direction on business; that Osborne was in pursuit of my uncle—the man with the wagon, who was going to Indiana—believing that he had one of his negroes with him. I gave him Osborne's story, about hearing that his slave had got hold of free papers; then pictured Osborne's character. I said that the master was a cruel tyrant, and that the slave was a faithful servant who ran away on account of the inhuman treatment he received, and lay out in the woods and thickets for several months. Osborne bore such a character for cruelty in the neighbourhood, that even the slaveholders would not aid him in

capturing his negro. After relating this, I went on to say that I did not believe the negro with my uncle was Osborne's slave, but another fugitive, and then gave the story of Jack Barnes. I said that before reaching the road, on top of the mountain, leading to Burk's Forks settlement, which I had intended to take, Osborne had insisted on my coming with him to help him capture his slave, and feeling pretty certain that the negro in question was not his Sam, but Jack Barnes, I had come on hoping to be of use in another way. Jack, in my opinion, was entitled to his freedom, having been willed free by his master, and if this were he, I would have nothing to do with recapturing him. But if it proved to be Osborne's negro, I would do what I could in aiding the master to recover his property. I did not tell Howells all I knew; I did not tell him that Sam, Osborne's slave, was lying in the hay-mow in my father's barn when I left home, nor that I knew to a certainty that the negro with my uncle was Jack Barnes.

"Howells said at once: 'If it is the negro you describe, he ought to be free; I would not detain him a moment, but would much rather help him on his way.'

"I told him Osborne's plan was to raise a company of armed men, surround the camp, and take the fugitive, dead or alive. If it proved to be Jack Barnes, Osborne would drag him back to slavery for the sake of the reward offered. I said: 'I hope you will go with us, and help me in my efforts to save Jack from such a fate.'

"He replied: 'Since hearing your statement, I have concluded to go with you. In regard to the other part, it will depend entirely on the class of men Osborne gets to go

with him. However, I think I can manage that. I will take my son for one, and send for one of my near neighbours, and we will pick up a few more on the way.'

"Some relief came to my overburdened mind, and I felt quite hopeful. We went into the house, and found Osborne dancing in the bar-room; he had been drinking, and was quite jubilant over the prospect of soon having his negro secured with the handcuffs and rope he had in his saddle-bags.

"I told him that Squire Howells had agreed to go with us, and would collect a company of men to surround the camp. 'How many do you want?' asked Howells. 'A half dozen or more, beside Mr. Coffin and myself, and all must be armed, for if the rascal attempts to escape, I want him shot down. I would much rather kill him than let him get away; he has been too much trouble to me already. I will give Mr. Coffin one of my pistols; he says he has none.'

"Howells' neighbour came, bringing his gun; Howells and his son took their guns, and mounting our horses, we started for the camp, six miles distant. It was now about midnight. As we travelled on, Howells called at several houses a little off the road, leaving us in the road till he returned. He thus gained time to talk with the men, and give them the right side of the story. Three more joined us, increasing our party to eight. All were armed but myself; I declined accepting a pistol from Osborne, telling him I did not believe in killing folks. We were now getting very near the Six-Mile Branch, and my heart throbbed with intense excitement. A few minutes more would decide it all.

We soon espied the camp-fire, and retreated a little way to hold a consultation, and settle the plan of operation.

"Howells struck a match, and looked at his watch; it was near daylight. Now was my time, and I nerved myself to the effort, feeling that I needed the eloquence of the most gifted orator to aid me in making the appeal in behalf of poor Jack. I told the men that before we formed our plan of attack, I had something to say to them, and then went on to state: 'If the negro in camp with my uncle is Osborne's Sam, I will do all I can to secure him; but I am inclined to think it is another man, a negro who was willed free by his master for his meritorious conduct.' Then I gave the circumstances of the will case, and described Jack's character in glowing terms, adding the testimony of the recommendation signed by the leading white citizens of his own neighbourhood. I said that Jack had worked in our settlement all winter, but since learning the news that the will had been broken, and he was consigned to slavery, he had disappeared, and I presumed he was with my uncle trying to make his way to a free State. 'If this is the man we find in camp,' I further said, 'I will have nothing to do with capturing him.'

"Howells said: 'Mr. Coffin appears to act from principle, and I think he will find us men of principle too. If it should be the negro described, he ought to be free, and I would much rather aid him on his way to liberty than detain him.'

"The rest of Howells' company joined with him, and Osborne, seeing them all agreed, turned clever fellow too, and said if it were not his negro he would have nothing to do

with him. But he still thought it would prove to be Sam. I now told them I had another proposition to make: 'If we were to surround the camp, and break in suddenly upon the sleepers, it would be a great shock and alarm to them. They would find themselves attacked by armed men, and seeing me in the midst, would be greatly bewildered. The fright might prove an injury to the young lady, my cousin, who is with her father. I propose that we wait till daylight, when I will go up to the camp alone, leaving you concealed. I will introduce myself to my uncle, and give him privately to understand what is going on; and if the negro with them is Sam, I will make some excuse in his hearing, pass on a little way, then take a circuit through the bushes, and return to you. Then we will hitch our horses here, slip up through the thick bushes, and, surrounding the camp, pounce upon Sam and secure him. But if I find that it is Jack, I will soon ride back in sight of you, and give a signal for you to come up to camp.'

"All agreed to this but Osborne, who objected to the plan, fearing he should lose his negro. I argued the matter with him, and told him if his negro escaped by that plan, I would obligate myself to pay for him. The rest thought this was a fair offer, and Osborne, seeing they were against him, finally submitted. When daylight had fully appeared, I rode up to camp. They were greatly surprised at my unexpected appearance in the wild mountain regions of Virginia at such an hour. I hastily informed them of my errand. Jack was much alarmed, and wanted to flee to the bushes; but I assured them there was no danger, and induced him to remain where he was. I then rode back in sight of the

company, and gave them the signal to come forward. They advanced to the camp, presenting a formidable appearance with their guns, enough to strike terror to poor Jack's heart. My uncle and cousin knew Osborne, and shook hands with him heartily. There was a general greeting for the rest of the party.

"But poor Jack still feared danger, and thought that the party of armed men had come to take him back to slavery. When brought face to face with him, Osborne acknowledged that it was not his negro, but said, 'He looks a d—— sight like that rascal Sam.'

"I told Osborne that I would stay and breakfast with my uncle's party, and see them off. He might return to the tavern with friend Howells, and get breakfast and have his horse fed, and I would join him there. This gave me an opportunity to explain matters more fully to my uncle's party, and to remove Jack's doubts and fears. He expressed heartfelt thanks to me for my efforts in his behalf, and I felt repaid for my long, fatiguing journey, and intense mental anxiety. I spent an hour or two with them, then bade them good-bye, wishing that they might have a safe and pleasant journey, and land Jack in Indiana, beyond the reach of the cruel task-master.

"I now turned my face homeward. The excitement was over, the anxiety was gone. In looking back over the work of the past few days, I felt that the hand of God was in it. He had blessed my efforts; He had guided my steps; He had strengthened my judgment. My heart was full of thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for His great mercy and favour; my eyes filled with tears, and I wept for joy. . . .

"On reaching home, I was warmly greeted by my parents and friends; they had felt anxious about me, and were elated with my success. The night after my return, Sam slept in the hay-mow of my father's barn. I carried victuals to him, and told him the story of my journey with his master. He evinced his emotion during the recital by various exclamations in a subdued tone. We dared not speak aloud, not knowing who might be lurking around in the dark.

"About this time one of our neighbours, named David Grose, sold his farm, and prepared to move with his family to the State of Indiana. Vestal Coffin and I held frequent consultations about Sam, knowing that he was liable to be captured so long as he remained in the neighbourhood, and we thought this was a good opportunity to get him to a free State, if David Grose was willing to assume the risk. We knew Grose to be a kind-hearted, benevolent man, of anti-slavery sentiments, but whether he would be willing to undertake anything so hazardous was a question to be decided. We concluded to go to his house and lay the matter before him. He seemed deeply interested in Sam's case, and expressed a desire to see and talk with him, and ascertain if he was a bright, shrewd fellow, who could be relied on to act up to arrangements, and carry out plans for travelling, etc. Vestal and I agreed to bring Sam to Grose's house between twelve and one o'clock on a night appointed. It was unsafe to come at an earlier hour. It was death, by the law of North Carolina, to steal negroes, and a heavy penalty to feed or harbour a runaway slave. At the time appointed, and on several subsequent nights, we accompanied Sam to Grose's house and held conferences. One night we narrowly

escaped being detected by the patrol, a body of armed men who acted chiefly in the interest of the slaveholders.

"On the occasion referred to, Vestal and I, in company with Sam, were going along the main road, about twelve o'clock at night. Suddenly hearing the sound of horses' feet coming toward us, we sprang out of the road and threw ourselves down behind a large log in the woods. We had no time to get further away, and lay close to the ground, hoping to escape detection, while our hearts throbbed with excitement, and the sound of the horses' feet came nearer and nearer. When the party passed us, we heard the riders talking about capturing runaway slaves, telling of their exploits in that business, and boasting of how many niggers they had whipped. I well remember the thoughts that passed through my mind as I lay behind that log. I felt that I could fully realize the sensation of the poor hunted fugitive as he lay in woods or thickets, trembling lest any sound that greeted his ear should prove to be the step of a pursuer, come to drag him back to cruel bondage. I could appreciate the anxiety and distress that filled his mind as he wandered about in search of food, perhaps bearing on his back, in marks that were bleeding and sore, the cruel cuts of his master's lash. I could realize vividly his forlorn situation, exposed to the rain and cold, and obliged to suffer from hunger, unless he could steal food or find some person who would venture to violate the laws of the land, and give him something to eat, and allow him to seek shelter in the hay-mow of his barn. When the patrol had passed, and we heard the sound of their horses' feet dying away in the distance, we arose from our hiding-place, speaking to each other in whispers, and slipped

silently through the woods in the darkness. Finally we ventured to return to the road, and hearing no sound of horsemen or foot travellers, we resumed our journey, stepping as lightly as we could. We approached David Grose's house cautiously. The dog, which was fast in his kennel, gave a sharp bark, but soon became quiet, and we passed around to the kitchen.

"The windows were darkened, and a dim light was burning inside. David admitted us, and we soon completed the arrangement for Sam to accompany him to Indiana. He had a large wagon, drawn by four horses, and intended to take what was called the Kentucky road. He agreed to take the bundle of clothing we had prepared for Sam, in his wagon; Sam was to travel at night, and come up to the camp each morning before daylight to get his breakfast and enough provisions to last him through the day, while hiding in the bushes. The road was rough, and led over hills and mountains the greater part of the way, and the movers would not be able to make more than twenty miles a day; so Sam could easily keep up with them.

"Some shrewd young men, not over-conscientious about violating the slave laws of the State, believing that every man was entitled to liberty who had not forfeited that God-given right by crime, managed to get hold of free papers belonging to a free coloured man in the neighbourhood, and copied them, counterfeiting the names of the signers as well as they could, not stopping to consider the severe penalty attached to such violations of the law. It was so managed that the papers were given to Sam by a slave, and he was instructed not to use them unless he should get into a tight place—even then they might not save him.

"The night after Grose and his family started on their journey, we sent Sam on horseback, with a trusty young man, to my Uncle Samuel Stanley's, about ten miles on his route. According to arrangements, previously made, he was to remain there that night and the next day, then, on the following night, overtake the movers. But next day, my cousin, Jesse Stanley, being about to start on a short business journey to the west, concluded to give Sam a lift by taking him to drive his carriage as far as he travelled on Sam's road. He thought that he would incur no risk, as Sam was now out of the neighbourhood where he was known. But it was a daring venture, and afterwards involved my cousin in trouble, for, while travelling the main road, they met a man living near Greensboro, who was returning to his home. He did not know my cousin, but recognized Sam at once, though he did not speak.

"Sam overtook the movers that night, and travelled on, as arranged, lying by in the daytime, and pursuing his journey at night. He got along all right for more than a week. One morning he came up to the party, then camped on the Abingdon road. He got his supply of food as usual, and retired some distance from the road to find a safe hiding-place among the hills. He remained in a dense thicket during the day, and at night attempted to make his way into the main road. But he heard wolves howling near him, and suddenly found himself surrounded by a hungry pack, their eyes glaring like balls of fire in the darkness. He had no weapon but a pocket-knife, and that was useless against such enemies. Seizing a club, he beat his way through them and reached a by-road, but was so frightened and bewildered that he

knew not which way to turn to reach the main road. Running as fast as he could to escape the wolves, he heard dogs barking, and guided by the sound, made his way to a cabin. It was inhabited by the class of people known down South as poor white trash. He ventured in and inquired the way to the main road, saying he belonged to a party of movers, going to Tenessee, who had camped a few miles ahead on the Abingdon road. The people seemed friendly, and invited him in, saying that they would send for one of the neighbours to go with him and show him the way. Sam suspected no danger, and came into the cabin. In a short time the boy who had been sent to the neighbour's returned, accompanied by two men. Poor Sam now saw that he was in a trap. There was but one door to the cabin, and the men stood in that, looking at him fiercely, and questioning him closely. They accused him of being a runaway slave, which he denied, but could produce no free papers to prove his assertion—the papers furnished him being with his bundle of clothes in the wagon. The men seized him and tied him fast, hoping no doubt to receive a large reward for capturing so valuable a piece of property. Next day he was taken back to Wythe Court-House, and put in jail.

"In slave States every negro was regarded as a slave unless he could produce evidence that he was free, and when one was captured and it could not be ascertained who his master was, he was advertised in the county newspapers. A full description of him was given, and if no owner applied for him within the time fixed by law, he was sold to the highest bidder; part of the money being used to pay jail fees and other expenses, the rest going into the county

treasury. Sam would not give his master's name, still claiming that he was free, and he was advertised. The advertisement was copied into a Greensboro paper, and Osborne saw it. He went to Wythe Court-House, and claimed him. He put poor Sam in irons and started homeward, but never brought him back to Guilford County. The story he told afterward was that he had returned by way of Salisbury, North Carolina, and there sold Sam to a slave-trader. We only had Osborne's statement for this, and some thought that he was wicked and revengeful enough to have whipped poor Sam to death in some wild spot in the Virginia mountains; others thought, however, that even his desire for revenge would not lead him to sacrifice so valuable a piece of property. At any rate, that is the last we ever heard of poor Sam.

"Some time after Osborne returned from Virginia, he learned that Sam had been seen driving my Cousin Jesse Stanley's carriage, just before he started for the North-west. After getting all the necessary evidence, he set about procuring a writ to arrest Stanley for negro stealing. This crime, it will be remembered, was punishable by death according to the laws of that State. I received intelligence of Osborne's intentions while at my school. I was then teaching near Deep River Meeting-House, about eight miles from my home. The news reached me about noon one day, and I immediately adjourned my school till the next week, telling my pupils that special business claimed my attention.

"I kept my horse at my boarding-place, and it did not take long for me to saddle and bridle it, mount, and be off.

My Uncle Samuel Stanley lived ten miles away. I made the distance in a short time, and informed my uncle's family of the threatened danger. They were of course greatly alarmed. My Cousin Jesse was about my own age, and we were much attached to each other, seeming more like brothers than cousins. I entered fully into the feelings of the family, and advised Jesse to flee from the State at once. It was decided that he should go to Philadelphia, where he had relatives. The distance was fully six hundred miles, and there was no public conveyance by the route he must go. He must travel on horseback and start immediately; there was no time for deliberate preparation or leave-taking. He needed a new coat and hat, and as I happened to have on a good coat and a new hat, I exchanged with him. We fitted him out as well as we could on such short notice, and his horse was brought to the door. I agreed to travel with him that night, for company, and see him safely out of the State.

"We started about sunset and travelled a by-way till dark—then came out into the main road. I continued with him until we crossed into Virginia, then bade him good-bye and returned to my father's house, much fatigued with my journey, but rejoiced to know that my cousin was safe from the clutches of the law.

"After my cousin left the country, Osborne searched for evidence that might implicate others for harboring his slave. He finally learned that Sam had been seen at Abel Stanley's, Jesse's uncle. Abel at that time had sold his farm, intending to move to Indiana. Hearing that Osborne was preparing to have him arrested, he fled from the State, leaving

his family to complete the arrangements for moving and join him in Indiana. The rest of us, who were more deeply involved in the crime of harboring and feeding the fugitive slave, than either of the Stanleys, escaped detection, and were never troubled by Osborne.

"The year after David Grose had left North Carolina, I accompanied my brother-in-law, Benjamin White, and his family to Indiana. We travelled the same road that David Grose had travelled. While passing through Wythe County, Virginia, we camped near the place where Sam had been taken, and there learned all the particulars of his being chased by wolves, his capture, and imprisonment. When we reached Richmond, Indiana, I inquired for Jack Barnes and learned that he lived at Milton, about fifteen miles to the west. I went there, travelling on horseback. As I rode into the village, almost the first man I saw was Jack. As soon as he recognized me, he hastened to me and clasped me in his arms, uttering exclamations of joy and gratitude that attracted the passers-by. A little crowd of people gathered, and Jack told them that I had saved him from slavery, that if it had not been for me, he would have been dragged back to prison and perhaps sold to the rice swamps of Georgia, or the cotton fields of Alabama, where his only allowance of food would have been a peck of corn a week. When his first excitement was over, he wanted to give me some money, to repay me for my trouble and exertion on his behalf. I told him that I was amply repaid and would not receive a cent. Jack had got employment at good wages, had been industrious and frugal, and had accumulated property. Milton was a new place then; Jack had bought

a lot and built the first cottage in the village. He had many friends in the place, and it would have been a difficult task for Osborne, Barnes' heirs, or anybody else, to have captured Jack and taken him away from Milton."

CHAPTER II.

IN the summer of 1821 Levi Coffin and his cousin Vestal opened a Sabbath-school for coloured people, but after a few months they were compelled to relinquish it, as some of the neighbouring slaveholders threatened to put the law in force against them, "because it made their slaves discontented and uneasy, and created a desire for the privileges that others had." Being thus prohibited from teaching the negroes, Levi Coffin and a few others formed a Sabbath-school for their young white neighbours. This innovation on the then established order of things was carried on with much success.

About this time anti-slavery sentiments began to be publicly broached in the district, and societies were formed to advocate the gradual emancipation of the slaves, "but none," says Levi Coffin, "spoke or seemed to think of immediate and unconditional emancipation." A large party among the gradual emancipationists were in favour of transporting the negroes as they were liberated to the shores of Africa. This stroke of kindness was not, however, entirely disinterested. "They considered free negroes a dangerous

element among slaves"—a fact which will be presently illustrated—and this "colonization" plan was to drain them off. It is needless to say that with such a party Levi Coffin would have nothing to do, except to expose them.

After making a journey of about a thousand miles, partly by wagon and partly on horseback, to visit some relatives and friends who had left New Garden to settle in the West, and during which he narrowly escaped being lost and starved on the trackless prairie, Levi Coffin forsook bachelorhood, and on his twenty-ninth birthday married Catherine White, five years his junior, a member of the Society of Friends, to whom he had been long attached, and with whom he had been acquainted from childhood. Rarely has any man found a truer help-mate. The modest dress of the young Quakeress adorned a lovely character, and covered a heart that beat in constant sympathy with human suffering.

Shortly after his marriage Levi Coffin removed to Newport, Indiana, where he bought property and engaged in trade, and where he lived for more than twenty years. Here he speedily began operations on the "Underground Railroad" for fugitive slaves. He says: "Soon after we located at Newport, I found that we were on a line of the U. G. R. R. Fugitives often passed through that place, and generally stopped among the coloured people. There was in that neighbourhood a number of families of free coloured people, mostly from North Carolina, who were the descendants of slaves who had been liberated by Friends many years before, and sent to free States at the expense of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. I learned that the fugitive slaves who took refuge with these people were often pursued and captured,

the coloured people not being very skilful in concealing them, or shrewd in making arrangements to forward them to Canada. I was pained to hear of the capture of these fugitives, and inquired of some of the Friends in our village why they did not take them in and secrete them, when they were pursued, and then aid them on their way to Canada? I found that they were afraid of the penalty of the law. I told them that I read in the Bible that it was right to take in the stranger and administer to those in distress, and that I thought it was always safe to do right. The Bible, in bidding us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, said nothing about colour, and I should try to follow out the teachings of that good book. I was willing to receive and aid as many fugitives as were disposed to come to my house. I knew that my wife's feelings and sympathies regarding this matter were the same as mine, and that she was willing to do her part. It soon became known to the coloured people in our neighbourhood and others, that our house was a depot where the hunted and harassed fugitive journeying northward, on the Underground Railroad, could find succour and sympathy. It also became known at other depôts on the various lines that converged at Newport.

"In the winter of 1826-27, fugitives began to come to our house, and as it became more widely known on different routes that the slaves fleeing from bondage would find a welcome and shelter, and be forwarded safely on their journey, the number increased. Friends in the neighbourhood, who had formerly stood aloof from the work, fearful of the penalty of the law, were encouraged to engage in it when they saw the fearless manner in which I acted, and

the success that attended my efforts. They would contribute to clothe the fugitives, and would aid in forwarding them on their way, but were timid about sheltering them under their roof; so that part of the work devolved on us. Some seemed really glad to see the work go on, if somebody else would do it. Others doubted the propriety of it, and tried to discourage me, and dissuade me from running such risks. They manifested great concern for my safety and pecuniary interests, telling me that such a course of action would injure my business and perhaps ruin me; that I ought to consider the welfare of my family; and warning me that my life was in danger, as there were many threats made against me by the slave-hunters and those who sympathized with them.

"After listening quietly to these counsellors, I told them that I felt no condemnation for anything that I had ever done for the fugitive slaves. If by doing my duty and endeavouring to fulfil the injunctions of the Bible, I injured my business, then let my business go. As to my safety, my life was in the hands of my Divine Master, and I felt that I had His approval. I had no fear of the danger that seemed to threaten my life or my business.

"Many of my pro-slavery customers left me for a time, my sales were diminished, and for a while my prospects were discouraging; yet my faith was not shaken, nor my efforts for the slaves lessened. New customers soon came in to fill the places of those who had left me. New settlements were rapidly forming to the north of us, and our own was filling up with emigrants from North Carolina, and other States. My trade increased, and I enlarged my business.

I was blessed in all my efforts, and succeeded beyond my expectations. The Underground Railroad business increased as time advanced, and it was attended with heavy expenses, which I could not have borne had not my affairs been prosperous. I found it necessary to keep a team and a wagon always at command, to convey the fugitive slaves on their journey. Sometimes, when we had large companies, one or two other teams and wagons were required. These journeys had to be made at night, often through deep mud and bad roads, and along by-ways that were seldom travelled. Every precaution to evade pursuit had to be used, as the hunters were often on the track, and sometimes ahead of the slaves. We had different routes for sending the fugitives to depôts, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles distant, and when we heard of slave-hunters having passed on one road, we forwarded our passengers by another. In some instances, where we learned that the pursuers were ahead of them, we sent a messenger and had the fugitives brought back to my house to remain in concealment until the bloodhounds in human shape had lost the trail and given up the pursuit.

"Seldom a week passed without our receiving passengers by this mysterious road. We found it necessary to be always prepared. We knew not what night or what hour of the night we would be roused from slumber by a gentle rap at the door. That was a signal announcing the arrival of a train of the Underground Railroad, for the locomotive did not whistle, nor make any unnecessary noise. I have often been awakened by this signal, and sprang out of bed in the dark and opened the door. Outside in the cold or rain, there would be a two-horse wagon loaded with fugitives,

perhaps the greater part of them women and children. I would invite them, in a low tone, to come in, and they would follow me into the darkened house without a word. When they were all safely inside and the door fastened, I would cover the windows, strike a light and build a good fire. By this time my wife would be up and preparing victuals for them, and in a short time the cold and hungry fugitives would be made comfortable. I would accompany the conductor of the train to the stable, and care for the horses that had, perhaps, been driven twenty-five or thirty miles that night, through the cold and rain. The fugitives would rest on pallets before the fire the rest of the night. Frequently, wagon-loads of passengers from the different lines have met at our house, having no previous knowledge of each other. The companies varied in number, from two or three to seventeen.

"Sometimes fugitives have come to our house in rags, foot-sore and toil-worn, and almost wild, having been out for several months travelling at night, hiding in canebrakes or thickets during the day, often being lost and making little headway at night, particularly in cloudy weather, when the north star could not be seen, sometimes almost perishing for want of food, and afraid of every white person they saw, even after they came into a free State, knowing that slaves were often captured and taken back after crossing the Ohio River. Such as these we have kept until they were recruited in strength, provided with clothes, and able to travel.

"In several instances fugitives came to our house sick from exhaustion and exposure, and lay several weeks. One

case was that of a woman and her two children—little girls. Hearing that her children were to be sold away from her, she determined to take them with her and attempt to reach Canada. She had heard that Canada was a place where all were free, and that by travelling toward the north star she could reach it. She managed to get over the Ohio River with her two little girls, and then commenced her long and toilsome journey northward. Fearing to travel on the road, even at night, lest she should meet somebody, she made her way through the woods and across fields, living on fruits and green corn, when she could procure them, and sometimes suffering severely for lack of food. Thus she wandered on, and at last reached our neighbourhood. Seeing a cabin where coloured people lived, she made her way to it. The people received her kindly, and at once conducted her to our house. She was so exhausted by the hardships of her long journey, and so weakened by hunger, having denied herself to feed her children, that she soon became quite ill. Her children were very tired, but rapidly recovered their strength, and were in good health. They had no shoes or clothing except what they had on, and that was in tatters. Dr. Henry H. Way, a warm friend to fugitive slaves, was called in, and faithfully attended the sick woman until her health was restored. Then the little party were provided with good clothing and other comforts, and were sent on their way to Canada."

Other Newport stories of runaway slaves, some amusing and some pathetic, shall also be told in Levi Coffin's own words, beginning with the case of Jim, the cunning negro.

"Jim was a shrewd, intelligent chattel, the property of a

living in Kentucky. Having in some unaccountable manner got the idea that freedom was better than bondage, he resolved to make an effort to gain his liberty. He did not make his intention known to his wife, or any of his fellow-bondmen, choosing to make the attempt alone. He watched for an opportunity to escape, and when it came he started for the Ohio River. He knew that he was a valuable piece of property, and that his master would pursue him and make strong efforts to capture him, so he let no grass grow under his feet till he reached the bank of the river. He wandered along this in the dark for some time, looking for a way to cross, and finally came to the hut of a coloured man. He told his story to the negro living in the hut, and offered him part of the small sum of money he had if he would take him across in a skiff to the Indiana shore. The negro knew where a skiff lay drawn up on the shore, and consented to row him across. Jim reached the other side safely, and landed a short distance above Madison. It was now near daylight, and he must hasten to seek a place of concealment. He was directed how to find George De Baptist, a free coloured man, who often aided fugitive slaves. George then lived in Madison, but soon after removed to Detroit, Michigan, for his own safety. Jim made his way to the house of this friendly coloured man, and remained secreted during the day. Some time in the day, George De Baptist learned that Jim's master had arrived in town with a posse of men, and that they were rudely entering the houses of coloured people, searching for the missing slave. By shrewd management on the part of George, the hunters were baffled, and the next night Jim was conducted

through corn-fields and by-ways to a depot of the Underground Railroad. He was forwarded from station to station, at late hours in the night, until he reached William Beard's, in Union County, Indiana. Here he rested a few days, under the roof of that noted and worthy Abolitionist. From that place he was conducted to our house, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and, after remaining with us one day, he was forwarded on from station to station, till he reached Canada. Here he remained a few months. In telling his story, he said: 'Oh, how sweet it was to breathe free air, to feel that I had no massa who could whip me or sell me. But I was not happy long. I could not enjoy liberty when the thoughts of my poor wife and children in slavery would rise up before me. I thought to myself, I have learned the way and found friends all along the road; now I will go back and fetch my wife and children. I'll go to old massa's plantation, and I'll make believe I am tired of freedom. I'll tell old massa a story that will please him; then I will go to work hard and watch for a chance to slip away my wife and children.'

"So Jim left Canada and wended his way back to the old plantation in Kentucky. His master was greatly surprised, one morning, to see his missing property come walking up from the negro quarters as if nothing had happened. Jim made a low bow, and stood before him as humble as a whipped dog. In answer to the volley of questions and hard names that greeted him, Jim said: 'I thought I wanted to be free, massa, so I run away and went to Canada. But I had a hard time there, and soon got tired of taking care of myself. I thought I would rather live with massa again

and be a good servant. I found that Canada was no place for niggers; it's too cold, and we can't make any money there. Mean white folks cheat poor niggers out of their wages when they hire them. I soon got sick of being free, and wished I was back on the old plantation. And those people called Abolitionists, that I met with on the way, are a mean set of rascals. They pretend to help the niggers, but they cheat them all they can. They get all the work out of a nigger they can, and never pay him for it. I tell you, massa, they are mean folks.'

"In narrating his story, Jim said: 'Well, old massa seemed mightily pleased with my lies. He spoke pleasant to me, and said: "Jim, I hope you will make a good missionary among our people and the neighbours." I got massa's confidence, and worked well and obeyed him well, and I talked to the niggers before him, in a way to please him. But they could understand me, for I had been doing missionary work among them, and the neighbours' niggers too, but not such missionary work as massa thought I was doing.'

"Jim worked on faithfully through the fall and winter months, all the time arranging matters for a second flight. In the spring, when the weather was warm, he succeeded in getting his wife and children and a few of his slave friends across the Ohio River into Indiana. He got safely to the first station of the Underground Railroad, with his party, numbering fourteen, and hurried on with them rapidly from station to station, until they reached our house. They were hotly pursued and had several narrow escapes, but the wise management of their friends on the route prevented them

from being captured. They remained at our house several days to rest, as they were much exhausted with night travel, and suffering from exposure, and while they were concealed in our garret, their pursuers passed through the town.

"The hunters went northward by way of Winchester and Cabin Creek, where there was a large settlement of free coloured people. While they were searching in these neighbourhoods, we forwarded the fugitives on another route, by way of Spartansburg, Greenville, and Mercer County, Ohio, to Sandusky. From this place they were shipped across the lake to Fort Malden, Canada. Jim's opinions, as he had expressed them to his master, now underwent a sudden change. He liked the country and the people, and thought that he could make a living not only for himself but for his family. As to the Abolitionists along the route, he thought they were the best people in the world. Instead of cheating the poor fugitives by getting their services without pay, they fed and clothed them without charge, and would help them on their journey; often travelling all night with the fugitives. A few years after, I had the pleasure of seeing Jim and his family in their comfortable home in Canada. Jim said he hoped God would forgive him for telling his master so many lies. He said he felt no feelings of homesickness, no longings for massa and the old plantation in Kentucky."

"A coloured man, who gave his name as Robert Burrel, came to my house, seeking employment. He said he had been working several months at Flat Rock, in Henry County, but that his employer there had no work for him during the winter, and had recommended him to call on me. He said he had been brought up in Tennessee, but, thinking he had

rather live in a free State, had come to Indiana. I liked his sober and intelligent appearance, and gave him employment. I found him to be a deeply religious man and a most faithful and trustworthy servant. He was pleasant in his manner and speech, but was never heard to indulge in loud laughter. He seemed to have some serious subject on his mind, over which he was constantly brooding. If any one inquired particularly concerning his past life, he evaded the questions, and it was not until he had been in my employment for several months that he ventured to tell me the true state of his case. He was a runaway slave, and belonged to a man living in East Tennessee. He had married a free coloured woman living there, and was as happy as it was possible for a slave to be, until he learned that his master was about to sell him to a trader who would take him to the far South. Then he ran away, leaving his wife and two children. His object was to gain enough money to buy his freedom and send for his family. He had been working with this end in view, but had kept his fears, hopes, and anxieties in his own heart, lest he should be betrayed and lose the liberty that was so sweet. His story gained my sympathy, and I promised to aid him in any way I could. We often consulted together concerning his wife and two little boys. He represented his wife as being a Christian woman, and said that she was a member of the Methodist Church; to which he also belonged. She had promised to remain faithful to him, and to await patiently the result of his effort. I discouraged his attempt to buy himself, as it would take several years of hard work, and might then be a failure. I advised him to save all the money

he could, and perhaps some way would open by which his wife and children could get to him, and go with him to Canada. But he felt very timid about sending for his wife and children before securing his own freedom, for he feared they would be tracked and his whereabouts discovered.

"I continued him in my employ, putting him in my linseed oil mill, and paying him extra wages for his care and good management. In conversation with him, one day, I found that he knew something about John Rankin, a noted Abolitionist and Presbyterian clergyman, formerly of East Tennessee, but then living at Ripley, Ohio. I wrote to friend Rankin, giving the outlines of Robert's story, and asking him if he thought the wife and two children could be brought to Ohio without arousing the suspicions of Robert's master and leading to his detection. He wrote me, in reply, that some of his family were going to East Tennessee soon, on a visit to their relatives there, and he thought they could have an interview with Robert's wife, and arrange to have her and the children removed to Ohio. I kept up a correspondence with him on the subject, and ascertaining that it would cost about forty dollars to move the woman and children to Ohio, I sent him that amount and a message to be delivered to Robert's wife, telling her that if she would come to Ripley, Ohio, she could gain information of her husband. The message was delivered to her by the friends of John Rankin, but they did not succeed in gaining her confidence, and she would not come to Ohio, fearing that it was a scheme to betray her husband. So the project failed at that time, and John Rankin returned the money I had sent him; but two years later we renewed our

efforts, and succeeded in bringing the woman and her children to Ripley. From this place, lest somebody should have traced them from Tennessee, hoping to learn the whereabouts of Robert, they were taken to Cincinnati. Soon afterwards they were brought to my house in Newport, and there was a joyful meeting between husband and wife, after a separation of four years.

"I purchased for them a little home in Newport, which Robert paid for by his work, and here they lived happily several years, with none to molest or make them afraid. When the fugitive slave law of 1850 was passed, they left and went to Canada for greater security."

"Eliza Harris, of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* notoriety, the slave woman who crossed the Ohio River, near Ripley, on the drifting ice with her child in her arms, was sheltered under our roof and fed at our table for several days. To elude the pursuers who were following closely on her track, she was sent across to our line of the Underground Railroad.

"The story of this slave woman, so graphically told by Harriet Beecher Stowe, will be remembered by every reader of that deeply interesting book. The cruelties of slavery depicted in that remarkable work are not overdrawn. From the fact that Eliza Harris was sheltered at our house several days, it was generally believed among those acquainted with the circumstances that I and my wife were the veritable Simeon and Rachel Halliday, the Quaker couple alluded to in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I will give a short sketch of the fugitive's story, as she related it.

"She said she was a slave from Kentucky, the property of a man who lived a few miles back from the Ohio River,

below Ripley, Ohio. Her master and mistress were kind to her, and she had a comfortable home, but her master got into some pecuniary difficulty, and she found that she and her only child were to be separated. She had buried two children, and was doubly attached to the one she had left, a bright, promising child, over two years old. When she found that it was to be taken from her, she was filled with grief and dismay, and resolved to make her escape that night if possible. She watched her opportunity, and when darkness had settled down and all the family had retired to sleep, she started with her child in her arms and walked straight towards the Ohio River. She knew that it was frozen over, at that season of the year, and hoped to cross without difficulty on the ice; but when she reached its banks at daylight, she found that the ice had broken up and was slowly drifting in large cakes. She ventured to go to a house near by, where she was kindly received and permitted to remain through the day. She hoped to find some way to cross the river the next night, but there seemed little prospect of any one being able to cross in safety, for during the day the ice became more broken and dangerous. In the evening she discovered pursuers nearing the house, and with desperate courage she determined to cross the river, or perish in the attempt. Clasping her child in her arms she darted out of the back door, followed by her pursuers, who had just dismounted from their horses when they caught sight of her. No fear or thought of personal danger entered Eliza's mind, for she felt that she had rather be drowned than be captured and separated from her child. Clasping her babe to her bosom with her left arm, she sprang on to the

first cake of ice, then from that to another and another. Sometimes the cake she was on would sink beneath her weight, then she would slide her child on to the next cake, pull herself on with her hands, and so continue her hazardous journey. She became wet to the waist with ice water, and her hands were benumbed with cold, but as she made her way from one cake of ice to another, she felt that surely the Lord was preserving and upholding her.

"When she reached the Ohio side, near Ripley, she was completely exhausted and almost breathless. A man, who had been standing on the bank watching her progress with amazement, and expecting every moment to see her go down, assisted her up the bank. After she had recovered her strength a little, he directed her to a house on the hill, in the outskirts of the town. She made her way to the place, and was kindly received and cared for. It was not considered safe for her to remain there during the night, so after resting a while, and being provided with food and dry clothing, she was conducted to a station on the Underground Railroad, a few miles farther from the river. The next night she was forwarded on from station to station to our house in Newport, where she arrived safely and remained several days.

"Other fugitives arrived in the meantime, and Eliza and her child were sent with them, by the Greenville branch of the Underground Railroad, to Sandusky, Ohio. They reached that place in safety, and crossed the lake to Canada, locating finally at Chatham, Canada West.

"In the summer of 1854, I was on a visit to Canada, accompanied by my wife and daughter, and Laura S. Haviland, of Michigan. At the close of a meeting which we attended

at one of the coloured churches, a woman came up to my wife, seized her hand, and exclaimed, 'How are you, Aunt Katie? God bless you!' etc. My wife did not recognize her, but she soon called herself to our remembrance by referring to the time she was at our house in the days of her distress, when my wife gave her the name of Eliza Harris. We visited her at her house while at Chatham, and found her comfortable and contented.

"Many other fugitives came and spoke to us, whom we did not recognize or remember until they related some incident that recalled them to mind. Such circumstances occurred in nearly every neighbourhood we visited in Canada. Hundreds who had been sheltered under our roof, and fed at our table, when fleeing from the land of whips and chains, introduced themselves to us, and referred to the time, often fifteen or twenty years before, when we had aided them.

"On the first day of August, 1854, we went, with a large company from Windsor, to attend a celebration of the West India emancipation. The meeting was held in a dense settlement of fugitives, about eight miles south of Windsor. Several public speakers from Detroit were in our party. A platform had been erected in a grove near the school-house, where Laura S. Haviland had established a school for fugitives. The day was fine, and there was a large crowd of coloured people, who had come from various settlements to hear the speaking. Here we met quite a number of those whom we had helped on their way to freedom, and the gratitude they expressed was quite affecting. One old white-headed man came to my wife, and said he wanted to get hold of her hand. She reached her hand to him, and while

he held it, he said, 'Don't you 'member me, Misses?' She looked at him closely, and said, 'No, I believe I do not remember thee.' Then the old negro said, 'La me! Misses, don't you 'member when dey was close after me to take me, an' you hid me in de feather bed and saved me? Why, bress your heart! if it hadn't been for you I should nebber been here. It's more dan twenty years ago, and my head is white, but I hasn't forgot dat time.' She shook his hand heartily, and said, 'Now I remember thee.'

"At Amherstburg, generally called Fort Malden, and many other places, we met with many, both men and women, whom we had assisted, and their expressions of thankfulness and regard were very gratifying to us."

"Sam, the eloquent slave, was the property of a man living near Lexington, Kentucky. He had a wife and several children, whom he was permitted to visit frequently, was well treated by his master, and had no fear of being sold away from his family; so his condition was a very favourable one, compared with that of many other slaves. But this state of security came suddenly to an end. The master died, and the heirs decided to sell Sam; but as he was very powerful, and a dangerous man to deal with when his spirit was roused, no one dared to take possession of him and tell him that he was sold away from his family. What could not be done by force was accomplished by stratagem. Sam was sent into the jail to take a box of candles, and, all unsuspecting, walked into the trap. Several men were hidden behind the door, and leaping out suddenly, they knocked him down, overpowered, and bound him. He then learned that he was bought by a negro trader, who intended taking

him to the South. Just before the coffle started, Sam's wife was permitted to come to the jail to bid him good-bye; but her distress was so great, and she wept so loudly, that she was hurried out, and taken away without having been able to say a word. Sam was taken to Mississippi and sold, but after several months managed to escape, and after much difficulty and many hardships found his way back to Lexington, Kentucky, where he hoped to find some one who would purchase him and allow him to remain near his family; but in this effort he did not succeed.

"Hearing that pursuers were on his track, he left that neighbourhood, and succeeded in making his way to Newport, Indiana, where he arrived in the dead of winter, in a destitute and suffering condition.

"I persuaded him to remain till better weather, when the roads would be open and travelling easier, and he remained till spring, I in the meantime furnishing him with employment at good wages. During that winter there was a monthly prayer-meeting held in the Wesleyan Chapel at Newport, on behalf of the slaves, and I asked Sam to attend one of these meetings with me. He at first hesitated, so fearful was he of being betrayed; but on being assured that there was no danger, he consented to go.

"It seemed strange to him that white people should pray for slaves; he had never heard of such a thing before. As others were telling stories of the sufferings of slaves, I suggested to Sam that he should give his experience. To this he consented, with reluctance; and I rose and informed the meeting that a fugitive slave was sitting by my side, whose story I was sure would be interesting to all present. Sam

then rose from his seat and gave a short history of his sufferings, together with a vivid description of the horrors of slavery, and so interested his hearers that they expressed a desire to hear him again.

"He was prevailed upon to speak another time, when a larger number would have an opportunity to hear him, and a meeting was appointed for this purpose. When the evening came the church was crowded. Sam was conducted to the pulpit by the minister and myself. We made short introductory speeches; then Sam spoke for more than an hour to the attentive and deeply interested audience. They had not expected to hear good language from a slave who had had no educational advantages, and were surprised to find his speech resembling that of a practised orator. Sam had, during the life of his indulgent master, had frequent opportunities of hearing public speeches in Lexington; and this experience, which had been a sort of education to him, added to his native eloquence, enabled him to hold his audience spellbound, while he depicted in glowing words the cruelty of slavery and the manifold sufferings of the slaves. He then gave an account of his own trials, and pictured in a touching manner the scene of his wife's separation from him when he was bound in jail; and finished with an appeal to the audience so full of pathos, that the heart of every one was touched, and nearly all his hearers were melted to tears.

"Shortly after this, the United Brethren held a Conference in Newport, and wishing to have Sam address them, a deputation called at my house to speak with him on the subject. They were shown into the parlour, where a fire was burning,

and as I sat talking with them, Sam came in with an armful of wood to replenish the fire.

"One of the deputation said: 'Is this the man?' and I answered, 'Yes;' then remarked to Sam that these men wished to see him. Sam went out quickly and did not return. When I went to look for him, I found him outside the kitchen door with a large butcher knife in his hand, ready to defend himself. He thought that the men had come to take him, and was determined to sell his life or liberty as dearly as possible. When the matter was explained, he went in to see the men, and afterwards spoke to them. In the spring he was sent on to Canada, where he was out of the slave-dealer's power for ever."

The next case strikingly illustrates the prejudice against colour which prevailed in the Southern States, and, in a less degree, the Northern States also.

"A white man from Massachusetts moved with his family to Missouri, bought a farm and settled there. One of his neighbours had a slave, a young man nearly white, who was willed free at a certain age. The time of his bondage had nearly expired when the gentleman from Massachusetts hired him of his master, and after he became free, he continued in the same service. He proved to be a very intelligent, industrious, and trusty man, and his employer soon gave him the entire control of the farm and all affairs of out-door business. The family did not have good health in their new home, and becoming dissatisfied with the locality, resolved to return to Massachusetts.

"The farm was sold, and the other property disposed of, and they were about to start eastward, when the husband

and father sickened and died. A short time before he breathed his last, he called his servant to his bedside, and requested him to take charge of his wife and two daughters, and see them safely back to their home in the east.

"The man promised faithfully that he would fulfil this request, and soon after the funeral was over, the little party started. It was before the time of railroads or turnpikes in the West, and they went in a wagon, drawn by four horses, the coloured man driving the team, and attending to all matters connected with the journey. Passing over the prairies of Illinois and Indiana, they found the mud very deep, and the roads almost impassable, it being late in the fall, and when they reached Indianapolis, they concluded to remain there during the winter. The young man found employment with his team, and supported the family by his work.

"The two daughters were well educated and accomplished young ladies, and when they became known were greeted as acquisitions to the society of the place. They were members of the Presbyterian Church, and taught in the Sabbath-schools of that denomination, and being good singers were invited to join the choir.

"The mulatto man in their family, who was really almost white, and possessed none of the negro features, was very gentlemanly in his appearance and manners, and so kind and attentive to them and thoughtful for their welfare, that one of the daughters became very much attached to him. He had long loved her in secret, without daring to speak, but now, finding that his love was reciprocated, saw no reason why they should not be married. The mother gave her con-

sent, and accompanied her prospective son-in-law to obtain the marriage license.

"On the evening of the wedding, the news spread through the city that a negro had married a white woman, and an infuriated mob filled the street in front of the house, and with hoots and yells proceeded to search for the man—several shades lighter than some of themselves—who dared to marry a white woman. The bridegroom escaped by a back way, and fled to the woods for safety, as if he were a fugitive slave. Not finding him, the mob dragged the bride out of the house and rode her on a rail through the streets, as a demonstration of the popular indignation. The bridegroom remained concealed in the woods for awhile, finding no way to communicate with his wife, and not daring to venture back to get his clothes or to say good-bye. He was in deep distress and knew not what to do.

"The city was in an uproar of excitement, and the indignant citizens were searching the houses of the coloured people for this terrible criminal who had committed so great a sin as to marry a woman a shade lighter than himself, and that with the full approbation of her mother and sister. It was evident that he could not show himself in Indianapolis again with safety. He moved eastward, and got into a coloured settlement at Flat Rock, Henry County, from which place he was directed to my house at Newport.

"The news of the marriage flew all over the State. The newspapers were full of it, and the public sentiment was aroused. The dreadful prospect of amalgamation loomed before the people like an impending curse. It must be put a stop to at once. The Legislature was in session in In-

dianapolis at the time this occurred, and they took immediate action concerning it. They passed a law placing a heavy penalty on any clergyman or magistrate who should marry a white person to one in whose veins there was a drop of coloured blood. Several members of the Legislature, and a number of prominent citizens, visited the offending family, and urged them to apply for a divorce.

"The poor girl was almost crazy with trouble, having been disgraced by being ridden on a rail, and alarmed by the threats of the outrageous mob, and her mother and sister were also alarmed, and finally, through fear, they yielded to the threats and persuasions of their visitors, and signed a petition for a divorce. The Legislature at once divorced the couple, and the young lady was declared free from the disgraceful alliance. It was found to be a very nice point in carrying out the new law, to detect the drop of coloured blood. No minister or magistrate was safe in marrying any couple. The law would not work and was repealed the following year.

"Many people blamed me for taking in Charley, the young coloured man, and harbouring one whom they regarded as a great criminal. I gave him employment, and he remained with me for several months. He proved to be quiet, orderly, and industrious, and very gentlemanly in all his ways; yet many of the women in our town and neighbourhood were as much afraid of him as if he were a murderer. My wife and a few other women had no such foolish fear of poor Charley, but sympathised with him in his troubles. Soon after he came to my house, I called a council of a few of my particular friends, those who stood by me and sustained me in

all my anti-slavery efforts. We were not in favour of amalgamation, and did not encourage the intermarriage or mixing of the races, but we were in favour of justice and right-dealing with all colours. This seemed to be the united feeling of those in council. We looked upon such marriages as a matter of choice with the contracting parties, and not as a crime or a sin. Many reasons might be given why we did not encourage such a choice, but we did not criminate those who had made the choice.

"The object of this council was to take into consideration the propriety of sending a deputation to Indianapolis to learn the true state of things there, to ascertain the feelings of Charley's wife and her mother towards him; and to obtain his clothing, which he had been compelled to leave behind in his hasty flight.

"Charley was in deep mental distress, and needed the counsel and sympathy of his friends. He was not sensible of having committed any crime in marrying the woman he loved, and who professed to love him in return; but all his hopes of happiness were destroyed, and he was regarded as a criminal. He was likewise deeply concerned for the welfare of the family that had been placed in his care by the dying husband and father.

"George Shugart volunteered to go to Indianapolis, and get Charley's clothes and learn the feelings and wishes of the family. It was just at the time that the Legislature had taken action in the case, and the family were so confused and alarmed that they could make no definite plans for the future. They thought it best to remain where they were until spring. The horses and wagon had been sold at a

heavy sacrifice, and they had no means of continuing their journey then. So the messenger brought little comfort to Charley. He remained in my employ until late in the spring, when he learned that the mother and her two daughters had left Indianapolis and gone to Cincinnati. As soon as he received this information he went to Cincinnati, where he joined them. Soon after the whole party disappeared from Cincinnati. No one knew where they went, but it was supposed that they returned to Massachusetts, and that the husband and wife lived together unmolested."

"Aunt Rachel, one of those good old darkey aunties whom we have all known or heard of, was brought up in Lexington, Kentucky. She was a slave, a house servant, and had a kind and indulgent master and mistress, to whom she was much attached. She had the principal charge of household affairs. Her husband belonged to another person in the neighbourhood, but was often permitted to visit her. They had a family of several children. They knew that they were liable to be separated and sold away from each other, and this disturbed their happiness. At last the dreaded misfortune came to them. The husband was sold, and taken to the far South, and the wife never saw him nor heard from him afterwards. This was a terrible shock to Aunt Rachel, and had it not been for her children, she said she would have prayed to die. But for their sake she bore her grief, not thinking that she would ever be called upon to part from them, or to experience deeper pangs of sorrow than those she had already known. She knew not what was in store for her. Two years afterwards her old master and mistress died, and she and her children were sold

at public sale. The children were bid off by citizens of Lexington, but Aunt Rachel was sold to a Southern slave-trader. Now, indeed, came trouble. No one but a mother who has been separated from the children she loves can understand the depth of her distress, or sympathize with the anguish of her heart. Aunt Rachel was torn away from her children and taken South in a gang of slaves, which the trader had bought for the Southern market. In Mississippi she was sold to a cotton planter, and immediately set to work in the cottonfield. She had never been accustomed to out-door work, and could not keep up with the other cotton pickers. For this she was cruelly punished, and her allowance of food reduced. Finding that her strength was failing her under this hard treatment, she resolved to run away, and try to make her way back to her old Kentucky home. She hoped, if she lived to get there, to prevail on some of her white friends at Lexington to buy her, and thus enable her to stay near her children. She thought of the great distance she must traverse, and of the dangers and hardships of such an undertaking, but she said to herself: 'It is death to stay here, and I had rather die in the attempt to get away.'

"It was now the beginning of summer, and she thought she could live on berries and fruits the most of the time. She slipped off one night and made good headway during the hours of darkness, hiding in the cane-brakes when daylight appeared. The next night she ventured to the negro quarters of a plantation, and got some provisions. Her long and toilsome journey was attended with much danger and suffering, and occupied the most of the summer. She finally

[illegible] in Lexington, Kentucky, and secreted herself with a friend. She did not dare yet to make herself known to her children, lest it should lead to her detection, but sometimes could hardly control herself when she saw her youngest child, a little girl three years old, playing in the adjoining yard. She remained in concealment for some time, while her coloured friends tried to find some one in Lexington who would purchase her. They were unsuccessful in their attempts, and it was deemed unsafe for her to remain longer in the place, as it had by this time become known to a number of the citizens of Lexington that she had escaped from her master and was there. She thought she would start northward and try to reach Canada, but while her coloured friends were making arrangements for her journey to the North on the Underground Railroad, she received the alarming intelligence that her master from Mississippi had arrived in Lexington in pursuit of her. He had had no clue to her whereabouts, but judged that in her flight she would be guided by that instinct which leads one across rivers and mountains to the spot endeared by associations of home and kindred.

"Soon after reaching Lexington he learned that she was secreted somewhere in the town. He offered a reward for her capture, and a diligent search commenced. The police were on the alert, and poor Aunt Rachel was soon captured and dragged to jail for safe keeping. Her master was greatly incensed because she had run away, and put him to so much trouble and expense in pursuing her, and was very abusive and threatening in his language to her. He gave her a few keen cuts with his whip, as tokens of what was in store for

her, and told her he would have his pay out of her when he got home; he would double her task, and if she did not perform it he would cut the hide off of her with his whip.

"Aunt Rachel trembled but made no reply; she knew that she was in his power. Handcuffs were put on her wrists, and a chain with a heavy ball fastened around her ankle. Thus ironed, she lay in the jail for more than a week, while her master was engaged in buying slaves for his plantation in Mississippi. When ready to start South, he hired a wagon in which to transport his slaves to Louisville, at which point he intended to put them aboard a down-river boat. Aunt Rachel was placed in the wagon, with her heavy irons on. After a wearisome day's travel, they stopped in front of a tavern, where they intended to spend the night. It was quite dark, for they had been compelled to travel some time after night-fall in order to reach a place where they could find quarters. While her master went into the house to see about getting entertainment, Aunt Rachel gathered up the ball and chain in her manacled hands, slipped out of the hind end of the wagon, and slid down into a deep ravine near the road. She crouched under the side of the bank and lay as still as death. She was soon missed, and the search for her began. Her master, and those he called to his assistance, ran in every direction, with lighted lanterns, looking for her, but they overlooked her hiding-place. She was so near, almost under the wagon, that they did not think of searching where she lay. She remained perfectly still, except the tumultuous throbbing of her heart; and this she thought would surely betray her when those in search passed near her hiding-place.

"Finally, all became quiet, and the search seemed given up for the night. Then Aunt Rachel gathered up her chain and crawled off into the woods, making her way through the darkness as fast as her fetters would allow. She did not venture to follow any road or beaten path, but wandered on through the woods, as best she could, for two or three miles. Being quite weary under the weight of her irons, she stopped to rest. It was cool weather, late in the fall, and she soon felt chilly. Looking about, she discovered some hogs lying snugly in a leafy bed under the side of a large log, and frightening them away, she crept into their warm bed. She now felt comfortable, and soon fell into a refreshing sleep that lasted an hour or two. When she awoke she felt quite refreshed, and ready to pursue her journey. Her situation was indeed forlorn. She had eluded the grasp of her master, but, manacled as she was, how could she ever make her way to freedom and safety? Must she not perish of hunger in the lonely woods? How could she free herself from her hand fetters, and from the heavy chain that was chafing her ankle and making it sore? As she reflected on these questions, distress filled her mind, and she wept. She knew of no friend but God, and she prayed to Him in this hour of need; she asked Him to guide and help her. She seemed to feel His presence with her, in answer to her petitions, and a glow of comfort warmed her heart. She moved on, to look for a safe place where she might hide during the day, and came to a small stream of water, on whose banks were a number of large stones. She placed two stones close together, and laid her chain across them, then lifting another stone in her fettered hands, she managed

by repeated blows and by frequently turning it, to break the chain; thus freeing herself of the greater part of it, and of the heavy ball. Several links, however, were left hanging to the band riveted around her ankle; from this she could not free herself. She lay in the woods during the day, and at night ventured to a house where she saw some coloured people. She was kindly received, and furnished with food. The man succeeded in getting her handcuffs off, which was a great relief to her, but having no file, he was unable to relieve her of the iron band on her leg. This coloured brother gave her directions for her journey, and put her on a route that would reach the Ohio river, opposite Madison, Indiana. He even ventured to take two of his master's horses out of the field, and help her on her way several miles.

"The next night her progress was slow on account of her manacled ankle, which by this time was swollen and very painful. Some time before daylight she ventured to approach a hut, which was situated near the road she was travelling. She discovered a negro man kindling a fire, and made herself known to him. He received her kindly, and his wife ministered to her needs. She remained secreted during the day at this hut, and at night felt strengthened and ready to pursue her journey. The man had a file, and succeeded in filing off the rivet, and loosening the band from her leg. He then applied what simple remedies he had at hand, and succeeded in some measure in assuaging the pain and swelling of the ankle. At night this kind friend helped her on her way, and conducted her to the house of a coloured man, who lived near the Ohio River, below Madison. This

man was a slave, but had a master who allowed him the use of a skiff, and permitted him to go over the river to trade. Aunt Rachel prevailed upon him to take her across the river that night, and he landed her near Madison, directing her how to find a settlement of free coloured people. At this settlement she fell into the hands of a trusty coloured man, who lived about ten miles out in the country, where he owned a good farm, and was comfortably situated. Aunt Rachel found a quiet home at his house, which was fortunate for her, as she was now almost unable to travel. The chafing of the iron band around her ankle had caused inflammation, and made a very painful sore. She was able, however, to move about enough to do housework. She remained at this place all winter, unmolested. In the spring a fugitive was captured in the neighbourhood, and Aunt Rachel and her friends became alarmed for her safety. She was put on the Underground Railroad, and brought to our house at Newport. She was anxious to remain with us for awhile, hoping that by some means she might hear from her children, concerning whom she was very anxious. She thought she would be safe from pursuit, for her master in Mississippi would not be likely to spend much more time and money looking after her. My wife needed help at that time, and agreed to hire her for a few weeks. We soon found her to be one of the best housekeepers and cooks we had ever employed. She was careful and trustworthy, and exemplary in all her ways. We became much attached to her; indeed, the neighbours and all who knew her had a great deal of respect and liking for Aunt Rachel. Every one who heard her story, as she related it in simple yet

thrilling language, felt a deep interest in her case. She stayed with us more than six months, and would have remained longer had it not been considered unsafe. Some Kentuckians were scouting about through our neighbourhood looking for fugitives. They made their head-quarters at Richmond, at an hotel which was a well-known resort for negro-hunters. Aunt Rachel became alarmed, and we thought it best for her to go on to Canada, where she would be safe. A good opportunity in the way of company for the greater part of the way offered just then, very fortunately.

"A committee of men and women Friends, appointed by New Garden Quarterly Meeting to attend the opening of a meeting at Young's Prairie, Michigan, were just about starting on this mission. Aunt Rachel was acquainted with most of them, and wished to accompany them, and they were very willing to engage in Underground Railroad work, though the Quarterly Meeting had not appointed them to that service.

"We provided Aunt Rachel with warm and comfortable clothing for her journey to the North. A well-filled trunk was placed in one of the carriages, and Aunt Rachel took her seat by one of the women Friends. She presented the appearance of a sedate and comely Quaker woman, quite as suitable to be appointed on the committee as any of the company. Aunt Rachel travelled very agreeably with this committee to Young's Prairie, Cass County, Michigan. She remained at the Friends' settlement there for several days, and was then sent on the mail coach to Detroit. At that city she called on some people to whom we had directed her, and they sent her across to Canada. She found employ-

ment in the homes of white families in Windsor and Norwich, where she remained for several months. Then she married a respectable coloured man by the name of Keys, who owned a comfortable little home. Here I met with her eight years afterwards, when on a visit to the fugitives in Canada, in company with William Beard. The meeting was very unexpected to Aunt Rachel, as she had no previous knowledge of our arrival in the country. We rode up to her little home, and hitched our horses at the gate, some distance from the house. Aunt Rachel was in the yard at the time, picking up kindling wood. She stood still a moment until she recognised me, then dropped her wood and rushed to meet me, shouting and praising God. She exclaimed, 'Is it possible the good Lord has sent you here?' Then, with tears running down her black cheeks, she threw her arms around me, and asked many blessings on my head. Her emotions and manifestations of joy at meeting me quite unmanned me for a time. She led us into the house, which was snug and comfortable, and introduced us to her husband. He appeared to be a very friendly, kind-hearted man. Aunt Rachel informed me that she had suffered a great deal with her leg, where she had worn that cruel chain. At one time she lay for several months under treatment of some of the best doctors in Detroit. They decided that to save her life the limb must be amputated. She consented that the operation should be performed, and the doctors came with their surgical instruments, but her husband would not give his consent. He believed that she could get well without losing her limb. The doctors yielded, the limb was spared, and she recovered."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE the generous activity of Levi Coffin and his wife secured for them the gratitude and love of the negroes, they became objects of intense hatred to the pro-slavery population. His life was often threatened, and at various times a reward was offered for his head. Anonymous letters were sent warning him that his house and business premises would be burnt down. But they never were. The influence as a business man which he speedily attained at Newport rendered him substantial service. For several years he was elected by the stockholders in his district a director of the Richmond Branch of the State Bank, and as pro-slavery men often required accommodation which his recommendation was necessary to secure, they were obliged to treat him with the deference which their interests demanded. Levi Coffin, too, made it a point to become well versed in his legal rights. He says, "I had many *employes* about my place of business, and much company about my house, and it seemed too public a place for fugitives to hide. These slave-hunters knew that if they committed any trespass, or went beyond the letter of the

law, I would have them arrested, and they knew also that I had many friends who would stand at my back and aid me in prosecuting them. Thus, my business influence and large acquaintance afforded me protection in my labours for the oppressed fugitives. I expressed my anti-slavery sentiments with boldness on every occasion. I told the sympathizers with slave-hunters that I intended to shelter as many runaway slaves as came to my house, and aid them on their way; and advised them to be careful how they interfered with my work. They might get themselves into difficulty if they undertook to capture slaves from my premises, and become involved in a legal prosecution, for most of the arrests of slaves were unlawful. The law required that a writ should be obtained, and a proof that the slave was their property, before they could take him away, and if they proceeded contrary to these requirements, and attempted to enter my house, I would have them arrested as kidnappers. These expressions, uttered frequently, had, I thought, a tendency to intimidate the slave-hunters and their friends, and to prevent them from entering my house to search for slaves.

"The pursuit was often very close, and we had to resort to various stratagems in order to elude the pursuers. Sometimes a company of fugitives were scattered, and secreted in the neighbourhood until the hunters had given up the chase. At other times their route was changed and they were hurried forward with all speed. It was a continual excitement and anxiety to us, but the work was its own reward. Although the number of fugitives that I aided on their way was so large, not one, so far as I ever knew,

was captured and taken back to slavery. Providence seemed to favour our efforts for the poor slaves, and to crown them with success."

A most amusing instance of the way in which slave-hunters were sometimes outwitted is contained in the escape of two young girls from slavery in Tennessee, the particulars of which Levi Coffin thus relates :—" For the sake of money, people in the South would occasionally be found to help slaves to escape. By this means, women with their children, and young girls, were enabled to reach the North. They were hidden in wagons, or stowed away in secret places on steamboats, or conducted on foot through the country, by shrewd managers who travelled at night and knew what places to avoid.

"Free coloured people who had relatives in slavery were willing to contribute to the utmost of their means, to aid in getting their loved ones out of bondage. It was by some line of the Southern Underground Railroad, that two slave girls, living in Tennessee, managed to escape and reach Cabin Creek, Indiana, where lived their grandparents and most of their near relatives, who were free. This neighbourhood was settled principally by free coloured people who had purchased Government land. Near the centre of the colony lived the grandparents of the two girls mentioned, and there the girls stayed, after their long and perilous journey, enjoying their newly gained liberty, and hoping that their master would never learn of their whereabouts. But they were not destined to dwell here in safety. Their master had come to Richmond, ostensibly to look about the neighbourhood and buy cattle, but really to gain some trace

of his slave property. He hired spies and sent them into different neighbourhoods, Cabin Creek among the rest, and thus the girls were discovered. When the master learned that his two slave girls were so near, he felt as if they were already in his power, but when he heard more concerning Cabin Creek neighbourhood and the character of the coloured people there, he began to think it might not be so easy to effect a capture. When a slave-hunter came to Cabin Creek, the people banded together to protect the fugitive he was after, and as they were very determined in their defence it was a difficult matter to capture the slave. They had prearranged signals for such occasions, and the alarm soon called the people together.

"The master of the two girls obtained a writ and placed it in the hands of an officer, then gathered a company of roughs from Richmond, Winchester, and other neighbourhoods, and rode out to Cabin Creek at the head of a large company of armed men. They marched to the cabin where the two girls were, and surrounded it. As soon as the company were seen approaching, a boy mounted a horse and rode off at full speed to spread the alarm. He was fired at by some of the company, and a rifle ball grazed his arm, making a slight flesh wound. This only hastened his speed and increased the excitement. The grandfather of the two girls was away from home, but the brave old grandmother seized a corn-cutter and placed herself in the only door of the cabin, defying the crowd and declaring that she would cut the first man in two who undertook to cross the threshold. Thus she kept the slave-hunter and his posse at bay, while a large crowd of coloured people collected. Quite

a number of white people came also, some out of curiosity or sympathy with the master, and others who sympathized with the fugitives. It is said that there were more than two hundred people gathered around the cabin. The sound of the horn, and the message of the boy, had brought together most of the coloured people in the settlement. An uncle of the slave girls, who lived near by, seeing the crowd as they rode up, placed himself near his mother, on the outside of the door, and several other sturdy negroes stood by his side.

"He was a shrewd sharp fellow, with a fair education, and kept his presence of mind under the exciting circumstances. He demanded to see the writ, and it was handed to him by the officer. He read it over carefully, and tried to pick flaws in it. He denied that it gave them any authority to enter that house to search for property. The laws of Indiana did not recognise human beings as property until they had been proven to be such, and that was a difficult thing to do. He said that he doubted very much whether the man who had obtained this writ to arrest two slave girls could prove them to be his property. Furthermore, he did not believe the girls were in that house. He extended the debate with the master as long as possible, and in the meantime several coloured people had been permitted to pass in and out under the sharp edge of the old woman's corn-cutter, but no white person had been admitted.

"While the debate was going on, arrangements were being made, both outdoors and indoors, for the escape of the girls. The uncle understood all this perfectly, and he was doing his part towards success by prolonging the palaver.

The girls dressed in boys' clothes, and put on slouch hats; then, while the debate outside grew warm and excitement began to run high, and the slave-hunters to declare that they would enter the house, in spite of a corn-cutter and other obstructions, the girls passed out of the door with other negroes, and made their way through the crowd. Two fleet horses, with light but very capable riders, stood near the side of a large log, screened from the sight of the crowd by some tall bushes. The girls stepped quickly on the log and sprang, one on each horse, behind the riders, and were soon out of sight. When the uncle knew that the girls were at a safe distance, he began to moderate and proposed a compromise. Speaking in a whisper to his mother, he appeared to be consulting with her on the subject, and finally said, that if the master of the girls would agree to give them a fair trial at Winchester, he and his posse would be allowed to enter the house peaceably. This was agreed to, and the grandmother laid aside her weapon of defence, and appeared calm and subdued. The master and his posse rushed in to seize the girls, and those outside, who could not see into the house, listened to hear the girls' screams of terror and pleadings for mercy while their master bound them. But they heard nothing of the kind, only oaths and exclamations from the men as they searched about the cabin and up in the loft. The hunters were baffled; the girls were not to be found. The darkies seemed in a good humour, and there was a general display of white teeth in broad grins. Some of the white folks also seemed amused, and inclined to make sport of the misfortune of the master. It was no laughable matter to him—to be duped by negroes

and to lose such valuable property as these girls were, either of whom would soon be worth one thousand dollars. Some in the crowd were unfeeling enough to jest at his loss, and to advise him to look around and see if there was not a hole in the ground where the girls had been let down to the Underground Railroad.

"When the master fully realized how he had been outwitted, his wrath knew no bounds, but his hired assistants tried to comfort him with the thought that they could soon ferret out the fugitives, and promised to make a thorough search through all the Abolition neighbourhoods.

"The girls were taken a short distance on the Winchester road; then through by-ways and cross roads they were brought through the Cherry Grove settlement of Friends to Newport, a distance of about twenty miles. The girls were much exhausted when they arrived at our house, having had a hard ride, part of the way in the night. After taking some nourishment, they were placed in a private room to rest during the remainder of the night, and were soon sound asleep. We did not apprehend any danger that night, as we supposed a vigorous search would be made at Cabin Creek and neighbouring settlements, and that our town would not be searched till the hunt in the other localities had been prosecuted and proved fruitless.

"The next day, a messenger arrived at my house from Cabin Creek, and told us that after failing to find the girls at their grandfather's, the posse of pursuers had divided into several squads to search the different neighbourhoods, and that one company were on their way to Newport. That afternoon several strangers were seen rambling about our

village inquiring for stray horses, and going abruptly into the houses of coloured people living in the suburbs. It was not difficult to guess what was their real business. I was busy in my store when I learned of the conduct of these strangers, but went at once to the house and told my wife that negro hunters were in town, and that she must secrete the two girls. She was used to such business, and was not long in devising a plan. Taking the two girls, who had by this time been dressed in female apparel, into a bedroom, she hid them between the straw tick and a feather tick, allowing them room for breathing, then made up the bed as usual, smoothed the counterpane, and put on the pillows. But the girls were so excited and amused at the remembrance of how they outwitted massa, and of their ride, dressed in boys' clothes, and at their novel position, that they laughed and giggled until my wife had to separate them, and put one in another bed. I went back to my store and left Aunt Katy, as every one called my wife, to manage affairs at the house. If the searchers attempted to enter our house, she was to rattle the large dinner-bell violently, and at this signal the neighbours would rush in, and I would get the proper officers and have the negro-hunters arrested for attempting to enter my house without legal authority.

"But these proceedings were not necessary. The hunters did not have courage enough to enter my house, though they knew it was a depot of the Underground Railroad. Hearing that threats were made against them in the village, they left without giving us any trouble. We kept the girls very secluded for several weeks until the master had given up the search, and gone home. Then having other fugitives

to forward to the North, we sent them all together to Canada, where they arrived in safety."

"The largest company of slaves ever seated at our table, at one time, numbered seventeen, though we often had parties of from ten to fifteen. The party referred to arrived about dawn one morning, having been brought in two covered wagons from Salem, a settlement of Friends in Union County. The distance was about thirty miles, and the journey occupied most of the night. Is was an interesting company, consisting of men and women, all apparently able-bodied and in the prime of life. They were of different complexions, varying from light mulatto to coal black, and had bright and intelligent expressions. They were all from the same neighbourhood, a locality in Kentucky, some fifteen or twenty miles from the Ohio River, but belonging to different masters.

"For some time they had been planning to escape, but had kept their own counsels, not venturing to divulge their secrets to other slaves. A place of rendezvous was agreed upon, and at the appointed time they repaired to it, carrying small bundles of their best clothes which they had found opportunity to carry out previously and hide. One young man, who was engaged to be married, succeeded in getting his intended wife, a beautiful mulatto, from her master's place, and took her with him. Most of them had managed to save some money, and they found this of great service in helping them on their way. The leader of the party had made arrangements with a poor white man, living on the bank of the Ohio River, whom he knew to be trustworthy. This man owned a wood boat and a skiff, and promised for

the consideration of a liberal sum of money to have his boat in waiting, on a certain night at a secluded point, and to take the party across the river to a point on the Indiana shore, some miles above Madison.

"At the time appointed, the party succeeded in getting together, and hastened to the river. Their white friend was in readiness for them, and landed them safely before daylight. They hurried into the woods, to find hiding-places among the hills and in ravines during the day, for they knew that they would be pursued, and that their masters would make great efforts to capture such valuable property.

"The next night they left their hiding-places and moved cautiously northward, not daring to travel in the road, but making their way through corn-fields and across plantations. At one time, when they had just crossed a road and entered a corn-field in the river bottom, they heard the sound of horses' feet, in the road near by. Two or three men, who were riding ahead of the main party, saw the fugitives and gave the alarm. The pursuers instantly dismounted and rushed into the corn-field, but having to climb a high rail fence they did not gain on the runaways. The party of fugitives scattered, and fled rapidly through the wilderness of tall, full-bladed corn. The field they were in was large, and other corn-fields joined it, lying in the rich river bottom, so that they had the advantage of shelter all the way. The pursuers, fifteen or twenty in number, divided and rushed after them with guns in hand, calling on them to stop or they would be shot down. Some of the fugitives recognized the voices of their masters, but they heeded them not. They ran on with all their might, each

one looking out for himself or herself. Several shots were fired at them as they ran, and they heard the bullets whistle through the corn around them. They outstripped their pursuers, and ran from one corn-field to another in the bottom land until they had gone two or three miles. Hearing no sound of their pursuers, they stopped to take breath and see if all their party were safe.

"A few of them had kept in hearing of each other, and by a low whistle were soon brought together. More than half the company were still missing. They moved on, a short distance, very cautiously, and gave another whistle, which was responded to, and in a few minutes the young man and his intended wife and two other women joined. They repeated their whistle, but heard no response.

"About half the company were now together, including all the women. It was near morning, and as they did not feel safe in the corn-fields, they resolved to make their way, if possible, to the woods among the hills, and hide there during the day. Just as they were entering the woods they were greatly alarmed by hearing, a little distance behind them, the report of several guns, fired in quick succession. They feared that their missing comrades had fallen into the hands of the enemy. They hastened forward, and concealed themselves in a thicket of young trees and bushes. Soon after daylight they were alarmed by hearing the sound of someone chopping with an axe near them. They cautiously reconnoitered, and found that it was a coloured man chopping wood. One of the party ventured to approach him, and found him to be friendly. His house was not far off, but he did not think it safe to take them to it, as the hunters might

come there to look for them. He conducted them to a safe hiding-place, and furnished them with food, of which they were greatly in need. They had lost their bundles in their flight through the corn-fields, and were thus deprived of their little stock of provision and spare clothing.

"The next night their coloured friend conducted them to a depot of the Underground Railroad. Here they remained in concealment during the day, feeling great anxiety about their missing comrades—fearing that they had been captured and taken back to slavery. During the day, however, Hicklin, at whose house they were, learned that there were other fugitives in the vicinity, among his neighbours who were Abolitionists, and when he went to ascertain the facts concerning them, he found them to be the comrades of the party at his house. They had met with a free coloured man, who had conducted them to this neighbourhood. Two of them had received gunshot wounds, which were very painful, but not dangerous. Several hours after they had evaded the hunters in the corn-field, and while trying to make their way to the woods, they had come upon a party of the hunters who were lying in ambush, having dismounted from their horses and tied them in the bushes. The fugitives saw the horses, and instantly comprehending the situation, they started off at full speed and ran for life. The pursuers fired at them, but they did not stop, though one received a number of small shot in his back and shoulder, and the other was wounded by a rifle ball that passed through his clothes and made a gash several inches long in his side. They reached the woods, and soon distanced their pursuers, and saw them no more.

"The two companies were glad to meet again, and soon

prepared to renew their journey to the North. Their friends provided two wagons and transported them to the next station, and they were hurried on from station to station, travelling at night and hiding during the day, until they reached my house. On that morning my wife had risen first, and when she heard the two wagons drive up and stop, she opened the door. She knew the drivers, who had been at our house on similar errands before.

"My wife and our hired girl soon had breakfast prepared for the party, and the seventeen fugitives were all seated together around a long table in the dining-room. We assured them they could partake of their food without fear of molestation, for they were now among friends, and in a neighbourhood of Abolitionists, and a fugitive had never been captured in our town. Their countenances brightened at this assurance, and they seemed more at ease. Several of our near neighbours came in to see this valuable property seated around our table, and estimated that, according to the owner's valuation, they were worth $17,000. Two of the company were still suffering from the wounds they had received. After breakfast, Dr. Way and Dr. Stanton were invited in to see the wounded fugitives. They took the two men to their office near by, and extracted a number of small shot from the back and shoulder of one, then dressed his wounds and the wound of the other, who had been struck by a rifle ball. The men then seemed comfortable, and were very thankful for this kind treatment.

"This interesting company of fugitives remained two days at my house to rest and prepare for their journey northward. When all necessary arrangements were made, the fugitives

left my house shortly after dark in two wagons drawn by good teams, and accompanied by suitable conductors. The station they were directed to reach that night was the house of John Bond, a well-known friend to the slave, who lived in a Friends' settlement on Cabin Creek. As the road was new and rough, it would take them the most of the night to reach the station. The conductors returned the next day with the teams, saying they had arrived safely with the fugitives at the station and left them there. Early the next morning, a messenger, sent by Aquilla Jones, of Richmond, arrived at my house and informed me that fifteen Kentuckians, in search of fugitive slaves, had come to Richmond the night before. Aquilla Jones did not know of any fugitives passing recently, but supposed if there were any in the neighbourhood I would be likely to know it. I immediately started a messenger on horseback to overtake the party of fugitives, and to have them scattered and secreted among their friends, thus to remain until further orders. Expecting that the fugitives were still at John Bond's, I wrote a note to him apprising him of their danger, but they had been forwarded that morning to a Friends' settlement in Grant County, some twenty-five or thirty miles further on. The intervening country being thinly settled, it had been thought safe to let them travel in the day time.

"On receipt of my message, John Bond mounted his horse and pursued the party. He overtook them that night, and had them scattered and concealed among friends. They remained in their hiding-places for several weeks, until the hunters had given up the chase and returned home; then they came together again, and were forwarded on from station

to station, until they reached Canada in safety. On their way they rested a few days in a settlement of Abolitionists, not far from Adrian, and here the young man and his intended wife, whom I previously mentioned, were legally married. A few years afterwards I had the pleasure of visiting them in Canada, and dining with them in their own comfortable little home. They had a beautiful son, about a year old, and proudly said: 'We can call him our own; old master can not take him from us and sell him.' "

"Louis Talbert was an intelligent coloured man who belonged to a slaveholder living in Kentucky, a few miles back of the Ohio River, above Madison. For several years he had quietly been gaining all the information he could in regard to that land of liberty he had heard of so often, and at last concluded to make the attempt to reach it. He ventured to divulge his secret to several of his trusty friends and fellow-servants, and twelve of them agreed to join him. They met frequently, late at night, in the woods or some other secluded place in the neighbourhood, to consult together and to make their plans. The chief difficulty they would have to encounter in their journey was the Ohio River—they had no way of crossing it, and knew not what to do. Finally, Louis Talbert suggested the construction of a raft. This at once solved the problem, and the time to start was agreed upon. On the appointed night the party made their way to a point on the river bank selected by Louis. Having some suitable tools with them, they soon prepared two logs and pinned them together. When the little raft was launched upon the water, it was found that only two persons could ride on it at a time. Their expectations of all getting across

that night were disappointed, for it was late when they reached the river, and only six had been transported to the Indiana shore when daylight warned the party to seek concealment. They hid in the thickets, on each side of the river, during the day, and when night came the remaining six were safely ferried across. But this delay operated against them, and came near proving fatal to their hopes. When so much valuable property was found to be missing in the neighbourhood they had left, it created great excitement among their masters and other slaveholders. A large company started out to hunt the runaways, and crossed the river at various points, in order, if possible, to intercept them in their flight. The second night, when all the fugitives were safely over the river, they started on their way northward through Indiana. They made but little progress before day began to dawn, and soon had to seek places in the bushes where they could remain in safety during the day. By this time, some of the hunters had got ahead of them, and had given the alarm, and offered large rewards for their capture. In the counties of Indiana bordering the Ohio River, fugitive slaves were in as much danger of being captured as on the other side of the river, for there were many persons on the look-out for them who hoped to get the rewards offered by the slaveholders in such cases.

"The next night Louis and his companions left their hiding-places, but being pinched with hunger, they sought to obtain some food before starting on their journey northward. They went to a house to buy some provisions, not thinking that they were in great danger. But a large party of hunters were in the neighbourhood, and were soon apprised of their

presence. The fugitives were closely pursued by a large party of armed men, the party from Kentucky having been joined by a number of ruffians in the neighbourhood. Louis and his companions ran in different directions, and endeavoured to hide in the woods and corn-fields, but most of the party were captured, only Louis and three others succeeding in making their escape. After travelling several nights, during which time they suffered much from hunger and exposure, they reached my house. We received and cared for them, and they remained with us several days, resting from their fatiguing and anxious journey. They were then put on the old reliable road leading to Canada, and reached that country in safety.

"Louis remained there about one year, then returned to Indiana, and stayed a few days at my house. He said he was on his way back to Kentucky. He had two sisters still in bondage, and was determined to make an effort to bring them away. They belonged to a man living about thirty miles back from the river. Louis felt much anxiety about them, as they were young women grown, and were regarded as valuable property by their master. He feared that they would be sold to traders and taken to the far South, as such property was in demand and would bring high prices. He was well acquainted in that neighbourhood with both coloured and white people, and, relying on his shrewdness and judgment, he made the bold venture. After crossing the river into Kentucky, he moved cautiously in the night season from one negro quarter to another where he was acquainted. He encouraged several of his particular friends to join him and prepare to make the journey to Canada. He

assured them that he could conduct them safely, and told them of the many good friends they would find on the road who would help them on their way to liberty. The sweet word of liberty, and the hope of all its blessings and privileges, thrilled their hearts, and they at once agreed to make the effort to gain it under the leadership of Louis. The plans were all made, both men and women being in the party who were to attempt to escape.

"Louis went several nights to the place where his sisters were, and watched about the house, trying to get an interview with them; but they were house-servants, and were kept in at night so closely that it seemed impossible for him to make himself known to them and talk to them without discovery.

"One moonlight night as he was watching the house, trying to attract the attention of his sisters, their master saw and recognized him. The signal for pursuit was at once given and the alarm raised. A neighbour who had several bloodhounds was summoned, and the dogs were put on the trail. By this time, however, Louis had reached the woods.

"He baffled his pursuers, and made good his escape, bringing with him four or five of his slave friends, including two women. Thus, though they failed to get his sisters, his mission was not entirely unsuccessful. He made his way to the Ohio River with his company, and finding a skiff they crossed in safety to the Indiana side. They then proceeded as rapidly as possible to a station of the Underground Railroad, and that line soon brought them to my house. They remained with us a short time, and were then forwarded to Canada.

"After seeing his friends safe in that country, Louis returned to Indiana, and attended school at a manual labour institution, in Randolph County, called the Union Literary Institute. It was chartered by the State of Indiana for the benefit of coloured students. Louis remained here nearly two years, making satisfactory progress in his studies, and gaining the esteem of all who knew him. During vacation in the first year he made a second attempt to rescue his sisters from slavery, but was again unsuccessful in getting them, though he succeeded in bringing out of bondage another company of his friends. He still did not abandon the hope of rescuing his sisters.

"At the school Louis became acquainted with M. W., a young white man. To him Louis communicated his resolve to make another effort to get his sisters out of slavery. M. W. became so much interested in the matter that he agreed to accompany Louis on his next trip into Kentucky.

Some months afterwards Louis went to Westfield, Hamilton County. He was then on his way to Kentucky to make another attempt, and reminded his friend of his promise, but M. W. had just been married and declined to go. He directed Louis to the house of L. Pennington, who lived in the neighbourhood. This Friend tried to discourage Louis from making the attempt; telling him that he would risk his own liberty and might not achieve that of his sisters. But Louis was determined to go, and made a confidant of a young man by the name of N. W., who agreed to accompany him. They made all their plans and appointed the time for starting. They were to take the train at Indianapolis and go to Madison, then cross into Kentucky and proceed secretly on their mis-

sion. These arrangements were made a week or two before the time fixed for starting, and might have been successful had not N. W., in the meantime, unwisely made a confidant of one of his acquaintances at Indianapolis, telling him all the particulars of the case. This friend in turn confided the whole matter to another person living in Indianapolis, who knew Louis' master in Kentucky, and who immediately wrote to him, giving all the particulars, and telling him the day and hour that Louis intended to take the train at Indianapolis for Madison.

"Louis' master, as soon as he received this information, gathered a posse of men and started to Indianapolis, arriving there the night before Louis was to start South. He obtained a writ for arresting his slave and put it in the hands of an officer, then, with the witnesses who were to prove his property, he waited to capture Louis as soon as he should come into the depot.

"The next morning Louis, who was all unconscious of the danger he was going into, walked into the depot to get aboard the train and found himself confronted by his master. He could not save himself, either by resistance or flight, and soon found himself heavily fettered. N. W., who was to accompany him, was a short distance behind, but seeing the excited crowd in the depot, and learning that Louis had been captured, he turned back.

"Louis' master said to him, 'I would have paid any price to get hold of you, and now that you are in my power, I will make an example of you. You have carried off thirty-seven thousand dollars' worth of slave property.'

"Louis had been a very successful missionary among the

slaves in Kentucky. Besides bringing a number out of the house of bondage, he had directed others how to get on the Underground Railroad and go right through to Canada, where they would be free. They had listened with deep interest to his stories of Canada and liberty, and frequent stampedes of slaves from that part of Kentucky was the result.

"Louis' master took him back to Kentucky strongly bound, and exhibited him in fetters in many towns and public places in that section of the country, in order, as he said, to make an example of him, and to intimidate other slaves who might have thoughts of running away. But the master soon found that he had a troublesome piece of property on his hands. He did not dare to turn Louis loose and set him to work, for he might stray off and take a good deal of valuable property with him, of his own kind. He kept him bound for several weeks, waiting for a favourable opportunity to sell him, and finally disposed of him to a Southern slave-dealer for the sum of seven hundred dollars. This was considered a low price, but there was some risk in buying such a shrewd, wily fellow.

"Louis was taken on board a steamboat, with other slaves, to go down the river to a Southern slave market. He was kept bound for several days on the journey, but managed to gain the confidence of his master, so that his fetters were taken off and he was allowed the same privileges that the other slaves had. His master knew that he would not be likely to sell so well if he was kept bound, for the purchasers would think he was a dangerous fellow, and undesirable as a piece of property.

"As soon as Louis was turned loose he began to look out

for a chance to escape. They were now near the mouth of the Ohio River, and Louis was very anxious to make his escape from the boat before they entered the Mississippi River, at Cairo. But he found no opportunity, and they were soon on the broad stream of the Mississippi. The night after they reached this river, Louis determined on a plan of escape. A small boat or yawl was tied to the rear end of the steamboat and floated in the water. It was kept there for the convenience of landing passengers without rounding to the steamer, and for putting the mail ashore at different points along the river. Louis planned to get into this boat under cover of darkness, and arranged with the chambermaid to cut the rope that bound it to the steamer. Two other slave men, to whom Louis had confided his plans, had agreed to go with him, but at the last moment their hearts failed them and they concluded to stay. Louis got into the boat, and the coloured chambermaid, faithful to her promise, cut the rope, and he paddled away in the darkness.

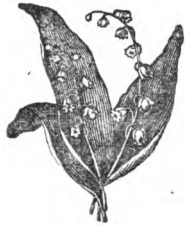
"Louis was now in the middle of the Mississippi, with a slave State on each side of the river. He knew how to row well, and soon made his way to the Missouri side. He pulled up stream near the bank for some time, but found that it was hard work, and that he made little headway. When daylight appeared he tied the yawl in a secluded place on the shore, and sought a hiding-place, where he spent the day. When night came, he felt that he must seek some food, for he was now very hungry. He concluded to abandon the yawl and make his way up the river by land. After walking some distance he came to a farm, and discovering several negro huts he ventured to approach one. He was kindly received

and furnished with a supply of food. He gained some information about the country, and pursued his journey. He lay by during the day, and travelled at night until he reached the Mississippi River, some distance above Cairo. He suffered from hunger and various hardships, but found some true friends among the slaves near the river. Here he rested awhile in safe concealment, then was helped across the river into Southern Illinois. In this section fugitive slaves found few friends, for most of the settlers were from slave States, and were disposed to capture all runaways. Through this country Louis cautiously made his way in the night season, venturing now and then to call at a house and beg for food. In a few places he found friends, and was enabled to rest in safety, and recruit his strength.

"Thus he slowly made his way through Illinois into Indiana, and arrived at the house of Levi Pennington, in Hamilton County, just three months from the day he first called there. Friend Pennington was much surprised to see him, having heard of his capture at Indianapolis, and of his being taken back to slavery by his master. After resting awhile here, Louis returned to school and resumed his studies.

"We learned afterwards that Louis' new master, the slave-trader, was much enraged when he discovered his loss, and blamed the captain of the boat for having his yawl where it was so easy of access. When they arrived at Memphis, he sued the captain for the price of his slave, contending that the captain was responsible for the loss of his property. The trader lost the suit, and had the costs to pay, then the captain sued him for the detention of the boat, and gained the

suit, and the trader had to pay seven hundred dollars. Then the captain sued him for the value of the yawl which his slave had carried off, and got judgment against him, which it is said cost him seven hundred dollars more. According to this statement, Louis Talbert was a dear piece of property to the negro-trader."



CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT the year 1844, Levi Coffin, in common with many other Abolitionists in the Northern States, and many also in England, began to have grave doubts as to the propriety of using articles produced by the toil of slaves. In writing of this subject he says: "I felt that by purchasing the products of slave labour, I was lending my individual encouragement to the system by which, in order to get their labour without wages, the slaves were robbed of everything else;" and he quotes, as expressive of his own feelings, the following language of another:—"Their bodies are stolen, their liberty, their right to their wives and children, their right to cultivate their minds and to worship God as they please, their reputation, hope, all virtuous motives, are taken away by a legalized system of most merciless and consummate iniquity. Such is the expense at which articles produced by slave labour are attained. They are always heavy with the groans and often wet with the blood of the guiltless and suffering poor. . . . If our moral sense would revolt at holding a slave ourselves and using his unpaid labour, it should also revolt at using his unpaid toil when held by another."

His strong convictions on this matter led Levi Coffin to seek out, at considerable expense, and to deal in, free labour produce, at much pecuniary loss to himself, for slave produce was always the cheapest. Profit, however, was to him a secondary consideration. All was *not* grist that came to his mill. He carried his religion and his conscience into the common affairs of trade—not too common a practice even in these days.

Two years later he was asked by a number of leading Abolitionists to remove to Cincinnati, to open in that city a large wholesale Free Produce establishment. To this request he eventually assented, and he took up his residence there in April, 1847. Almost simultaneously British Anti-Slavery philanthropists were acting on the same principle, and bold and practical men like Frederic Wheeler, of Rochester, were stocking their groceries with articles produced by free labour.

Concerning this period Levi Coffin writes: "When we moved to Cincinnati, my wife and I thought that perhaps our work in Underground Railroad matters was done, as we had been in active service more than twenty years. We hoped to find in Cincinnati enough active workers to relieve us from further service, but we soon found that we would have more to do than ever. When in the city on business, I had mingled with the Abolitionists and been present at their meetings, but some of them had died, and others had moved away, and when I came to the city to live, I found that the fugitives generally took refuge among the coloured people, and that they were often captured and taken back to slavery.

"Most of the coloured people were not shrewd managers in such matters, and many white people, who were at heart friendly to the fugitives, were too timid to take hold of the work themselves. They were ready to contribute to the expense of getting the fugitives away to places of safety, but were not willing to risk the penalty of the law or the stigma on their reputation, which would be incurred if they harboured fugitives and were known to aid them.

"Our house was large and well adapted for secreting fugitives. Very often slaves would lie concealed in upper chambers for weeks without the boarders or frequent visitors at the house knowing anything about it. My wife had a quiet unconcerned way of going about her work as if nothing unusual was on hand, which was calculated to lull every suspicion of those who might be watching, and who would have been at once aroused by any sign of secrecy or mystery. Even the intimate friends of the family did not know when there were slaves hidden in the house, unless they were directly informed. When my wife took food to the fugitives she generally concealed it in a basket, and put some freshly ironed garment on the top to make it look like a basketful of clean clothes."

"A slave family of ten, consisting of a man and his wife, and their eight children, some of them grown, lived in Kentucky, about fifteen miles from Covington. Their master, in order no doubt to prevent their attempting to cross into Ohio and escape, often told them that he intended to set them free, and assured them that they should never have to serve any one but him. Aunt Betsey, the mother of the family, was a trusty old servant, and he reposed consider-

able confidence in her, giving her a standing pass; and sending her frequently to Cincinnati with a wagon and two horses, to take vegetables to market. She faithfully fulfilled all her duties, and though often urged by her coloured friends in Cincinnati to escape while such good opportunities were allowed her, she refused to do so, trusting that her master would do as he had promised, and that all her family would be free. But she learned, after awhile, that he intended to sell some of her children, and became fully convinced that there was no hope of the fulfilment of his promise. She had not been allowed to go to the city for some time, and she feared her pass would be taken from her, and that she would not be permitted to go to the city any more. But undismayed at these discouragements, she began to plan for the escape of the whole family. Her husband, more timid than herself, and much less energetic, was afraid to make the attempt, for he thought they certainly would be captured and brought back, and their condition would then be worse than ever. She urged it so much, however, that he finally yielded and consented to go, leaving all the arrangements to her. One night, when her master and mistress had retired, and there was no one about who would act as a spy on her movements, she got out the horses and wagon, and prepared a load as if she were going to market; first putting their clothing and bedding in the bottom of the wagon, then piling vegetables on top.

"In the evening she had asked a little white boy who lived in the neighbourhood, if he did not wish to go to the city with her, and he, pleased at the prospect of seeing so large a place as Cincinnati, eagerly accepted her invitation.

She told him she would take him that night, but he must not mention it to his parents, lest they should not let him go. He was on hand at the hour of starting, and the whole party got into the wagon and started on their journey. Aunt Betsey drove the horses over the road which she had usually travelled on her way to the city, and just before daylight came to the town of Covington. Before entering it she stopped the team, unloaded the vegetables, secreted her husband and children among the clothing and bedding, and then scattered the vegetables smoothly over the top. Her husband's fear and indecision had increased during the journey, and his courage entirely failed him when they neared Covington. He wanted to go back, and only the firmness and decision of his wife compelled him to go on.

"Aunt Betsey, having seen her family stowed away out of sight, mounted the seat again, with the white boy by her side. When they reached the ferry, she handed the reins to him, and took them again when they were across the river. The ferrymen asked her no questions, for they had often seen her going to market, and supposed that she had the pass she usually carried. After reaching the city, she drove to the house of a coloured friend on North Street, where there was a dense coloured population, and the wagon was unloaded as soon as possible. The bedding, etc., were stored in the basement of a coloured Wesleyan church, and the family scattered among several friends, where they could find places of safety and concealment. Aunt Betsey then drove into Broadway, and after going several squares stopped the team, and told the white boy that she must go to the market and that he must remain and watch the horses.

"I had been duly notified of the arrival of the party, had already received some of them into my house, and was now applied to for further assistance. I soon planned an arrangement by which the team could be returned and no clue gained to the whereabouts of the fugitives. A coloured man went to a German who could speak but little English, and hired him to drive the team across the ferry to Covington, telling him some one would take charge of it there. When they reached the wagon, they found the little boy crying; he said he was tired of waiting for Aunt Betsey, she was gone so long to market.

"The master next morning, finding his slaves gone, started in pursuit, and when he reached Covington he found the team, the little boy, and the German driver. The child could tell nothing, except that he had gone to market with Aunt Betsey, and that she left him to mind the horses and did not come back. The master had the German arrested, but as he knew nothing about the affair, except that he had been hired by a coloured man whom he did not know, to drive the team across to Covington, he was soon discharged. The master continued his search in Cincinnati; he informed the police, and had them on the alert; offered a large reward for the fugitives, and did all in his power to find them, but could gain no clue to their retreat.

"A close watch was kept on every road leading out of the city, and the friends of the fugitives dared not move them in any direction for more than a week. At last we hit upon a plan to get them out in disguise, in open daylight. The males were disguised as females, and the females as males, and thus attired they were seated in elegant carriages, and

driven out of the city at different points, exactly at noon, when most of the people were at dinner. Those who were on the look-out for a company of frightened, poorly-dressed fugitives did not recognize the objects of their search, for it was quite common for the coloured gentry to go out riding in that style. They were taken about thirty miles from the city, and thence proceeded by night travel to Canada. Their bedding and clothing were boxed, and shipped to a trusty friend in Detroit.

"It was the custom of myself and other Abolitionists in the city to try the roads before starting out a company of Underground Railroad passengers. If we suspected there were watchers lying in wait at the outlets, we sent out a carriage or wagon, containing some noted Abolitionists and a number of free coloured people, and much merriment was excited when they were pounced upon by the watchers, who shortly learned their mistake and retired discomfited.

"A large proportion of the fugitives who came to my house in Cincinnati were from Kentucky. The Ohio River, after they ran away from their masters, was the principal barrier between them and freedom, but they generally found some means to cross it. They could not cross on the ferry-boats from Kentucky without producing a pass, indorsed by some responsible person known to the ferryman."

"Another story of Kentucky fugitives is that of a couple whom we will call Jack and Lucy. They were husband and wife, and belonged to a man who lived ten or twelve miles from Cincinnati. They were very valuable property, and the master, through reverses of fortune or for some other reason, was obliged to dispose of them. He sold them to a Southern

slave-trader, and promised to deliver them at Louisville, at a certain time, in season for a down-river boat. The night after the bargain was made, they were locked in a back-room upstairs for greater safety. In spite of this precaution, they managed to escape. Tying their bed-clothing together, and fastening one end securely to the bedpost near the window, they let themselves down to the ground in the back-yard, and ran away, barefooted, bare-headed, and very thinly clad. When they reached the bank of the Ohio, they found a little skiff tied to the shore, and breaking it loose, they got in and rowed across to the other side. Reaching Cincinnati, they went to the house of a coloured friend, who brought them immediately to my house, where they arrived about daylight. They were placed in a garret chamber, and locked up, none but myself and wife knowing of their presence in the house.

"Their escape was discovered in the night, and the master with a posse of men started immediately in pursuit. They crossed the river between Covington and Cincinnati, about the same time that the fugitives were crossing below the city. Supposing that they had not had time to cross yet, the pursuers watched the river for some time, in hope of capturing them, not knowing that they were safely ensconced in our garret. Finding himself foiled, the master then went to Covington, and had handbills printed, offering four hundred dollars' reward for his property. Jack and Lucy were worth a thousand apiece, and their owner felt that he had rather pay a large reward for them than lose them entirely. These handbills were distributed among the policemen of Cincinnati, and scattered about the city, and one of them soon came into my hands.

"A vigilant search was made for several weeks, but no less vigilant were we who secreted the fugitives. From a small window in their room, Jack and Lucy saw their master passing up and down the street in front of the house, and often some of his company passed by, late at night, as if reconnoitering, but no attempt was made to search the premises. After keeping Jack and Lucy secreted in our garret for two weeks, during which time the ladies of the Anti-Slavery Sewing Society provided them with clothing, the hunt seemed to be over, and they were sent on to Canada."

"A gentleman from the South, accompanied by his wife, came to Cincinnati to spend a short time, and brought with him, as waiting-maid and general servant, one of his slave girls. He had not been long in this city before he experienced one of the annoyances incident to slavery—his slave girl ran away. She had a longing to taste the sweets of freedom, and being assisted by some friendly coloured people to whom she made known her desire, she succeeded in getting safely away from her master and mistress, and reaching the house of Thomas and Jane Dorum, worthy coloured people, well known for their efforts in befriending slaves, who then lived on Elm Street. The girl remained here a short time, but as the house was liable to be searched by the officers whom the master would employ to look for his missing property, it was not prudent for her to stay. Jane Dorum, or 'Aunt Jane,' as she was generally known, sent a message to my wife, asking her to bring some suitable clothing and come prepared to take the girl to our house. My wife at once prepared a bundle of clothing and went to Aunt Jane's. Having dressed the slave girl in suitable

apparel, she conducted her to our house, where she remained two days. At the end of that time it seemed advisable to take her to another place, for the search for her was being prosecuted with much zeal and energy, and our house was in a public situation; we lived then on the corner of Sixth and Elm Streets.

"My wife planned how she could get her away without attracting attention or rousing the suspicions of persons who might be watching for her, and at last hit upon a plan which seemed good. She dressed herself in fashionable clothes, a plaid shawl, a gaily-trimmed straw bonnet, and other articles at variance with her usual garb, and put upon the fugitive garments suitable to the occasion. Then she rolled up some clothes and made a rag baby, being careful to provide it with a veil for its head and face. This she put into the arms of the slave girl, and thus equipped, they sallied forth into the street. As they passed along they presented the appearance of a fashionable lady and her nurse-girl—the servant bearing the infant in her arms. They made their way across the canal to the house of William Fuller, an English Abolitionist, where my wife left the fugitive, knowing that she would be cared for.

"William Beard, of Indiana, was in the city at the time with his market-wagon, a large covered vehicle which often did duty as a car of the Underground Railroad. The case of this slave girl was made known to him, and when he was ready to start for home, he called at William Fuller's house and took in a passenger. The girl reached his house in safety, and was soon afterwards forwarded by the old reliable road to Canada."

"Jackson, the subject of the next story, was the property of Vice-President King, of Alabama. While the master was at Washington, the slave ran away from him and came to Cincinnati. He was a barber by trade, and after remaining here unmolested for some time, he opened a shop, in which he served several years, having a number of patrons and being liked by all who knew him. By some means his master learned of his whereabouts, and sent an agent to secure him. The man arrived in Cincinnati, and without procuring a writ, as the law required, resolved to take forcible possession of Jackson. He gathered a posse of men with pistols and bowie-knives, had the ferry-boat in waiting at the wharf at the foot of Walnut Street, in readiness to take them across to Kentucky as soon as they came on board, and about noon, one day, pounced upon Jackson at the corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets, as he was going to his dinner, and dragged him down Walnut Street to the wharf, Jackson struggling with all his might and calling for help, but most of the men of the stores had gone to their dinner at that hour, and the policemen, who were generally on the side of the slaveholders, remained out of sight. Thomas Franklin, a Friend, who was passing, attempted to interfere and rescue Jackson, but the men threatened him with their weapons, and he was obliged to desist. Jackson was hurried aboard the ferry-boat and taken across to Kentucky, where his captors had no fear of his rescue.

"He was bound and carried back to Alabama, where he remained in slavery two or three years, and where he married a free woman, a Creole of Mobile, who possessed some property. She was portly in form and had handsome

features, with straight hair and olive complexion. When dressed up, she presented the appearance of an elegant Southern lady. A plan was soon formed to gain Jackson's liberty. His wife was to act the part of a lady travelling to Baltimore on business, and Jackson, who was small in stature, was to be disguised as a woman, and accompany her as her servant. When all the preparations were made, they sent their trunks on board the regular vessel for New Orleans, and took passage for that city, in their newly assumed characters.

"At New Orleans they took an up-river boat for Cincinnati. On the way the lady stated that she was going to Baltimore on business, but that she intended to stop a short time in Cincinnati, and ordered her servant about in a haughty manner, keeping her in her room when not engaged in some service for her comfort. Some of the Southern ladies on board advised her not to land at Cincinnati, as Ohio was a free State, and the laws of that State declared all slaves free as soon as they touched its borders, when taken there by their owners, but to stop at Covington, on the opposite side of the river, and leave her slave there while she transacted her business. She informed those kind ladies that she had no fears regarding her servant's running away, or being enticed off by the Abolitionists, for she was much attached to her mistress, and would not leave her under any circumstances.

"On the other hand, several Northern ladies, who were on board, took private opportunity to speak to the servant when her mistress was not near, and inform her that she would be in a free State when she reached Ohio, and that

she had better seize the opportunity to escape. Her answer was, that she would not leave her mistress, and the Abolitionist ladies desisted from their attempts to advise and counsel, pitying the infatuation of one who had rather be a slave than be free. When the boat reached the wharf at Cincinnati, the lady took a carriage, and, with her servant, drove to the Dumas House, a public hotel kept by a coloured man. Jackson was well acquainted in the city and knew where to find friends. A few hours afterward I received a message requesting me to call at the Dumas House, as a lady there wished to see me on business. I went, accompanied by John Hatfield, a coloured man who was a prominent worker in the cause of freedom, and who had received a similar message. The landlord conducted us upstairs to the ladies' parlour, and introduced us to the lady from Alabama. She was polite and ladylike in her manner, and informed us that she had sent for us, though she was a stranger to us both, that she might consult us on a matter of business. She went on to say that she had a servant with her whose liberty she wished to secure, and she had been referred to us for advice. She was not very well acquainted with the laws of Ohio, and felt at a loss how to proceed. We advised her to have a deed of emancipation made out. I inquired if it was a male or female servant that she wished to emancipate, and she called 'Sal' to come from the adjoining room.

"The servant came, and made a graceful courtesy to us and stood looking at us. It was Jackson, dressed in woman's clothes, but we did not recognize him, though both of us had been acquainted with him before he was taken away.

"The lady then ordered her servant to go into their bed-

room and open her trunk and get out that bundle. We supposed that she referred to some papers that she wished to show us. While the servant was gone I asked the lady what part of Alabama they were from. She answered, 'Mobile.' I then inquired what route they came, and she told me of their journey. At this juncture her servant returned, but the bundle seemed to be on the person, who had turned to a man. We recognized Jackson, the barber, at once, and greeted him with a hearty hand-shake. Then followed an introduction to his wife, a full explanation, and a hearty laugh over the whole affair. It was decided that it would be unsafe for Jackson to remain in Cincinnati; he was too well known here. He concluded that he would go to Cleveland, where he was not known, and where he could be on the lake shore, so that, if danger appeared, he could step on board a steamer and cross to Canada. It was decided that his wife should remain at Cincinnati until he had made preparations for housekeeping, and established himself in business. His wife had means on which she could depend for support in the interval.

"We approved of Jackson's plan, and the next night he took the train to Cleveland. He soon secured a comfortable house and shop, and wrote for his wife. She joined him immediately, and when we last heard from them they were living comfortably and happily at Cleveland. Jackson had a good business in his barber's shop, and was troubled with no fear of molestation."

"There are numerous other incidents of slaves who escaped in disguise, and in many instances there is humour as well as pathos connected with them. A slave man living

in the State of Arkansas resolved to make his escape, and fixed upon a plan, at once daring and safe. He was past middle age, spare in form, and below the medium height.

"Procuring the free papers of a coloured woman living in the neighbourhood, he disguised himself in woman's apparel, put on a cap and a pair of green spectacles, and provided himself with knitting work. Thus equipped, he went aboard of a boat bound for Cincinnati. The captain examined his free papers, and finding everything satisfactory, he was permitted to take passage, and the journey was accomplished without his disguise being suspected by any one.

"In talking he could imitate a woman's voice, but spoke only when spoken to; he devoted himself industriously to his knitting, and affected to be in poor health. Some ladies noticing him said: 'It is too bad for that sick old auntie to sleep on deck; let her sleep on the floor in the ladies' cabin,' and the chambermaid accordingly put a mattress there for him. Arriving safely at Cincinnati, he went to a coloured boarding-house, having enough money left to pay his expenses there, but not enough to take him on to Canada. I was sent for, and after hearing his story raised sufficient means to purchase for him a ticket to Detroit. Before starting on his journey towards the North, I advised him to throw off his female apparel and resume his proper dress, but he said that his disguise had done him such good service so far, that he would wear it till he reached Canada."

"Disgraceful as it is to those whom it concerns, it is nevertheless true, that coloured persons sometimes turned traitors to their own race, and, Judas-like, betrayed their brethren for a little money. A man of this character, who

had been sent as a spy from Kentucky, applied to me, asking my help and protection, and seeming to be much alarmed lest he should be captured. As other attempts of similar character had often been made, I was on the look-out, and was wary and guarded in what I said. I took the man to the house of one of my coloured friends, whom I privately informed of my suspicions, and told him to be on his guard till it should be discovered whether the man was a fugitive or a spy. It was soon ascertained that he was the latter, and the coloured people, among whom he had been staying, arose in their indignation, took him out of the city, and administered punishment in the shape of a severe whipping. After this he returned to Kentucky, and was never known to play such a part again.

"At another time, a man who had been employed to act as spy by some slave-hunters of Kentucky, came across the river in female apparel, and presented himself at the basement of a coloured church, in Cincinnati, where fugitives were in the habit of stopping. The sexton's wife was suspicious that all was not right, and sent for me. When I went, I questioned and cross-questioned the suspected fugitive, and feeling almost certain that it was a man in disguise, I turned him over to the coloured people, who stripped off the female apparel, and inflicted such a severe punishment upon him that he was glad to escape with his life, and return to the other side of the river.

"Such schemes of deception were not uncommon, but they never succeeded in accomplishing their designs. A white man once called at my house, and when he was ushered into the parlour, he introduced himself as a friend

of the oppressed slaves, who had often heard of my efforts in their behalf, and wished to enter into an arrangement with me by which a number in Kentucky could be liberated. He made many professions of interest in, and sympathy with, my work for the fugitive, but I did not like his appearance and manner, and after questioning him closely, came to the conclusion that he was a spy. I informed him that he was 'barking up the wrong tree,' and that his little plan of engaging me in an attempt to liberate some Kentucky slaves would not work. The man left discomfited, and I afterward learned that he was a slaveholder, who had designed to entrap me."

"Sally, an intelligent woman of brown complexion, belonged to a couple of maiden ladies who lived in Covington, Kentucky, having become their property by inheritance. She had been well trained in household work, and was an excellent cook and housekeeper, besides being skilful with the needle. Her husband, who belonged to another family, had been sold from her when her youngest child was a few months old, leaving her with five children, all girls. He was taken to the far South, and she never heard of him afterward. Sally's two eldest daughters were hired out, but the three younger ones, being too young to be put out to service, were left with her at home.

"Sally was a good and faithful servant, and had never suffered the sting of the lash, or other abuse. Her mistresses, probably to dissuade her from taking advantage of her proximity to a free State and running away, often told her that they intended to set her and her children free, but the time was deferred from year to year. Sally often reminded them

of their promise without getting any satisfactory reply, and she began to feel that its fulfilment was 'mighty onsartain,' as she expressed it, but she had no thought of being sold until her mistresses called her into the house one morning, from the kitchen, and told her that she and her youngest three children were sold, and would be taken away that day. She said this announcement was like a thunderbolt; it struck her dumb. She almost fell to the floor before her mistresses, but they did not seem to pity her, or to pay any attention to her. When she found speech she begged to be permitted to go and see her two girls who were hired out, but her mistresses refused her request, and ordered her to go upstairs to the room where she slept, and pack up her own and her children's clothes, in readiness to start away with her new master. When Sally reached her room upstairs she set her wits to work to find a way to escape. She managed to get out of the window on to the kitchen-roof, then on to an adjoining shed-roof, from which she slid down to the ground in the back yard. She then slipped out and ran to the house of a widow lady living near by, whom she knew to be friendly, and hastily told her sad story. The lady deeply sympathised with her, and being a mother she could understand the distress she felt on her children's account. She concealed Sally in a safe place, thinking that the children would not be taken away unless the mother was found.

"Sally was soon missed, and a diligent search was made for her. The news spread through the neighbourhood that Sally had deserted, and a company of men started in pursuit, anxious to capture the runaway slave. They

searched among the coloured people, thinking she had taken refuge there. They did not think of her being so near her home, and thus overlooked her place of concealment. In the afternoon, when the ardour of the search seemed to have abated a little, the widow lady came over to Cincinnati.

"William Casey, a worthy coloured man who was a good manager in such matters, was consulted, and a plan was soon agreed upon. Sally was to be dressed in men's apparel and taken about midnight to a point in the upper part of Covington, where William Casey would be to receive her, and bring her across the river. Sally being a small woman, it was somewhat difficult to find men's apparel to fit her, but with her friends' assistance the widow obtained a suit of black summer cloth belonging to a youth. Sally donned the suit and made a presentable appearance in it, but it was rather thin for the season, it being cool weather in early spring. The undertaking was a hazardous one, both for Sally and for William Casey, for the bank might be watched; but Sally's liberty was at stake, and Casey, who was ever ready to aid his people when in distress, felt it his duty to risk his own safety in order to rescue her from slavery. Sally's lady friend sent a trusty companion with her to the place appointed, and as the night was dark they escaped detection.

"William Casey brought Sally directly to our house. Between twelve and one o'clock in the night I was awakened by the ringing of the door-bell. I sprang up, dressed hastily, and went to the front door. Casey told me he had brought a fugitive whom he wished me to keep in safety for awhile, and I at once invited them in. When we reached the

sitting-room, I addressed a few questions to Casey's companion, but received replies that denoted embarrassment. When Casey informed me that it was a woman in disguise I was much surprised, so completely did she make the appearance of a boy, or young man. Seeing that her countenance denoted trouble, and that she seemed to wish to avoid conversation, I asked no more questions. Casey said that she would tell her story to us in the morning, and assured her that I and my wife were true friends; that she could confide in us with safety.

"Next morning, Sally was neatly dressed, and made the appearance of a good-looking, middle-aged coloured woman, below medium stature. Her expression was intelligent, but sad, and her countenance denoted anguish of heart. After breakfast she was brought into our room, and related to me and my wife her touching story. Her heart seemed ready to break with trouble for her children. She felt that she could not go to Canada and leave them to suffer and die in slavery. Her heart yearned especially for her youngest child, about three years old, who had weak eyes, and was almost blind. She would cry, 'Oh, my precious child, what will it do without mother?' then tears would stream down her cheeks.

"We advised her to compose herself and remain quietly at our house and await the result. Perhaps now that she was gone, her children would not be taken away. That day the Anti-Slavery Sewing Society held its weekly meeting at our house, and my wife introduced Sally to the ladies and left her to tell her story, which she did with so much pathos and simple eloquence, that when it was finished there was not a dry eye in the room.

"Most of the ladies present were mothers, and could sympathize with her feelings as a mother. Her friends took measures to ascertain the fate of her children, and learned that they had been sold to a man living near Lexington, Kentucky. Sally was much grieved at this news, but still hoped to gain possession of the two who were hired out. She stayed with us several weeks; then, fearing for her to remain longer in the city, I took her to the house of a trustworthy friend in the country, a few miles away, where she stopped several weeks, hoping to hear some news of her children. A vigorous search for her was kept up, and feeling uneasy about her, I brought her back to our house. Efforts were made by some of her coloured friends to secure the liberty of her two children who were hired out, and we endeavoured to purchase her youngest child from her master in Lexington, but all these efforts failed, and Sally was finally sent on to Canada alone. I heard from her frequently afterwards. She married again in about two years, but the consuming grief for her lost children never left her. One daughter finally escaped and went to Canada, but her mother died just before she reached her. There was never a re-union of the family on earth, but let us hope there will be a re-union in heaven, without the loss of one. There all their wrongs will be righted, and their benighted souls will expand in the light and freedom of eternity."

"A merchant who lived in Newport, Kentucky, and did business in Cincinnati, on the opposite side of the river, owned several slaves, among whom were a man and his wife, named Louis and Ellen. They were favourites with their master and mistress, and enjoyed many privileges not

usually allowed to slaves. They had no children, and Ellen's time was fully engaged in fulfilling the duties of the place she occupied in the household. She was intrusted with the keys and the management of household affairs in general, and attended to her duties with as much dignity as if she were a lady, instead of a servant. She was an intelligent woman, of fine personal appearance, tall, and of light complexion, with straight black hair. She had learned to read, used good language, was attractive in her manners, and was liked and respected by every one who knew her. She was a member of a white Baptist church in Cincinnati, and being consistent in her religious professions had the esteem of her white brethren and sisters. She often had the privilege of attending the church to which she belonged. Louis was a confidential servant, of genteel manners and appearances. He was of browner complexion than his wife, and was not her equal in general intelligence. He was often intrusted to make deposits in bank for his master, and to collect checks, and generally did the family marketing in the city. Both Louis and Ellen had standing passes to cross by the ferry-boat to and from Cincinnati, and occasionally the opportunity was given them to make a little money for themselves. Their master and mistress often gave them presents as rewards for their good management, or as incentives to good conduct, and succeeded in rendering them contented with their lot. Their master often promised them that they should never serve any one else. Louis and his wife saved their money, and in the course of ten or twelve years accumulated about three hundred dollars, which they deposited in a bank in Covington, Kentucky. The cashier of the bank

knew that the laws of Kentucky did not allow him to deal with slaves, without a permit from their master, but being well acquainted with Louis and Ellen, he ventured to take their money on his own responsibility, and gave them his individual note, to be cashed on demand.

"These were palmy days for Louis and Ellen, but they could not last always. Slaves were never secure; their situation was liable to be changed at any time, by the death or bankruptcy of their master. Louis and Ellen experienced a sudden change after their years of content and prosperity. Their master became embarrassed in his business, and was involved in debt so deeply that he decided to make an assignment of all his property to his creditors. This intention was concealed from his slaves; but Ellen happened to find it out, and felt greatly alarmed—fearing that she and her husband would fall into other hands, and possibly be separated. She came over to Cincinnati and consulted with a prominent member of her church—a bookseller and publisher in the city. She told him her troubles and fears, and asked him about the Underground Railroad, thinking that she and Louis might find it necessary to resort to that means to secure their liberty.

"Her friend said that he would help them all that he could; he knew very little about the Underground Railroad, but was acquainted with a gentleman in the city who knew all about it, and would consult with him. Soon after his interview with Ellen he came to see me, and very cautiously told me the story. He had never taken stock in the road, and was ignorant of its operations; and feared that he might involve himself in difficulty or danger. I was much amused

at his extreme caution. I told him that the road was in good working order, and if his friends could get across the river safely, I would see that they were started safely on the Underground Railroad. Ellen was over again in a day or two, and her friend gave her the information he had obtained, and encouraged her to put their plan of escape in execution at once, lest the way should be closed. Ellen replied that it would be some time before she could be ready; she had a number of valuable things she did not wish to leave, and she and Louis wanted to get their money from the bank in Covington before they went away. Her friend reminded her of the danger of delay. She replied that her greatest anxiety was in regard to her husband—if she could prevail on him to come over without her, and get away safely, her mind would be easy, and she would stay awhile and get better prepared before joining him. She did not think they would sell her, for her mistress could not do without her, and she thought she could manage to get away; but Louis was not willing to leave her. She believed her master intended to sell Louis, for he had been trying to create a difficulty between them.

"The day following Ellen's interview with her friend in the city, she was arranging the dinner about noon, when in passing the open door of the sitting-room where her master and mistress were talking, she heard Louis' name mentioned. She stepped behind the door and listened, and though the conversation was carried on in a low tone, she heard that Louis was sold and was to be taken away the next day. She was so shocked that it was with difficulty she finished her work and arranged the dinner-table. Louis was in the

kitchen, but she did not venture to tell him the news until the family were seated at the table; then suppressing her agitation as well as she could, she communicated to him what she had heard. The announcement of the trouble in store for him was so sudden and stunning that Louis was almost overwhelmed. He could not collect his thoughts enough to decide what to do, but Ellen had already rallied from the shock and at once suggested a plan for his escape. She told him he must act at once, or his pass would be taken from him; then handing him the market basket she told him to go across to the city as if to get some eggs. She often sent him on such errands, for she had the management of the kitchen and provided articles for cooking; so his movements in this instance would excite no suspicion. Louis was loth to leave her thus, not knowing that he would ever see her again, but she encouraged him by saying that she would join him in Canada at no distant day, and urged him to start immediately, while the family were at dinner. She gave him the address of her friend, the bookseller, in the city, and told him to go directly to him, and consult him in regard to what was best to do next. Louis followed her directions and told his story to the merchant. I was sent for immediately, and when I arrived Louis was weeping bitterly, being much dejected at the prospect of leaving Ellen. I tried to console him by telling him that she would soon follow him, and they would be re-united in a land of liberty; for the present he must remain in concealment and await results. Louis' friend, the merchant, now suggested a plan by which his master would be misled as to his whereabouts. The market basket was to be filled with eggs, and placed, together

with Louis' hat and coat, on the wharf where the Newport ferry-boat landed. The supposition was that they would be recognized by the ferryman, who knew that Louis had crossed on the boat a few hours before, and that he would communicate the news to Louis' master, who would naturally conclude that Louis, in his despair, had thrown himself into the river and been drowned. I was afraid that if the plan were carried out it would alarm Ellen, but the merchant urged it, and I told him to manage that part according to his liking; I would take care of Louis, and see that he was safely concealed.

"When another hat and coat had been furnished Louis, instead of his, which he left at the merchant's, I told him to follow me on the opposite side of the street, walking a short distance behind and keeping his eye on me; to notice where I stopped, and to follow me into the house a few minutes after I entered; I would meet him at the door inside. He did as I directed, and I conducted him several squares to the house of J. B. and wife, well-known friends to the slave. They belonged to the coloured race, but were generally taken for white people, so light were their complexions. J. B. was quite a business man, and a shrewd manager in Underground Railroad affairs. The house this worthy couple occupied was their own property. Here I left Louis for awhile, knowing that he would be in safe hands.

"The merchant carried out his proposed plan that evening. At dusk, a sharp, trusty coloured man took the basket of eggs, and Louis' hat and coat, to the river, and watching his opportunity when the ferry-boat was on the other side, placed the things on the wharf, where the boat landed. He then

passed on a short distance, and concealed himself where he could watch the basket, and had the satisfaction when the boat returned of seeing the ferryman take them up. The ferryman at once recognized the articles, knowing that Louis had been sent to the city for eggs and had not yet returned. He took them to the other side, and gave them to Louis' master, who had been at the wharf there to inquire for Louis, and was waiting the return of the boat, thinking he might be on it. He was much surprised when the basket, hat, and coat were handed to him, and exclaimed at once: 'Louis must have jumped into the river; poor fellow!' He seemed to feel regret, aside from the loss of his property, for Louis had been his confidential servant. He took the things home and showed them to Ellen. It was a terrible shock to her, for at first thought she supposed that in his deep distress Louis might have drowned himself. She said little, however, and hope soon sprang up in her mind; she concluded that it might be a trick arranged by Louis' friends to deceive his master. Her uneasiness was so great that she could not sleep that night, and next morning she wished to go across the river and see if she could hear anything of Louis. Her mistress said she would go with her, so they crossed over and made inquiries about the river and along East Pearl Street, where Louis generally bought eggs, but gained no information. Ellen wished to get rid of her mistress, and requested her to remain at the house of one of her friends, on East Pearl Street, while she went up town, among some of her coloured friends, to see if she could hear anything of Louis. The mistress consented, and Ellen hastened to the house of her friend, the mer-

chant. He was absent, but his wife heard Ellen's story, and sent immediately for me.

"When I arrived I found Ellen weeping, and in great distress. She told me how the basket and hat and coat had been found, and said that she feared her husband was drowned. I told her to dry her tears, for her husband was alive and safe. 'Oh! where is he? I must see him!' she cried, transported in one moment from the deepest sorrow to the liveliest joy.

"I told her that it was not best for her to see Louis, that such a meeting might open a way for his discovery, and endanger his liberty, but she begged so much that I finally yielded, and promised to conduct her to him. She followed me along the street as Louis had done, walking some distance behind and going into the house she saw me enter, and was soon face to face with her husband. The meeting was a most joyful one; they threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept happy tears.

"Those who witnessed the re-union shared in their emotion, fulfilling the injunction, 'Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' I informed Ellen that the interview must be brief; she must return to her mistress, whose suspicions would be aroused by a long absence. I told her that she must suppress all signs of gladness, or her master and mistress would suspect that she had heard of Louis' safety. She replied: 'They shall not learn it from me.'

"We encouraged her to make her escape as soon as possible, and join her husband in his journey to a land of freedom. Louis was very anxious for her to leave at once,

fearing that her situation might be changed and the chance of escape made more difficult, but Ellen said she did not wish to leave her good clothes and other valuable property behind, or to come away without getting the three hundred dollars they had in bank at Covington. There was so much excitement about Louis' disappearance that she did not dare to attempt to get the money, lest the movement should create suspicion. I asked if their master knew that they had money in bank. Louis said he knew that they had saved some money, but did not know that it was in the bank. I then inquired if they had a bank book, and they replied that they had not; the cashier had given them his note. I told them that was a different thing; the cashier was individually responsible, and not the bank. Louis said that he had rather lose the money than to have Ellen get into any difficulty about it.

"I asked Ellen if she did not think her liberty was worth more than the three hundred dollars, and she said, 'Yes!' I then advised her not to attempt to collect the money, but to leave her note with her friend, the merchant; after they were gone he could obtain the money and send it to them. Louis could be kept safely for several days, and that would give her time to collect her valuables and prepare for her escape. She must now return to her mistress, who was waiting for her on Pearl Street. She took her leave reluctantly and hastened away, saying that she would try to come over again in a few days, on the pretence of marketing.

"She betrayed no signs of having received any intelligence of Louis, and went home in apparent great distress,

completely deceiving her master and mistress. She succeeded in sending to her friend, the merchant, several bundles containing her own and Louis' best clothing; she bundled it up at night, and, without discovery, conveyed it out of the house to some trusty friends, who carried it across to the city for her. In a few days she got permission to cross the river again, and completed the arrangement for her final escape. J. B., at whose house Louis was concealed, agreed to go over in a skiff on the night appointed, land at a certain point in the upper part of Newport—a private locality—and wait for Ellen in an alley, not far from her master's. As soon as the family were asleep, she was to meet him there, with several bundles, containing the rest of her property, and he was to conduct her across to his house, in the city.

"This plan was carried out, and J. B. in company with Ellen arrived at his house about half-an-hour after midnight. Ellen's friend, the merchant, and I were present, and witnessed another happy meeting of husband and wife. I told them that they must change quarters at once; there had been so much passing in and out of the house that night, that it might have attracted the attention of policemen or others, and it would not be safe for them to remain longer. I proposed taking them to a place on Ninth Street, the house of a white man, who was a strong Abolitionist and who would gladly shelter fugitives.

"Ellen, who was neatly dressed, put on a veil, so that no one would know whether she was white or coloured, took my arm, and we passed out of the house. Louis and the merchant, shortly after we left, passed out, one at a time,

then met and followed us, walking a short distance behind. When we reached A. S.'s house, I rang the door-bell. A. S. looked out of his bedroom window, upstairs, and recognized me at once. He came down and opened the door and received the fugitives.

"I told him that we would call the next day and make further arrangements for their safety; then the merchant and I returned to our respective homes, walking a few squares together. This gentleman, D. A. by name, was a prominent member of Ninth Street Baptist Church, and a popular bookseller and publisher. I told him I thought he was initiated into Underground Railroad work, and as he had now taken stock and had a little experience, I wanted him to manage the case then on hand, and see that the fugitives got safely to Canada. Perhaps he would be willing to go with them; Ellen was a sister in the church with him, and that gave her a claim on him. I told him I would give him a position as conductor on the Underground Railroad, as I was president of the road. He said he was much obliged for my offer, but thought that his experience was not sufficient. Louis and Ellen left the note with their friend, as I advised. The next night they were moved to the north-west part of the city, for greater safety. D. A. had proposed a plan to them which they were anxious to have executed. He agreed to write a letter for them to their master, dating it some days ahead, and giving Chatham, Canada West, as the place from which it was written. This he would inclose in an envelope and send to Elder Hawkins, of Chatham, Canada West, a coloured Baptist minister, formerly of Cincinnati, with whom he was well acquainted,

who would mail it to their master at Newport, Kentucky. The letter would inform their master that they were free, yet felt that their liberty was not complete, for if they crossed the Canada line into the United States, their liberty would be endangered. If he would send them deeds of emancipation, they would give him three hundred dollars, which was all the money they had been able to accumulate during the many years they had faithfully served him. He was also reminded of the promise he had made so often, that they should be free. This was the substance of the letter.

"D. A. sent it to Elder Hawkins, and it was mailed at Chatham, Canada West. It was thought safer for Louis and Ellen to go out of the city, and a few evenings afterwards they were conveyed to the house of Joel Haworth, a well-known Abolitionist, living in Union County, Indiana. Here they remained several weeks, awaiting results.

"Their master answered the letter he received from Canada; he refused to comply with their request, but promised them that if they would come back, he would give them free papers, etc. Elder Hawkins sent this letter to D. A. and he forwarded it to Louis and Ellen, in Indiana. They knew too well what their master's promises amounted to, and resolved to go on to Canada.

"I introduced D. A. to T. H., a cashier, of Abolition sentiments, and made the latter gentleman acquainted with the circumstances of the case. He said at once that he would collect the money which the note demanded; he was acquainted with the cashier at Covington, and if he refused to pay it he would threaten him with the penalty of the law, for dealing with slaves without their master's per-

mission. This, however, was not necessary, for the cashier paid the money without a word. When T. H. returned from Covington, he handed the full amount to D. A., who carried it in person to Louis and Ellen, in Indiana. They were much rejoiced to receive the small sum which they had been so many years in accumulating, and which they had feared was lost. They were immediately forwarded on that old reliable branch of the Underground Railroad, which extended through Union County, Indiana, and reached Canada in safety.

"A year or two afterwards I was in Chatham, Canada West, and met Elder Hawkins in the street. He invited me to dine with him, and I accepted his invitation, promising to be at his residence in time for dinner. I had some business to attend to, and several visits to make among fugitives who had been at our house. Elder Hawkins pointed out his place to me, a large brick house, and when my business was completed and my visits paid, I started to it. But it was with difficulty that I made my way along the street. Many fugitives whom I had helped on their way to freedom had settled in that place, and the news had spread among them that I was in town. They thronged to meet me—to shake hands with me and say, 'God bless you!' I thought as I made my way through the crowd that I could not have attracted more attention if I had been the elephant of a travelling show. Many of the fugitives I did not recognize, but they remembered me. As I approached Elder Hawkins' house, Ellen rushed out to greet me, manifesting much joy and gratitude. She and Louis occupied part of the Elder's house. Louis was not at home, as he was engaged in tending

a saw-mill a short distance out of town. He received good wages, and Ellen worked at dress-making; their combined income supported them very comfortably. She took me into their apartments, which were nicely furnished, and looked neat and comfortable. She said they lived very happily there and were very thankful for their many blessings. Louis had been converted, and had joined the Church, and was now free, both soul and body, which was a great joy to Ellen."

CHAPTER V.

THE following pathetic tale of a white man whose choice of a wife rested on a poor slave girl, and whose family relations were disturbed and his rights as a citizen forfeited by the fact of slavery, stands out as a parallel case to the story of Charley, the mulatto, whose troubles arose through his marriage with a white woman.

"A white man named John Wilson, a machinist by trade, went from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to the South, where he spent several years putting up sugar-mills and other machinery. He resided at Bayou Plaquemine, on the Mississippi River, about one hundred miles above New Orleans, and while there became attached to a young woman nearly white, the slave of a planter named Bissell, who lived at that place. He tried to purchase her from her master that he might give her her freedom and make her his wife, and offered a high price, but Bissell would not sell her. The girl, whose name was Eliza, reciprocated the sincere attachment of Wilson, but no slave could be legally married in that State, and it was useless to expect to be his wife in law. She and Wilson remained faithful to each other through

several years, and in that time two children were born to them.

"Eliza's master finally became suspicious that Wilson would try to take her to the North, and resolved to separate them and send her away from him. She was an excellent house servant, but he had her taken from the house and sent, without her children, to a cotton plantation which he owned about fourteen miles from Bayou Plaquemine, and there set to work as a common field hand. She was forbidden, under heavy penalties, to have any communication with her husband, as she called Wilson, and he was warned that if he visited her it would be at the risk of his life; but notwithstanding these threats they managed to see each other frequently. Eliza's master heard of these meetings, and had her severely punished for her disobedience.

"Wilson had friends at Bayou Plaquemine and vicinity, and through the help of these and by means of an arrangement made with the officers of a Pittsburg boat running on the Mississippi, with whom he was acquainted, he managed to get Eliza to the river and to send her to New Orleans, where she remained for three months, supported by his bounty. Finally, he hired a white man to take her from New Orleans to Cincinnati, paying him two hundred dollars for her expenses and his own recompense. The man took Eliza on board a boat bound for Cincinnati, but on the passage gambled away the money that Wilson had paid him, and had not paid her fare. He told the captain of the boat that she was a slave whom he was taking to join her master and mistress in Cincinnati, and that her fare would be paid by them at that place. When the boat stopped at Cincinnati,

he told Eliza that she was now in a free State, and could go where she pleased, and, taking leave of her, walked down the gangway, and was soon lost to sight in the crowd on the wharf.

"Eliza pondered awhile regarding the course she should pursue, then started to leave the boat, not knowing that her fare was unpaid. As she stepped on the plank, the captain stopped her and told her she could not go ashore until her passage money was paid. She referred him to the man in whose charge she had been, and told the captain to look to him for the money, for he was responsible for it, and requested him to let her pass, as she was a free woman. But the captain's suspicions were aroused and he resolved to detain her. Thinking she was a runaway slave, he arranged to take her across to Covington, Kentucky, and lodge her in jail till his boat was ready to start on the return trip, then take her back with him and deliver her to her master and mistress if they could be found.

"The sympathies of the coloured steward of the boat had been aroused in Eliza's behalf, and he resolved to aid her if possible. He hastened up into the city to the office of lawyer Joliffe, whom he knew as a tried friend of the slaves. Joliffe sent for me, and we immediately got out a writ for the captain of the boat, and placed it in the sheriff's hands, with orders to bring him and the woman before court. The sheriff reached the boat just as the captain had got Eliza into a skiff, and was preparing to pull across to the Kentucky shore. In two minutes more it would have been too late. The sheriff took Eliza in charge, arrested the captain for an attempt to kidnap, and brought them before the Probate

Court. Judge Burgoyne, a staunch Abolitionist, who was then on the bench, required the captain to show cause for detaining the woman. The captain replied that he had no claim on her except for the amount of her unpaid fare, which was twenty dollars, but as she could produce no papers or other evidence that she was free, he regarded her as a fugitive slave, and had resolved to detain her till the truth could be ascertained.

"The Court decided that he had no right to detain her on suspicion, and could not remove her from the State of Ohio without legally proving that she was his slave, and Eliza was set at liberty. Lawyer Joliffe and I soon made up enough to pay her boat fare, and she was sent to a respectable coloured boarding-house. She had a large trunk full of clothes on the boat, having been well supplied by her husband and friends before leaving New Orleans, and for this she held a check. I sent the check and the price of her passage by a drayman to the boat, and obtained her trunk and had it taken to her boarding-place. That afternoon I and Preacher Green (coloured), pastor of Allen Chapel, went to see Eliza, and after convincing her that we were her true friends, and gaining her confidence, she told us her true story; she had previously claimed to be free. She said it was the arrangement made by her husband that she should remain in Cincinnati until he came to her, which would be about Christmas time, as he could not complete his business engagements in the South before some time in December. She had entire confidence that he would fulfil his promise and come to her; yes, follow her to the ends of the earth she said, for they were attached to

each other as much as it was possible for any husband and wife to be.

"It was now early spring, and as she would be exposed to the danger of capture if she remained so long in Cincinnati, it was decided that she should be sent to Canada with a party of free coloured people who were going from Cincinnati to that country soon, on a visit. After hearing her story, it was deemed advisable to remove her from the boarding-house where she was, as it was too public a place to afford any concealment, and would be among the first searched if her master heard of her whereabouts and came in pursuit.

"It was accordingly decided to remove her to our house, but in order that the inmates of the boarding-house should not know where she was gone, she was taken, with her trunk, first to the house of Pastor Green, and then to our house, where she found a secure retreat. When the party of coloured people were ready to start to Canada Pastor Green came with a carriage to take Eliza to the depot where she could join them, but she was unwilling to go so much farther away from her husband and children, and cried and begged to be allowed to remain where she was till she could hear from her husband. Moved by her entreaties, I finally told her that if she were willing to incur the risk of staying, she might remain at our house, where we would employ her at good wages, having learned that she was an excellent house servant. She gladly availed herself of this offer and remained. She and her husband had arranged to correspond under fictitious names, and I wrote several letters for her, in which I was very guarded and careful not to give information that would enable an uninitiated person to understand

the facts of the case. Eliza received several letters from Wilson, inclosing money. Letters from the North were frequently broken open at Southern post-offices, before reaching the persons to whom they were directed, in order to intercept Abolition documents, etc., and in this way masters sometimes obtained information of their runaway slaves. Other persons wrote letters to Wilson for Eliza, who were not so guarded in their expressions, and one which purported to be from Wilson's sister, and stated that she was in Cincinnati, at the house of a Quaker, fell into the hands of Bissell, at Bayou Plaquemine, who broke it open and read it. He immediately inferred that the person who pretended to be Wilson's sister was Eliza, and after causing Wilson to be arrested on suspicion of aiding a slave to escape, and lodged in jail, he started in pursuit of his property.

"On arriving at Cincinnati Bissell obtained a writ, and put it into the hands of the marshal with orders to arrest Eliza, if she could be found, adding, it was said, a hundred dollars by way of stimulating the officer's zeal. It was conjectured that our house was the house referred to in the letter, but in order to ascertain this beyond doubt, it was planned that a deputy marshal should gain access to the house under the pretence of peddling books, penetrate into the kitchen, and see if there was a person answering Eliza's description. The plan was well arranged, and had it been kept secret might have succeeded, but the marshal made a confidant of a local editor—of all persons in the world! It is well known that a local editor cannot retain an item of news two hours, without seriously injuring his

constitution, and in a very short time I was made acquainted with the whole affair. The same information, afterwards, reached me through other channels.

"The slaveholder before leaving Bayou Plaquemine had written to a nephew of his, who was at school at Ann Arbor, Michigan, giving information of Eliza's escape, and her supposed whereabouts, and requesting him to meet him at Cincinnati to act as witness, if she could be found. It so happened that this young man arrived in Cincinnati the day that Bissell obtained the writ for Eliza's arrest, but instead of going to see his uncle, who was stopping at the Burnet House, he went first to see James Burney, a lawyer. Presenting letters of introduction from professors in the college he attended, and from prominent citizens of Detroit, he informed Lawyer Burney that during his stay at the North he had been converted by the Abolitionists, and that his real errand in Cincinnati at that time was to prevent his uncle from gaining possession of Eliza and carrying her back to slavery, and that he would do all in his power to aid her in securing her freedom. Burney went with him across the street to the office of Salmon P. Chase, to whom also he had letters of introduction, and related all the circumstances. Chase sent a student from his office to accompany the young man to my store, supposing that if such a fugitive were in the city I would be likely to know it, and from the young man's introductory letters inferring that he was trustworthy, and that his intentions were what he represented them to be.

"Arriving at my store, they found that I was absent, having gone to the railroad depot on business, and they did

not wait my return. As soon as I returned, Lawyer Thomas, Burney's partner, came in and informed me that Bissell's nephew had been there to see me, and related the other circumstances of the case. I was disposed to be cautious, and said that I had no confidence in the anti-slavery pretensions of the young man, that I thought it a shrewd scheme to gain information regarding Eliza, and added, 'He would have gained nothing from me had I been here.' Lawyer Thomas was returning to his office, when on crossing a street he saw Bissell making his way up the street towards my house. Bissell had been pointed out to him the day before. Thomas hastily returned to put me on my guard. My store was then on the north-west corner of Sixth and Elm Streets; our dwelling house adjoined it on the north. While Thomas and I were standing near the front door of my store, Bissell made his appearance on the south-west corner, and stood for awhile, looking anxiously towards our house, then slowly moved on to Plum Street and around the square.

"I went into the house and told Eliza that her master was in search of her, that he had just passed down Sixth Street, and that she must dress herself as quickly as possible in her best clothes, and I would send her to a safe place. The news greatly agitated her, and she began to cry. Her chief trouble seemed to be a fear that her husband had got into difficulty on her account. I told her that she had no time to cry, she must dry her tears and act with promptness, for a great deal depended on immediate action. Just then my wife came in; she had been out shopping with two young ladies who were staying with us. I gave Eliza into

their charge and she was soon made ready. They attired her in her best clothes, of which she had a good supply which her master had never seen. She and the other two young ladies, all closely veiled, then walked out at the front door, in sight of her master, who had passed around the square and was now standing on the north-east corner of Sixth and Elm, looking towards the house. He was apparently deceived by the boldness of the movement, and had no suspicion that one of the ladies was his slave. He did not offer to molest them or follow them, and they, according to directions I had previously given, made their way to the house of Edward Harwood, that noble friend of the slave, where Eliza was to remain in seclusion until I called for her. That evening I ordered my carriage brought, not to my door, but to a point two blocks away, and entering it drove to Eliza's hiding-place about dark. Taking her in the carriage, I went to Mt. Auburn and there left her for greater safety, at the house of the pastor of a prominent church in the city.

"Supposing that the marshal would endeavour to ascertain if Eliza were at my house, I engaged a young coloured woman who answered to her description in regard to age, personal appearance, etc., to come and stay at my house a week, filling the position that Eliza had occupied. This girl was free, and there could be no danger, even if she were arrested. She understood the case, and was eager for the fun.

"A druggist, named Kent, whose store was on the opposite side of the street from mine, learned all the particulars of the case, and, being a staunch Abolitionist, resolved to have some fun at the expense of the marshal, in case that

official should make any demonstration. He planned to have his buggy in waiting, and as soon as the marshal was seen in the street to drive hastily up to my door, take in the coloured girl, excitedly and hurriedly, as if fearing pursuers, and then drive away with the speed of Jehu. It was supposed that the marshal would give chase, and in that case Kent would manage to be captured, then end the farce by having the marshal and his posse arrested for kidnapping a free girl. The plan promised well, and Kent kept his buggy waiting till a late hour at night, expecting the arrival of the marshal; but that official did not have the moral courage to carry out his arrangement for entering my house, and it all came to nothing.

"In the meantime, Bissell's lawyer informed him that he could not take legal possession of Eliza, as he had no bill of sale or other evidence that she was his property, and that if he entered suit, the Abolitionists would be sure to defeat him. Eliza had been a present to Bissell's wife from her father, on the occasion of her marriage, and as no paper of conveyance had been given, she was considered in law still the property of her first owner. It was therefore necessary for Bissell to obtain a power of attorney from his father-in-law, before he could proceed further in the case. He immediately dispatched to Bayou Plaquemine for the necessary papers, and resolved to wait in Cincinnati until they reached him; but his nephew, representing to him that a week or two must elapse before they could arrive, invited him to return with him to Ann Arbor, as he could not remain longer away from college. The uncle accepted the invitation. When he was ready to return to Cincinnati, the nephew telegraphed

to Lawyer Burney that his uncle would reach Cincinnati that evening, and it would be well to have Eliza out of the way—thus proving his anxiety and interest in her welfare to my entire satisfaction.

"Eliza was removed from Mt. Auburn to Walnut Hills, where she remained for several weeks in the families of prominent religionists.

"Bissell stayed in Cincinnati for two weeks after his return, and made every exertion to find her, but could get no clue to her whereabouts, and finally gave up the search and started South. The boat on which he took passage met another boat coming up the river, on board of which was John Wilson, the husband of Eliza; but the vessels passed without the two enemies recognizing each other. Bissell had left Wilson in prison when he came away from Bayou Plaquemine, and expected to find him there on his return, and prosecute him to the full extent of the law; but when he reached home he learned that Wilson's friends had given bond for his appearance, that he had been released from jail, and had gone North.

"We now turn to the fortunes of the husband and wife, who had passed through such trying scenes on account of their devotion to each other. As soon as Wilson arrived in Cincinnati, he came to my house seeking for tidings of Eliza. I took him in my carriage to Walnut Hills, and there was a joyful meeting of the husband and wife, who remained so fondly attached to each other through danger, separation, and misfortune. I gave them letters to friends in Michigan, and they went to the home of that noted worker in the cause of freedom, Laura S. Haviland, who lived near Adrian, and

was the proprietress of the Raisin Institute, a school in which students of all colours have equal privileges. Here they remained for several weeks, and here they were legally married.

"From this place they went to Canada, and remained there awhile, but soon returned to Michigan and settled near Raisin Institute. Eliza had previously had no advantages of education, and her husband wishing her to attend school placed her in the institute, while he found employment in a machine shop at Adrian. With the proceeds of his industry he bought a lot and a snug brick house, near the institute, and here, after many vicissitudes, he and Eliza found themselves in the enjoyment of peace and plenty. Here, after carrying the hero and heroine through all sorts of adventures and narrow escapes, a well regulated tale of fiction would end with the remark that they lived happily ever afterwards, but this is a narrative of facts, and must chronicle new undertakings and fresh scenes of danger and distress. A motive no less strong than that which led John and Eliza to join each other and seek a land of freedom, now prompted them to separate, while one braved again the dangers of the land of slavery. The hearts of the parents yearned for their children, and they determined to make an effort to rescue them from bondage. Eliza, being yet a slave in the sight of the law, could not venture southward without jeopardizing her own liberty, so it was arranged that she should remain behind while John made the hazardous attempt to find and carry off their children.

"Proceeding to Pittsburg, his former home, he made arrangements with the officers of a Pittsburg and Mississippi

River boat, with whom he was acquainted. According to this plan, they were to land him at a point near Bayou Plaquemine on the downward passage to New Orleans, and on the return trip to stop in the night at a secluded place agreed upon—the night and the hour being appointed—where he and his children would be taken on board, if he succeeded in getting them. He went to the neighbourhood of Bayou Plaquemine, and by the aid of friends, with whom he communicated secretly, succeeded in gaining possession of his children. He proceeded with caution, concealing his presence in the neighbourhood from the knowledge of Bissell, but by some means he was discovered and pursued as he was taking his children to the appointed rendezvous. He was obliged to leave them and flee through the woods and thickets, reaching the landing barely in time to be taken on board the boat before his pursuers reached him. Thwarted and disappointed in his efforts, he now sought to make new plans to gain his children, but found that the journeys he had taken and the expenses he had incurred had exhausted his ready means, and that he must seek employment again in order to recruit his finances. Landing at Louisville, Kentucky, on the homeward trip of the boat, he found employment in a machine shop, and made arrangements with the officers of the boat to bring him his chest of tools—which he had left at Pittsburg—on the next trip. In the meantime his securities, those who had signed his bond while he was in jail at Bayou Plaquemine, learning that he had been seen in that vicinity again, sent an officer to arrest him. It was known that he had taken passage up the river, and as it was thought that he would be in Louis-

ville, Cincinnati, or Pittsburg, requisitions for his delivery were obtained from the Governor of Louisiana to the Governors of Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The officer in search of him stopped first at Louisville, but did not happen to find him, and went on to Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Not gaining any clue of him in either of these places, the officer returned to Louisville, and after a more extended inquiry succeeded in finding him. The Governor of Kentucky was applied to and gave the necessary permission, and Wilson was immediately arrested.

"To prevent his escaping on the way to Bayou Plaquemine the officer had him ironed. The water in the Ohio River was so low at that time—the fall of the year—that large New Orleans packets could not run, and the officer took Wilson by rail to St. Louis, Missouri, and there put him aboard a steamer which was to start down the river next day. Here one of Wilson's friends, from New Orleans, saw him, and, learning the particulars of his case, resolved if possible to aid him to escape. Through his influence the handcuffs of Wilson were taken off, but he was still closely guarded. When night approached, the officer arranged to take Wilson on shore and place him in jail for greater security.

"Wilson's friend learned of this and saw that his time to act had come; if he delayed longer it would be too late. Giving the signal to Wilson, that the latter might embrace the opportunity, he managed to engage the attention of the officer a few moments. Wilson slipped back, sprang on the wheel-house, and from that to the wheel-house of another boat lying at the wharf. From this he jumped on the wharf, and as it was now dark he escaped unseen, and made his

way into the city. Passing through it, he directed his course to the upper wharf, where he knew the Pittsburg boats lay. There he found an engineer from Pittsburg, with whom he was acquainted, and after hurriedly relating his story asked to be taken on board and secreted. The engineer had an interview with the captain, who favoured Wilson's cause, and they hid the fugitive in the boat. Next morning the papers gave full accounts of the affair, announcing, in double-leaded head-lines, 'ESCAPE OF A NIGGER THIEF,' and adding that there was a strict search for him in the city, and that no doubt he would soon be recaptured.

"The boat on which Wilson was secreted lay at the wharf several days taking on cargo, but he was not discovered, and in time landed safely at Cincinnati. He came immediately to my house and gave an account of his adventures. I had received hundreds of coloured fugitives, but this was the first Anglo-Saxon fugitive that had claimed my protection. I took him in my carriage to the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton depot, bought a ticket for him, and saw him started on the way to Adrian, Michigan. Wilson's box of tools were at Louisville, in the machine shop where he had been arrested, and he arranged to have them sent to him. In a few days an iron-bound chest was unloaded from a dray, on the sidewalk in front of my house. It was addressed 'Levi Coffin, Cincinnati,' but knowing very well whose it was, I merely changed the direction to 'John Wilson, Adrian, Michigan,' and reshipped it to its destination.

"Wilson afterwards made other attempts to rescue his children, but did not succeed, and it was not till President

Lincoln issued the proclamation of emancipation that these parents indulged in the certain hope of meeting their son and daughter. Even then they were partially disappointed, for the little boy died before they could gain possession of him. The daughter joined her parents, and is now married and living in Ohio."

"While we lived at the corner of Franklin and Broadway a runaway slave came to our house in an extremely cold time in the middle of winter. He had been brought up in the neighbourhood of Lexington, Kentucky, and belonged to a well-known politician. His master had hired him to a cruel task-master, living about twenty miles from Lexington, who treated him with much harshness, often whipping him unmercifully. He finally concluded that he would bear it no longer, and made his way back to his master. He told him how cruelly he was treated and pleaded for a change of situation, but his master was unmoved and ordered him to go back to his new home, threatening him with severe punishment if he disobeyed. He left his master, but not to return to the cruel man to whom he was hired. He had a different purpose. He said he had heard, through some free coloured people in Lexington, that there was a good man living in Cincinnati, by the name of Levi Coffin, who was a great friend to the negroes, and would help runaway slaves on their way to Canada—that country where all were free. He thought he would try to get to Cincinnati, and find this man. He had been told that the railroad from Lexington led to Cincinnati, and he concluded to follow it. After going a short distance as if intending to return to the man who had hired him, he hid himself and waited till night,

then got on the railroad and walked rapidly on the ties, facing the cold north wind. The distance to Covington was ninety-six miles; he thought he walked and ran on the railroad about fifty miles that night. When daylight came he hid himself in some corn shocks in a field, and here, in consequence of his exposure in his heated and exhausted condition, he took a severe cold. Next night he made slow progress on his journey, being stiff and sore. When the train passed he concealed himself in the thickets, then continued his painful journey along the railroad track. When daylight appeared he sought a hiding-place again among some corn fodder, but suffered greatly from the cold. Having little left of the scanty morsel of food he had provided himself with, he began to feel the pangs of hunger. The third night he reached the Ohio River, but could find no way to cross. The river was not frozen over, but ice was forming, and it was dangerous to attempt to cross in a skiff even if he had found one. He almost perished with cold and hunger that night.

"In the morning he went to the outskirts of Covington, and ventured into a negro hut, where he was supplied with provisions and allowed to remain through the day. The next night he was assisted by a free coloured man to cross the river, in a skiff, below Covington. He was directed to the house of a coloured man living near the river, of whom he inquired concerning me, saying that he wished to see me. The coloured man knew me, and at once conducted him to our house.

"He was a stranger, and we took him in; hungry, and we fed him; not naked, but very destitute, and we clothed

him; sick, and we ministered unto him. He was a noble-looking man, in the prime of life, of good muscular development, and a pleasant and intelligent countenance. When he entered, my wife exclaimed, 'Here's Uncle Tom!' and he was afterwards called that by all the inmates of the house and those who visited him. The deep cold he had taken settled on his lungs, producing a hard cough, and, notwithstanding care and kind treatment, it developed into lung fever. He was soon confined to his bed, and we called in Dr. W. H. Mussey, who was ever ready to give aid or medical attention to fugitives and other poor people without charge. The doctor found poor Tom very ill, and requiring prompt attention and careful nursing. We hired a good nurse to stay with him day and night, and Dr. Mussey was indefatigable in his attentions.

"Tom had been a strong, healthy man, and his vitality did not yield easily to the disease that was preying upon him. For a slave—one whose lot had been cast in that system which tended to trample out every spark of intellect, and reduce men and women to the level of brutes—Tom possessed unusual intelligence. He was a professor of religion, and loved the words of the Bible, though the privilege of reading them had been denied to him. Our boarders manifested great interest in Uncle Tom, and rendered him many kind attentions. Favourable symptoms now and then appeared, which encouraged hopes of his recovery; but cold and hunger and exposure had done their work, and the disease was too deeply seated for human skill.

"Dr. Mussey called in other prominent physicians, and consulted with them regarding his case. This was done

several times during his illness, which lasted nine weeks. At first, Tom was quiet and rational; then delirium appeared, and his mind wandered. He became alarmed at every noise he heard in the house or street, thinking that it was his master coming after him, and would beg piteously to be taken to the house of that good man, Levi Coffin. His attendants could not persuade him that he was already there; and when I would go to his bedside and tell him that he was safe at my house, whence no fugitive had ever been taken by their masters, he would seize hold of me and beg me to save him, adding, 'If master catches me, he will stretch me out on the ground with stakes, and cut my back to pieces, and I am too weak to bear it; I will die.'

"I would talk to him in a soothing manner, assuring him of his safety, and he would grow calm; then again start up in the delirium of fever, and beg to be boxed up and sent to Canada, or to be carried to the house of Levi Coffin. Then he would assume another phase; he was independent; he feared no man; the Lord was with him; he was a missionary sent out to preach the gospel, and would pray and preach in a voice so loud that it could be heard in the street. He sometimes imagined that he was out on the wide ocean, or in a river steamer, or in the cars. At other times he would imagine himself pursued and attacked by bloodhounds; then he would spring out of bed, and lay hold on anything he could reach with which to defend himself. As his ravings became more violent, two men were required to control him. He fancied that we were all his enemies, that his nurses and the doctors were trying to poison him, and he refused to take medicine or nourishment of any kind. What was given

him had to be administered by force. At one time he did not close his eyes in sleep for forty-eight hours. The doctors decided to try stimulants, and forced him to take a small quantity of brandy and egg, every hour, during one afternoon. This had the desired effect; he dropped into a quiet doze that evening, and awoke in a calmer frame of mind. A few more doses of stimulant were given him, and about ten o'clock he fell into a peaceful sleep, awaking next morning at daylight in his right mind. He took a little nourishment, and seemed to revive. It was a lesson of instruction to be in his room and witness his resignation to the will of his Divine Master, and to hear him talk of his religious experience and the goodness of the Lord. Several ministers visited him, and had seasons of prayer with him. For several days the doctors had great hopes of his recovery, but an unfavourable change in his disease took place, and he quietly and peacefully passed away at two o'clock on the sixth day of the week, after being confined to his bed at our house for nine weeks.

"We had poor Tom neatly dressed, and obtained a nice coffin from the undertaker, also hiring a hearse and two carriages. The funeral was appointed at two o'clock, Sabbath afternoon, in Allen Chapel, on Sixth Street, the largest coloured church in the city, and notice of it was given in all the coloured churches. George Rogers, a white Wesleyan minister, volunteered to preach the funeral sermon. A large congregation gathered, of both coloured and white people, and the chapel was filled to its utmost capacity. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit. I took a seat by the side of the minister, and at the close of the sermon I gave a short

history of Uncle Tom, of his death struggle for freedom, his sufferings and long sickness, his dying expressions and happy close of life. Then the large congregation moved quietly up one aisle and down the other, to view the peaceful face of the dead fugitive. A number of private carriages joined the funeral procession, and followed the body to its resting-place in the coloured burying ground at Avondale."

"At the time that I was engaged in the work of the Underground Railroad at Cincinnati, there lived in Louisville, Kentucky, a man whom I will call Jones, who was in sentiment a strong Abolitionist, and who aided runaway slaves whenever it was in his power. The coloured people of Louisville, learning that he was kindly disposed towards their race, frequently applied to him for counsel and assistance when in perplexity or distress.

"Louisville was the headquarters in Kentucky for slave traders buying negroes for the Southern market, and coffles were often brought in from the surrounding country, preparatory to being shipped on the packets for New Orleans or other Southern ports. Occasionally husbands or wives, who had been separated from their families, would escape from these coffles, and make their way to some safe hiding-place among their coloured friends, where Jones would be summoned to hear their sad story, and to devise some plan of aiding them to escape. After waiting till pursuit was over, he would proceed to the Cincinnati and Louisville packet, lying then at the wharf, and, in his own or some fictitious name, engage a state-room for the passage to Cincinnati, and get the key of the room. A short time before the boat started, and while there was a great bustle on the wharf

and along the gangway, he would have the fugitives come on board with their bundles (as if they were servants bringing the baggage of their master or mistress), and would direct them by a pre-arranged signal to pass into the room which he had engaged. Here they found the key on the inside of the door, and immediately locked themselves in.

"After a state-room had been engaged, the fare paid, and the key given up, no officer or servant of the boat had a right to go into the room, and the passengers would be unmolested on their way to Cincinnati. Jones was always careful to engage and pay for both berths of a state-room, that no one else might occupy part of it. At different times he came to Cincinnati on the same boat with the fugitives and conducted them to my house. The packet boats left Louisville in the morning and reached Cincinnati before daylight next morning, and when he did not come himself, Jones would telegraph to me to apprise me of the coming of the fugitives, and request me to look out for them. This information and request were conveyed in a manner that could convey no suspicions of the truth to others. Sometimes the message read: 'Go to box seventy-two, at the post-office, and take charge of my letters or papers which you will find there;' at other times, 'Pay forty-three dollars to Dr. Peck on my account;' different numbers being used at different times.

"I understood that the number mentioned designated the number of the state-room in which the fugitives were, and could tell whether it was in the gentlemen's or the ladies' cabin. I arranged for some person to go aboard the boat when it reached the wharf, tap at the door mentioned in a

way that the fugitives would understand, wait till the door opened enough for him to be recognized, then walk away; the fugitives would follow him. A coloured person was generally chosen to perform this mission, and passed unnoticed amid the crowd of coloured porters, draymen, and hackmen, who went up and down the gangway, carrying baggage and assisting passengers. Sometimes the fugitives had a trunk of clothing, and as Jones saw that it was checked before leaving Louisville, there was no trouble in presenting the check at Cincinnati, after the fugitives were safe at our house, and obtaining the trunk. In this manner, during one spring and summer, twenty-seven slaves safely escaped from Louisville, and reached my house in Cincinnati. Among these were many interesting cases, but a reference to them would make this story too long. They were sent on to Canada, where many of them had friends, or husbands, or wives, who had made their escape previously.

"Escaping detection in all the cases where he had been implicated, Jones was finally arrested in a case where he was innocent, tried in court, convicted on false evidence, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. On account of some flaw in the evidence, or illegality in the proceedings, his lawyers petitioned for a second trial, which was granted, but he was again found guilty by another jury. His sentence this time was lessened to two years.

"Some new witnesses having been discovered whose evidence it was thought would prove his innocence, a petition for a third trial was made and granted. His bail bond was fixed at one thousand five hundred dollars, but he not being blessed with an abundance of this world's goods

could not raise the amount. He was a weakly man, and his previous imprisonment and present confinement in jail, during cold weather, were a further injury to his health. He became very ill, and his physician thought that he could not long survive unless he was released from prison, and restored to his home, where he could be nursed and cared for by his family. Through the influence of his lawyer and physician, his bail was reduced to one thousand dollars, and his wife and step-daughter went to work to raise this amount to indemnify a prominent citizen of Louisville, who had agreed to sign his bond. But it could not be expected that a man who was guilty of aiding a slave to escape would have many friends in a slave State, like Kentucky, where a negro-stealer, as an Abolitionist was called, was looked upon as worse than a horse-thief, and Jones' wife and daughter found it impossible to raise the amount required. Six hundred dollars was the utmost they could command. Jones' step-daughter appealed to me in a very pathetic manner to try to raise the remaining four hundred dollars required."

And though Levi Coffin had but just finished helping a negro woman to purchase her daughter from slavery, the importunate letters of Jones' step-daughter so moved his sympathies that with the help of a friend in Philadelphia, he finally obtained the remainder of the sum. And not being able to find a suitable person to go in his stead, Levi Coffin completed this good work by making a perilous journey to Louisville in the depth of the winter to carry the money to the distressed relatives. Jones soon improved in health, but acting on the advice of his Abolitionist friends, he

resolved to forfeit his bond without risking a third trial, and after hiding in Cincinnati for some time, he and his wife removed to Iowa, and remained there several years.

In connection with this story Levi Coffin says:—

"Among the fugitives who escaped from Louisville and reached Cincinnati, by the aid of Jones, was a woman whom I will call Rose. She was so nearly white that a stranger would never suspect that there was a drop of African blood in her veins. Her form was tall and graceful, her face beautiful, and her expression one of intelligence. She had long, straight black hair, and her hands were as delicate as those of any lady. Although she was a slave, she had never experienced any of the hardships and cruelties of slavery. She was the property of a man who lived in the central part of Kentucky, and being a favourite house servant, she was kindly treated by her indulgent master and mistress. She had a comfortable home, and her tasks were the lighter work of the household, and the use of the needle. But her lot did not remain unshadowed by the evils of slavery. She was seduced by her master and became the mother of a handsome boy, apparently white. On account of the disturbance which this created in the family, the master took Rose and her child to Louisville, and hired her for a house servant to an acquaintance of his who owned no slaves. According to the terms of their written agreement, made for a specified number of years, the employer was to pay fifty dollars a year for her services, and to clothe her and the child, beside paying doctor's bills in case of their sickness.

"To Rose's great comfort, she found her new master and mistress to be kind-hearted Christian people. They treated

her and her child with kindness, and her new home proved to be a pleasant one. Her little boy soon became the pet of the family. When he grew large enough to attend school, he was admitted to the white schools, as he showed no trace of coloured blood. He was a bright, intelligent child, and made rapid progress in learning. When the term of years for which Rose had been hired had nearly expired, her employer received a letter from her master stating that he had sold his farm and was preparing to move to Mississippi, and wished Rose and her child to be in readiness to join him and his family when they came to Louisville to take a down-river boat. Her employer imparted this intelligence to Rose, and said that he and his wife were sorry to part with her, but that she must obey her master's orders. Rose was filled with dismay at the prospect of leaving her comfortable home and going to the far South. Her little boy, she knew, would then be a slave, for in slavery the child followed the condition of the mother, and for herself she dreaded some hard fate, worse than she had yet known. She began to plan a way to escape. Some coloured people who knew that Jones was disposed to aid fugitives directed her to consult with him. She sought an opportunity and had an interview with him, during which the whole matter was arranged.

"The family with whom Rose had been living had often given her money for her faithful services, beside paying her master the amount agreed upon, and she had saved a sum more than sufficient to pay her passage to Cincinnati. She also had a supply of good clothing for herself and her little boy, and a large trunk. She began to pack her things and

make ready for travelling. Her indulgent mistress seemed to understand that she contemplated making her escape, but placed no obstruction in her way. On the contrary, she seemed disposed to encourage her attempt, but asked her no questions lest she should be, in turn, questioned by Rose's master when he came.

"Jones went to the Cincinnati packet, and engaged a state-room for a lady and her little boy, entering fictitious names on the clerk's book. He paid for both berths and obtained the key to the room. Later he managed to send Rose's trunk aboard and have it checked for Cincinnati. Rose dressed herself in her best clothing and put a thick veil over her face, and then leading her little boy she went aboard the boat, passing unnoticed in the bustle and crowd. In the cabin she saw Jones, who passed before her into the ladies' cabin, and made a signal designating the room she was to enter. She went in, and finding the key on the inside, locked the door. She and her little boy were unmolested on the trip, and arrived safely at Cincinnati about four o'clock next morning.

"In the meantime Jones had telegraphed to me requesting me to go to box 72 and take charge of his papers until called for. I knew from the number that the state-room referred to was in the ladies' cabin. Just at daybreak, when people began to leave the boat, and draymen and hackmen were going on board to look for freight and passengers, I sent a man to the boat, who went to the room numbered 72, and gave a tap on the door that Rose understood. She opened the door and followed the man ashore, and was soon safe at my house with her little boy.

When her veil was removed it was difficult for us to realize that the handsome, well-dressed lady who sat before us was a fugitive slave. The tinge of African blood in her face was so slight that it was hardly noticeable. We were deeply interested in her at once, and felt that we wanted to exhibit these white slaves to some of our acquaintances, whose sympathies had never been so strongly enlisted for the slave as ours had been. I invited several prominent citizens, who were not Abolitionists, to call at my house, saying that I had recently received a curiosity from the South which I wished to show them. They responded to the invitation, and came at the time appointed. I assured Rose that she need not feel any fear or embarrassment in the presence of the men to whom I was about to introduce her; they were all men of honour and high standing, and would give no information that might lead to her detection. I then conducted her into the parlour where they were seated, and introduced her and her little boy as fugitives, fleeing to a land of liberty. The gentlemen were greatly surprised, and said: 'Can it be possible that they are slaves, liable to be bought and sold? It is a shame.'

"They asked Rose many questions, which she answered with clearness and in a ladylike manner, manifesting a keen sense of her degradation as a slave. The gentlemen expressed much concern for her welfare, saying that they hoped she would reach a land of liberty in safety. While Rose was at our house I introduced her to a number of other persons, whom I wished to interest in behalf of the poor slaves in bondage, as well as the fugitives who escaped.

"After she had been with us several days, John Jolliffe, that

noble advocate of liberty, took her to his house, as he wished to invite some of his law brethren to see her and her boy. Much interest was manifested by all who saw and talked with her. Some thought that no effort would be made to capture her, and that she might be safe in Cincinnati, but John Jolliffe and I decided that it would be best for her to go farther north, so I bought a ticket for her to Detroit, and saw her and her child safely started on their journey. I afterwards heard from her; she was living in Detroit and doing well."

"Not far from Louisville, Kentucky, there lived a slave whom I will call Jim. He had a wife and one child, who belonged to a different master, a person living in Louisville. Jim's master was more indulgent than some slaveholders, and allowed him the privilege of visiting his wife frequently. Jim's parents having grown old, and become worthless in the sense of property, had been emancipated by their master, and as they could not, according to the law of Kentucky, remain in that State and be free, they had been sent to Ohio, and had settled at New Richmond, twenty miles above Cincinnati, where some of their relatives, free coloured people, were living. After they had lived here a year or two Jim solicited the privilege of going to see them and carrying some presents to them. The work of the summer was over and he had accumulated a little money, enough to pay the expenses of the trip. After some deliberation, his master consented to give him a pass for a week's absence, and permitted his little brother, about twelve years old, to go with him to see their parents. He thought there was no danger of Jim's not returning promptly, for he knew that he was

much attached to his wife and child, and thought that he would not leave them.

"But Jim had other thoughts in his mind; he had a yearning to be free. Although he had a kind master he knew that his situation was liable to sudden change, and he now resolved to make a bold stroke for freedom. He also had a plan for aiding one of his friends, a slave, whom I will call Joe.

"Joe was the property of a man living about thirty miles from Louisville, but being cruelly treated by his master he ran away, and secreted himself among some coloured friends in that city. Jim's plan for aiding Joe was to nail him up in a goods box, and ship him to New Richmond, pretending that the box contained some things which he was taking to his parents at that place. By the aid of some of his coloured friends this was accomplished without attracting suspicion. Joe disposed himself as comfortably as he could in the box, the cover was nailed on, and it was directed to Jim's father at New Richmond, in care of Jim himself. Then it was conveyed to the wharf on a dray, to be placed on board the Cincinnati packet as freight for New Richmond. Jim had gone to the boat before and paid the price of passage for himself and little brother to Cincinnati. He showed his pass to the captain and informed him that he had a box to take with him to his father, on which he wished to pay the freight to Cincinnati in advance. This was satisfactory to the captain, and the weight being marked on the box, which was now on the wharf, Jim paid the freight required. The mate ordered the box to be rolled on board, but Jim took hold and helped the deck hands carry it on deck, and saw

that it was placed right side up. The boat arrived at Cincinnati before daylight next morning, and landed at the foot of Main Street. ' Jim wished to know if his friend was all right, and watching his opportunity when the deck hands were engaged in another part of the boat, he leaned down and whispered through a crack in the box, ' Joe, is you dar ? ' The answer came back, in muffled tones : ' I's hyar, all right.'

" The wharf of the Maysville packet line, where Jim was to take passage for New Richmond, was at the foot of Broadway, two squares above, but the boat was not yet in. Jim had the box containing his friend conveyed on a dray to the upper wharf, where it had to lay several hours in the hot sunshine. As soon as the boat arrived and her freight was discharged, Jim had the box put on board, watching carefully to see that it was right side up. At four in the afternoon the Maysville boat started, and reached New Richmond about sunset. Jim paid the charges on his box of live freight, and had it rolled off on the wharf. Waiting till the boat had gone on her way, Jim ascertained that Joe was still alive, and then hired a wood wagon to transport the box to the house where his father and mother lived, in the outskirts of the village. Jim was glad to meet his father and mother, but was so anxious to release Joe from his confinement that he hardly waited to speak to them. When the box was unloaded, and the man who drove the wagon was gone, Jim took a hatchet and knocked off the box lid, and Joe crawled out of the narrow quarters where he had been confined for thirty-six hours, without food or drink, except a crust of corn bread. He appeared to be in good

condition, and was thankful to breathe the free air of Ohio, which he said was sweet. Jim was much rejoiced at the success of his plan and his friend's safe arrival.

"A few Abolitionists—white men—who lived near, were called in to see the fugitive, and to advise in regard to his safety. It was decided that he must go to Canada immediately, *viâ* the Underground Railroad, and that the line leading through Cincinnati was the best for him to take. One of the Abolitionists who knew me offered to bring Joe to my house the next evening in his buggy. He had a swift horse, and by starting early in the evening he reached my house about ten o'clock at night. The next day I obtained a ticket to Sandusky for Joe, and put him aboard the night train. I learned afterwards that he arrived safely in Canada.

"Jim remained a few days with his parents at New Richmond, then came to Cincinnati, and called at my house to inquire about his friend. He said that the time for which his pass was good had not yet expired; he had several days to spare, and he thought of taking a trip to Canada to see how his friend Joe was prospering. If he liked the country himself, he thought he would not return. I asked him about his wife and child; would he leave them in slavery?

"He replied: 'I hope to get them to Canada before long. I have been talking with the steward on board the Cincinnati and Louisville packet. He is a trusty fellow, and well acquainted with my wife. He will go to see her and tell her that I have gone to Canada to prepare a home for us, and that she must try and join me. We have a white friend living in Louisville who will plan for her if she will apply to him.'

"Jim then went to the Louisville packet, where he had left his little brother. He paid the fare of his brother to Louisville, and had a private understanding with the coloured steward; then a short time before the hour for the boat to start, he told his brother that he had some business up town that he must attend to before starting, and hastily left the boat. His brother supposed that he would soon return, but the boat went off without Jim.

"Jim returned to my house and took the train that evening for Sandusky. I told him that according to the laws of Ohio he was already free; that when a slave was brought into this State by his master, or came here with his master's permission, the law would protect him if he chose to remain. But if Jim's wife ran away and came to him here, the law could not protect her; she would be liable to be captured and taken back to slavery.

"Jim concluded that he would try the English dominions, and reached Canada in safety. When his wife received the message that he had sent her, she resolved to follow him as soon as she could find an opportunity to make her escape. She consulted with Jones, of Louisville, and a few months afterwards he managed to get her safely on board the packet for Cincinnati, and telegraphed to me to go to box 73 and take charge of his papers till called for. I knew by the number that the state-room designated was in the ladies' cabin, and that the fugitive was a woman. She, with her child, was brought to our house, and the next night was forwarded to Canada, where she joined her husband in safety."

"Among the many interesting cases that came under my

personal notice while engaged in efforts to aid the slave, that of Louisa Picquet the Octoroon is recalled to memory.

"Louisa was born in Columbia, South Carolina, where her mother was a slave in the family of John Randolph. As little Louisa strongly resembled the Randolph children, Madame R. became much dissatisfied, and caused her and her mother to be sold. They were bought by a Mr. Cook, of Georgia, in whose family they remained for some time—Louisa as nurse girl, her mother as cook. Their master had a large cotton plantation, warehouses, stores, etc., but was not a good manager and became deeply involved in debt. His creditors came to take possession of his property, and he ran off to Mobile, taking seven of his slaves, including Louisa and her mother, and hired them out. Louisa was in the family of a Mr. English, where she was well treated. She was at this time a beautiful girl of fourteen, with dark eyes and hair, rosy cheeks, and brunette complexion, but with no indication of a drop of African blood in her veins. She attracted the attention and gained the affection of a young man of nineteen or twenty, white in appearance, but the slave of a man in the city of Mobile. She loved him in return, and would have been his wife, with all the sanction that the law allowed to slaves, had not circumstances separated them. Her lover was accused to his master of an offence of which he was innocent, and when he denied it he received a severe whipping, which made him resolve to run away.

"The young lover hastened to Louisa and unfolded his plans, asking her to flee with him. But she was afraid to venture. She knew that they could not read or write, and

was afraid that they would be questioned and discovered. When she made known her decision, her lover was sorry to part from her, but all his arrangements were made and he had resolved to go. So after a long talk they bade each other good-bye—destined to meet again under very different circumstances.

"Mr. Cook's creditors traced him to Mobile, took possession of his slaves, and sold them to satisfy his debts. Louisa was taken to the public auction rooms, and her merits discussed by various purchasers. The auctioneer recommended her as a good-looking girl, a good nurse, kind and affectionate to children; she had never been put to hard work, as they could see by her white hands, etc. He even noticed her hair, which had lately been cut off because it was prettier than that of her master's daughter, and said, 'You see it is good quality, and in a short time it will grow out fine and long.' The bidding commenced at six hundred dollars, and mounted by hundreds and fifties to fourteen hundred. The rival bidders were a Mr. Horton, from Texas, who had bought Louisa's mother, and a Mr. Williams, of New Orleans. The former gentleman said that Louisa should go with her mother, but the latter declared that he would have her at any price, and bidding fifteen hundred she was sold to him.

"As Louisa was being led away she heard someone crying and praying, and saw her mother on her knees in the midst of the crowd with her hands lifted up and her eyes raised towards heaven streaming with tears. All the people were looking at her, but she did not think of them; she was asking the Lord to go with her only daughter and protect her. This scene made a deep impression on Louisa, and

she remembered it years afterwards in waking hours and in dreams. There was no time allowed for saying good-bye. The slaveholders did not recognise the claims of natural affection between mother and daughter, but led them away, one to hard work in Texas, the other to a home in New Orleans.

"She had four children while living with Mr. Williams, two of whom died. She was known as his housekeeper, and did all the work. He never brought guests to the house, but if he had company took them to the hotel and entertained them. He finally became so harsh and strict with Louisa, and so disagreeable in his ways, that she begged him to sell her, saying that she would rather die than live in that manner. He became much enraged, and said that nothing but death should separate them, and that if she attempted to escape he would blow her brains out.

"Not knowing what else to do Louisa began praying that Mr. Williams might die; she said, in relating her story, 'I promised the Lord one night, faithful in prayer, if He would just take him out of the way I'd get religion and be true to Him as long as I lived. If Mr. Williams only knew *that* and could get up out of his grave he would beat me half to death. Finally he did get sick, and was sick nearly a year. Then he began to get good and talked kind to me. I could see there was a change in him. He was not all the time accusing me of other people. Then when I saw that he was suffering so I began to get sorry and to pray that he might get religion before he died. It seems he did get religion, for he was so changed.' A short time before his death Mr. Williams willed Louisa and her children free, and

told her, when he was dead, to go to the North and live a new life. He also willed her the household goods—all that he had in the way of property—the house he lived in was rented. After his death Louisa felt a new peace and happiness, for she was *free*. On Sunday she went to church for the first time in six years, and was much impressed with the words of the preacher. Mr. Williams' brother soon afterwards told her that she must leave the house, as he could not pay the rent, and a coloured woman, who took in washing, kindly received Louisa and her children and cared for them till she could make other arrangements.

"The furniture left to Louisa by her master was sent to a second-hand furniture store and sold, and with the money thus realized Louisa and her children came to Cincinnati, having little money left after paying travelling expenses. On her arrival here, Louisa went to the house of a coloured woman named Nelson, once a slave in Georgia, whom she had known in former years. She found friends among the coloured and white people, and was respected by all. Two or three years after coming to Cincinnati, Louisa married Henry Picquet, a mulatto, formerly a slave and the son of a Frenchman in Georgia. He had been married once before, but his wife was sold away from him. Louisa had thought of her mother during the long years of separation, and in that time had heard from her once. She now endeavoured to learn in what part of Texas her mother was, and to ascertain if she could be purchased. She had letters written to different parts of Texas, making inquiries, and succeeded in learning the address of her mother's master. Negotiations were then opened relative to her mother's purchase, and the

master agreed to dispose of her for one thousand dollars. Louisa's next concern was, 'How shall I raise this money?' She thought of selling everything she had, but her entire worldly possessions would amount to but a small sum. She then talked with friends on the matter, and was advised by them to go out and solicit money for the purpose. She was at first reluctant to do this, as she had a family to care for, had never travelled except from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and feared that her efforts would be vain, as there were so many abroad on similar errands; but she finally resolved to make the attempt.

"I gave her a recommendation. Joseph Emery, known for many years as city missionary, did likewise, and she received several encouraging notices from the press. With these pasted in her book she started out, first in Cincinnati, where she obtained subscriptions to the amount of about three hundred dollars, and then made her way to other cities and towns in the State of Ohio, where she received various sums. At Cleveland she was advised to visit Buffalo, where the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session. She received letters of introduction to a minister settled at Buffalo, and to another who was there as delegate to the Conference, and went to that city, but received so little help that she decided to go on to New York, having letters to Henry Ward Beecher and others. She did so, and met with excellent encouragement, her collections amounting to two hundred and twenty-three dollars, in a few days. One day in New York she was passing along a street near the Park, when she saw a man on top of an omnibus who looked at her earnestly and seemed to know

her. She recognized him instantly as the young man who, years before in Mobile, had asked her to marry him and run away from slavery. He got down from the omnibus, and came and spoke to her. After some conversation, in which she explained how she happened to be there, he told her that he had been to New York ever since he ran away, that he had married a white woman, and that no one suspected him of having a drop of African blood in his veins. He afterwards brought his three children to the Park for Louisa to see, and she says they were very pretty, and prettily dressed—the two little girls, white and fair, the little boy a brunette. 'Ah,' said she, laughing, 'that one has the stain on it.' She promised to keep the matter secret—the early history of her friend—lest it might break up a family, or cause a white citizen of New York to be remanded back to slavery.

"Louisa returned to Buffalo, where for the first time in her travels she was treated with doubt and suspicion. Calling on a minister, who was a delegate to the Conference, from Baltimore, and stating her business, she was received coldly. After looking over her papers and listening to her story, he expressed his opinion that she was not a coloured woman, that her claims were false, and she was an impostor. Another gentleman in Buffalo, learning of this incident, kindly undertook to aid Louisa and substantiate her claims, for the benefit of those disposed to doubt her. He telegraphed to the banking firm of Evans and Company, of Cincinnati, to whom Louisa referred him, and received by mail a full indorsement of her and her representations.

"About this time Louisa received news that the master of

her mother had decreased the price he demanded from one thousand dollars to nine hundred, which was cheering news, as it obviated much labour and anxiety. Louisa returned to Cincinnati, and, after some discouragement, succeeded in completing her collections and making up the sum required. There was a joyful reunion of mother and daughter after the long separation of years. They parted in wretchedness, at a slave auction in Mobile, with the hopelessness of a life of bondage before them; they met on a free soil, rejoicing in the possession of freedom, and full of thanksgiving and joy too great for utterance."

"A slave woman escaped from the vicinity of Maysville, Kentucky, with her two children, made her way to Cincinnati, and went to a long tenement house on East Alley, where several coloured families lived. In about a week her master arrived in search of her, and having learned of her whereabouts, he obtained a writ, placed it in the hands of officers, and, with a posse, went to capture her and her children. A coloured woman, occupying a separate apartment of the tenement house, was just starting down street when she saw the officers coming, and, divining their object, ran quickly round a back way, gave the alarm, and succeeded in getting the woman and two children secreted and locked up, in her part of the house, just as the party arrived. They searched the rooms that the fugitive had just left, but found no traces of her, and began to hunt in some of the neighbouring buildings. The woman who had given the alarm, in the meantime locked her door, and slipping out a back way, came to our house and related her story with much excitement. While she was

yet talking, two more coloured women came to tell the same story, and ask advice.

"I told them all to go back, one by one, and show no alarm. To the first one I gave a large market basket containing a full suit of men's clothing—including an overcoat, as it was then cool spring weather—directing her to disguise the slave woman and send her out by some by-way to the corner of Fifth and Central Avenue, where some one would be waiting whom she would recognise. She was to follow the person at some distance, and would be conducted to our house. Then the children were to be disguised and taken out, one at a time, accompanied by a single person, and brought in a roundabout way to the same place. These directions were followed, and by 11 A.M.—the alarm had been given early in the morning—they were all safe at our house. The next night they were conveyed on the Underground Railroad, thirty miles out of the city, in the care of a trusty conductor, and in a few days were beyond the reach of pursuers.

"A man and wife escaped from Louisville and reached Cincinnati by aid of the chambermaid on the regular packet, who secreted them during the passage and fed them. They were acquainted with a free coloured woman, a washerwoman, who had formerly lived in Louisville, and on their arrival in Cincinnati made their way to her room, which was in the basement of a building on Third Street, near Walnut, where she secreted them. A coloured woman, a friend of hers, learned of the fugitives' hiding-place, and was very uneasy lest they should be discovered. One

night she became so troubled concerning them that she could not rest, and about ten o'clock made her way to our house, and told me the story of the fugitives, and related her premonition of danger. I told her to conduct me to the place, directing her to walk ahead, and explaining that I would follow a short distance behind. We reached the place about eleven o'clock. The woman with whom they were stopping knew me, and introduced me to the fugitives. I told them that they must leave immediately, directed them to get ready at once, and to leave the house in a manner which I explained. I then went out, and in a short time the slave man followed, and walking some distance behind me, he reached my house in safety. The slave woman was disguised in a dress and veil belonging to her friend, and, accompanied by the woman who had conducted me to the place, walked out of the house, turned to the right and went up Main Street. In a short time they reached the corner of Franklin and Broadway—where we then resided—and the fugitives were secreted. Twenty minutes after they had left the house of the washerwoman, a posse of men entered it, some at the front, others at the rear entrance. A short search convinced them that their prey had escaped, and they were much enraged to find themselves foiled. The fugitives remained quiet several days, until the search in the city seemed to be over, and were then forwarded *viâ* the Underground Railroad to Canada."

"A slave man who had made his escape from Kentucky, and reached Cincinnati in safety, took refuge among the coloured people living on Sixth Street, near Broadway. He remained here several days, without my knowledge, and it

was only at the last moment that I learned of his presence and was able to warn him of his danger.

"I went immediately to the place, and found the fugitive and the man of the house sitting out in the yard, enjoying the cool evening breeze, which was quite refreshing after the warm day. I soon alarmed them by telling them that there were slave-hunters in the city looking after such a man. I told the fugitive that he was in great danger, and must change his quarters without a moment's delay. It was then about nine o'clock at night. He was conducted at once to a certain point on Mount Auburn, at the head of Sycamore Street, where I sent my horse and carriage to meet him and conduct him to the next depot of the Underground Railroad.

"I was informed the next day that in less than ten minutes after the fugitive left, the house was entered by his master and a posse of men, who had previously discovered his whereabouts. They searched the house thoroughly, but they were too late. I might relate many similar instances that occurred in the city. Fugitives were often spirited away when all the preparations for their capture had been made, and their foiled and baffled pursuers continued to search for them after they had safely reached Canada by way of the Underground Railroad."

"A slave man, named Louis, escaped from the interior of Kentucky, and came to Cincinnati, where he found employment, and remained for some time, but finally made his way to the neighbourhood of Columbus. After he had lived there several years, his master learned of his whereabouts, and went in pursuit of him. A writ was obtained, and placed in

the hands of the marshal of Columbus, who arrested Louis, and brought him to Cincinnati, on his way back to slavery. In the meantime, friends of Louis at Columbus telegraphed to Lawyer Jolliffe, notifying him of the case. He at once came to see me, and we immediately got out a writ to arrest the master for kidnapping. The sheriff of Cincinnati awaited the party from Columbus at the depot, and when the train arrived, he took the slaveholder into custody.

"Lawyer Hays united with Jolliffe in defending the fugitive. They endeavoured to prove that Louis had formerly accompanied his master to this State to aid him in driving a drove of horses back to Kentucky, and that under the law of Ohio, which liberated every slave who came into the State by his master's consent, Louis was free. The slaveholder was allowed to go home to get evidence and secure witnesses that Louis was his property, and the negro was placed in jail to await his trial. The case was tried before Commissioner Carpenter, and as it was among the first in this district that came under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, it attracted much attention. When the time set for the decision arrived, the court-room was crowded with interested listeners, white and black. It was during the building of the new court-house, and the court was held in the second story of Wilson's building on Court Street. The room was long, and had a table or counter through the centre. On the west side of this there was a crowd of coloured people standing; the judge and lawyers were sitting at the table. Opposite them sat the slave, between his master and the marshal of Columbus; and just behind him stood a crowd of white people, composed of friends of the slave, and others who

had been drawn to the spot by curiosity. The judge was slow and tedious in reviewing the evidence; and as he spoke in a low tone, and the auditors were anxious to hear, they leaned forward much absorbed, trying to catch every word, as they expected every moment to hear the negro consigned to slavery.

"Louis was crowded, and to gain more room slipped his chair back a little way. Neither his master nor the marshal noticed the movement, as they were intently listening to the judge, and he slipped his chair again until he was back of them. I was standing close behind him, and saw every movement. Next he rose quietly to his feet, and took a step backward. Some Abolitionist, friendly to his cause, gave him an encouraging touch on the foot, and he stepped farther back. Then a good hat was placed on his head by someone behind, and he quietly and cautiously made his way around the south end of the room into the crowd of coloured people on the west side, and through it towards the door. I and several other Abolitionists had our eyes on him, and our hearts throbbed with suppressed excitement and anxiety lest he should be discovered. The door and passage were crowded with Germans, through whom Louis made his way, and passing downstairs, gained the street. He was well acquainted with the different streets, and made his way quickly, though with not enough haste to attract attention, by an indirect route to Avondale, where he knew the sexton of the coloured burying-ground. About five minutes after he left the court-room his absence was discovered, and created a great sensation. The marshal cried, 'Louis is gone!' and made a rush for the door and downstairs, fol-

lowed by his supporters, to search for the fugitive who had slipped through their fingers. Louis' friends were all delighted, of course, and there was an extensive display of grinning ivories among the crowd of coloured people. The Commissioner adjourned Court till the following Tuesday (but it has never been convened from that day to this), and the crowd dispersed, some jubilant over the unexpected course things had taken, some equally chagrined.

"I and other Abolitionists, learning of Louis' whereabouts, decided that he was not safe on the outskirts of the city; and the following night we disguised him in woman's apparel, brought him into the city, and took him to the house of one of his coloured friends. He was placed in an upper room and the door locked, and here he remained about a week. Only two or three persons knew of his hiding-place; but as several policemen were seen frequently in the vicinity, we feared that he was in danger, and for greater safety decided to remove him.

"I had an interview with the trustees of a popular church known to be friends to the slave, and arrangements were made for Louis' removal. He was again dressed in woman's apparel, and, obeying directions, he walked down Broadway, one Sabbath evening, to the corner of Eighth Street, when he saw me. I passed in at a side gate, and went into the basement of the church previously mentioned. Louis followed me, and was soon safely secreted in one of the committee rooms. The officers of the law made vigorous efforts to find him, but gained no clue to his hiding-place. It was said that the Columbus marshal disguised himself as a Friend, and went among the Friends' settlements in Ohio,

under a fictitious name, inquiring for Louis. He professed to feel great anxiety and concern for Louis' safety, as there was so much search for him, but he gained no intelligence of the fugitive. All this time, Louis remained in his comfortable quarters in the committee room, where he heard the preaching every Sabbath in the room above. Finally, a Presbyterian minister and his wife, who were in Cincinnati for a short time, with their horse and carriage, offered to convey him out of the city. Arrangements were accordingly made, and they drove to the church door one morning about nine o'clock. Louis, disguised as a woman, with a veil over his face, entered the carriage, and sat on the back seat by the lady. They took him about thirty miles out of the city that day to a noted depot of the Underground Railroad, and he was duly shipped to Sandusky, where he arrived in safety, and took the boat for Canada.

"Louis' master claimed his full value—one thousand dollars—from the marshal of Columbus, who had him in charge at the time of his escape, and who was responsible for his safe keeping; but it was reported that the marshal effected a compromise with him by paying eight hundred dollars. The whole occurrence excited much attention, and was widely commented upon at the time. It is probably the only instance on record of a prisoner escaping from a court-room in broad daylight, and eluding the grasp of a watchful marshal, and the surveillance of the officers of the court."

CHAPTER VI.

SO slight is the general appreciation of contemporary history, that it has now become almost an understood thing amongst a large class of intelligent English people that the Federal Government of the United States entered upon the American civil war with the full intention of securing the abolition of slavery. Nothing could be further from the truth. The real question at issue was whether a State, having become a federal part of the union, could withdraw from the same without the consent of the whole confederation. The utter inability of war to settle such a matter is patent. But the leading politicians of the Southern States were bent upon constituting a nation where slavery should be unchallenged.

When the rebellion first broke out, prayer-meetings were held in almost all the churches throughout the Northern States, and earnest supplications were made that the terrible scourge of war might be averted. But the popular religious denominations were still under the influence of the pro-slavery power—were still under the delusion that slavery was a Divine institution; and it was an understood thing at these meetings that the subject of slavery should not be alluded to.

But a change was gradually taking place, and the odium which for many years had been attached to Abolitionism became more and more subdued. The friends of the slave began to breathe more freely, and the Underground Railroad work was carried on with something like freedom. The change in the attitude of the Government was due in great measure to the noble and courageous conduct of Colonel W. L. Uttley, who commanded the 22nd Wisconsin Volunteers, a regiment which became so well known for its anti-slavery sentiments, that it received the name of "The Abolition Regiment." The commanders of Union troops, as a rule, would not at first receive or protect fugitive slaves who sought refuge in their lines, but either sent them back or allowed their masters to come and take them. They declared it was not the policy of the North to disturb the "peculiar institutions" of the South.

On the 15th October, 1862, Colonel Uttley received an order from Brigadier Gilmore to the effect that all contrabands—*i.e.*, escaped slaves—must be left behind when the division moved on the following morning. A few days afterwards he received the following peremptory order:—

"COLONEL,—You will at once send to my quarters the four contrabands, John, Abel, George, and Dick, known to belong to good, loyal citizens. They are in your regiment, or were this morning.

"Your obedient servant,

"Q. A. GILMORE,

"Brigadier-General."

Colonel Uttley at once sent a reply to the effect that he

recognized the Brigadier's authority in all matters pertaining to the movements of the army, but he could only recognize the President's authority on the subject of delivering up contrabands; and he further called the attention of the Brigadier to the Proclamation of the President of September, 1862, and to the law of Congress on the subject. The Colonel was immediately summoned to head-quarters. Said the General: "I sent you an order this evening." The Colonel replied: "Yes, sir, and I refused to obey it." After a little more conversation, the General finally said that he should repeat the order in the morning. To this the Colonel replied: "General, to save you the trouble and folly of such a course, let me say I shall refuse to comply in the same positive manner." The morning came, but the order was not received. A change of policy was soon afterwards announced. No more contrabands were to be returned, but those coming into the Federal lines were to be organized into a brigade by themselves, for appropriate services. This episode created considerable excitement at the time, and ended not only in a grand triumph of principle over apparent self-interest, but also in the forward progress of negro emancipation. But this triumph brought with it great responsibilities. Two large armies were now in the field, and wherever they went they left behind them a scene of devastation and ruin. As the Northern army advanced into the Southern States, many of the slaveholders fled farther South, carrying their able-bodied slaves with them, and leaving the women and children, and the aged and infirm, to take care of themselves as best they could. Thousands of these poor helpless creatures flocked within the Union lines,

and were immediately passed on to stations farther North. Many were sent in boats to Cincinnati, where they were landed on the wharf without food or shelter, and absolutely without means of obtaining them. Several thousands were also forwarded to Cairo, Illinois. These latter were in still worse plight than those at Cincinnati, who were aided in some measure by the free coloured people. Levi Coffin's warm heart could not rest as he heard of the great suffering and destitution which prevailed, and he resolved on making a journey to Cairo—a distance of five hundred miles—to see their condition, and to render what assistance was in his power. He found the destitution even worse than it had been represented to him. "Many were sick from exposure, and for want of sufficient clothing; they had no bedding or cooking utensils; none of the comforts, and few of the necessaries, of life. The scanty rations issued by Government were their only subsistence." The weather was exceedingly cold and chilly, and many of the "contrabands," as they were then called, were suffering from exposure; and to add to their extreme wretchedness, the frightful scourge of small-pox was exceedingly prevalent. But notwithstanding this abject state of poverty, the people were not without one bright gleam of radiant joy. Their hearts seemed filled with praise to God for their deliverance from the accursed slavery. At two o'clock in the afternoon Levi Coffin attended a religious meeting, and the weather being fair, a large multitude of the poor ragged negroes crowded for devotional service. Every foot of standing room in the large shelter was occupied. The singing of the coloured people was characterized by such fervour and whole-souled abandonment

as Levi Coffin had never heard before; and he thought of the day of Pentecost, and of the sound that came from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind. Many of the old men and women gave free utterance to expressions of praise and thanksgiving. After the meeting, the sick and afflicted were visited, and on the following day Levi Coffin started on his return journey. The misery and wretchedness he had witnessed on this tour decided him to devote all his time and energies to the work of assisting the freed slaves. On the first day of January, 1863, by the proclamation of President Lincoln, negro slavery ceased to exist throughout the United States, and in the early days of the same month the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission was formed at Cincinnati. It comprised most of the leading merchants of the city, and many prominent members of the different denominations. Levi Coffin was appointed general agent of the Commission, and an office and wareroom were opened for the reception of supplies. Appeals were at once made to the benevolent, and the work increased rapidly, as did also the necessity for it. Boxes of clothing, bedding, books, and other articles came in large numbers from all parts of the country, to be shipped off to the suffering freedmen. But the necessitous were not confined to people of colour. War, unfortunately, is no respecter of persons. The suffering entailed by this cruel scourge can never be fully revealed. Levi Coffin found it necessary to make several flying visits to the scenes of distress, and on one of these occasions the boat that took him to Cairo was much crowded, having eight hundred passengers on board. There were some sick and wounded soldiers, a number of rebel prisoners, and a com-

pany of white refugees from the South—mostly women and children. This company was landed on the wharf, in charge of a Government officer, to be sent out by railroad, and scattered among the people in Indiana and Illinois, to find sustenance. They numbered about three hundred, and were the most wretched, forlorn-looking company of people he had ever seen. All appeared to be in deep distress. They had been ruined by the war; being Unionists in sentiment, and opposed to secession, their property had been destroyed or taken by the rebels, their houses burned, and the men forced to flee for their lives or enter the rebel service. The husbands and fathers of some of these families had been shot down before their eyes; others had succeeded in escaping and joining the Union army. These refugees had been gathered together by Union soldiers, and sent, at Government expense, to the free States, to be provided for by the more fortunate Northern people, whose homes had not been destroyed by war. Levi Coffin spent some time walking about among them, and listening to their stories of suffering and distress. The deepest sympathies of his heart were stirred in their behalf. Their situation was indeed pitiful. Some were sick and lying on the wet ground, with but a scanty supply of bed clothing. Others were moving about in a dejected and spiritless manner, trying to prepare something to eat. Army rations had been issued to them, but the food was coarse, and unfit for delicate women and children and sick persons. One aged grandmother, ninety-five years of age, was munching a piece of cold corn bread.

He had witnessed many scenes of destitution and suffering among the contrabands in the South, but this

surpassed them all. The coloured people were hopeful; they had gained their liberty, and in the midst of privation and hardship were praising the Lord for their deliverance from bondage. The refugees were despondent, and often wept bitterly as they related their sad stories. Many of them had been in comfortable circumstances; they were now ruined and dependent upon the charity of strangers. Before he left this pitiful group, he had the satisfaction of seeing some of the ladies of the town go among them to minister to their wants.

Visits were also made in search of funds, and to make the wants of the freedmen known to the wealthy inhabitants of the Northern States. Partly for this object he visited Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. In each of these places he was cordially received and assured of co-operation and assistance. He also visited Lynn, Massachusetts; Providence, Newport, and Rhode Island, receiving numerous contributions and promises of clothing, shoes, blankets, etc., which were afterwards duly received.

On New Year's day, 1864, he had the inexpressible pleasure of attending the Jubilee Meeting of the old Anti-Slavery Society at Plymouth, and stood on the famous Plymouth Rock with Samuel J. May, Wendell Phillips, and others of his old co-labourers in the anti-slavery cause.

At Boston he visited the veteran Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, and returned home with the sum of two thousand dollars, voluntarily handed to him by individuals to be devoted to the relief of the freedmen, and feeling that his efforts had been greatly blessed, and much encouraged to persevere in the work.

So greatly, indeed, had he been encouraged by this visit, and so deeply was he impressed by a visit shortly afterwards to the field of labour amongst the suffering freedmen, of the urgent necessity of additional and continuous exertion on their behalf, that he determined to visit England, believing that if the benevolent people of this country could only be brought to understand the condition and wants of the thousands of emancipated slaves, many of them would willingly render their assistance in the great and noble work.

He had misgivings, however, as he contemplated the magnitude of such an enterprize. He had all through life been a man of action, not of words; and he was often inclined to plead the excuse of Moses, that he was slow of speech, but was encouraged by the thought that he might perhaps meet with an Aaron when he arrived on this side the Atlantic.

His wife, who had all through his eventful labours been his efficient co-worker, encouraged him in the enterprize. The directors of the Freedmen's Aid Commission were delighted with the proposition, and readily offered to bear the expense of the journey. Preparations for the voyage were at once entered upon, and credentials obtained from influential Americans, including Mr. Secretary Chase and Henry Ward Beecher, and on the 5th of May he took leave of his family, and two days afterwards embarked for Liverpool on board the steamship *City of Edinburgh*.

Arriving in London in the middle of May, he found the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends in full session. His visit could not have been more opportune. As soon as his presence and the object of his mission became known, he was

invited to explain the circumstances and condition of the freedmen to the Yearly Meeting. This he did with much freedom, and was greatly encouraged by the reception accorded him. He explained that his mission to this country was not intended to be confined to the Society of Friends, but was to philanthropists in general: that the association was anti-sectarian but evangelical, and that all denominations of Christians could labour together harmoniously in this great work of benevolence.

After the meeting he was introduced to many of the most influential members of the Society of Friends, who were then at Devonshire House from all parts of the country, many of whom invited him to visit their neighbourhood, and generously offered their assistance in the work. The first meeting held in London was at the residence of Dr. Hodgkin, and was convened by special invitation. Seventy-five persons of influence responded, including John Bright, Richard Cobden, W. E. Forster, Samuel Gurney, Newman Hall, Dr. Massie, and Dr. Tomkins. Levi Coffin explained at some length the object of his visit, disclaiming any wish to receive money himself, and suggesting that they should organize a Freedmen's Aid Association of their own. A resolution to this effect was afterwards proposed and adopted, and the work was fairly begun. Short speeches were made by several of the most influential persons present, and at the suggestion of Samuel Gurney, a further meeting was arranged to be held at his own house to complete the organization.

This second meeting was of a most aristocratic character, being largely composed of lords, dukes, bishops, and

members of Parliament, and including also several ladies of high station. Referring to the war then raging, Levi Coffin said that he had no sympathy with war under any circumstances, and drew attention to the suffering in England in consequence of it, and the distress in Lancashire caused by the lack of cotton. He was asked a great number of questions; among others, "Do the negroes manifest a disposition to help themselves?" He replied that he had been agreeably surprised in that particular, and occasioned much laughter by the remark that "there is quite a difference among them; some are nearly as trifling and worthless as white people." A prominent bishop inquired about the prejudice against colour in America, saying, as he placed his hand on the woolly head of the coloured Bishop of Sierra Leone, "In this country we respect people according to their merits. I had the honour of dining with this brother to-day."

The organization of the London Freedmen's Aid Society was then completed, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton being appointed President, Samuel Gurney, M.P., Treasurer, and William Allen, Sub-Treasurer. Frederick Tomkins, M.A., D.C.L., Samuel Garratt, B.A., John Curwen, and F. W. Chesson were made Honorary Secretaries, and a large and influential committee appointed, which included the names amongst others of Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of the City of London, Henry Pease, John Bright, Thomas Hughes, Stafford Allen, and Robert Alsop. Both of these meetings were favourably noticed in the London papers, and the object of Levi Coffin's mission soon became known throughout the country. An appeal to the people was now

published, and public meetings were arranged to be held in the large towns.

It was with much misgiving as to his powers of addressing large audiences that Levi Coffin consented to this course, but the Aaron he had hoped and prayed for was forthcoming in duplicate in the persons of Dr. Massie and Dr. Tomkins, both of whom had taken deep interest in the mission and volunteered their services. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held at Liverpool and Birmingham, at both of which towns independent associations had been formed. Meetings were also held at Manchester, Bradford, Leicester, Sheffield, Rochester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Kendal, and other places, all of which were very largely attended, and resulted in committees being organized to carry on the work. The Birmingham and Midland Freedmen's Aid Association went so far as to freight their own ships with clothing and other manufactured goods for the perishing negroes. In explaining his work at these meetings, Levi Coffin said that for twenty years he had had the privilege of sheltering under his roof an annual average of one hundred and six fugitives, and the exact number he had assisted was 3,300. The Underground Railroad was first so called by the slaveholders, who, not being able to capture those who had fled from the plantations, said there must be an underground road to Canada.

On his return to London, Levi Coffin found that goods for shipment were rapidly accumulating. He thereupon called upon the American Minister, Mr. Charles F. Adams, to seek his assistance in getting the duties remitted on all goods shipped for the benefit of the freedmen. Mr. Adams

manifested great interest in the subject, and promised to use his influence, desiring Levi Coffin to write to Secretary Chase also. This was done, and it was not long before he received the intimation that the request was granted. The Railway Companies had already agreed to forward all packages to Liverpool free of charge, and the regular lines of steamships to New York agreed to give them free transportation to that city. The goods were therefore collected, and forwarded to their destination free of expense. Contributions in money were also being received, and the great work was going on prosperously. The exertion of addressing public meetings, often held to a late hour in the evening, had proved a great strain upon Levi Coffin, and he was glad to seek rest at the pleasant home of Mr. Stafford Allen, at Stoke Newington. The rest was not for long. A few days later found him actively at work again addressing meetings of a more or less public character in and about the metropolis. In conjunction with Mr. Arthur Albright he again attended meetings at Birmingham and in different parts of the midland counties.

In the month of September, accompanied by Dr. Massie he visited Ireland. At Dublin he was met by Mr. Samuel Bewley, who had arranged a public breakfast and conference. Many of the most prominent men in Dublin attended, and much interest in the work was manifested. This conference was followed by a large public meeting, at which the Lord Mayor presided. An influential committee was formed, and upwards of two hundred pounds was paid into the hands of the treasurer and forwarded to Cincinnati. The Dublin papers noticed the meetings favourably, and expressed

much sympathy with the object of the mission. This was of great importance, as it gave the tone to the press generally throughout the country. Cork, Waterford, and other towns in the south of Ireland were afterwards visited, and wherever he went he found as in England that homes had been provided for him, and he never once felt himself to be amongst strangers.

Returning to England, he visited by invitation the Methodist general conference at Bradford, the Baptist Union at Birmingham, and the annual Congregational assembly at Lynn. Accompanied by Dr. Massie, Scotland was then visited, stopping on the way and attending meetings at Kendal, Carlisle, and one or two other places. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other towns in Scotland great interest was excited, the contributions were exceedingly liberal, and warm expressions of sympathy were very numerous. From Scotland Levi Coffin crossed the Channel to Belfast, and from thence paid short visits to several towns in the north of Ireland, and visited Dublin a second time, where he found the work in active operation.

After spending a week or two very pleasantly in Dublin, speaking at meetings and receiving liberal contributions, he left for Birmingham. Here he met Dr. Haynes, who had just arrived in England as the representative of the National Freedmen's Aid Society of New York. After attending several meetings in that district he returned once more to the quiet and pleasant home of Mr. Stafford Allen. Almost every town in England, Ireland, and Scotland had organized Freedmen's Aid Associations, and a large quantity of manufactured articles of every description had been collected and

forwarded; besides liberal contributions in money, and he felt with much thankfulness that his efforts had been abundantly blessed.

On the 15th of February, 1865, a large meeting, convened by the London Freedmen's Aid Society, was held in Exeter Hall. It had been well advertised, Levi Coffin's name, as usual—though much against his wish—being placed first in the list of speakers, and the hall was crowded. For some days previously he had been confined to his bed with a severe cold and sore throat, and was still suffering from such a hoarseness that it seemed impossible for him to speak. Feeble and out of health as he was, he went to the meeting, and took his seat on the platform, surrounded by many of the most prominent philanthropists of the great city of London, but still thinking that he must of necessity remain silent. But the continued outbursts of enthusiasm of five thousand persons for a cause in which his whole being centred, warmed up his feelings, and he soon gave permission to the chairman to introduce him to the meeting. To the astonishment of himself and all who knew the circumstances, his voice grew stronger and clearer as he spoke, so that every word he uttered could be heard distinctly throughout the vast assembly. On that very morning the news had been received in London, that the House of Representatives had passed an Act of general emancipation, and that slavery had been made illegal throughout the United States for ever. Very important news of the probable speedy termination of the war had also just reached this country; and each of these circumstances were mentioned to the meeting, and brought the audience to a high state of enthusiasm.

The meeting was addressed by W. E. Forster, M.P., Dr. Massie, Dr. Haynes, Sir T. F. Buxton, who presided, and Newman Hall, LL.B.,—the latter suggesting that five millions of working men in England should make a penny subscription on behalf of the destitute freedmen, and thus raise the sum of £20,000.

In the middle of the following month, Levi Coffin, accompanied by Dr. Massie, crossed over to France, visiting Paris and several other large cities. He knew nothing of the French language, and was rather fearful on this account that the journey would not be successful. The first meeting was at the residence of M. Laboulaye, and was attended by thirty-three of the most prominent Protestants in Paris, and by a few Catholics. He addressed the meeting through an interpreter, and found it not so difficult as he had anticipated.

At Versailles he met with a most hearty reception at the hands of many well-known philanthropists, and his intercourse with these noble men was none the less cordial because they did not understand each other's language. He returned to London feeling that he had been the means of awakening the sympathies of the French people towards the suffering freedmen.

He had written to the Board of Directors at Cincinnati, urging them to appoint some suitable person to relieve him, in order that he might return home; and early in May he had the satisfaction of welcoming his successor in the person of Dr. Storrs.

The yearly meeting of the Society of Friends was again in full session, and notice was given that a meeting would

be held on the 2nd of June, and that Levi Coffin, who had completed his mission, and who would leave England on the following day, would be present. The spacious meeting-house was crowded, and to every one present it seemed a thrilling and solemn occasion.

Levi Coffin addressed the meeting briefly, expressing his heartfelt thanks for the many tokens of kindness he had received at their hands, and for the liberal contributions in aid of his mission. A few words of kindly sympathy were then spoken by John Pease, Benjamin Seebohm, and others, and Levi Coffin, shaking hands with those around him, endeavoured to leave the meeting. The task was by no means a light one. His passage was intercepted by the most cordial and hearty farewells of kind friends who pressed upon him on every side.

On the following day he sailed for America with feelings of deep thankfulness for the great success with which his mission had been attended. Upwards of £20,000 in money, besides clothing, blankets, and other articles, had been forwarded to Cincinnati during the year, and the organizations were all in good working order for continuing the work of the mission.

The welcome home was no less hearty than the farewell here. The Board were much gratified with the result of his efforts; but perhaps the most gratifying reception of all was that accorded by the children of the freedmen as he told them what had been done for them in this country, and saw them dressed in English clothing, and learning their lessons from English books. Levi Coffin continued his work on behalf of the Freedmen's Aid Commission, frequently

receiving sums of money, besides clothing and other articles, from England, and distributing them among the necessitous freedmen.

On the 26th and 27th of August, 1867, an International Anti-Slavery Conference was held at Paris. Delegates were present from every civilized country in the world, and the proceedings were of a deeply interesting character. Levi Coffin was appointed a delegate from the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, and once again made the journey across the Atlantic, arriving in London on the 15th of August. Before leaving for Paris, and on his return journey, he attended meetings in London, and explained the nature and progress of the work among the freedmen, and of the continued necessity of assistance. Returning to America, he still devoted himself to the cause of the freedmen, and to the cause of the slave throughout the world. For it is to the great honour of the Abolitionists of America that they are not resting from their efforts—satisfied with the accomplishment of negro emancipation in their own country. Levi Coffin, making a journey of upwards of three thousand miles, in his seventieth year, for the purpose of raising his voice against this abominable institution, exhibited only a type of the energy and resolution displayed by many leading Americans who have witnessed in their own country its tremendous blight and curse. For the monster is not dead yet. In this year of grace 1877, it exists in three nations in Europe, in Asia, in East and Central Africa, in South America, and to some extent in China. It is estimated that the lives of 500,000 Africans are sacrificed annually in this inhuman traffic; or in other

words, the cruelties inflicted by the slave-traders in capturing and transporting these poor helpless beings to the coast are so terrible, that for every 70,000 who annually reach that destination no fewer than 500,000 are wilfully killed, or perish on the way. The horrors of this traffic are truly terrible wherever it is carried on. Slave-hunters who trade with those countries in which women only are in demand, adopt the ruthless and cold-blooded method of surrounding the villages, capturing the women and shooting down the men. And these cruelties are carried out in order to supply the wants of nations who proudly boast of their civilization! How certain it is that

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

But is there no help, no remedy, for this vile system of oppression—for this terrible curse? It would seem that there ought to be a remedy in the total abolition of slavery; for there can be little doubt that the traffic will continue until the demand ceases, and the demand will never cease until every civilized government is determined to stamp out the curse. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is working with earnest and steady persistence in this direction, and is taking every opportunity of pressing the subject on the attention of the Governments where slavery still exists, and upon the attention of our own Government, for it is of the first importance that our legislators should thoroughly understand that the truest interests of mankind demand that this accursed traffic should no longer receive the slightest authoritative recognition. Nations must be brought to see that their highest welfare is best served by national

freedom and national purity. Another agency of a very potent character is the opening up of the interior of Africa to the influences of Christianity and civilization. This is being brought about by the Missionary Societies both of this country and America. One of the most remarkable agencies in this enterprise is the Livingstonia Mission, founded by the Free Church of Scotland, to form little colonies in the interior of Africa, comprising mechanics, agricultural labourers, a staff of missionaries, and a physician. Noble work will be accomplished by such devoted workers as these, and they deserve the hearty sympathy of every benevolent Christian.

But it is well known that the climate of some parts of the vast continent of Africa is excessively trying to the constitution of Europeans. Missionaries have gone forth with their lives in their hands, and many, very many have succumbed to the pestilential malaria they had to encounter. And they have died nobly, bearing witness in their last hours of the perfect willingness with which they made the sacrifice. But God is now raising up other men for this work in the freed negroes of America. Their capacities for endurance, and their adaptation to work in tropical and malarious climates, is beyond question, and no fitter proposition could be made than that Africa should be evangelized and civilized by Africans. Their adaptation for religious work, their faith, their zeal, and their impressionableness, is indeed remarkable. Their very songs are inspired with religious enthusiasm and genuine devotion. And they are eager both to obtain knowledge and to impart it. The Freedmen's Missions Aid Society of London, with the

Earl of Shaftesbury as its President, was organized with this especial object in view, and is working in co-operation with similar societies in America.

The American Missionary Society has in its colleges and schools no less than ten thousand emancipated slaves who are being trained and prepared as teachers and missionaries to their brethren in the Southern States and in Africa. In connection with the Fisk University, which has been raised mainly by the exertions of the Jubilee Singers, an effort is now being made to secure funds for the Livingstone Missionary Hall, so named for the purpose of keeping before the students who are trained within its walls the grand and heroic life of him whose name it bears, and of inspiring their hearts with that true and holy spirit of self-sacrifice and consecration which will be an incentive to them to continue his benevolent work.

May the time soon come to every land, as it has to the United States, when, by the adoption of wise and humane laws, slavery shall be for ever illegal. In that country there is now no need of an Anti-Slavery Underground Railroad. The presidency has been resigned, the shares having, as Levi Coffin remarked, "gone down in the market, and the road become of no further use."

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