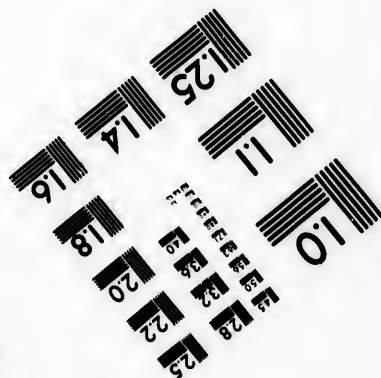
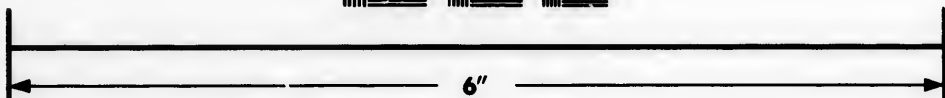
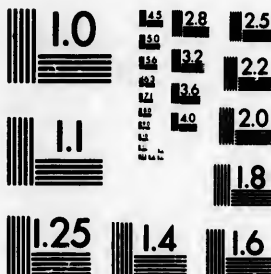


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16
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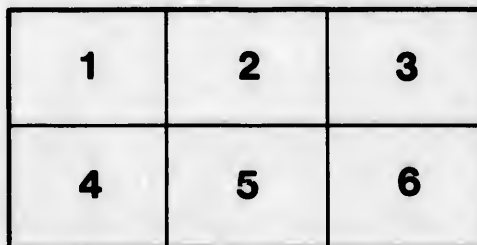
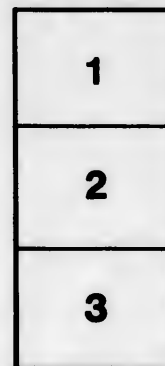
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The Author has received the following Letters
from prominent Abolitionists, Statesmen,
and Poets, relative to the First Edition of
his "Recollections and Experiences of an
Abolitionist."

[From Gerrit Smith, the Abolitionist.]

PETERBORO', N. Y., Feb. 20th, 1873.

My Dear Friend,—I received the "proofs" you were so kind as to send me, and am pleased to learn that you intend publishing in book form, your "Recollections and Experiences" during the five eventful years that preceded our final struggle with the slave power. I am afraid, my dear friend, you will not do yourself the justice you deserve. No one knows better than I how deeply devoted you were to the cause of the oppressed, or with what heroic bravery, determination, and success, you laboured to bring the poor slaves out of bondage. The descendants of those for whom you so often perilled your life, will "rise up and call you blessed." I am old, (almost 76,) and infirm, you are young, and I trust still vigorous. May heaven bless you, is the sincere wish of your friend.

GERRIT SMITH.

[From *Lucretia Mott, the gifted Quakeress.*]

ROADSIDE, near Philadelphia, 8th mo, 8th, 1875.

Dear Friend,—I have read thy volume of "Recollections," with absorbing interest. The story of thy hazardous efforts, my dear friend, is most interesting, as have ever been to me the risks of such as "have not counted their lives dear to themselves," in aid of the poor slaves escape. Thy book gives a more circumstantial account of the marvellous achievements of the martyr, John Brown, than I had before seen. It was our sad privilege to have his poor wife under our roof during his trial and the melancholy result. With grateful thanks for the noble and courageous part thee acted during our struggle with slavery. I remain thy sincere friend.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

[From *Wendell Phillips, the Anti-Slavery Orator.*]

BOSTON, 10th July, 1875.

I read your work, "Recollections and Experiences," with profound interest and satisfaction. Every actor should make such contributions to the history of that struggle, more especially such chivalrous and heroic actors as yourself. Your friend.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[From *John G. Whittier, the Quaker Poet.*]

AMESBURY, 9th mo. 17th, 1875.

My Dear Friend,—I have read thy "Recollections and Experiences," with the deepest interest and sympathy and profound respect and admiration. Braver act was never such than thine in thy *raids* of humanity. I knew that thee had taken a noble part in our cause, but was not prepared to hear of so much self-sacrifice and heroism. Thanking thee for what thou hast done for the slave, and for the kind thought that prompted thee to send thy book to me. I am with high respect and esteem, thy friend.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 22nd, 1875.

[From Harriet Beecher Stowe, Author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.]

I have read your work with unabated interest through to the end. It carries me back to the time when my brother, Henry Ward Beecher, and myself, just returned from a Western life and come to live in Eastern cities, were shocked and outraged by finding, both in church and state, a universal bowing down to the Fugitive Slave Law. I remember his coming then to lecture up in the State of Maine, where I was then living, and of our meeting and sitting up at night to ask each other, What can we do for a testimony against this wrong. He was going to preach and lecture through the land; and I said, "I have begun a set of sketches in the *National Era*, to illustrate the cruelty of slavery: I call it *Uncle Tom's Cabin*." "That's right," he said, "write it, and we'll print it, and scatter it 'Thick as the Leaves of Vallambrosa.'"

That was the beginning, and since then "What hath God wrought!"

Whenever since then I have been tempted to be low spirited or desponding, I think, well! thank God for one thing, I have lived to see slavery abolished; and God only knows what a comfort that is. Never let any one despair, that has lived to see that. What a comfort to you must be the reflection that you have saved so many from these horrors. I congratulate you on such a record. With sincere respect and sympathy,

Ever truly yours,

H. B. STOWE.

[From Mary A. Brown, widow of Captain John Brown, the
Liberator and Martyr.]

ROHNERVILLE, Oct. 5th, 1875.

I sincerely appreciate your sympathy and kindness in sending me your deeply interesting volume of "Recollections and

Experiences." I am pleased to be remembered by the friend and co-worker of my departed husband.

May the Almighty be with you in your noble work for the elevation of humanity, is the prayer of your sincere friend.

MARY A. BROWN.

[From William Lloyd Garrison, the Pioneer Abolitionist in the United States.]

Boston, Aug. 18th, 1875.

My Dear Friend,—You will hardly need to be assured that I have read your volume of "Recollections and Experiences," with great interest and satisfaction. It must be a source of unalloyed pleasure to you to call to mind the active and zealous part you took in our great struggle, particularly in reference to enabling slaves to escape from their southern house of bondage, and procuring for them aid and succour on their way to Canada, and after their arrival on that side of the line. That you did not fall a victim to your humanity in view of the perils which, every where at the South, beset your pathway—but were permitted to see the four millions of slaves set free from their bonds, and raised from chattelhood to the rights of American citizenship, is indeed cause for equal wonder and congratulation. Neither you nor I, nor any other abolitionist expected to live to see this unparalleled transformation. At times, however, it seems almost like a dream, rather than a bright reality.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

[From Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Author.]

CONCORD, Aug. 5th, 1875.

I have been reading your new gift with extreme pleasure and interest. I did not know that the kind friend who made himself known to me as a benefactor, a student of Natural

History, and a collector and giver of good books, was a hero who had ventured his life again and again to save the slaves and had saved them. I rejoice in the history, and I shall prize my books from Canada at an enhanced value, knowing that my unseen knight is the lover of birds, lover of English poetry, as well as the deliverer of the oppressed. If I were not, as I am, fast bound to get out a book in Boston and London, promised three years ago, and prevented by the burning of my house, I should seek you at your home or at mine. But at present, I am a prisoner, and cannot indulge that hope. But you must not come into Massachusetts without letting me know it. Come to me if you can; if not, I will go to you.

R. W. EMERSON.

[From *Lydia Maria Child, the Authoress.*]

WAYLAND, Aug. 15th, 1875.

Dear Dr. Ross,—You deserve the respect and gratitude of every friend of freedom for your earnest and efficient efforts to bring the oppressed out of the house of bondage. The present generation cannot realize how courageous, as well as cautious a man must have been to carry on such a mission as you did during several years. It seems so strange that those exciting times in which we lived and laboured with soul thrilling incidents constantly urging us on, have now become mere records of history! And how inadequate the record will be to convey a true idea of the time, money, talent, and zeal so lavishly expended to right a great national wrong! I never quite understood John Brown's proceedings, until I read your deeply interesting book of "Recollections." With feelings of profound thankfulness for your heroic help during our struggle to throw off the virulent disease that was poisoning the life-blood of the nation. I remain your friend.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

[From the Right Honourable John Bright, of England.]

ROCHDALE, Sept. 21st 1875.

I have read your book of "Recollections," with great pleasure and satisfaction, because I have always felt great admiration for the abolitionists of your country. Their advice, if acted upon, might have saved much blood and treasure, but unhappily nations will apparently only accept the teachings which come in the shape of a great calamity. I thank you for your kind remembrance of me, and am, with respect, your friend.

JOHN BRIGHT.

[From the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, late Prime Minister of England.]

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER, Jan. 14th, 1876.

I read with the utmost interest your "Recollections and Experiences of An Abolitionist." I cannot withhold my admiration for the skill, forethought, and tenacity which you exhibited in the warm pursuit of a great purpose, nor for the signal courage, disinterestedness, and humanity which formed the basis of your whole proceedings.

Faithfully yours.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

[From Charles Francis Adams, late United States Minister to England.]

BOSTON, March 21st, 1876.

The narrative of your "Recollections and Experiences," revives in my mind the details of the great struggle through which the country passed, the penalty for the negligence of our ancestors. I have been greatly interested in your adven-

tures, which must at times have been attended by greater perils even than those of open war. We have the strongest reasons to thank you and all others who showed the courage necessary to accelerate the change—more a moral than a political triumph, as it will be estimated by posterity.

With great respect,

C. F. ADAMS.

[*From the Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States.*]

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, June, 9th, 1875.

My Dear Sir,—I have read your book of Recollections and Experiences with deep interest. I rejoice that you have so ably performed the work of perpetuating the events of those times that did indeed try men's souls. When the history of the great conflict waged by the Abolitionists against the Slave Power is fully written out, no name will take higher rank than yours for heroic courage and faithful service to the cause of human freedom.

Yours faithfully and sincerely,

HENRY WILSON.

[*From the Hon. Benjamin F. Waile, Ex-Vice-President of the United States.*]

JEFFERSON, July 26th, 1876.

My Dear Friend,—I thank you for your volume of Recollections. It is a worthy tribute to the memory and services of the great and good men—the once despised Abolitionists—whose courage, acts, and achievements contributed so much to the success of the cause of human freedom. Never in the history of the world did the same number of men perform so great an amount of good for the human race, and for their country, as the Abolitionists, and it is my duty to add—that no one of their number submitted to greater privations, perils, or sacrifices, or did more in the great and noble

work, than yourself. The lofty moral courage and heroic daring you displayed throughout your whole career as an Abolitionist has never been surpassed. Long may you be remembered, and may God be praised for your success. I shall ever preserve your volume of Recollections as the most precious book in my library.

I am, with sincere respect and sympathy,
Your friend, B. F. WADE.

[From William Cullen Bryant, the Poet.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 28th, 1875.

Your "Recollections and Experiences," are exceedingly interesting—made so by the characteristic sketches of the personages who figure in the events of the story, and the heroism, courage, and disinterestedness you displayed in your noble efforts to help the slaves to freedom.

With sincere respect, your friend,
W. C. BRYANT.

[From General Garibaldi.]

ROME, May 13th, 1876.

My Dear Ross,—Your book (Recollections and Experiences) has given me great delight and satisfaction. I am proud to number among my dearest friends one, who has done so much for the cause of human freedom as you have.

Yours, devotedly,
G. GARIBALDI.

[From the Emperor of Russia.]

RUSSIAN LEGATION,

WASHINGTON, D.C., 15th Feb., 1876.

I have the honour to inform you that His Majesty, the Emperor, has been graciously pleased to accept your inter-

esting and instructive work, entitled "Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist," and has charged me to transmit to you His August thanks.

SHISHKIN,

Envoy Extraordinary and Min. Plenop'y.

[From the *New York Evening Post*, (edited by William Cullen Bryant) September 2, 1875.]

Dr. A. M. Ross, the author of a book entitled "Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist," devoted himself for the five or six years that preceded the war to the work of assisting slaves to escape. The wonder only is, that he ever lived to tell of his adventures. Anybody familiar with the temper of the Southern people just before the war, will easily guess the fate of a man who should have been detected in what Dr. Ross proposed to do, and did. The author must have been a man of uncommon devotion, courage, and sense. A good part of Dr. Ross's "Recollections" are devoted to John Brown, whom he knew well.

[From the *Irish Canadian*, Toronto, July 7, 1875.]

"Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist," is the title of a volume from the press of Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto. The author is our good friend Dr. A. M. Ross, of this city. Long before the thrilling pages of his "Recollections" greeted our eyes, we knew Dr. Ross to be the devoted friend of the slave. His sympathy for the oppressed of all climes and colours is as boundless as the impulses of his noble heart, and the exact colour of a man's skin, or the particular race to which he may belong, is no barrier in his estimation to the right to freedom which God intended from the beginning should be the birth-right of all the human family.

The story, from the beginning to the end, is an unbroken series of striking adventures and bold and skilfully-laid plans

for the rescue from slavery of the poor and friendless negro. None but a man of nerve and indomitable will would dare to penetrate the interior of the slave States of the South in the service of Abolition; few have done so without incurring extreme risk personally; yet, in the face of imminent danger, and almost in the jaws of death, Dr. Ross ventured on desperate expedients in the prosecution of his cherished object, and attained success. Dr. Ross may fairly claim the proud distinction of having fought the good fight of Right against Might, till the last link was knocked from the bleeding limbs of the last slave.

[From the Rev. John Carroll, in the *Christian Guardian*,
Toronto, January 12th, 1876.]

Dr. Ross is comparatively a young man. Since going out of the profession of medicine he has found leisure for scientific study and authorship. He is a facile and successful book-maker. His works on the Birds and Insects of Canada, his native country, have won him honours and the approval of those capable of judging.

His works are the outgrowth of his own knowledge and personal observation. As the title indicates, this is particularly the case with his last issue, which is not scientific, but relates to a social question (or more properly a great social wrong), now happily set at rest by the logic of events. Of course, all are now free to denounce the sin and injustice of Slavery; but it was quite another thing to denounce it, and to seek individually to release its victims in the country where it was upheld by law during its existence.

Every person of any considerable amount of intelligence, or who has come up to middle life, must know that slavery, and the attempts to overthrow it, constitute a chapter in history peculiar in its character—a chapter which is yet to be fully written out. Dr. Ross's book will serve to furnish materials for the chapter indicated, as well as suggest the way to invest it with interest.

There is a craving in most minds which renders the details of adventure interesting ; but when those adventures have been encountered in the cause of any one's injured rights, there is a sympathy with the success of the enterprise which adds to the attraction. There can be no doubt there was a fascination to the agents of the "Underground Railway" in the very risks they ran. The "whole figure" abolitionists lived in a world of their own : a tempest-tossed sort of life, it is true, and this thrilling duodecimo gives us a peep into that world.

The author spent five years in the hazardous work of assisting fugitive slaves in escaping from thralldom.

He was a coadjutor of that remarkable man, Capt. John Brown, about whom he gives us a great deal of curious and desired information, as well as of all the other conspicuous abolitionists. Every person who has been much among boys, in fact every one who recall his own boyhood, does not require to be told how eagerly growing lads devour the accounts of strange adventures. Some of these, alas, are of a very pernicious kind, and should be carefully withheld from the hands of young readers ; but here is a book which will meet the demands for the strange and the thrilling, and bring the young mind into sympathy with the suffering, and with the noble doings of those who endeavour to ameliorate their condition.

[*From the Phrenological Journal, September, 1874.*]

Dr. Ross was a true and active friend to this country during our late civil war. He deeply sympathized with the efforts made to free the land from the blight of human slavery ; and his endeavours to create in Canada a kindly feeling toward us, elicited from President Lincoln, John G. Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Secretary Seward, Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith, and Charles Sumner, letters of the warmest thanks.

Sentiments specially contributed to the Second
Edition of the "Recollections and Experi-
ences of an Abolitionist."

[*By Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the Pioneer of the Anti-slavery
movement in America.*]

"Enslave but a single human being, and the liberties of
mankind are left to the mercy of tyrants and usurpers. Let
there be no compromise with oppression."

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, September 28th, 1875.

[*By William Cullen Bryant, the Poet and Historian.*]

"My native Land of Groves ! a newer page
In the great record of the world is thine.
Shall it be fairer ? Fear and friendly Hope
And Envy watch the issue, while the lines
By which thou shalt be judged are written down."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

October 4th, 1875.

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“Remember them in bonds.”

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RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES

OF

AN ABOLITIONIST;

FROM 1855 TO 1865.

BY

DR. ALEXANDER MILTON ROSS.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—MATT. vii. 12.

SECOND EDITION.

TORONTO:
ROWSELL & HUTCHISON,
1876.

INSTRUCTIONS AND EXPERIENCES

FOR THE

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year of our Lord
one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, by ALEXANDER MILTON
Ross, M.D., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

TORONTO:
ROWSELL AND HUTCHISON, PRINTERS,
KING STREET.

To the Memory
OF
JOHN BROWN,
THE MARTYR;
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
THE EMANCIPATOR;
AND
CHARLES SUMNER, JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS,
THEODORE PARKER, LEWIS TAPPAN,
GERRIT SMITH, and HORACE GREELEY,
ABOLITIONISTS.

This volume is reverently dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

OF THE

LONDON

PREFACE.

These Recollections and Experiences are given to the public in compliance with the repeated solicitations of many of my coloured friends, some of whom were personally interested in the experiences herein recorded.

A. M. R.

"EVERGREEN GROVE."

Toronto, September 10th, 1876.

PRELACE

I have been thinking and I experience the
need to the public in connection with the
present situation of many of my country
friends some of whom are personally interested
in the subject of the present work.

A. M. J.

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1898

CONTENTS.

PART I.

CHAP. I.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HUMAN SLAVERY.

Refugees in Canada—Uncle Tom's Cabin—Four millions of slaves in bondage—Preparations for work—My Anti-Slavery principles—Ready—Into the Land of Bondage—The work begun—Talk to forty-two slaves—Nine fugitives from bondage—At work in Nashville—On Guard—Seven candidates for freedom—Startling news—Twelve hundred dollars reward—A noble man—The poor negro spurns the reward—A female fugitive—Arrival in Chicago with a "chattel"—First interview with John Brown—His disappointments—"Old Brown's Farewell"—Character of John Brown 1-29

CHAP. II.—NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

Keeping quiet—Off to New Orleans—Study of Natural History—Slave auctions—At work near Vicksburg—Sowing seed at Selma—In a dangerous position—Into the jaws of death—Manacled and in prison—A desperate situation—Fidelity of a slave—Released—Two passengers by the Underground R. R.—Leave Columbus for other

fields—At work in Augusta—Fidelity of the Quakers—Eleven followers of the North Star—Exciting news—In Washington—Fugitives from Huntsville—Fugitives from slavery—Runaway slaves—Horrible brutality of a planter—A Sabbath scene in the South 29-60

CHAP. III.—MEET WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

Second interview with John Brown—He calls a Convention—Refugees in Canada—At work in Delaware—Depot of the Underground R. R.—John Brown ready to move—In Richmond—Captain Brown attacks Harper's Ferry—Official Reports—Blow felt throughout the Slave States—Defeat of Captain Brown—Dough-faced Northerners—Results of Captain Brown's attack—Bravery of Captain Brown—John Brown victorious—"His soul is marching on"—John Brown's martyrdom—Interview with Governor Wise of Virginia—He would like to hang Giddings and Gerrit Smith—Captain Brown's farewell letter to the Author—Imprisonment, Trial, and Execution of Captain Brown—John Brown's will—Victor Hugo on John Brown—The John Brown song—John Brown's letters to his wife and family—Mrs. Brown's letters to her husband..... 60-120

CHAP. IV.—AT WORK IN KENTUCKY.

A wife torn from her husband and sold—Liberation of the wife—From slavery to freedom—A Kentuckian in search of his "chattel"—Man and wife safe in Canada—Refugees in Canada—Number of Refugees in Canada—Cruelty and in-

CONTENTS.

justice of the Fugitive Slave Law—Expression of gratitude—The Presidential Election of 1860—Republican National (Lincoln) "Platform"—National Democratic (Douglas) "Platform"—National Democratic (Breckenridge) "Platform"—Constitutional Union (Bell-Everett) "Platform—Electoral vote, Presidential Election, 1860—Declaration of Independence of South Carolina..... 120-142

PART II.

CHAP. I.—RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF AN ABOLITIONIST DURING THE SLAVE-HOLDERS' REBELLION.

The Slaveholders' Rebellion—Confidential Service in Canada—Interview with President Lincoln—The President an Abolitionist—Office-seekers—Confederates in Canada—Surgical Aid—Rebel postal service—Arrest of a Rebel Mail-carrier—Second Interview with President Lincoln—Rebel Despatches—Rebels in New Brunswick—Mr. Lincoln's Mission—Hospitalities of the White House—Mr. Lincoln's favourite Poem—Leave for New Brunswick—Occupy a Room with a Rebel—Rebels on the Canadian Frontier—Arrest of the Rebel Officer—Mission to Richmond—Between the two Armies—Interview with General Lee—Interviews with Jefferson Davis, and Secretary Benjamin—Return to Washington—Persecution of Joshua R. Giddings—His Arrest—Death of Mr. Giddings—Step toward Emancipation—The Emancipation Proclamation—Republican "Platform"—President Lincoln's second Inaugural Address..... 142-190

29-60

60-120

CHAP. II.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Letters from Horace Greeley, William H. Seward,
Joshua R. Giddings, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit
Smith, Charles Sumner, John G. Whittier,
George B. Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison,
William Cullen Bryant, General Garibaldi,
Victor Hugo—Ratification of the Constitutional
Amendment and Proclamation of Freedom—
Laus Deo 190-203



90-203



Yours faithfully,
A. W. Carr M.A.



1885

REMEMBRANCE OF ANTI-SLAVERY CONFERENCE

IN POLITICAL

CHAPTER I

The first of the great principles of the Christian religion is the love of God, and the love of our neighbor. This love is the foundation of all our duties, and the source of all our graces. It is the love that binds us to God, and the love that binds us to our fellow-creatures. It is the love that makes us true to our principles, and the love that makes us true to our promises. It is the love that makes us true to our duty, and the love that makes us true to our God.

The second of the great principles of the Christian religion is the love of truth. This love is the foundation of all our knowledge, and the source of all our wisdom. It is the love that makes us true to our principles, and the love that makes us true to our promises. It is the love that makes us true to our duty, and the love that makes us true to our God.

The third of the great principles of the Christian religion is the love of justice. This love is the foundation of all our morality, and the source of all our virtue. It is the love that makes us true to our principles, and the love that makes us true to our promises. It is the love that makes us true to our duty, and the love that makes us true to our God.

The fourth of the great principles of the Christian religion is the love of mercy. This love is the foundation of all our compassion, and the source of all our kindness. It is the love that makes us true to our principles, and the love that makes us true to our promises. It is the love that makes us true to our duty, and the love that makes us true to our God.

The fifth of the great principles of the Christian religion is the love of peace. This love is the foundation of all our harmony, and the source of all our concord. It is the love that makes us true to our principles, and the love that makes us true to our promises. It is the love that makes us true to our duty, and the love that makes us true to our God.



W.M.



Faithfully yours
A. W. Rowland



1855.

RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES

OF

AN ABOLITIONIST.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HUMAN SLAVERY.

MY first impressions of the cruelty and injustice of human slavery were received from my friend General Garibaldi, whose personal acquaintance I made in the year 1849, while he was a resident of the United States. I was at that period quite a young man, but the impressions made upon my mind by his vivid pictures of the outrageous injustice of human slavery, had a deep and lasting influence, which was increased in after years by reading the published speeches and writings of Wilberforce, Brougham, and other English abolitionists, and

by listening to the eloquent appeals for the freedom of the enslaved, made by William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, and Gerrit Smith. The impulses gained from the above sources excited my sympathies, and impelled me to seek for practical information as to the workings of the institution of slavery in the American Republic. I had no difficulty in obtaining the desired knowledge, for in Canada were hundreds of escaped slaves, living witnesses to the horrid barbarity of that wicked institution. From them I heard heart-rending stories of the cruelties practised upon the poor oppressed coloured people of the Slave States. In proof of their statements I was shown the indelible marks of the lash and branding-iron upon their bodies.

REFUGEES IN CANADA.

These refugees were, as a general rule, superior specimens of their race, and possessed qualities which fitted them for the duties of citizenship. Many of those I conversed with were quite intelligent, having held positions as coachmen, house servants, and body servants to their masters. I obtained from them the information that there existed in the Northern States relief organizations, formed for the purpose of extending aid to fugitives from bondage. I also gath-

ered from the same sources much information relative to the various secret routes leading from the Slave States to Canada, as well as the names and addresses of many good friends of freedom in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan, who cheerfully gave shelter and aid to the escaped slaves whose objective point was Canada—the Land of Liberty for the slaves of the American Republic.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

While I was engaged in making inquiries among the coloured people of Canada, Mrs. Stowe's work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was published, and excited the sympathies of every humane person who read it, in behalf of the oppressed. To me it was a command. A deep and settled conviction impressed me that it was my duty to help the oppressed to freedom—to "remember them in bonds, as bound with them." My resolution was taken to devote all my energies to "let the oppressed go free." I knew that the adherence to this resolution would not bring me popularity or the friendship of the rich or influential, but most certainly, persecution, scorn, and obloquy, and perhaps an ignominious death. I felt, however, it was safer to do what I considered right, than to be popular, and live a life of cowardly ease, while the dearest rights

of millions of my fellow creatures were outraged by human laws, enacted by cruel and despotic men.

FOUR MILLIONS OF SLAVES IN BONDAGE.

The number of slaves in the Southern States at this period exceeded *four millions*, distributed as follows: Alabama, 445,000; Mississippi, 486,431; Louisiana, 341,726; Texas, 182,566; Virginia, 490,465; Missouri, 114,921; Arkansas, 111,115; South Carolina, 402,406; North Carolina, 331,059; Tennessee, 275,719; Kentucky, 225,483; Georgia, 462,198; Florida, 61,745; Delaware, 1,798; Maryland, 87,189, making a total of more than four millions of human creatures held in cruel bondage, deprived of every right, even the God-given right to own themselves or their helpless offspring.

PREPARATION FOR THE WORK.

In November, 1856, I left Canada to prepare for the work which had absorbed my thoughts for years. Gerrit Smith, a prominent abolitionist of Northern New York, with whom I had been in correspondence, had invited me to visit his home, and confer with him in respect to the best way of accomplishing the most good for the cause we both had at heart. From this

noble philanthropist and Christian gentleman I obtained much valuable and interesting information as to the workings of the different organizations having for their object the liberation from bondage of the slaves of the South. He accompanied me to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Longwood, the home of that noble woman Hannah Cox, whose house was always open to the poor slaves flying from their pursuers, and whose heart warmly sympathised with every means for the liberation of the oppressed. During these visits I became acquainted with many liberty-loving men and women, whose time, talents, and means, were devoted to the cause of freedom. The contact with such enthusiastic minds, imbued with an undying hatred and detestation of that foul blot on the escutcheon of their country, served to strengthen my resolution, and fortify me for the labour before me. I was initiated into a knowledge of the relief societies, and the methods adopted to circulate information among the slaves of the South; the routes to be taken by the slaves, after reaching the so-called Free States, and the relief posts, where shelter and aid for transportation could be obtained.

The poor fugitive who had run the gauntlet of slave hunters and blood-hounds was not safe,

even after he had crossed the boundary line between the Slave and Free States, for the slave-drivers of the South and their allies, the democrats of the North, held control of the United States Government at that time; and under the provisions of the iniquitous "Fugitive Slave Law," the North was compelled to act as a police detective for the capture and return to slavery of the fugitives from the Slave States.

My excellent friend also accompanied me to Ohio and Indiana, where I made the personal acquaintance of friends in those States who, at risk of life and property, gave shelter to the fugitives, and assisted them to reach Canada.

While there existed among all true abolitionists a united, sincere, and active desire to aid the oppressed people of the Slave States, there was much diversity of opinion as to the means to be adopted for their liberation from bondage. Garrison, Whittier, Lucretia Mott, and all the members of the Society of Friends, were opposed to violent measures—such as would result in bloodshed. Their efforts were confined to the public discussion of the wrongs of the slave, and the iniquity and injustice of human slavery.

While on the other hand, Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker, John A. Andrew, Joshua R. Giddings, Lewis Tappan, and many others, equally sincere and noble, men and women, actively or passively aided and abetted every effort to liberate the poor slaves from their cruel bondage. It is almost needless for me to say, that, while I loved and sympathized with every man and woman who desired the freedom of the slave, that my views accorded with those who believed human slavery to be such a monstrous wrong and injustice, that any measure, no matter how violent, was justifiable in so holy a cause as the liberation from slavery of the poor oppressed people of the Slave States.

MY ANTI-SLAVERY PRINCIPLES.

The principles that animated, impelled, and controlled my actions as an abolitionist, may briefly be summed up as follows:—

1. That every innocent human being has an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
2. That no government, nation, or individual, has any right to deprive an innocent human being of his inalienable rights.
3. That a man held against his will as a slave *has a natural right to kill every one who seeks to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.*
4. That it is the natural right of the slave to develop this right in a practical manner, *and actually kill all those who seek to prevent his enjoyment of liberty.*

5. That the freeman has a *natural right* to help the slaves recover their liberty, and in that enterprise to do for them all which they have a right to do for themselves.

6. That it is the *natural duty* of a freeman to help the slaves to the enjoyment of this liberty, and, as a means to that end, to aid them in killing all such as oppose their natural freedom.

7. That the performance of this duty is to be controlled only by the freeman's power and opportunity to help the slaves.

READY.

In Philadelphia I made the necessary preparations for my work in the Southern States. My good friends, Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker, and Lewis Tappan, were my faithful and principal supporters in this, my first effort to help the poor slaves to freedom.

In undertaking this mission I did not disguise from myself the dangers I would most certainly have to encounter, and the certainty that a speedy, and perhaps cruel, death would be my lot, in case my plans and purposes were discovered. And not only would my own life be exposed, but the lives of those I sought to help. My anti-slavery friends in Boston and Philadelphia warned me of the dangers that were in my path; and some of them urged me to seek other and less dangerous channels wherein to aid the oppressed. I felt convinced, however, that the only effectual way to help the slaves

was, to aid them to escape from bondage. To accomplish that, it was necessary to go to them, advise them, and give them practical assistance. For, with but few exceptions, the slaves were in absolute ignorance of every thing beyond the boundary of their plantation or town. The circulation of information among the oppressed would also tend to excite a spirit of inquiry and create a feeling of independence which, ultimately, might lead to insurrection, and the destruction of the institution of slavery in the United States.

Before leaving Philadelphia, it was mutually arranged between my friends and myself in respect to confidential correspondence, that the term "hardware," was to mean males; and, "dry-goods," females. I was to notify my friends in Philadelphia (if possible) whenever a package of "hardware" or of "dry-goods" was started for freedom; and they in turn warned the friends in Ohio and Pennsylvania to be on the look-out for runaways.

INTO THE LAND OF BONDAGE.

Early in the year 1857, I crossed the Potomac *en route* for Richmond. The only weapon I carried was a revolver, which had been presented to me by a noble Bostonian, who, in after years,

honoured the office of Governor of Massachusetts. On my arrival in Richmond, I went to the house of a gentleman to whom I had been directed, and who was known at the North to be a friend of freedom. I spent a few weeks in quietly determining upon the best plans to adopt.

THE WORK BEGUN.

Having finally decided upon my course, I invited a number of the most intelligent, active, and reliable slaves, to meet me at the house of a coloured preacher, on a Sunday evening.

TALK TO FORTY-TWO SLAVES.

On the night appointed for this meeting, forty-two slaves came to hear what prospect there was for their escape from bondage. I shook each by the hand, asked their name, age, and whether married or single. I had never before seen, at one time, so many coloured men together; and I was struck with their individuality and general kindness and consideration for each other. I explained to them my object and purpose in visiting the Slave States, the various routes from Virginia to Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the names of friends in border towns who would help them on to Canada. I requested them to circulate this information discreetly

among all upon whom they could rely. Thus, each of my hearers went forth an agent in the good work. I then told them that if any of their number desired to make the attempt to gain their freedom, in the face of all the obstacles and dangers in their path, that I would supply them with weapons to defend themselves, and as much food as they could conveniently carry. I requested as many as were ready to accept my offer, to come to the same house on the following Sunday evening, prepared to take the "underground railroad" to Canada.

NINE FUGITIVES FROM BONDAGE.

On the evening appointed nine stout, intelligent young men had declared their determination to gain their freedom, or die in the attempt. To each I gave a few dollars in money, a pocket compass, knife, pistol, and as much cold meat and bread as each could carry with ease. I again carefully explained to them the route, and the names of friends along the border upon whom they could rely for shelter and assistance. I never met more apt students than these poor fellows; and their "Yes, massa, I know it now," was assurance that they did. They were to travel only by night, resting in some secure spot during the day. Their route was to be

through Pennsylvania to Erie, on Lake Erie, and from thence to Canada. I bid them good-bye, with an anxious heart, for well I knew the dangers they would have to encounter. I learned, many months after, that they all had arrived safely in Canada. (In 1863, I enlisted three of these brave fellows in a coloured regiment in Philadelphia, for service in the war that gave freedom to their race). Two of my Richmond pupils were married men, and left behind them wives and children. The wife of one made her escape, and reached Canada within six months after her husband gained his liberty. (I visited their happy little home, in Chatham, Canada, in after years, and was delighted to find them prosperous and contented).

AT WORK IN NASHVILLE.

The day following the departure of my little band of fugitives from Richmond, I left for Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, which I decided should be my next field of labour. On arriving in Nashville, I went direct to the residence of a Quaker lady, well known for her humane and charitable disposition toward the coloured people. When I informed her of my success in Richmond, and that I intended to pursue the same course in Nashville, she expressed great anxiety for my safety. But

finding that I was determined to make the attempt, she sent for an old free negro, and advised me to trust him implicitly. This good man was nearly eighty years of age, and had the confidence of all the coloured people for miles around Nashville. He lived a short distance outside the city limits. At his house he preached to such of the slaves as were disposed, and could attend, every Sunday evening. I requested him to invite as many reliable and intelligent slaves as he could, to meet me at his house on the next Sunday evening.

On the evening appointed, thirteen fine-abled men assembled to see and hear an abolitionist. Never have I met more intelligent looking coloured men than those that composed my little audience on that occasion; their ages ranged from eighteen to thirty. Some were very black, while others were mulattoes, and two of them had straight hair, and were very light-coloured.

ON GUARD.

My host volunteered to stand guard outside the house, to prevent interruption and to intercept any unfriendly or evil-minded callers. I talked to my hearers earnestly and practically for two hours, explaining the condition and

prospects of the coloured people in Canada, and the obstacles and dangers they would have to encounter, on the way to that land of refuge. No lecturer ever had a more intensely earnest audience than I had that evening. I gathered the brave fellows around me, so that I could look each in the face, and give emphasis to my instructions. In conclusion, I told them that I should remain in Nashville until after the following Sunday evening, when as many as felt disposed to make the attempt to gain their freedom would find me at the same house at 9 p.m. I requested those who decided to leave on that night to inform their old friend before the next Friday, that I might make some provision for their long and perilous journey.

Early in the week, I received word from five; and by Friday evening two more had decided to make the attempt to obtain the precious boon of liberty.

At 9 o'clock on the Sunday evening appointed, I was promptly at the house of my friend. He again stood guard. It was nearly 10 o'clock before I heard the signal agreed upon—"scratching upon the door." I unlocked the door, when in stepped four men, followed soon after by three others. They were all young men, and unmar-

ried. I asked each if he had fully determined to make the attempt; and, receiving an affirmative reply, I carefully explained to them the routes to be taken, the dangers they might expect to encounter, and the friends upon whom they could call for aid. To each I gave a pistol, a knife, a pair of shoes, a compass, and to their leader twenty dollars in money. I also supplied them with as much food as they could conveniently carry.

SEVEN CANDIDATES FOR FREEDOM.

At midnight I bid them good-bye; and these brave-hearted fellows, with tears in their eyes, and hearts swelling with hope, started for the land of freedom. I advised them to travel by night only, to keep together, and not use their pistols, except to prevent their capture.

Next morning I called upon my Quaker friend, and informed her of the result of my labours in Nashville. She expressed her delight and satisfaction; but feared for my safety, if I remained in the city after the escape of the slaves became known.

That evening I mailed letters to friends in Evansville, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, to keep a sharp lookout for "packages of hardware."

STARTLING NEWS.

As I was leaving the Post Office a man handed me a small printed bill, which announced the escape of thirteen slaves from Richmond ; but nine only were described, together with the names of their owners. A reward of \$1,000 was offered for their capture and return to Richmond. I now thought it was time for me to leave for other fields of labour. Early next day I bade farewell to my kind Quaker friend, and started for Memphis. On my arrival there I sought the house of an anti-slavery man to whom I had been directed. He was absent from home, but his good wife received me most kindly, and urged me to make her house my home during my stay in the city. I felt, however, that I had no right to expose the family to trouble and suspicion, in case I got into difficulty. I consequently went to a hotel, and being tired and weary, laid down upon a couch to rest, and must have fallen asleep, for I was aroused by the shouting of a newsboy under the window. The burthen of his cry was, the escape of several slaves from Nashville in one night. I raised the window, and told the boy to bring a paper to my room. It contained the following item of interest to me :—

TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

"Great excitement in Nashville.—Escape of seven first-class slave-men, by the aid of an abolitionist who had been seen in the city for several days previous." Three hundred dollars reward was offered for the capture and return of each of the slaves, and twelve hundred dollars for the apprehension of the "accursed" abolitionist; then followed a description of the slaves, and a very good description of myself, considering that I kept very close during my stay in Nashville. At a glance I saw the danger of my position, and determined to leave the hotel at once, which I did. Returning to the house I had first visited, I made inquiry for the residence of a coloured man, upon whom my coloured friend in Nashville told me I could rely. Having received the proper direction, I went to his humble dwelling, and was cordially welcomed, on mentioning the name of his old friend at Nashville.

A NOBLE MAN.

He was a fine looking man, with honest eyes, open countenance, and of more than ordinary intelligence, for one of his race. I handed him the paper, and pointed to the reward for my apprehension. When he read it, he grasped my hand and said, "Massa, I'd die for you; what

shall we do?" The paper which contained the exciting news, also contained the announcement that a steamer would leave for St. Louis that night at nine o'clock. It was now three. Six long hours to remain in the very jaws of death ! I told him I had determined to leave, if possible, on that steamer, and asked permission to remain in his house until the arrival of the boat. The noble fellow placed his house, and all he possessed at my command.

A POOR NEGRO SPURNS THE REWARD.

This poor despised negro held in his hand a paper offering a reward of \$1,200 for my capture. He was a labouring man, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow ; and yet I felt perfectly safe, and implicitly entrusted this poor man with my life. In fact, I felt safer in his house than I should have felt in the house of a certain Vice-President of the United States, who, in more recent times, sold himself for a similar amount. This poor oppressed negro, had everything to gain by surrendering me into the hands of the slave-masters, and yet he spurned the reward, and was faithful to the trust I had reposed in him. On many occasions I have placed my life in the hands of coloured men without the slightest hesitation or fear of betrayal.

A FEMALE FUGITIVE.

Night was now approaching, and my friend suggested the propriety of changing my dress. While engaged making these alterations I overheard an animated conversation, in an adjoining room, between my host and a female. The woman earnestly implored him to ask me to take her to Canada, where her husband then was. The poor man told her my life was already in great danger, and if she was seen with me, it would render my escape more difficult; but still she continued to beg. When I had completed my change of appearance, he came into the room, and told me that a coloured woman, who had lately fled from her master on account of his cruelty to her, was in the house, and wished to speak to me. She was a light mulatto, of bright, intelligent appearance. She told me of the escape of her husband to Canada about two years previously, and of her master's cruelty in beating her, because she refused to marry a negro whom he had selected for her. She showed me her back, which was still raw and seamed with gashes, where the lash of her cruel master's whip had ploughed up her flesh. She earnestly beseeched me to take her to Canada. I determined to make the attempt; and told my friend to dress her in male attire, that she might accompany

me in the capacity of *valet*. The poor creature gladly accepted the offer, and was soon ready for the journey. I named her "Sam," and myself "Mr. Smith, of Kentucky." At half-past eight p. m., we left the house of my faithful friend, for the boat; "Sam" walking behind me, carrying my valise. Through some cause or other the boat was detained until near eleven o'clock. Oh, what hours of misery! Every minute filled with apprehensions of disaster, not only to myself, but to the poor fugitive depending upon me! No one, not similarly placed, can imagine the anxiety and dread that filled my mind during this long delay. The moments passed so slowly, that they seemed hours. "Sam" stood near me, looking as anxious as I felt. At length we got aboard the boat. I secured tickets for myself and servant for St. Louis, and when the boat left the levee, I breathed freer than I had done for several hours. I arrived in St. Louis without the occurrence of any incident of importance, and sent telegrams to friends at different points along the Ohio river, warning them to be on the lookout for fugitives from Tennessee. I remained in St. Louis but a few hours, and left for Chicago, accompanied by my happy *valet*, whose frequent question, "Massa, is we near Canada yet?" kept me continually on the alert to prevent her exposing herself to arrest.

ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO WITH A CHATTEL.

When we reached Chicago I took my servant to the house of an abolitionist, where she was properly cared for. It was deemed prudent that she should continue to wear male attire until she reached Canada, for it occasionally happened that fugitives were caught in Detroit, and taken back to bondage, after having come in sight of the land of promise. Their proximity to a safe refuge from their taskmasters, and from the operations of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, rendered them careless in their manner, and so happy in appearance, that they were frequently arrested on suspicion by the minions of the United States Government, ever on the watch to obey the behests of the slave power. After a few hours' rest in Chicago, I left with my charge for Detroit, where I arrived in due time on the following day; and, taking a hack, drove to a friend's house in the suburbs of the city. Here I made arrangements to be rowed across the river to Windsor, Canada, as soon as darkness would render our passage safe. I also sent telegrams to friends in London, Chatham, and Amherstburg, to ascertain the whereabouts of her husband, and finally heard that he was living in London.



John Brown

SAFE ON THE SOIL OF CANADA.

At night the poor fugitive and myself were taken silently over the river that separated the land of freedom from the land of slavery. Not a word was spoken until we reached the soil of Canada. I then told her that she was a free woman, that no one could now deprive her of her right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." She uttered a sincere prayer to the Almighty to protect and bless me for bringing her to Canada. I conveyed her to the house of a friend, and on the following day sent her to London, where she and her husband were reunited, after a separation of two years. (In 1863 I dined with them at their pretty little home, which they had paid for with the proceeds of their industry and thrift.)

Returning to Detroit I took the cars to Cleveland. There I received a telegram from Boston stating that Capt. John Brown, of Kansas, would meet me in Cleveland in a day or two, and that he desired to confer with me on a subject connected with the Anti-slavery cause.

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BROWN.

On the evening of my third day in Cleveland, while seated in my room at the hotel, a gentle

tap at my door aroused me. I said, "Come in." The door opened, and a plain, farmer-like looking man—a stranger, with a remarkable countenance, strongly indicative of intelligence, coolness, tenacity of purpose, and honesty, entered the room. He appeared about five feet ten inches in height, of slender, but wiry and tough frame; his glance keen, steady, and honest; his step lithe, and firm. He was, although simply and plainly dressed, a man of remarkable appearance. He introduced himself as "John Brown, of Kansas;" and handed me several letters from friends in Boston. While I was engaged reading the letters, and occasionally asking a question in reference to their contents, he was closely examining a revolver of mine which he had found on my bureau. When I had finished he remarked, "How strange that you should have a pistol exactly like one I have in my pocket," which he produced. They were, indeed, fellows in every respect, and presented to us by the same generous Bostonian.

Captain Brown remained with me nearly all night, eagerly listening to a narrative of my trip through Virginia and Tennessee, and in relating incidents connected with his labours in Kansas. His manner and conversation had a magnetic influence which rendered him very

attractive, and stamped him as a man of more than ordinary coolness, tenacity of purpose, and devotion to what he considered right. He was, in my estimation, a Christian in the full sense of that word. No idle, profane, or immodest word fell from his lips. He was deeply in earnest in the work, in which he believed himself a special instrument in the hands of God. During our long and interesting interview, which lasted from 8 p.m. until 3 in the morning, he related many incidents of his life bearing upon the subject of slavery. He said he had for many years been studying the guerilla system of warfare adopted in the mountainous portions of Europe; and by that system he could, with a small body of picked men, inaugurate and maintain a negro insurrection in the mountains of Virginia, which would cause so much annoyance to the United States Government, and create such a feeling of dread and insecurity in the minds of slaveholders, that they would ultimately be glad to "let the oppressed go free." He maintained that the only way to successfully attack the institution of slavery was, by conveying to the slaves such information as would aid them in making their escape to Canada, and by exciting in their minds a desire for knowledge, which would enable them to combine in a struggle for freedom. He had little faith in the efficacy

of moral suasion with slaveholders. He very properly placed them, in the same category, with thieves and murderers.

HIS DISAPPOINTMENTS.

John Brown was now returning to the West, from the Eastern States, where he had been for several weeks trying to collect means to carry on the war in Kansas. He had met with disappointment, and felt it most keenly. He had sacrificed his own peace and comfort, and the peace and comfort of his family, in obedience to his sincere convictions of duty toward the oppressed people of the South, while those who had the means to help him make war upon the oppressor, were lukewarm or declined to aid him in his warfare. During our conversation, he handed me a piece of paper, on which was written, in his own handwriting, the following, which he said he indited, with the object of having it published before leaving Boston, but had been persuaded not to do so :—

OLD BROWN'S FAREWELL

To the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom's Cabins.

He has left for Kansas. Has been trying since he came out of the Territory to secure an outfit, or in other words, the means of arming and thoroughly equipping his regular

minute men, who are mixed up *with the people of Kansas*, and *he leaves the States WITH A FEELING OF DEEPEST SADNESS* : that after having exhausted *his own small means*, and with his *family and his BRAVE MEN* ; suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and *some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment in Irons*, with extreme cruel treatment, and *others death* : that after lying on the ground for months in the most sickly, unwholesome, and uncomfortable places ; *some of the time with sick and wounded* destitute of any shelter ; and hunted like wolves ; sustained in part by Indians : that after all this ; in order to sustain a cause which every citizen of this "*glorious Republic*" is under equal moral obligations to do ; and *for the neglect of which, he will be held accountable to God* : a cause in which every man, woman, and child ; of the *entire human family* has a DEEP and AWFUL interest ; that when *no wages* are asked ; or expected ; he cannot secure, amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this "*Heaven-exalted*" people ; even the necessary supplies of the common soldier. "*How are the mighty fallen ?*"

Boston, April, A. D. 1857.

Captain Brown left me at an early hour in the morning, to take the cars for Kansas. Before parting, I urged him to accept a portion of my funds, to aid him in purchasing material for his Kansas work. This he did reluctantly, expressing his fears that I was depriving myself of the means to continue my labours.

CHARACTER OF JOHN BROWN.

I have been in the presence of many men whom the world called great and distinguished,

but never before or since have I met a greater or more remarkable man than Captain John Brown. There was manifest, in all he said and did, an absorbing intensity of purpose, controlled by lofty moral principles. He was a devout Christian, and sincerely believed himself a chosen instrument in the hands of God to "let the oppressed go free."

The following items I gathered from his conversation during our interesting interview : John Brown was born in Torrington, Connecticut, on the 9th day of May, 1800. He was by occupation a farmer, and the fifth in descent from Peter Brown, one of the godly exiles who, on the 22nd December, 1620, knelt at Plymouth Rock, and returned thanks to the Almighty for His goodness in preserving them from the dangers of the deep during their passage from England in the *Mayflower*.

It was in 1839 that John Brown first conceived the idea of becoming a liberator of the Southern slaves. He had seen every right of the coloured people in the South ruthlessly trodden under the feet of the tyrannical Slave Power. He saw slavery blighting and blasting the manhood of the nation ; and he listened to "the voice of the poor that cried." He heard Washington loudly

praised, but he saw no helper of the bondman. He saw the people building the sepulchres of the fathers of '76, but lynching and murdering the prophets that were sent unto them. He believed that,

“Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.”

But the slaves, scattered ; closely watched ; prevented from assembling to conspire ; without arms ; apparently overpowered ; at the mercy of every traitor ; knowing the white man only as their foe ; seeing, everywhere and always, that the negroes, in order to arise and strike a blow for liberty, needed a positive sign that they had friends among the dominant race, who sympathized with them, believed in their right to freedom, and were ready to aid them in their attempt to obtain it. John Brown determined to let them know that they had friends, and prepared himself to lead them to liberty.





CHAPTER II.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

THE excitement in Richmond and Nashville, consequent upon the escape of so many valuable slaves, extended to all the surrounding country. In the reading-room of the hotel at Cleveland, Ohio, I picked up a Richmond paper, which contained a lengthy account of the escape of slaves from Richmond, Nashville, and other parts of the South. The writer stated that a general impression prevailed in that community, that a regularly organized band of abolitionists existed in the South, which supplied the negroes with information and means of escape to Canada. The authorities were urged to offer a large reward for the apprehension of the "cursed negro thieves" that infested the South; and that an example should be made of such as might be caught, and so for ever deter others from interference with their constitutional rights.

KEEPING QUIET.

I concluded it would be better for the cause, I tried to serve, that no further attempt should be made until the present excitement in the South quieted down. From Cleveland I went to Philadelphia. During my stay in that city, I was busily occupied in collecting statistics of the slave populations of particular localities in the Cotton States, and in consulting with various friends as to the best methods of circulating information among the slaves in that region.

Any one acquainted with the institution of slavery, as it existed in the Gulf States, will fully appreciate the difficulties that environed such an enterprise as the one I now contemplated—that of conveying direct to the slaves a knowledge of the best routes, the distances to be traversed, difficulties to be overcome, and the fact that they had friends in the Border States to whom they could apply for aid, and on whom they could implicitly rely for assistance to forward them to Canada. Of all the dangers to myself that loomed up before my mind, the last and the least was, the fear of betrayal by the slaves. Once they became satisfied of your friendship and your desire to help them to escape from bondage, they would willingly suffer torture or death to protect you. Such, at least, has

been my experience with the negroes of the Slave States.

OFF TO NEW ORLEANS.

My preparations being now completed, I engaged passage by steamer, to New Orleans, on a mission, the subject and details of which had occupied my mind exclusively for many weeks. I was accompanied to the steamer by two noble-hearted and steadfast friends of freedom. One of these friends, Gerrit Smith, had been my principal supporter, and active and unflinching friend from the commencement of my career as an abolitionist. The other, Lewis Tappan, a prominent philanthropist, long identified with the abolitionists of the North. All my correspondence, while in the Slave States, was to be sent to them. Whenever a slave succeeded in making his or her escape I was to send them the information, and they in turn notified our friends north of the Ohio river to be on the lookout for "packages of hardware" (men) or "dry-goods" (females), and these Ohio friends concealed the fugitives for a time, if necessary, until they could be safely sent to Canada. In many parts of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, we had fast friends, in the majority of cases, belonging to the Society of Friends, whose doors were always open to the poor

fugitive from bondage, and whose hearts were open to the fugitive's appeal for help.

STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

On my arrival in New Orleans, I began my preparations for work in the interior of the country. From childhood I had been passionately fond of the study of Natural History, especially of Ornithology. I consequently decided to follow the pursuit of a naturalist, as a guise to my actual object.

SLAVE AUCTIONS.

During my stay in New Orleans I occasionally attended the slave auctions. The scenes I witnessed there will never be effaced from my memory. The cries and heart-rending agonies of the poor creatures as they were sold and separated from parents, children, husbands, or wives, will never cease to ring in my ears. Babes were torn from the arms of their mothers and sold, while parents were separated and sent to distant parts of the country. Tired and overworked women were cruelly beaten, because they refused the outrageous demands of their wicked overseers. The horrid traffic in human beings, many of them much whiter and more intelligent than the cruel men who bought and

sold them, was, without exception, the most monstrous outrage upon the rights of human beings that could possibly be imagined.

“ A Christian ! going, gone !

Who bids for God’s own image ?—for his grace

Which that poor victim of the market place

Hath in her suffering won ?

My God ! can such things be ?

Hast Thou not said that whatsoe’er is done

Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one,

Is even done to Thee ?

In that sad victim, then,

Child of thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—

Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,

Bound, sold, and scourged again !

A Christian up for sale !

Wet with her blood your whips—o’ertask her frame,

Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,

Her patience shall not fail !

A heathen band might deal

Back on your head the gathered wrong of years,

But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears,

Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o’er,

Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave

No dangerous tale of Him who came to save

The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray

Of God’s free Gospel from her simple heart,

And to her darkened mind alone impart

One stern command—OBEY !

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and while
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how the work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebra feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell his market price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thy altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand,
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?

WHITTIER, *the Quaker Poet.*

My experience in New Orleans served to intensify my abhorrence and hatred of that vile and unchristian institution of slavery, and to nerve me for the work I was engaged in. On several occasions while in the Slave States I attended divine worship, and invariably remarked that whenever the subject of slavery was mentioned, it was referred to as a "wise and beneficent institution"; and one clergyman in particular declared that "the institution of slavery was devised by God for the especial benefit of the coloured race."

"Just God!—and these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy!, is that church, which lend
Strength to the spoiler, thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long !
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And, in thy name, for robbery and wrong
At thy own altars pray ?

Is not thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down !
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might
Shall perish ; and their names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh ! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be known
As in their home above."

WHITTIER, *the Quaker Poet*

Finally my preparations were completed, and, supplied with a shot gun, and materials for pre-

servicing bird-skins, I began my journey into the interior of the country.

The route decided upon was from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and thence through the interior of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Florida. I had never before visited that section of the United States, and my field of labour was consequently surrounded by difficulties not experienced during my visit to Virginia and Tennessee, from the fact that I had not a single friend in the Cotton States.

AT WORK NEAR VICKSBURG.

Soon after my arrival at Vicksburg I was busily engaged in collecting ornithological specimens. I made frequent visits to the surrounding plantations seizing every favourable opportunity to converse with the more intelligent of the slaves. Many of these negroes had heard of Canada from the negroes brought from Virginia and the border Slave States; but the impression they had was, that Canada, being so far away, it would be useless to try and reach it. On these excursions I was usually accompanied by one or two smart, intelligent slaves, to whom I felt I could trust the secret of my visit. In this way I succeeded in circulating a knowledge of Canada, and the best means of reaching that country, to all the

plantations for many miles around Vicksburg. I was often surprised at the rapidity with which information was conveyed to the slaves of distant plantations. Thus, on every plantation I had missionaries who were secretly conveying intelligence to the poor down-trodden slaves of that benighted region, that in Canada there were hundreds of negroes who had, through the aid of friends along the border, escaped from slavery, and were now free men and women. No one but a slave can fully appreciate the true meaning of the word freedom. I continued my labours in the vicinity of Vicksburg for several weeks and then went to Selma, Alabama.

SOWING SEED AT SELMA.

I made this place my base for extensive incursions to the surrounding country, pursuing a similar course to that I adopted at Vicksburg. My ornithological collection had by this time assumed respectable and interesting proportions, and some of the planters became so much interested in my ornithological pursuits, as to offer me every facility to roam over their plantations, of which I availed myself. I had my choice of assistants from among the slaves, and selected those possessing qualities suitable for my purpose. There was not a plantation within fifteen miles of Selma that I did not visit successfully.

The seed planted at Vicksburg and Selma fell upon rich soil, the products of which rapidly spread throughout the Gulf States, as was plainly evinced at the time of the Harper's Ferry invasion, when the planters in the interior of the South were surprised to find that their slaves were well informed about Canada, and the purposes and efforts of friends in the North to aid them to escape from bondage.

IN A DANGEROUS POSITION.

Having completed my labours at Selma, I selected Columbus, Mississippi, for my next field of labour. I had been at work in Columbus about two weeks when a difficulty occurred which, but for the faithfulness of a negro, would have ended in my death at the hands of an infuriated mob. During one of my visits to a plantation near Columbus, I met with a negro slave of more than ordinary intelligence. His master was a man of coarse and brutal instincts, who had burned the initials of his name into the flesh of several of his slaves, to render their capture more certain, in case they ran away from this merciless wretch. I saw several of the victims of his cruelty, whose backs would forever bear the marks of his branding iron and lash. He was a veritable "Legree." On one of my excursions over his plantation I was accom-

panied by the slave mentioned. During our rambles he gave me a history of his life and sufferings, and expressed an earnest desire to gain his freedom. I felt that he could be relied upon, and imparted to him the secret object of my visit to the South. He listened with absorbing earnestness whilst I explained to him the difficulties and dangers he would have to encounter on so long and perilous a journey. He, however, declared his determination to make the attempt, saying, that death itself was preferable to his present existence. On the following day (Saturday) I again visited the plantation, and selected this slave for my companion. He informed me he had decided to start for Canada, as soon as he could communicate with a brother who was a slave on a plantation a few miles distant. He wished to take this brother with him, if possible. I gave him instructions for his guidance after he should cross the Ohio river; the names of friends at Evansville (Ind.), and Cleveland (Ohio), to whom he could apply for assistance. I also furnished him with a pistol, knife, and pocket compass, and directed him to travel by night only until he reached friends north of the Ohio river.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

On the following Monday evening, while seated at the supper table of the hotel at which

I was stopping, I heard loud and excited talking in the adjoining room. In a few minutes the landlord came up to me with an excited look, and said, "Col. _____ wishes to speak with you. You had better go out and meet him." I immediately rose, and went into the room from which the loud talking emanated. As I entered, the Colonel, in a loud and brutal tone, said, "That's him, arrest him." Upon which a man stepped up and said, "You are my prisoner." I demanded the reason why I was arrested. Whereupon the doughty Colonel strode toward me with his fist clenched, and charged me with being a d——d abolitionist. He said he would have my heart's blood; that I had enticed away his nigger "Joe;" for the nigger had not been seen since he went out with me on the previous Saturday. The room was filled with an excited crowd of men, who glared upon me with fierce and fiendish looks. I tried to keep cool, but I confess I felt that my labours were ended. I knew the character of the Colonel, and also knew that he possessed much influence with the worst class of Southerners of that section.

MANACLED AND IN PRISON.

In the meantime the constable had produced a pair of iron handcuffs, and fastened them

around my wrists. After the Colonel had exhausted his supply of curses and coarse abuse upon me,—for the purpose of exciting the crowd to hang me,—I quietly asked if they would allow me to say a few words, at the same time making a Masonic sign of distress, in hope that there might be a Mason in the crowd with sufficient courage to sustain my request. I had no sooner made “the sign of distress,” than a voice near me said, “Yes, let’s hear what he has to say.” “He ought to be allowed to speak.” I was encouraged, and very quietly said: “Gentlemen, I am a total stranger here, without friends. I am your prisoner in irons. The Colonel has charged me with violating your laws! Will you act the part of cowards by allowing this man to incite you to commit a murder? or will you, like brave men, grant the only request I have to make, that is, a fair trial before your magistrates?” Several persons at once spoke up in my favour, among whom was the landlord and his brave little wife.

I was then, much to the chagrin of the Colonel, led to the lock-up, and confined to a filthy room. There I remained all through that dreary night, fearing to lie down on the straw in the corner, lest I should be bitten by the rats that kept running about the floor all night. At length

morning came, and I was taken, handcuffed, weary, hungry, and impressed with forebodings (of what appeared my impending fate,) before a Justice.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

A crowd of people had gathered to see an abolitionist have the mockery of a trial. Col. "Legree" was asked by the Justice to state his case, which he did in true slave-driving style, as if determined to force the case against me. In fact, my case seemed hopeless. I saw no way of escape from my desperate situation. I was surrounded on every side by men apparently thirsting for my blood, and anxious to vindicate the outraged laws of the State of Mississippi! At length the Colonel finished his statement, which, reduced to simple facts, was, that I had called at his residence on Saturday last, and requested permission to roam over his plantation to shoot birds; that he had given me permission, and allowed his servant "Joe" to accompany me; that "Joe" had not returned, nor could he be found; that he was sure I had aided him to escape; and demanded of the Justice that I should be punished as a "negro thief" deserved. His remarks were loudly applauded by the slave-hounds that surrounded him. The Justice

turned to me, and, in a coarse, stern voice, said, "Have you anything to say?" At this moment a voice outside the room shouted, "Here's Joe! here's Joe!" and a rush was made toward the door.

FIDELITY OF A SLAVE.

"Joe" was ushered into the court room, and fell on his knees before the Colonel, asking his forgiveness for leaving the plantation without permission. He said he wanted to see his brother "powerful bad," and had gone to the plantation on which his brother was living, about eight miles distant, on Saturday night, expecting to return by Sunday evening; but, having sprained his ankle, he could not move until Monday evening, when he started for home, traveling nearly all night. As soon as he reached the Colonel's he was told of my arrest, and early that morning had come into Columbus to save me. The Justice ordered the constable to release me at once, and expressed his regret that I had been subjected to so much annoyance.

RELEASED.

The Colonel was completely chopfallen at the turn affairs had taken, while I was surrounded by several Masonic friends, who expressed their gratification at my release. I addressed the

Colonel, saying, that as he had put me to much inconvenience and trouble, I claimed a favour of him. He asked what it was. I begged him not to punish "Joe" for what he had done, and to allow me to present the brave fellow with a gift, as a mark of gratitude for his fidelity to me. As these favours were asked in the presence of the crowd, he could not very well refuse my request. He sulkily promised that "Joe" should not be punished, and said if I pleased I might make him a present. I then handed "Joe" twenty dollars in gold, for which he looked a thousand thanks. I was thus enabled to evince my gratitude for what he had done for me, and at the same time present him with the means to aid him in escaping from bondage.

Two years after this occurrence, while dining at the American Hotel, in Boston, I observed a coloured waiter eyeing me very closely; at length he recognized me, and asked if I remembered him. It was "Joe," my saviour, the former slave of Col. "Legree." I grasped the noble fellow's hand, and congratulated him upon his escape from bondage. In the evening I invited him into the parlour, and introduced him to several influential friends, to whom I narrated the incidents above related. "Joe" subsequently

gave me the following particulars of his escape from slavery :

On the Sunday evening following my arrest and acquittal his brother joined him in a piece of woods, near the Col.'s plantation, where he had secreted sufficient food to last them several days.

TWO PASSENGERS BY THE UNDERGROUND R. R.

At midnight they started together, moving as rapidly as they could through the fields and woods, keeping the north star in front of them. Whenever it was possible they walked in the creeks and marshy grounds, to throw the slave-hunters off their tracks. Thus, night after night, they kept on their weary way, hungry and sore-footed. On the morning of the seventeenth day of their freedom, they reached the Ohio river, nearly opposite a large town. All day they lay secreted in the bushes, at night they crossed the river in a small boat, and travelled rapidly, taking a north-easterly course. After enduring many hardships, they reached Cleveland, Ohio, and went to the house of a friend whose name I had given "Joe." They were there kindly received, and supplied with clothing and other comforts. Resting a week, they were sent on to Canada, where "Joe's" brother still lives.

Before leaving Boston I secured "Joe" a good situation in a mercantile house, where he remained for many years, rendering faithful service to his grateful employers.

LEAVE COLUMBUS FOR OTHER FIELDS.

On the day following my release from peril, I took the stage for Iuka, a station on the Charleston and Memphis Railroad. There I purchased a through ticket for New York, which I took pains to exhibit to the landlord of the hotel, so that in case I was pursued, (as I certainly would be, if "Joe" and his brother succeeded in escaping,) he could state the fact of my having bought tickets for New York, which would probably check their pursuit. From Iuka I went to Huntsville, Ala., where for a short time I was busy circulating information among the slaves.

AT WORK IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Learning that Augusta was favourably situated for my work, and that the slaves in that section were sharp and intelligent, I determined to make that city my next field of labour. Having secured a good home with a Quaker family, I was soon actively engaged in collecting birds and insects, and in becoming acquainted with the more intelligent coloured people of that section.

FIDELITY OF THE QUAKERS.

Among the religious denominations of the South, none were so faithful to the principles of freedom, or to the dictates of humanity in respect to slavery, as the sect called Quakers. Wherever I have met the members of that society, whether in the North or South, they have always proved themselves friends in deed, as well as in name. They could always be implicitly trusted by the poor fugitives flying from bondage. I know of many instances where, at great sacrifice and risk, they have shielded the outcasts from their pursuers—the slave-hunters and United States marshals. Hundreds of the negroes of Canada will bear testimony to the unflinching fidelity of the peaceful and worthy Quakers.

ELEVEN FOLLOWERS OF THE NORTH STAR.

In Augusta I succeeded in equipping a party of eleven fine, active, intelligent slaves, for the long, dangerous, and weary journey to the north. No one, unless engaged in similar work, can appreciate the extreme delicacy of my position. There was not a day, in fact scarcely an hour, that I did not live in expectation of exposure. The system of keen and constant espionage, in practice throughout the Slave

States, rendered it exceedingly necessary to exercise the greatest prudence in approaching the slaves. If a stranger was seen in conversation with a slave, he became at once an object of suspicion. I found, by experience, that a frank, open, bold, and straightforward course, was the wisest and safest.

I was greatly aided in my work here by a remarkably intelligent mulatto, the son of a U. S. Senator by a female slave. This man was chosen leader of the band of fugitives from Augusta, and under his leadership the whole party arrived safely in Canada in less than two months from the time they escaped from bondage. Two members of this party are now living in Canada, and in good circumstances.

Immediately after the exodus of these brave fellows, I quietly left the scene of my labours, and went to Charleston, S. C.

EXCITING NEWS.

A few days after my arrival, one of the Charleston papers contained a despatch from Augusta, which stated that several first-class negro men had disappeared from that place within a week; and that a very general impres-

sion prevailed there that abolitionists were at work inciting negroes to escape from their masters. I left Charleston that evening, and went to Raleigh, N. C. While at breakfast next morning, two men seated near me entered into conversation relative to the escape of slaves from Augusta. One of them remarked that an Englishman, who had been stopping in Augusta for several weeks, was suspected of doing the mischief, and that it was supposed he had gone with the fugitives, as he had not been seen since the slaves were missed; but if he should be caught, no mercy would be shown him, as it was time to make an example of the negro thieves that infested the South. I lost no time, obviously, and left by the first train for Washington.

IN WASHINGTON.

During my stay in Washington I became acquainted with Charles Sumner, at whose house I met many distinguished people, who evinced a warm and kindly interest in my labours.

The slaveholders, at that period, held the balance of power in the United States, and the Northern Democrats were used by them to tighten the bonds that bound the coloured people of the South in the chains of slavery. The slave-masters were not satisfied with the recog-

nized boundaries of their institution, and sought by every device to obtain some portion of the new territories of the south-west, to which they could carry their vile institution. Northern men, of the Douglas and Seymour stamp, were willing to yield to the slave lords, and even sacrifice the dearest interests of their country, providing they could advance their individual claims to the Presidency. The haughty and outrageous demands of Davis, Mason, and Toombs, were abetted by the cowardly Democratic politicians of the North.

Towering above these contemptible political demagogues stood Charles Sumner, the brave champion of freedom. No prospect of political advancement could tempt him from the path of duty, nor could the brutal threats and assaults of his cowardly opponents, cause him to halt in his warfare for the rights of man.

Towards the end of April, 1858, I left Washington for Philadelphia, and laid before my anti-slavery friends a report of my work. One venerable and talented Quaker lady, at whose house our re-union took place, and whose name had long been identified with the cause of human freedom, tendered me the congratulations of the Society on my safe return from the land of darkness and despair.

FUGITIVES FROM HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

While in Philadelphia a telegram was received from a friend in Evansville, Indiana, informing me that two fugitives had arrived there in a most pitiable condition, their emaciated bodies bearing the marks of many a bruise. I at once went to Evansville to render them such aid as I could. They were delighted to meet me again, and recalled an interview they had with me at Huntsville, Alabama. The poor fellows were kindly cared for, and after a few days' rest continued their journey to Canada, prepared to defend their right to own themselves against whoever might dispute it. The route travelled by these fugitives from Huntsville to the Ohio river was marked with their blood. Their escape was soon discovered, and persistent efforts were made to capture them. They were followed for two days by bloodhounds that were placed on their tracks, but which they succeeded in eluding, by wading in the creeks and marshes; for forty-eight hours the deep baying of the hounds was frequently heard! They travelled by night only, taking the north star for their guide, and by day they rested in secluded places. Their sufferings from hunger were very severe, which they were often obliged to relieve by eating frogs and other reptiles. Occasionally, however, they succeeded

in obtaining poultry from the hen-houses of the slaveholders on their route.

“ In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp,
 The hunted negro lay ;
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
 And heard at times a horse's tramp,
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine
 In bulrush and in brake ;
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green morass,
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in its lair.

All things above were bright and fair,
 All things were glad and free ;
 Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
 And wild birds filled the echoing air
 With songs of liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
 From the morning of his birth ;
 On him alone the crime of Cain
 Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
 And struck him to the earth.”

LONGFELLOW.

FUGITIVES FROM SLAVERY.

During my residence in the Slave States
 I noticed numerous advertisements in the

Southern papers announcing the escape of slaves and offering rewards for their apprehension. Nearly every newspaper in the South had one or more of such advertisements. A few of these, clipped from the papers of that period, I transcribe as evidence of the barbarism of slavery:

(From the Republican Banner and Nashville Whig.)

"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 23rd of June last, a bright mulatto woman, named Julia, about twenty-five years of age. She is of common size, *nearly white* and *very likely*. She is a good seamstress, and can read a little. She may attempt to *pass for white*: dresses well. She took with her Anna, her child, eight or nine years old, and considerably darker than her mother."

(From the New Orleans Picayune.)

"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, last November, *a white negro man*, about thirty-five years old, height about five feet eight or ten inches, blue eyes, has a yellow woolly head, very fair skin.

"P. S.—Said man has a good-shaped foot and leg; and his foot is very small and hollow."

(From the Savannah Republican.)

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 22nd ult., my negro man, Albert, who is twenty-seven years old *very white*, so much so that he would not be suspected of being a negro. Has blue eyes, and very light hair. Wore, when he left, a long thin beard, and rode a chestnut sorrel horse, with about \$70 belonging to himself.

"He is about five feet eight inches high, and weighs about 140 pounds. Has a very humble and meek appearance; can

neither read nor write, and is a very kind and amiable fellow; speaks much like a low country negro. He has, no doubt, been led off by some *miserable wretch*, during my absence in New York.

"The above reward will be paid for his delivery to me, or his apprehension and confinement in any jail where I can get him.

(From the Richmond, Va., Whig.)

"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD will be given for the apprehension of my negro, Edmund Kenney. He has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white that it is believed a stranger would suppose that there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick a short time since, in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretence of being a white man."

"WAS TAKEN UP and committed to the jail of Halifax County, on the 26th of May, a dark coloured boy, who says his name is Jordan Artis. Said boy says he was born free, and was bound out to William Beale, near Murfreesboro', Hertford County, N. C., and is now 21 years of age. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take the said boy away, within the time prescribed by law; otherwise he will be dealt with (sold as a slave) as the law directs."

"TAKEN UP, and committed to the jail of New Hanover County. Said negro is about 35 or 40 years old, light complected, five feet nine and a half inches high, slim built, upper fore teeth out; says he is a mason by trade, that he is free, and belongs in Alexandria, Va., that he served his time at the mason business under Mr. Wm. Stuart, of Alexandria. He was taken up and committed as a run-away. His owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs."

In the same paper are four advertisements of runaways ; two of them I transcribe :

“TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the employ of Messrs. Holmes & Brown, on Sunday night, 20th inst., a negro man named Yatney or Medicine, belonging to the undersigned. Said boy is stout built, about five feet four inches high, 22 years old, and dark complected, and has the appearance, when walking slow, of one leg being a little shorter than the other. He was brought from Chapel Hill, and is probably lurking either in the neighbourhood of that place, or Beatty's Bridge, in Bladen County.

“The above reward will be paid for evidence sufficient to convict any white person of harbouring him, or a reward of \$25 for his apprehension and confinement in any jail in the State, so that I can get him, or for his delivery to me in Wilmington.”

“RUNAWAY from the subscriber, on the 27th of May, his negro boy Isome. Said boy is about 21 years of age ; rather light complexion ; very coarse hair ; weight about 150 pounds ; height about five feet six or seven inches ; rather pleasing countenance ; quick and easy spoken ; rather a downcast look. It is thought that he is trying to make his way to Franklin County, N. C. A liberal reward will be given for his confinement in any jail in North or South Carolina, or to any one who will give information where he can be found.”

Another infamous advertisement, from the the Richmond, Va., *Despatch*, reads as follows :—

“FOR SALE, an accomplished and handsome lady's maid. She is just turned sixteen years of age ; nearly white ; was reared in a genteel family in Maryland, and is now for sale, not for any fault, but simply because the owner has no further use for her.”

(From the Georgia Messenger.)

"RUNAWAY.—My man George; has holes in his ears; is marked on the back with the whip; has been shot in the legs; has a scar in the forehead."

BLOOD HOUNDS.

If the foregoing advertisements are not sufficient evidence of the brutalizing results of human slavery, upon the whites, the following advertisements taken from a West Tennessee paper, should be convincing proof :—

" BLOOD-HOUNDS.—I have two of the finest dogs for catching negroes in the Southwest. They can take the trail twelve hours after the negro has passed, and catch him with ease. I live just four miles southwest of Boliver, on the road leading from Boliver to Whitesville. I am ready at all times to catch runaway negroes."

The value of these animals to the slave-hunters may be inferred from the following quotation of prices taken from a Columbia, S. C., paper :—

"Mr. J. L. Bryan, of Moore county, sold at auction, on the 20th instant, a pack of ten blood hounds, trained for hunting runaways negroes, for the sum of \$1,540. The highest price paid for any one dog was \$301; lowest price \$75; average for the ten, \$154."

RUNAWAY SLAVES—HORRIBLE BRUTALITY OF A PLANTER.

A letter in a Vicksburg, Miss., paper from a planter, contained the following passage :—

"I can tell you how to break a negro of running away. When I catch a runaway negro I tie him down and pull one of his toe nails out by the roots, and tell him if he ever runs away again that I will pull out two of them. I never have to do it more than once. It cures them."

A SABBATH SCENE IN THE SOUTH.

Scarce had the solemn Sabbath bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple ;
Scarce had the parson to the desk
Walked stately through his people.

When down the summer shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling ;
O, pitying Christ ! a refuge give,
That poor one in thy dwelling.

Like a scared fawn before the hounds
Right up the aisle she glided ;
When close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank-haired hunter glided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
To Heaven and Earth appealing ;
Were manhood's generous pulses dead ?
Had woman's heart no feeling ?

"Who dares profane this hour and day ?"
Cried out the angry pastor ;

"Why, bless your soul, the wench's a slave,
And I'm her lord and master !

“ I’ve law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me ?”
Down came the parson, bowing low,
“ My good sir, pray, excuse me !

“ Of course I know your right divine,
To own, and work, and whip her ;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
Before the wench, and trip her !”

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o’er
It’s sacred pages stumbling ;
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knot,
The while his flock addressing ;
The Scriptural claims of slavery,
With text on text impressing.

Shriek rose on shriek—the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder ;
I listened with hushed breath to hear
God answer with his thunder !

All still !—the very altar’s cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking ;
I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles loudly clanking.

My brain took fire ; “ Is this,” I cried,
The end of prayer and preaching ?
Then down with pulpit ; down with priest,
And give us Nature’s teaching !

WHITTIER.





CHAPTER III.



FROM Evansville I returned to Philadelphia, and after a short stay in that city left for Boston, *via* Springfield.

MEET WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

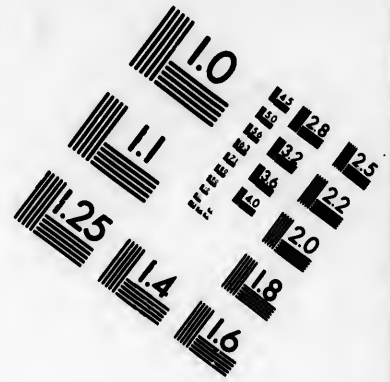
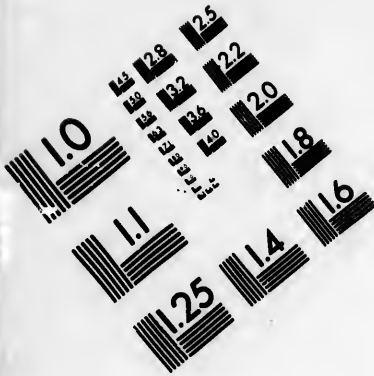
At Springfield, Mass., the train stopped sufficiently long to enable the passengers to get supper. As I took my seat at the table I observed an elderly gentleman looking very earnestly at me. I felt sure I had seen him somewhere ; but where and when I had quite forgotten. At length he recognized me, and taking a seat near me said, in a whisper, " How is the hardware business?" The moment he spoke I remembered the voice, and recalled my old Cleveland acquaintance, Capt. John Brown, of Kansas.

SECOND INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BROWN.

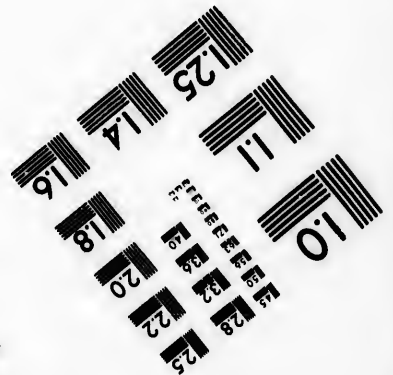
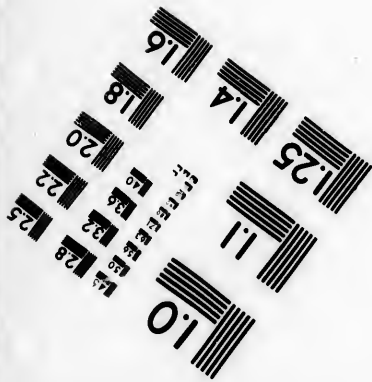
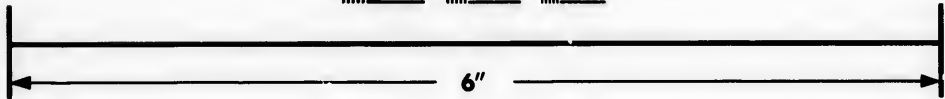
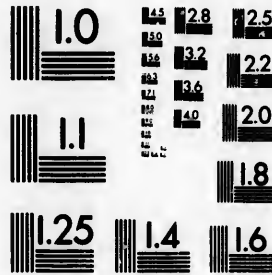
He was much changed in appearance, looked older and more careworn ; his face was covered

with a beard, nearly white ; his dress was plain, but good and scrupulously clean. There was no change in his voice or eye, both were indicative of strength, honesty, and tenacity of purpose. Learning that I was on my way to Boston, whither he was going on the following day, he urged me to remain in Springfield over night, and accompany him to Boston. After supper we retired to a private parlour, and he asked me to tell him about my trip through Mississippi and Alabama. He listened to the recital of my narrative, from the time I left New Orleans until my arrest at Columbus, with great earnestness, without speaking, until I described my arrest and imprisonment ; then his countenance changed, his eyes flashed, he paced the room in silent wrath. I never witnessed a more intense manifestation of indignation, and scorn. Coming up to me, he took my wrists in his hands, and said, " God alone brought you out of that hell ; and these wrists have been ironed, and you have been imprisoned for doing your duty ! I vow, henceforth, that I will not rest from my labour until I have discharged my whole duty towards God, and towards my brother in bondage." When he ceased speaking, he sat down and buried his face in his hands ; in which position he sat for several minutes, as if overcome by his feelings. At length, arousing himself, he

asked me to continue my narrative, to which he listened earnestly during its recital. He said, "The Lord has permitted you to do a work that falls to the lot of but few." Taking a small Bible or Testament from his pocket, he said, "The good book says, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;' it teaches us further, to 'remember them in bonds, as bound with them.'" He continued: "I have devoted the last twenty years of my life to preparations for the work which, I believe, God has given me to do, and while I live I will never cease my labours." He then gave me some details of a campaign which he was then actually preparing for, and which he said had occupied his mind for years. He intended to establish himself in the mountains of Virginia with a small body of picked men—men in whom he could trust, and who feared God. He felt confident that the negroes would flock to him in large numbers, and that the slaveholders would soon be glad to "let the oppressed go free;" that the dread of a negro insurrection would produce fear and trembling in all the Slave States; that the presence in the mountains of an armed body of Liberators would produce a general insurrection among the slaves, which would end in their freedom. He said he had about twenty-two Kansas men undergoing a



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course of military instruction : these men would form a nucleus, around which he would soon gather a force sufficiently large and effective to strike terror throughout the Slave States. His present difficulty was, a deficiency of ready money. He had been promised support—to help the cause of freedom—which was not forthcoming, now that he was preparing to carry the war into the South. His friends were disinclined to aid offensive operations. During this interview, he informed me that he intended to call a Convention of the friends of the cause at Chatham, Canada, in a few weeks, for the purpose of effecting an organization composed of men who were willing to aid him in his purpose of invading the Slave States. He said he had rifles and ammunition sufficient to equip two hundred men ; that he had made a contract for a large number of pikes, with which he intended to arm the negroes ; that the object of his present trip to the East was, to raise funds to keep this contract and perfect his arrangements for an attack upon the Slave States.

Captain Brown accompanied me, on the following day, to Boston. During our journey, he informed me that he required a thousand dollars at least to complete his preparations, and that he needed money at once to enable him to fulfil

a contract for arms with some manufacturer in Connecticut. He also needed money to bring his men from Iowa to Canada. He met with but little success in Boston. It appeared that such friends of the cause of freedom, as had an inkling of his project, were not disposed to advance money for warlike purposes, except, for the defence of free territory. Many of his sincere friends, feared that the persecution of himself and family by the pro-slavery border ruffians would provoke him to engage in some enterprize which might result in the destruction of himself and his followers. I am persuaded that there was no reason for any such apprehension. I never heard him express any feeling of personal resentment towards any one, not even border ruffians. He at all times, (while in my company), appeared to be under the influence of broad, enlightened, and humane views, and a fixed determination to do his duty, as an agent of the Almighty, to give freedom to the slaves.

FAREWELL TO CAPTAIN BROWN.

On the morning of Captain Brown's departure from Boston, I accompanied him to the depot, and bid him farewell! I never again saw the brave old captain in life!

CAPT. BROWN CALLS A CONVENTION.

The following invitation from Captain Brown to attend a convention of "true friends of freedom," to be held in Chatham, Canada, I did not receive until the 13th of May—three days after the time appointed for holding the Convention:

CHATHAM, CANADA,

May 5th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have called a *quiet* Convention in this place of true friends of freedom. Your attendance is earnestly requested on the 10th inst. * * *

Your Friend,

(*Fac-simile of Signature.*)

John Brown

REFUGEES IN CANADA.

During the following summer I visited Canada, and had great pleasure in meeting several of those who had, under my auspices, escaped from the land of bondage. In Hamilton, I was welcomed by a man who had escaped from Augusta, and who kept, as a *souvenir* of my friendship, a dirk knife I had given him, on the night he started for Canada. The meeting with so many of my former pupils, and the knowledge that they were happy, thriving, and industrious, gave me great satisfaction. The trials

and dangers I had endured in their behalf were rendered pleasing reminiscences.

The information obtained from these refugees, relative to their experiences while *en route* to Canada, enabled me subsequently to render valuable aid to other fugitives from the land of bondage.

AT WORK IN DELAWARE.

During the summer of 1859 I was engaged in efforts to aid the oppressed people of the State of Delaware.

On one occasion I visited Wilmington, Delaware, for the purpose of liberating the young wife of a refugee who the year previous had made his escape to Canada from the little town of Dover. I learned that the object of my visit was owned by a widow lady, who had but recently purchased the poor slave, paying the sum of twelve hundred dollars for her. I also learned that the widow was disposed to sell the girl, in fact that it was her intention to take her to New Orleans in the fall for the purpose of offering her for sale in that market, where prices ranged in proportion to the beauty and personal charms possessed by these victims of man's inhumanity.

After a few hours' consideration I decided upon a plan which ultimately interfered with the widow's project. In the morning I called at the house of the widow, ostensibly to purchase her slave woman. The bell was answered by an octoroon woman whom, from the description I had received of her, I knew to be the object of my visit. I enquired whether her mistress was at home. She replied that her mistress had gone to the market, and would not be home for an hour or two, further, that she was the only person in the house. I stepped into the hall, closed the door, and asked her name and other questions, which proved that she was Martha Bennett, the wife of the Canadian refugee. I then told her my object in calling; that I had recently seen her husband, and that if she desired to go to him I would endeavour to take her to Canada. I gave her a few lines written by her husband enjoining her to come to him. She read the letter with deep feeling, trembling from head to foot, the tears falling fast upon the paper. She said, "Massa, I will do just what you tell me. Oh! I wish I could get to Canada; Missis is going to take me to New Orleans this fall, and then I shall never see my husband again." I told her to leave the house at midnight, or as soon after as possible, prepared to accompany me;

that I would have a conveyance ready, not far from the house, to carry her out of the State to a place of safety ; that she must attend to her duties during the day as usual, and not excite by any unusual appearance or conduct the suspicions of her mistress. I then left and made preparations to convey her to the house of my friend Mrs. Hannah Cox, near Kennott Square, Pennsylvania.

DEPOT OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

The house of this noble woman had for years been one of the principal depots of the "Underground Railroad," and the rendezvous of fugitive slaves from Maryland and Delaware, where many poor fugitives have come with bleeding feet and tattered garments, relying upon the humanity of this noble woman, who "shielded the outcasts from their pursuers." Hannah Cox was a worthy member of the Society of Friends. She possessed great sweetness of disposition, combined with energy, courage, and tried sympathies, a highly cultivated mind, and the ease and grace of a queen. Mrs. Cox, like all other outspoken abolitionists, was, at that period, outlawed from public respect, scorned and hated by Church and State, and despised by the rich and poor. There never lived a purer or more Christlike

woman than Hannah Cox. She has outlived the institution of slavery, and now receives the homage and respect of those who, in other days, persecuted and despised her.

Returning to the house of my friend I obtained a horse and small waggon, and at twelve o'clock that night drove up and down the street on which the house of the widow was situated, several times before I caught sight of the object of my search. She was standing near a fence, well shaded from the light of the moon. I drove near the sidewalk, and taking her into the carriage drove rapidly away on the road to Kennott Square, Pennsylvania. I kept the horse at a rapid gait until I got out of sight of Wilmington. About four o'clock in the morning I heard the sound of a carriage rapidly following me. Upon reaching the top of a small hill I looked back, and saw a horse coming at full gallop—behind him a buggy with two men in it. I directed the girl to crouch down in the bottom of the vehicle. I then put my horse to its utmost speed, hoping to cross the Pennsylvania line before my pursuers came up to me.

The piteous sobs and stifled cries of the poor slave at my feet, made me resolve to defend her to the last extremity. I had two good navy revolvers with me, and got them ready for action.

Looking back I saw that my pursuers were gaining upon me. They were not more than two hundred yards distant, and I could hear shouts for me to stop; but the more vigorously I urged on my horse. In another moment I heard the report of fire arms, and the whizzing sound of a bullet near my head. I then drew a revolver, and fired four times in quick succession at my pursuers' horse. I saw their horse stagger and fall to the ground. One of my pursuers then fired several times at me without effect. I was soon out of danger from them, and safe with my charge at the house of kind Hannah Cox. After a few hours' rest I went to Philadelphia, where I remained for a fortnight, until the excitement had quieted down. I then returned and conveyed the poor fugitive to Clifton, and from thence to Chatham, where she joined her husband.

JOHN BROWN READY TO MOVE.

On the 9th of October, 1859, I was somewhat surprised to receive the following brief letter from Captain Brown, announcing his determination to make an attack on the Slave States in the course of a few weeks :

“CHAMBERSBURG, PENN., October 6th, 1859.

“DEAR FRIEND,—I shall move about the last of this month. Can you help *the cause* in the way promised? Address your reply to Isaac Smith, Chambersburg, Penn.

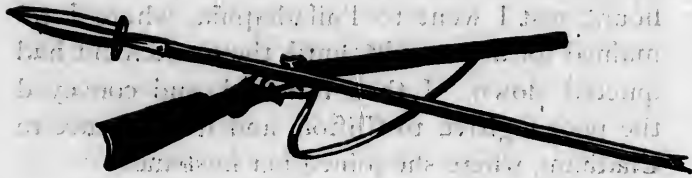
“Your Friend,

“JOHN BROWN.”

IN RICHMOND.

I had promised Captain Brown, during our interview at Springfield, Mass., that when he was ready to make his attack on the Slave States, I would go to Richmond and await the result. In case he should be successful in his attack, I would be in a position to watch the course of events, and enlighten the slaves as to his purposes. It might also be possible for me to aid the cause in other respects. Accordingly I went to Richmond.

CAPTAIN BROWN ATTACKS HARPER'S FERRY.



JOHN BROWN'S PIKE AND SHARP'S RIFLE.

On the morning of Monday, the 17th of October, wild rumours were in circulation about the streets of Richmond that Harper's Ferry had been captured by a band of robbers; and, again, that an army of abolitionists, under the command of a desperado by the name of Smith, was murdering the inhabitants of that village, and carrying off the negroes. Throughout the day, groups of excited men gathered about the

newspaper offices to hear the news from Harper's Ferry.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

On the following morning (Tuesday) an official report was received, which stated that a large force of abolitionists, under old Osawatomie Brown, had taken possession of the U. S. building at the Ferry, and had entrenched themselves. An aged negro whom I met in the street, seemed completely bewildered with the excitement and military preparations going on around him. As I approached him, he raised his hat and said: "Please massa, what's de matter? What's de soldiers called out for?" I told him a band of abolitionists had seized Harper's Ferry, and liberated many of the slaves of that section; that they intended to free all the slaves in the South, if they could. "Can dey do it, massa?" he asked, while his countenance brightened up. I replied, perhaps so, and asked him if he would like to be free? He said: "O yes, massa; I'se prayed for dat dese forty years. My two boys are away off in Canada. Do you know whar dat is, massa?"

BLOW FELT THROUGHOUT THE SLAVE STATES.

That John Brown had struck a blow that was felt throughout the Slave States was evident.

from the number of telegraph despatches from the South, offering aid to crush the invasion.

DEFEAT OF CAPTAIN BROWN.

The people of Richmond were frantic with rage at this daring interference with their cherished institution, which gave them the right to buy, beat, work, and sell their fellow men. Crowds of rough, excited men, filled with whiskey and wickedness, stood for hours together in front of the offices of the *Despatch* and *Enquirer*, listening to the reports as they were announced from within. When the news of Brown's defeat and capture, and the destruction of his little army, was read from the window of the *Despatch* office, the vast crowds set up a demoniac yell of delight, which to me sounded like a death knell to all my hopes for the freedom of the enslaved. As the excitement was hourly increasing, and threats made to search the city for abolitionists, I felt that nothing could be gained by remaining in Richmond. I left for Washington, almost crushed in spirit at the destruction of Capt. Brown and his brave little band. On the train were Southerners from several of the Slave States, who boldly expressed their views of Northern abolitionists in the most emphatic slave-driving language. The excitement was intense, every

stranger, especially if he looked like a Northerner, was closely watched, and in some instances subjected to inquisition.

DOUGH-FACED NORTHERNERS.

The attitude of many of the leading Northern politicians and so-called statesmen, in Washington, was actually disgusting. These week-kneed and craven creatures were profuse in their apologies for Brown's assault, and hastened to divest themselves of what little manhood they possessed, while in the presence of the braggarts and women-whippers of the South. "What can we do to conciliate the Slave States?" was the leading question of the day. Such men as Crittenden and Douglas, were ready to compromise with the slaveholders even at the sacrifice of their avowed principles. While Toombs, Davis, Mason, Slidell, and the rest of the slave-driving crew, haughtily demanded further guarantees for the protection of their "institution;" and had it not been for the stand taken by the people of the Northern States at that time, their political leaders would have bound the North, hand and foot, to do the bidding of the slaveholders. But on that occasion the people of the North showed themselves worthy descendants of their revolutionary sires.

EFFECTS OF JOHN BROWN'S ATTACK.

The blow struck at Harper's Ferry, which the Democratic leaders affected to ridicule, had startled the slaveholders from their dreams of security, and sent fear and trembling into every home in the Slave States. The poor oppressed slave, as he laid down on his pallet of straw, weary from his enforced labours, offered up a prayer to God for the safety of the grand old captain, who was a prisoner in the hands of merciless enemies, thirsting for his blood.

BRAVERY OF CAPTAIN BROWN.

How bravely John Brown bore himself while in the presence of the human wolves that surrounded him, as he lay mangled and torn in front of the engine-house at Harper's Ferry ! Mason, of Virginia, and that Northern renegade, Vallandigham, interrogated the apparently dying man, trying artfully, but in vain, to get him to implicate leading Northern men. In the history of modern times there is not recorded another instance of such rare heroic valour as John Brown displayed in the presence of Governor Wise, of Virginia. How contemptible Mason, Wise, and Vallandigham appear when compared with the wounded old soldier, who lay weltering in his blood, shed in behalf of the oppressed. Mason

and Vallandigham died with the stain of treason on their heads, while Governor Wise, who signed Brown's death warrant, still lives (1874), a despised and withered wreck.

To superficial observers, Brown's attack on Virginia with so small a force, looked like the act of a madman; but those who knew John Brown, and the men under his command, are satisfied that if he had carried out his original plans, and retreated with his force to the mountains, after he had captured the arms in the arsenal, he could have baffled any force sent against him. The slaves would have flocked to his standard by thousands, and the slaveholders would have trembled with fear for the safety of their families.

JOHN BROWN VICTORIOUS.

John Brown in prison, surrounded by his captors, won greater victories than if he had conquered the South by force of arms. His courage, truthfulness, humanity, and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the poor downtrodden slaves, shamed the cowardly, weak-kneed, and truculent Northern politicians into opposition to the haughty demands of the despots of the South.

" HIS SOUL IS MARCHING ON."

Virginia, in her pride and strength, judicially murdered John Brown. But the day is not far distant when the freedmen and freemen of the South will erect a monument on the spot where his gallows once stood, to perpetuate to all coming generations the noble self-sacrifice of that brave Christian martyr. And when the Southern statesmen who shouted for his execution are mouldering in the silent dust, forgotten or unpleasantly remembered, the memory of John Brown will grow brighter and brighter through all coming ages.

JOHN BROWN'S MARTYRDOM.

December the 2nd, 1859, was the day appointed for the execution of Capt. Brown. I determined to make an effort to see him once more if possible. Taking the cars at Baltimore, on November 26th, I went to Harper's Ferry, and applied to the military officer in command for permission to go to Charlestown. He enquired my object in wishing to go there at that time, while so much excitement existed. I replied, that I had a desire to see John Brown once more before his death. Without replying to me, he called an officer in the room and directed him to place me in close confinement until the train for Baltimore

came, and then to place me on the train, and command the conductor to take me to Baltimore. Then, raising his voice, he said, " Captain, if he (myself) returns to Harper's Ferry, shoot him at once." I was placed under guard until the train came in, when, in spite of my protests, I was taken to Baltimore. Determined to make one more attempt, I went to Richmond to try and obtain permission from the Governor. After much difficulty I obtained an

INTERVIEW WITH GOVERNOR WISE.

I told the Governor that I had a strong desire to see John Brown before his execution ; that I had some acquaintance with him, and had formed a very high estimate of him as a man. I asked him to allow me to go to Charlestown (under *surveillance* if he pleased), and bid the old Captain "Good bye." The Governor made many inquiries to ascertain my views of Brown, and finally asked whether I justified his attack on Virginia. I replied, that from childhood I had been an ardent admirer of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, and that all these great and good men deplored the existence of slavery in the Republic. That my admiration and friendship for John Brown was owing to his holding similar views, and his earnest desire to abolish the evil. The

Governor looked at me with seeming amazement, and for a moment made no reply. At length he straightened himself up, and, assuming a dignified look, said, "My family motto is, '*sapere aude*,' I am *wise* enough to understand your object in wishing to go to Charlestown, and I *dare* you to go. If you attempt it, I will have you shot. It is just such men as you who have urged Brown to make his crazy attack upon our constitutional rights and privileges. You shall not leave Richmond until after the execution of Brown. I wish I could hang a dozen of your leading abolitionists."

GOVERNOR WISE WOULD LIKE TO BAG GIDDINGS
AND GERRIT SMITH, AND HANG THEM!

"If I could *bag* old Giddings and Gerrit Smith, I would hang them without trial."

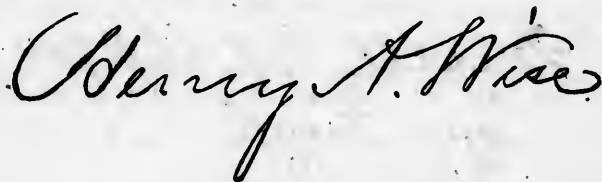
The Governor became excited, and, rising from his chair, paced the floor angrily, saying, "No, sir! you shall not leave Richmond. You shall go to prison, and remain there until next Monday; then you may go North, and slander the State which ought to have hanged you!" I replied that as he refused me permission to see Captain Brown, I would leave Virginia at once, and thus save the State any trouble or expense on my account. I said this

very quietly, while his eyes were riveted on me. In reply, he said, "Did I not tell you that you should remain a prisoner here until Monday?" I replied, "Yes, Governor, you certainly did; but I am sure the executive of this great State is too *wise* to fear one unarmed man." For a moment he tapped the table with his fingers; then he approached me, and shaking his forefinger, said; "Well, you may go; and I would advise you to tell your Giddings, Greeleys, and Garrisons, cowards that they are, to lead the next raid on Virginia themselves."

Fearing that obstacles would be thrown in my way which might cause detention and trouble, I requested the Governor to give me a permit to leave the State of Virginia. Without making any reply, he picked up a blank card, and wrote as follows:—

"The bearer is hereby ordered to leave the State of Virginia within twenty-four hours."

(Fac-simile of Signature.)

A fac-simile of a handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Henry A. Wise". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

This he handed me, saying, "The sooner you go, the better for you: our people are greatly excited, and you may regret this visit, if you stay another hour."

On returning to Philadelphia I wrote to Captain Brown, bidding him a last farewell. Several days after his execution I received from the sheriff of Jefferson County, Virginia, the following letter, written by the captain a few hours before his death:—

CAPT. BROWN'S FAREWELL LETTER TO THE
AUTHOR.

JAIL, CHARLESTOWN, Va., December 1st, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Captain Avis, my jailer, has just handed me your most kind and affectionate letter. I am sorry your efforts to reach this place have been unavailing. I thank you for your faithfulness, and the assurance you give me that my poor and deeply afflicted family will be provided for. It takes from my mind the greatest cause of sadness I have experienced since my imprisonment. In a few hours, through infinite grace in "Christ Jesus, my Lord," I shall be in another and better state of existence. I feel quite cheerful, and ready to die. My dear friend, do not give up your labours for the "poor that cry, and them that are in bonds."

(Fac-simile of the three last lines.)

*Farewell God bless you
Your friend
John Brown*

I remained in Philadelphia until the remains of Captain Brown arrived, *en route* for their final resting place at North Elba, in Northern New York. Having taken my last look at the dead liberator, I returned to Canada.

CAPT. BROWN'S ATTACK ON HARPER'S FERRY.

The following account of Captain Brown's attack upon Harper's Ferry, together with the particulars of his defeat, capture, imprisonment, trial, and execution I have collected and summarized from accounts furnished by eye-witnesses and participants in these important events:—

THE FIRST ACTIVE MOVEMENT.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about half-past ten o'clock on Sunday night, October 16, 1859. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry bridge, while walking across toward the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, treated the matter as a joke, but enforcing silence, they conducted him to the Armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped.

ARREST OF COLONEL WASHINGTON AND OTHERS.

The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Colonel Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave-owner,

living about four miles from the ferry. A party, headed by Cook, proceeded there, and rousing Colonel Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage horse, and a large waggon with two horses. When Colonel Washington saw Cook, he immediately recognized him as the man who had called upon him some months previous, to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heir-looms in the family. Before leaving, Cook wanted Colonel Washington to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable skill as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit, and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Colonel Washington. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which the Colonel did not re-obtain till after the final defeat of the insurrection.

From Colonel Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the waggon, to the house of Mr. Alstadt, another large farmer, on the same road. Mr. Alstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all their negroes within reach forced to join the movement. They were taken to the Armory at the Ferry.

THE STOPPAGE OF THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

At the upper end of the town the mail train arrived at the usual hour, when a coloured man, who acted as assistant to the baggage-master, was shot, receiving a mortal wound, and the conductor was threatened with violence if he attempted to proceed with the train. Feeling uncertain as to the condition of affairs, the conductor waited until after daylight before he ventured to proceed, having delayed the train six hours.

The baggage-master of the mail-train, gives the following particulars: I walked up the bridge; was stopped, but was afterward permitted to go up and see the captain of the insurrectionists; I was taken to the Armory, and saw the captain, whose name is Bill Smith; I was kept prisoner for more than an hour, and saw from five to six hundred negroes, all having arms; there were two or three-hundred white men with them; all the houses were closed. I went into a tavern; thirty of the inhabitants were collected there with arms. They said most of the inhabitants had left, but they declined, preferring to protect themselves; it was reported that five or six persons had been shot.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS AT DAYBREAK.

It was not until the town thoroughly waked up, and found the bridge guarded by armed men, and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people saw that they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists was at once largely increased. In the mean time a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the Armory, and were successively taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the Armory. These were imprisoned in the engine-house, which afterward became the chief fortress of the insurgents, and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard.

The lawn in front of the engine-house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Lying on it were two bodies of men killed on the previous day, and found inside the house; three wounded men, one of them just at the last gasp of life, and two others groaning in pain. One of the dead was Captain Brown's son; Oliver, who was mortally wounded, and his other son, Watson, was lying on the grass, the father presented a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his face and hair were clotted with blood.

APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

When the liberators were brought out, some dead, others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "Shoot them! shoot them!" rang from every side. The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom, through the steadiness of the marines, escaped injury, changed the current of feeling, and prolonged cheers took the place of howls and execrations.

BROWN'S EXAMINATION.

A short time after Captain Brown was brought out, he revived and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course, and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows: "Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?" "I am sometimes called so." "Are you Osawatamie Brown?" "I tried to do my duty there." "What was your present object?" "To free the slaves from bondage." "Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement?" "No." "Did you expect aid from the North?" "No; there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me." "Did you expect to kill people to carry your point?" "I did not wish to do so, but you force us to it." Various questions of this kind were put to Captain Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself. He urged that he had the town at his mercy: that he could have burned it, and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done while bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction that whatever he had done to free the slaves was right; and that, in the warfare in which he was engaged, he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war.

CAPTURE OF ARMS.

During Tuesday morning, one of Washington's negroes came in and reported that Captain Cook was on the mountain, only three miles off; about the same time some shots were said to have been fired from the Maryland hills, and a rapid fusillade was returned from Harper's Ferry. The Independent Grays of Baltimore immediately started on a scouting expedition, and in two hours returned with two waggons loaded with arms and ammunition, found at Captain Brown's house.

The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharp's rifles, pistols, &c., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of United States ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie-knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pickaxes, shovels, and everything else that might be needed; thus proving that the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had to be provided to pay all expenses.

How all these supplies were got up to this farm without attracting observation is very strange. They are supposed to have been brought through Pennsylvania. The Grays pursued Cook so fast that they secured a part of his arms, but with his more perfect knowledge of localities, he was enabled to evade them.

TREATMENT OF BROWN'S PRISONERS.

The citizens imprisoned by the insurrectionists all testify to their lenient treatment. They were neither tied nor insulted, and, beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty, were not illused. Captain Brown was always courteous to them, and at all times assured them that they would not be injured. He explained his purposes to them, and while he had them (the workmen) in confinement, made no abolition speech to them. Colonel Washington speaks of him as a man of extraordinary nerve. He never blanched

during the assault, though he admitted in the night that escape was impossible, and that he would have to die. When the door was broken down, one of his men exclaimed, "I surrender." The Captain immediately cried out, "There's one surrenders; give him quarter;" and at the same moment fired his own rifle at the door.

During the previous night he spoke freely with Colonel Washington, and referred to his sons. He said he had lost one in Kansas, and two here. He had not pressed them to join him in the expedition, but did not regret their loss—they had died in a glorious cause.

BROWN'S PAPERS AND STORES.

On the 18th a detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Captain Brown's house. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and fifteen hundred pikes, with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet-bag, containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union. They also found letters from various individuals at the North—one from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by him for \$100, indorsed by the cashier of a New York bank. All these are in possession of Governor Wise.

HIS WARNING TO THE SOUTH.

Reporter of the *Herald*.—I do not wish to annoy you; but, if you have anything further you would like to say, I will report it.

Mr. Brown.—I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner

you are prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now ; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean ; the end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me—both sabre cuts on my head and bayonet stabs on different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased fighting, and had consented to a surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own. I believe the Major (meaning Lieutenant J. B. Stuart, subsequently a General of the Confederate army) would not have been alive—I could have killed him just as easy as a mosquito when he came in, but I supposed he came only to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long calls of “surrender” from us—as loud as men could yell—but in the confusion and excitement I suppose we were not heard.

CAPTAIN BROWN'S VIEWS.

Mr. Brown had a conversation with Senator Mason, which is reported in the *Herald*. The following is a *verbatim* report of the conversation :—

Mr. Mason.—Can you tell us, at least, who furnished money for your expedition ?

Mr. Brown.—I furnished most of it myself. I can not implicate others. It is by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself from it had I exercised my own better judgment, rather than yielded to my feelings.

Mr. Mason.—You mean if you had escaped immediately ?

Mr. Brown.—No ; I had the means to make myself secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be surrounded by a force by being too tardy.

Mr. Mason.—But you killed some people passing along the streets quietly.

Mr. Brown.—Well, sir, if there was anything of that done it was done without my knowledge. Your own citizens, who were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible means was taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, nor even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those

we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly, and did not return it.

Mr. Mason.—If you would tell us who sent you here—who provided the means—that would be information of some value.

Mr. Brown.—I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself—I will answer any thing I can with honor, but not about others.

Mr. Mason.—How many are engaged with you in this movement? I ask those questions for our own safety.

Mr. Brown.—Any questions that I can honorably answer I will, not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned, I have told every thing truthfully. I value my word, sir.

Mr. Mason.—What was your object in coming?

Mr. Brown.—We came to free the slaves, and only that.

Mr. Mason.—How do you justify your acts?

Mr. Brown.—I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason.—I understand that.

Mr. Brown.—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and all times. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

HOW HE WAS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Mr. Mason.—Did you consider this a military organization, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not read it.

Mr. Brown.—I did in some sense. I wish you would give that paper close attention.

Mr. Mason.—You considered yourself the Commander-in-Chief of these "provisional" military forces?

Mr. Brown.—I was chosen, agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, Commander-in-Chief of that force.

Mr. Mason.—What wages did you offer ?

Mr. Brown.—None.

Lieutenant Stuart.—“The wages of sin is death.”

Mr. Brown.—I would not have made such a remark to you, if you had been in my hands a prisoner and wounded.

WHAT HE EXPECTED.

Mr. Vallandigham.—Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success ?

Mr. Brown.—No, sir ; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time and set them free.

Mr. Vallandigham.—Did you expect to hold possession here till then ?

Mr. Brown.—Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the Government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families and the community at large.

Mr. Vallandigham.—What time did you commence your organization in Canada.

Mr. Brown.—That occurred about two years ago, if I remember right. It was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. Vallandigham.—Who was the secretary ?

Mr. Brown.—That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory obscure on dates,

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE INSURGENTS.

A writer in the *Baltimore Exchange*, gives the following account of the personal appearance of the insurgents :—

Capt. Brown, the leader, is a small man, with white head, and cold-looking grey eyes. When not speaking his lips are compressed, and he has the appearance of a most determined man. His two sons (one dead) were strikingly alike in their personal appearance. Each about five feet eleven inches high, with spare visage, sallow complexion, sunken eyes, and dark hair and beard. The beard was sparse and long, and their hair long and matted. The wounded man is of undoubted courage, and from his cold sullen manner, one would suppose did not ask for or desire sympathy. Anderson, mortally wounded, is tall, black-haired, and of dark complexion. His appearance is indicative of desperate resolution. Although suffering the most intense agony from the wound in the abdomen, he did not complain, or ask for any favour, and the only evidence he gave of suffering, was occasionally a slight groan. He looks to be thirty years of age. Stevens, who was wounded on Monday afternoon, and taken prisoner, is physically a model man. He is five feet eleven inches high, with fine brawny shoulders and large sinewy limbs, all the muscles finely developed and hard. He is of dark complexion, and of undoubted resolution. When taken prisoner, he did not ask or expect quarter, and lay and suffered from his wounds without complaint other than a groan.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE TRIAL.

An attempt of Brown's to have the trial postponed in order to obtain counsel from the North having failed, the case was proceeded with.

The jury having been sworn to fairly and impartially to try the prisoner, the Court directed that the prisoner might forego the form of standing while arraigned, if he desired it.

Mr. Botts put the enquiry to the prisoner, and he continued to lie prostrate on his cot while the long indictment, filling seven pages, was read :

First—For conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection;

Second—For treason to the Commonwealth ; and,

Third—For murder.

THE SPEECHES AND THE EVIDENCE.

The case was then opened at length by Messrs. Harding and Hunter for the Commonwealth, and by Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner.

CAPTAIN BROWN ASKS FOR DELAY.

Mr. Brown then arose, and said: "I do not intend to detain the Court, but barely wish to say, as I have been promised a fair trial, that I am not now in circumstances that enable me to attend a trial, owing to the state of my health. I have a severe wound in the back, or rather in one kidney, which enfeebles me very much. But I am doing well; and I only ask for a very short delay of my trial, and I think that I may be able to listen to it; and I merely ask this, that as the saying is, 'the devil may have his dues'—no more. I wish to say further, that my hearing is impaired, and rendered indistinct in consequence of wounds I have about my head. I cannot hear distinctly at all; I could not hear what the Court said this morning. I would be glad to hear what is said on my trial, and am now doing better than I could expect to be under the circumstances. A very short delay would be all I would ask. I do not presume to ask more than a very short delay, so that I may in some degree recover, and be able at least to listen to my trial, and hear what questions are asked of the citizens, and what their answers are. If that could be allowed me, I should be very much obliged."

At the conclusion of Brown's remarks, the Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

THE EXAMINATION BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

The examination before the magistrates then proceeded. The evidence given was much the same as that which we published last week. It established the main facts charged against Brown, but showed that he had treated the prisoners humanely. At the close of the examination, the case was given to the Grand Jury, who found a true bill next day.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

At twelve o'clock, on the 26th, the Court re-assembled. The Grand Jury reported a true bill against the prisoners, and were discharged.

Charles B. Harding and Andrew Hunter for the Commonwealth; and Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts, for the prisoners.

A true bill was read against each prisoner :

First—For conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection ;

Second—For treason to the Commonwealth ;

Third—For murder.

The prisoners were brought into Court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the streets and entered the Court-house without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people.

Brown looked somewhat better, and his eye was not so much swollen. Stevens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the Court-room, evidently unable to sit. He had the appearance of a dying man, breathing with great difficulty.

Before the reading of the arraignment, Mr. Hunter called the attention of the Court to the necessity of appointing additional counsel for the prisoners, stating that one of the counsel (Faulkner) appointed by the County Court, considering his duty in that capacity as having ended, had left. The prisoners, therefore, had no other counsel than Mr. Botts. If the Court was about to assign them other counsel, it might be proper to do so now.

The Court stated that it would assign them any member of the bar they might select.

After consulting Captain Brown, Mr. Botts said that the prisoner retained him, and desired Mr. Green, his assistant, to assist him. If the Court would accede to that arrangement it would be very agreeable to him personally.

The Court requested Mr. Green to act as counsel for the prisoner, and he consented to do so.

Mr. Brown addressed the Court as follows :—

Virginians,—I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; but under no circumstances whatever will I be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it any moment, without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel; I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners, and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory don't serve me; my health is insufficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in our favour if a fair trial is to be allowed us; but if we are to be farced with a mere form—a trial for execution—you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask again to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to ask, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

On Monday, 31st ult., Mr. Griswold summed up for the defence, and Mr. Harding for the Commonwealth of Virginia.

During most of the arguments Brown lay on his back, with his eyes closed.

Mr. Chilton asked the Court to instruct the jury, if they believe the prisoner was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, they cannot convict on a count of treason.

The Court declined, saying the Constitution did not give rights and immunities alone, but also imposed responsibilities.

Mr. Chilton asked another instruction, to the effect that the jury must be satisfied that the place where the offence

was committed was within the boundaries of Jefferson County, which the Court granted.

A recess was taken for half an hour, when the jury came in with a verdict.

There was intense excitement.

Brown sat up in bed while the verdict was rendered.

The jury found him guilty of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and for murder in the first degree.

MOTION IN ARREST OF JUDGMENT.

Mr. Chilton moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment, and errors in the verdict. The prisoner had been tried for an offence not appearing on the record of the Grand Jury; the verdict was not on each count separately, but was a general verdict on the whole indictment.

On the following day Mr. Griswold stated the point on which an arrest of judgment was asked for in Brown's case. He said it had not been proved beyond a doubt that he (Brown) was even a citizen of the United States, and argued that treason could not be committed against a State, but only against the General Government, citing the authority of Judge Story; also stating the jury had not found the prisoner guilty of the crimes as charged in the indictment—they had not responded to the offences, but found him guilty of offences not charged. They find him guilty of murder in the first degree, when the indictment don't charge him with offences constituting that crime.

Mr. Hunter replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect that technicalities should not arrest the administration of justice. As to the jurisdiction over treason, it was sufficient to say that Virginia had passed a law assuming that jurisdiction, and defining what constituted that crime.

On the following day the Court gave its decision as ruling the objections made. In the objection that treason cannot be committed against a State, he ruled that wherever allegiance is due, treason may be committed. Most of the States have

passed laws against treason. The objections as to the form of the verdict rendered, the Court also regarded as insufficient.

The clerk then asked Mr. Brown whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him.

Mr. Brown immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said: "I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. I deny every thing but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended, certainly, to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is, that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner in which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candour of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward, rather than punishment.

AN APPEAL TO THE BIBLE.

"This Court acknowledges, too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavoured to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet

too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected; but I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or incite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say, also, in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me. I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but regretting their weakness. Not one joined me but of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now, I have done.

HIS TONE AND MANNER.

Brown's speech was delivered in a calm; slow, unflinching voice, with no attempt at effect. A correspondent of the *Herald* says:—

His composure, and his quiet and truthful manner while bearing testimony to the great indulgence that had been extended to him by the Court, throughout the whole of the proceedings, won the sympathy of every mind present. When he concluded, he quietly sat down.

In a moment after, he was escorted back to the prison, for the first time followed by the sympathy of the people, who gazed upon him with pitying eyes.

His counsel have put in a bill of exceptions, which will be referred to the Court of Appeals at Richmond.

HIS SENTENCE.

While Mr. Brown was speaking, perfect quiet prevailed; and when he had finished the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. After a few preliminary remarks, he said that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner; and sentenced him to be hung in public on Friday, the 2nd of December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made was the clapping of the hands of one man in the crowd, who is not a resident of Jefferson County. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret was expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

JOHN BROWN IN PRISON.

Mrs. Spring, who visited Charlestown to assist Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, obtained two interviews with John Brown, the first of an hour, and the other for a shorter period.

Mrs. Spring, on entering, found Captain Brown lying on a cot, and Stephens on a large bed. Captain Brown arose from his bed to receive his guests, and stood a few moments leaning against the bedstead, immediately lying down again from weakness. His visitors were struck with the cheerfulness of his expression, and the calmness of his manner. He seemed not only passively resigned to his fate, but cheerful under it, and more than willing to meet it.

She said to him, "I expected Mrs. Child would be here to introduce me; I am sorry not to find her, for her presence would make this room brighter for you."

He smiled, and replied, "I have written to her the reasons why she should not come; but she was very kind—very kind?"

Some questions were then asked as to the treatment and care he had received ; to which he said, "I wish it to be understood by every body that I have been very kindly attended ; for if I had been under the care of father or brother, I could not have been better treated than by Captain Avis and his family."

HIS STATE OF MIND.

Mrs. Spring had carried with her into the jail a large bunch of autumn leaves, gathered in the morning from the woods. There was no nail on the wall to hang them by, and she arranged them between the grated bars of the window. She gave to the sufferer a full-blown rose, which he laid beside his cheek on his pillow. The old man seemed to be greatly touched with these tokens of thoughtfulness. He is said to have always been a great lover of nature, particularly of the grandeur of forest scenes.

Mrs. Spring drew a chair near his bedside, and taking out her knitting, sat by him for an hour. She has preserved his complete conversation, of which I can give only a small portion. She says : "I never saw a person who seemed less troubled or excited, or whose mind was less disturbed and more clear. His remarks are pointed, pithy, and sensible. He is not in the least sentimental, and seems to have singularly excellent common sense about everything."

HIS PRINCIPLES ON SLAVERY.

She asked him the direct question,—Were you actuated, in any degree, in undertaking your late enterprise, by a feeling of revenge ?" adding that a common impression to that effect had gone abroad.

He manifested much surprise at this statement, and after pausing a moment, replied : "I am not conscious of ever having had a feeling of revenge ; no, not in all the wrong done to me and my family in Kansas. But I can see that a thing is wrong and wicked, and can help to right it, and can even hope that those who do the wrong may be punished,

and still have no feelings of revenge. No, I have not been actuated by any spirit of revenge."

He talked a good deal about his family, manifesting solicitude for their comfort after he was gone, but expressing his great confidence and trust in God's kind providence in their behalf.

When some allusion was made to the sentence which he had received, he said, very deliberately and firmly, and as my friend says, almost sublimely: "I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it!"

She says that she can never forget the impressive manner in which he uttered these solemn words. She replied: "It is not the hardest thing that can happen to a brave man to die; but it must be a great hardship to an active man to lie on his back in prison, disabled by wounds. Do you not dread your confinement, and are you not afraid it will wear you down, or cause you to relax your convictions, or regret your attempt, or make your courage fail?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, "what weakness may come over me; but I do not think I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should if I denied my principles against slavery. I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that any thing I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity. And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly PAY. I often expressed that belief, and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not, as yet, in the main, at all disappointed. I have been a good deal disappointed as it regards myself in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entirely reconciled to that even; for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. God's will, not mine, be done?"

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, as it was known outside the jail that a Northern lady was inside, a crowd began to collect, and although no demonstration of violence was made, yet there were manifest indications of

impatience ; so that the sheriff called to the jailer, and the jailer was obliged to put an end to the interview.

CAPTAIN BROWN'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Brown arrived at Charlestown, December 1st, to see her husband. The interview between them lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until near eight o'clock in the evening, when General Tallafarro informed them that the period allowed had elapsed, and that she must prepare for departure to the Ferry. Captain Brown urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night. To this the General refused to assent, allowing them but four hours.

On first meeting they kissed and affectionately embraced, and Mrs. Brown shed tears, but immediately checked her feelings. They stood embraced, and she sobbing, for nearly five minutes, and he was apparently unable to speak. The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the interview. At the close they shook hands, but did not embrace, and as they parted he said, "God bless you and the children !" Mrs. Brown replied, "God have mercy on you !" and continued calm until she left the room, when she remained in tears a few moments, and then prepared to depart. The interview took place in the parlour of Captain Avis, and the prisoner was free from manacles of any kind. They sat side by side on a sofa, and after discussing family matters proceeded to business.

THE EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN BROWN.

At eleven o'clock, on 2nd December, the prisoner was brought out of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants, and Captain Avis, the jailer. As he came out, the six companies of infantry and one troop of horse, with General Tallafarro, and his entire staff, were deploying in front of the jail, while an open waggon with a pine box, in which was a fine oak coffin, was waiting for him.

Brown looked around, and spoke to several persons he recognized, and walking down the steps, took a seat on the coffin box along with the jailer, Avis. On leaving the jail he had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. The waggon moved off, flanked by two files of riflemen in close order. On reaching the field the military had already full possession. Pickets were established, and the citizens kept back, at the point of the bayonet, from taking any position but that assigned them.

Brown was accompanied by no ministers, he desiring no religious services either in the jail or on the scaffold.

JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN, of Osawatomie,

Spake on his dying day :

“ I will not have, to shrive my soul,

A priest in Slavery's pay ;

But let some poor slave-mother,

Whom I have striven to free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair,

Put up a prayer for me !”

John Brown, of Osawatomie,

They led him out to die,

When lo, a poor slave-mother,

With her little child, pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,

And the old, harsh face grew mild,

As he stboped between the jeering ranks

And kissed the negro's child !”— *Whittier.*

On reaching the field where the gallows was erected, the prisoner said, “ Why, are none but military allowed in the inclosure? I am sorry citizens have been kept out.” On

reaching the gallows he observed Mr. Hunter and Mayor Green standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good-by!" his voice not faltering.

ON THE GALLOWES.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. Avis and Sheriff Campbell stood by his side, and after shaking hands, and bidding an affectionate adieu, he thanked them for their kindness, when the cap was put over his face, and the rope around his neck. Avis asked him to step forward on the trap. He replied, "You must lead me; I cannot see." The rope was adjusted, and the military order given, "Not ready yet." The soldiers marched, and countermarched, and took position as if an enemy were in sight, and were thus occupied for nearly ten minutes, the prisoner standing all the time. Avis inquired if he was not tired. Brown said, "No, not tired; but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

While on the scaffold Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. He replied, "No, I do not want it; but do not detain me any longer than is absolutely necessary."

The execution took place at fifteen minutes past eleven.

The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease until thirty-five minutes had passed. The body was then taken down, placed in a coffin, and conveyed under military escort to the depot, where it was put in a car to be carried to the ferry by a special train at four o'clock.

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN BROWN'S WILL.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.,

December, 1, 1859.

I give to my son John Brown, Jr., my surveyor's compass and other surveyor's articles if found; also, my old granite monument, now at North Elba, N. Y., to receive upon its two sides a further inscription, as I will hereafter direct; said stone

monument, however, to remain at North Elba so long as *any of my children and my wife* may remain there as residents.

I give to my daughter Ruth Thompson my large old Bible, containing the family record.

I give to each of my sons, and to each of my *other* daughters, my son-in-law Henry Thompson, and to each of my daughters-in-law, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at some bookstore in New York or Boston, at a cost of five dollars each in cash.

I give to each of my grandchildren that may be living when my father's estate is settled, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased (as above) at a cost of three dollars each.

All the Bibles to be purchased at one and the same time, for cash, on the best terms. * * *

JOHN AVIS, *Witness.*

JOHN BROWN.

A FINAL CODICIL.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.,

December 2, 1859.

It is my desire that my wife have all my personal property not previously disposed of by me, and the entire use of all my landed property during her natural life; and that, after her death, the proceeds of such land be equally divided between all my then living children; and that what would be a child's share be given to the children of each of my sons who fell at Harper's Ferry, and that a child's share be divided among the children of my now living children who may die before their mother (my present beloved wife). No formal will can be of any use when my expressed wishes are made known to my *dutiful* and beloved family.

JOHN BROWN.

My dear Wife: I have time to enclose the within and the above, which I forgot yesterday, and to bid you another farewell. "Be of good cheer," and God Almighty bless, save, comfort, guide, and keep you to "the end."

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN'S AUTOGRAPH.

One of the jail-guard, a worthy gentleman of this place, asked of Captain Brown his autograph. He expressed the kindest feeling for him, and said he would give it upon this consideration—that he should not make a speculation out of it. The gentleman never alluded to the subject again, but on the morning of execution Brown sent for him, and handed him the following communication :—

CHARLESTOWN, Va.,

December, 2nd, 1859.

I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that, without much bloodshed, it might be done.

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

The following is an extract from an address by Victor Hugo :—

“ When we reflect on what Brown, the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American Republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the nation which commits it ; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is a glory of the human race ; that—like France, like England, like Germany—she is one of the organs of civilization ; that she sometimes even outmarches Europe by the sublime audacity of her progress ; that she is the queen of an entire world ; and that she bears on her brow an immense light of freedom, we affirm that John Brown will not die, for we recoil, horror-struck, from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

"In a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would penetrate the Union with a secret fissure, which would in the end tear it asunder. It is possible that the execution of Brown might consolidate slavery in Virginia, but it is certain that it would convulse the entire American democracy. You preserve your shame, but you sacrifice your glory.

"In a moral light, it seems to me that a portion of the light of humanity would be eclipsed—that even the idea of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of emancipation by liberty.

"As for myself, though I am but an atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the conscience of humanity, I kneel in tears before the great starry banner of the New World, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American republic, sister of the French republic, to look to the safety of the universal moral law, to save Brown, to throw down the threatening scaffold of the 2nd of December.

"For—yes, let America know it, and ponder it well—there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel—it is Washington slaying Sparticus.

Victor Hugo

"Hautville House, Dec. 2, 1859.

THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

BY EDNA A. PROCTOR.

John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave ;
 Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave ;
 Now God avenges the life he gladly gave,—

Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory, glory, hallelujah,

Glory reigns to-day !

John Brown sowed, and his harvesters are we ;
 Honour to him who has made the bondmen free !
 Loved ever more shall our noble ruler be ;

Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave ;
 Bright, o'er the sod, let the starry banner wave ;
 Lo ! for the million he perilled all to save.

Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, &c.

John Brown's soul through the world is marching on ;
 Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone !
 All men will sing, in the better ages' dawn,

Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, &c.

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er ;
 Hate cannot harm him, nor sorrow stir him more ;
 Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore ;

Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
John Brown lives in the triumphs of the brave;
John Brown soul not a higher joy can crave;

Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Freedom reigns to-day !

CAPTAIN BROWN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE AND
FAMILY DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON Co., VA.,

October 31, 1859.

My dear Wife and Children, Every One: I suppose you have learned before this, by the newspapers, that two weeks ago to-day we were fighting for our lives at Harper's Ferry; that during the fight Watson was mortally wounded, Oliver killed, William Thompson killed, and Dauphin slightly wounded; that on the following day I was taken prisoner, immediately after which I received several sabre cuts in my head, and bayonet stabs in my body. As nearly as I can learn, Watson died of his wound on Wednesday, the second, or on Thursday, the third day after I was taken. Dauphin was killed when I was taken, and Anderson, I suppose, also. I have since been tried, and found guilty of treason, &c., and of murder in the first degree. I have not yet received my sentence. No other of the company with whom you were acquainted were, so far as *as I can learn*, either killed or taken. Under all these terrible calamities, I feel quite cheerful in the assurance that God reigns, and will overrule all for His glory and the best possible good. I feel *no* consciousness of *guilt* in the matter, nor even mortification on account of my imprisonment and iron; and I feel perfectly assured that very soon no member of my family will feel any possible dis-

position to "blush on my account." Already dear 'friends at a distance, with kindest sympathy, are cheering me with the assurance that *posterity* at least will do me justice. I shall commend you all together, with my beloved, but bereaved, daughters-in-law, to their sympathies, which I have no doubt will soon reach you. I also commend you all to Him "whose mercy endureth forever"—to the God of my fathers, "whose I am, and whom I serve." "He will never leave you or forsake you," unless you forsake Him. Finally, my dearly beloved, give good comfort. Be sure to remember and *to follow my example*, and my example *too*, so far as it has been consistent with the holy religion of Jesus Christ, in which I remain a most firm and humble believer. Never forget the poor, nor think anything you bestow on them to be lost to you, even though they may be as *black* as Ebedmelech, the Ethiopian eunuch, who cared for Jeremiah in the pit of the dungeon, or as *black* as the one to whom Philip preached Christ. Be sure to entertain strangers, for thereby some have — "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." I am in charge of a jailer *like* the one who took charge of "Paul and Silas;" and you may rest assured that both *kind hearts and kind faces* are more or less about me, whilst thousands are thirsting for my blood. "These *light* afflictions, which are but *for a moment*, shall work out for us a *far more exceeding and eternal* weight of glory." I hope to be able to write to you again. My wounds are doing well. Copy this, and send it to your sorrow-stricken brothers, to comfort them. Write me a few words in regard to the welfare of all. God Almighty bless you all, and make you "joyful in the midst of all your tribulations." Write to John Brown, Charlestown, Va., care of Captain John Avis.

Your affectionate husband and father, JOHN BROWN.

November 3, 1859.

P. S.—Yesterday, November 2, I was sentenced to be hanged on December 2nd next. Do not grieve on my account. I am still quite cheerful. God bless you.

Yours ever, JOHN BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.,

8th November, 1859.

Dear Wife and Children—Every One : I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am quite weak in my back, and sore about my left kidney. My appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt. I am supplied with almost every thing I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I do lack (some articles of clothing, which I lost) I may perhaps soon get again. I am, besides, quite cheerful, having (as I trust) the peace of God, which “passeth all understanding,” to “rule in my heart,” and the testimony (in some degree) of a good conscience that I have not lived altogether in vain. I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and humanity) with my blood, will do vastly more towards advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavoured to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this; not feeling yourselves in the least *degraded* on that account. Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross as a felon, under the most aggravating circumstances. Think, also, of the prophets, and apostles, and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I; and (try to) be reconciled. May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To him be endless praise. Think, too, of the crushed millions who “have no comforter.” I charge you all never (in your trials) to forget the griefs of “the poor that cry, and of those who have none to help them.” I wrote most earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife not to come on for the present at any rate. I will now give her my reasons for doing so. First, it would use up all the scanty means she has, or is at all likely to have, to make herself and children comfortable hereafter. For let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little

more of the romantic about trying to relieve poor "niggers." Again, the little comfort it might afford us to meet again would be dearly bought by the pains of a final separation. We must part, and, I feel assured, for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances would only add to our distress. If she came on here, she must be only a gazing stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked upon in every look, word, and action, and by all sorts of creatures, and by all sorts of papers throughout the whole country. Again, it is my most decided judgment that in quietly and submissively staying at home, vastly more of generous sympathy will reach her, without such dreadful sacrifice of feeling as she must put up with if she comes on. The visits of one or two female friends that have come on here have produced great excitement, which is very annoying, and they cannot possibly do me any good. O Mary, do not come; but patiently wait for the meeting (of those who love God and their fellow-men) where no separation must follow. "They shall go no more out forever." I greatly long to hear from some one of you, and to learn any thing that in any way affects your welfare. I sent you ten dollars the other day. Did you get it? I have also endeavoured to stir up Christian friends to visit and write to you in your deep affliction. I have no doubt that some of them, at least, will heed the call. Write to me, care of Captain John Avis, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va.

"Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort." May all your names be "written on the Lamb's book of life"—may you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion—is the earnest prayer of your affectionate husband and father.

JOHN BROWN.

P. S.—I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky. But, beloved ones, do remember that this is not your rest, that in this world you have no abiding place or continuing city. To God and his infinite mercy I always commend you.

November 9.

J. B.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.,

November 12, 1859.

My dear Wife: Your most welcome letter of the 13th instant I got yesterday. I am very glad to learn from *yourself* that you feel so much resigned to your circumstances, so much confidence in a wise and good Providence, and such composure of mind in the midst of all your deep afflictions. This is "*just as it should be*;" and let me still say, "Be of good cheer;" for we shall soon "come out of all our great tribulations," and very soon (if we trust in Him) "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." Soon "we shall be satisfied when we are awake in his likeness." There is *now here* a source of much *disquietude* to me, viz., *the fires* which are almost of *daily and nightly* occurrence in this *immediate* neighbourhood. Whilst I well know that no one of them is the work of our friends, I know at the same time that by more or less of the inhabitants we shall be charged with them, the same as with the ominous and threatening letters to Governor Wise. In the existing state of public feeling, I can easily see a further objection to your coming here at present; *but I did not intend* saying another word to you on that subject. Why will you not say to me whether you had any crops *mature* this season; If so, what ones? Although I may never more intermeddle with your worldly affairs, I have not *yet lost all* interest in them. A little history of your *success* or of your *failures*, I should very much prize; and I would gratify you and other friends some way were it in my power. I am still quite cheerful, and by no means "cast down." I "remember that the time is short." The little trunk and all its contents (so far as I can judge) reached me safe. May God reward all the contributors. I wrote you under cover to our excellent friend Mrs. Spring, on the 16th instant. I presume you have it before now. When you return it is most *likely* the lake will *not* be open; so you must get your ticket at Troy for *Moreau Station, or Glens Falls (for Glens*

Falls if you can get one) or get one for Vergennes in Vermont, and take your chance of crossing over on the ice to Westport. If you go soon, the route by Glens Falls or Elizabethtown will probably be the best. I have just learned that our poor Watson lingered with his wound until Wednesday about noon of the 19th October. Oliver died near my side in a few moments after he was shot. Dauphin died the next morning after Oliver and William were killed, viz., Monday. He died almost instantly—was by my side. William was shot by several persons. Anderson was killed with Dauphin.

Keep this letter to refer to. God Almighty bless and keep you all.

Your affectionate husband,

JOHN BROWN.

Dear Mrs. Spring: I send this to your care, because I am at a loss where it will reach my wife.

Your friend, in truth,

JOHN BROWN.

LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA.,

November 22, 1859.

Dear Children All: I address this letter to you supposing that your mother is not yet with you. She has not yet come here, as I have requested her not to do at present, *if at all*. She may think it best for her not to come at all. *She has* (or will), I presume, written you before this. Annie's letter to us both of the 9th has just reached me. I am very glad to get it, and to learn that you are in *any* measure cheerful. This is the greatest comfort I can have, *except that it would be to know that you are all Christians*. God in mercy grant you all may be so. That is what you all will *certainly* need. *When and in what form* death may come is but of small moment, I feel just as content to die for *God's Eternal Truth, and for suffering humanity, on the scaffold as in any other way*; and I do not say this from any disposition to "*brave it out*." No; I would readily own my wrong, were I

in the least convinced of it. I have now been confined over a month, with a good opportunity to look the whole thing as "fair in the face" as I am capable of doing; and I now feel it most grateful that I am counted (*in the least possible degree*) worthy to suffer for the truth. I want you all to "be of good cheer." This life is intended as a season of training, chastisement, temptation, affliction, and trial, and "the righteous shall come out of" it all. O my dear children, let me again entreat you all to "forsake the foolish and live." What can you possibly lose by such a course? "Godliness with contentment is great gain, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land; and verily thou shalt be fed." I have enjoyed life much; why should I complain on leaving it? I want some of you to write me a little more particularly about all that concerns your welfare, I intend to write you as often as I can. "To God and the word of his grace I commend you all."

Your affectionate father,

JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN'S LAST LETTER TO HIS FAMILY.

CHARLESTOWN PRISON, JEFFERSON

Co., VA., November 30, 1859.

My dearly beloved Wife, Sons and Daughters, Every One: As I now begin what is probably the last letter I shall ever write to any of you, I conclude to write to all at the same time. I will mention some little matters particularly applicable to little property concerns in another place.

I recently received a letter from my wife, from near Philadelphia, dated November 22, by which it would seem that she was about giving up the idea of seeing me again. I had written her to come on if she felt equal to the undertaking, but I do not know that she will get my letter in time. It was on her account chiefly that I asked her to stay back. At first I had a most strong desire to see her again, but there appeared to be very serious objections; and should we never meet in

this life, I trust that she will in the end be satisfied it was the best at least, if not more for her comfort. I enclosed in my last letter to her a draft of \$50 from John Jay, made payable to her order. I have now another to send her, from my excellent old friend, Edward Harris, of Woonsocket, R. I., for \$100, which I shall also make payable to her order.

I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that in no other possible way could I be used to so much advantage to the cause of God and of humanity, and that nothing that either I or all my family have sacrificed or suffered will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful, as well as just and holy God rules not only the affairs of this world, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet upon under all circumstances—even those more severely trying ones into which our feelings and wrongs have placed us. I have no doubt but that our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success. So, my dear shattered and broken family, be of good cheer, and believe and trust in God with all your heart, and with all your soul, for he doeth all things well. Do not feel ashamed on my account, nor for one moment despair of the cause, or grow weary of well doing. I bless God I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and glorious day than I have felt, and do now feel, since my confinement here. I am endeavouring to return, like a poor prodigal as I am, to my Father, against whom I have always sinned, in the hope that He may kindly and forgivingly meet me, though a very great way off.

O, my dear wife and children, would to God you could know how I have been travailing in birth for you all, that no one of you may fail of the grace of God through Jesus Christ; that no one of you may be blind to the truth and glorious light of His Word, in which life and immortality are brought to light. I beseech you, every one to make the Bible your daily and nightly study, with a child-like, honest, candid,

teachable spirit of love and respect for your husband and father.

And I beseech the God of my fathers to open all your eyes to the discovery of the truth. You cannot imagine how much you may soon need the consolations of the Christian religion. Circumstances like my own, for more than a month past, have convinced me beyond all doubt of our great need of some theories treasured up when our prejudices are excited, our vanity worked up to the highest pitch. O, do not trust your eternal all upon the boisterous ocean without even a helm or compass to aid you in steering. I do not ask of you to throw away your reason; I only ask you to make a candid, sober use of your reason.

My dear young children, will you listen to this poor admonition of one who can only love you? O, be determined at once to give your whole heart to God, and let nothing shake or alter that resolution. You need have no fears of regretting it. Do not be vain and thoughtless, but sober-minded; and let me entreat you all to love the whole remnant of our once great family. Try and build up again your broken walls, and to make the utmost of every stone that is lost. Nothing can so tend to make life a blessing as the consciousness that your life and example bless and leave you the stronger. Still, it is ground of the utmost comfort to my mind to know that so many of you as have had the opportunity have given some proof of your fidelity to the great family of men. Be faithful unto death; from the exercise of habitual love to man it cannot be very hard to love the Maker.

I must yet insert the reason for my firm belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible, notwithstanding I am, perhaps, naturally sceptical; certainly not credulous. I wish all to consider it most thoroughly when you read that blessed book, and see whether you cannot discover such evidence yourselves. It is the purity of heart, filling our minds, as well as work and actions, which is everywhere insisted on, that distinguishes it from all the other teachings, that commends it to my con-

science. Whether my heart be willing and obedient or not, the inducement that it holds out is another reason of my convictions of truth and genuineness; but I do not here omit this my last argument on the Bible, that eternal life is what my soul is panting after this moment. I mention this as a reason for endeavouring to leave a valuable copy of the Bible, to be carefully preserved in remembrance of me, to so many of my posterity, instead of some other book at equal cost.

I beseech you all to live in habitual contentment with moderate circumstances and gains of worldly store, and earnestly to teach this to your children and children's children after you, by example as well as precept. Be determined to know by experience, as soon as may be, whether Bible instruction is of divine origin or not. Be sure to owe no man any thing, but to love one another. John Rogers wrote to his children, "Abhor that arrant whore of Rome." John Brown writes to his children to abhor, with undying hatred also, that sum of all villainies—slavery. Remember, he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Remember, also, that they, being wise, shall shine, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.

And now, dearly beloved family, to God and the word of his grace I commend you all.

Your affectionate husband and father,

JOHN BROWN.

TWO LETTERS FROM CAPT. BROWN'S WIFE TO
HER HUSBAND.

EAGLEWOOD, PERTH AMBOY, NEW YORK,

November 13.

My Dear and Beloved Husband: I am here with Mrs. Spring, the kind lady who came to see you, and minister to your wants, which I am deprived of doing. You have nursed and taken care of me a great deal; but I cannot even come

and look at you. O, it is hard ! But I am perfectly satisfied with it, believing it best. And may the Lord reward the kind jailer for his kind attentions to you. You cannot think the relief it gave me to see Mrs. Spring, and to get a letter from your own hands. When you were at home last June I did not think that I took your hand for the last time. But may THY will, O Lord, be done. I do not want to do or say any thing to disturb your peace of mind ; but, O, I would serve you gladly if I could. I have often thought that I should rather hear that you were dead than fallen into the hands of your enemies ; but I don't think so now. The good that is growing out of it is wonderful. If you had preached in the pulpit ten such lives as you have lived, you could not have done so much good as you have done in that one speech to the Court. It is talked about and preached about every where, and in all places. You know that Moses was not allowed to go into the land of Canaan ; so you are not allowed to see your desire carried out. Man deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. * * *

From your most affectionate wife,

MARY A. BROWN.

NEAR PHILADELPHIA, November 29.

My dear Husband : I have just received your letter to Mrs. Mott, saying that you would like to have me stay here until you are disposed of. I felt as if I could not go any further away until that sad event. You are the gainer, but we are the losers ; but God will take care of us all. I am with Mrs. Lucretia Mott. * * * I find warm friends every where I go. I cannot begin to tell you the good this sacrifice has done, or is likely to do, for the oppressed. O, I feel it is a great sacrifice ; but hope that God will enable us to bear it. * * * I went to hear Mrs. Mott preach to-day, and heard a most excellent sermon ; she made a number of allusions to you, and the preaching you are doing, and are likely to do. Every one thinks that God is with you. I hope he will be with you unto the end. Do write to me all you can. I have written to

Governor Wise for your body and those of our beloved sons. I find there is no lack of money to effect it if they can be had. Farewell, my dear, beloved husband, whom I am never to see in this world again, but hope to meet in the next.

From your most affectionate wife,

MARY A. BROWN.

(See an account of Mrs. Brown's interview with her husband on page 102.)





CHAPTER IV.

AT WORK IN KENTUCKY.

A FEW months after the death of Captain Brown, I felt impelled to go again into the land of darkness and slavery, and make another effort to help the oppressed to freedom. This time I decided to make Kentucky my field of labour. I consequently went to Louisville, where I remained for a few days looking about for a suitable locality for my work. I finally decided, to go down to Harrodsburgh, in the character of one in search of a farm. Securing a few letters from land agents in Louisville, introducing me as Mr. Hawkins, of Canada, I reached Harrodsburgh in due time. After a little enquiry, I learned that a Mr. B——, five miles from that place, had a very desirable farm for sale. Securing a conveyance, I was driven out to Mr. B——'s, who received me in a friendly manner, when he learned that I was in search of a farm, and invited me

to remain with him while I was in the neighbourhood. I accepted his invitation, and sent the conveyance back to Harrodsburgh. Mr. B——'s family consisted of himself, wife, and three small children. He was the owner of the farm on which he lived, consisting of three hundred acres. He also owned eleven slave men and women, and several slave children. He informed me that he had concluded to sell his farm and stock, except the human chattels, and remove to Texas. During our frequent conversations upon the subject of land, stock, climate, soil, &c., I seized every opportunity, especially if any of the slaves were near, to allude to Canada in favourable terms. I did not fail to observe the quiet but deep interest evinced by the slaves in our conversations. On the third day of my visit, our negotiations about the farm were approaching (what Mr. B—— considered) a favourable conclusion, when he casually informed me that his title deeds were in Frankfort, and that, if I was in other respects pleased with the farm, he would go to Frankfort, and bring the deeds for my inspection. I expressed my satisfaction with the farm, and told him I thought he had better bring the deeds that I might look them over. On the following morning he left for Frankfort. Before leaving, I asked him to allow one of the slaves

to accompany me to the woods, while I amused myself gunning during his absence. He replied that I might take any of the slaves I pleased. I selected Peter, a bright, intelligent looking mulatto, whom I had frequently noticed listening most attentively to my conversation with his master. When we reached the woods, he begged and implored me to buy him and take him to Canada.

A WIFE TORN FROM HER HUSBAND AND SOLD.

He told me that his master had sold his wife, to whom he had been married only a month, to a hotel-keeper in Covington, he spoke of his deep love for her ; that his master was going to take him to Texas, and that he should never see her again. The tears rolled down the poor fellow's cheeks in streams. I told him to cheer up ; that I would do my best to liberate him. I then confided to him the object that brought me there ; and told him that if liberty was precious to him he must prepare to make great efforts and sacrifices to obtain it. I explained to him that if he could reach Cincinnati, Ohio, he would be safe from his pursuers, and that he would be sheltered and protected until he reached Canada. I then gave him the address of a friend in Cincinnati on whom he could rely for protection, and also furnished him with some money,

a pistol, and pocket-compass, for the journey to the Ohio. When he took the pistol in his hand, I charged him not to use it except to prevent his capture. He grasped the pistol like a vice, and said, "Massa, I'll get to Cincinnati, if I am not killed." I then asked him if any of the other slaves were capable of undertaking the journey. He replied, "No, massa; they are bad niggers; don't you trust dem." I advised him to work on faithfully until Saturday night—it was now Wednesday—and to make every preparation to leave at midnight on that day, and to travel by night only. I told him I should go direct to Covington on Friday, and would endeavour to liberate his wife; that, if I succeeded, he would find her at the house of the same friend in Cincinnati, whose address I had given him. I advised him to carry with him as much food as possible, so as to avoid exposure while on his journey. Poor Peter was nearly wild with his prospects so much so, indeed, that I urged him to repress his feelings, for fear his conduct would be noticed by his mistress, who had imbibed a particular dislike to Peter since his separation from his wife. Mrs. B—— told me he was a wicked nigger; that ever since Mr. B—— had sold the *gal*, Peter had looked gloomy and revengeful; that she hated him. Mrs. B—— thought Peter had no rights, not even the right

to sorrow, when his wife was torn from him, and sold to a stranger.

On Thursday, Mr. B—— returned. He had been unsuccessful in obtaining the deeds, and told me that his lawyers in Louisville, were willing I should have every facility to examine them in their office, if I pleased ; but, as they held a small mortgage on the property, they were unwilling to permit the deeds to go out of their possession. This was very satisfactory, and afforded me an opportunity to get away without creating suspicion. During the night, previous to my departure, I obtained an interview with Peter, and reiterated my injunctions to be brave, cautious, and persevering, while on the journey ; and again impressed upon his memory my instructions. Poor fellow ! his eyes filled with tears when I told him I was going direct to Covington next day, and should try and free his wife. When I bid him good-bye, he frantically kissed my hand, saying, "Tell Polly I'll be dere, sure. Tell her to wait for me."

Oh ! what a vile, wicked institution was that which could make merchandize of such a man as stood before me ! Yet, monstrous and cruel as it was, it had its apologists and abettors in the North ; whilst from every pulpit in the

Slave States went forth the declaration, that "slavery was a wise and beneficent institution, devised by God for the protection of an inferior race."

On Friday morning I left, ostensibly for Louisville, but went to Covington, which place I reached on the following day. I had no difficulty in finding the hotel, Peter having given me the name of Polly's owner. It was a poorly kept hostelry; the proprietor evidently had no knowledge of hotel-keeping. I however took quarters with him, and found him a very communicative man. He informed me he had been a farmer until within a year past, but finding that farming on a small scale was unprofitable, he had sold out, and bought this hotel. He was the owner of two negroes, a man and woman; "the gal was *likely*, but mighty spunky." He had paid twelve hundred dollars for her to Mr. B——, near Harrodsburg. He wanted her to "take up" with his negro boy, but she refused. He had threatened to send her to New Orleans for sale, if she would not obey him. He *reckoned* she would be glad to "take up" with him before long: a good whipping generally brought them to their senses. He knew how to manage *such*. The gal would bring sixteen hundred or two thousand dollars in New Orleans, because she was *likely*.

Before retiring that night, I requested the landlord to send to my room some warm water for a bath. In less than half an hour, the water was placed in my room by a bright, intelligent, straight-haired mulatto girl, apparently twenty years of age. As soon as she entered the room, I directed her to close the door, and said in a whisper, "Are you Polly, from Harrodsburg?" She looked at me with a frightened look, "Yes, massa, I is," she said. I told her I had seen her husband, Peter, and that he intended to run away from his master on Sunday night; that I had friends in Cincinnati where he was going, who would secret him until she could join him, when they would both be sent to Canada. She stood like a statue, while I was talking. I directed her to get ready to meet me on the following night, at twelve o'clock, in front of the post office; that I should leave the hotel in the morning and make preparations to have her taken across the river to the Ohio shore. She was so much amazed that for a moment she was unable to speak; at last she said, "Please, massa; tell me it over again." I repeated my instructions as rapidly as possible for fear I should be interrupted; and warned her against betraying herself by any outward expression of her feelings. When I concluded, she said, "Oh, massa, I'll pray to God for you—I'll be dere sure." She then left the room. Next

morning I delayed coming down to breakfast until after the regular breakfast was over, hoping to obtain another opportunity of charging her memory with the instructions already given. I was fortunate—she served the table. When I was leaving the table, I said to her, "*To-night, at twelve o'clock, sure.*" She replied in a whisper, "God will help me, massa, I'll try to." After breakfast, I went to Cincinnati and with the aid of friends, made arrangements to cross to Covington at eleven o'clock that night.

LIBERATION OF THE WIFE.

On Sunday evening, shortly before midnight, I crossed the river in a small boat with two good assistants. Leaving them in charge of the boat, I reached the post office a few minutes before twelve. I waited patiently for nearly half an hour, when at a distance of several hundred yards from where I stood, I observed a female hastily approaching. I went up to her, and directed her to follow me without speaking. I turned down a dark street, leading to the river. We had made but little progress before we were stopped by a night watchman, who said, "Where are you going?" I replied by putting a dollar in his hand and saying, it's all right. He became oblivious, and passed on his beat, greatly to my

peace of mind. We soon reached the boat, and left the Kentucky shore.

FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM.

In a short time we were safe across the Ohio, and placing my charge in a cab which I had ready for the purpose, we drove rapidly up into the city within a few blocks of the house of a friend. I then dismissed the cab, and we wended our way on foot through several streets, until we reached the house. We were admitted, and received the kind attention of our generous and liberty-loving host. Poor Polly, who had never before been treated with such kindness, said to me: "Massa, is I free now?" I told her she was now free from her master; and that, as soon as her husband arrived, they both would be sent to Cleveland, where I would meet them, and help them across to Canada, where they would be as free as the whites. Bidding her and my kind hearted friend good-by, I took the first train on Monday morning for Cleveland. Thence I drove a few miles into the country to the house of an abolitionist, where I awaited the news of Peter's arrival in Cincinnati. On Friday morning of the week following his escape, I received a letter informing me that Peter had arrived safely, and that the meeting of husband and wife was

most affecting. On Monday evening following, I received another letter stating that freight car No. 705, had been hired to convey a box containing one "package of hardware," and one of "dry goods," to Cleveland. The letter also contained the key of the car. The train containing this particular car was to leave Cincinnati on Tuesday morning, and would reach Cleveland, sometime during the evening of the same day. I had but a short time consequently to make preparations to convey the fugitives across the lake.

A KENTUCKIAN IN SEARCH OF HIS CHATTEL.

On Tuesday morning, the friend with whom I had been stopping, drove me into Cleveland. As we passed the American House, I caught sight of my Kentucky host standing in front of the hotel. He did not observe me, however, and we continued our way to the lake shore. My friend kindly returned to make the acquaintance of the Kentuckian, and learn the object of his visit to Cleveland, while I sought for a vessel bound for Canada. I found a schooner loading for Port Stanley, Canada. The Captain said they would leave as soon as the wind was favourable. I was glad to learn that he was a freemason, and confided to him my secret. The result was, his agreement to secrete the fugitives

on his vessel, and carry them to Canada. I then returned to a certain locality agreed upon with my friend, who informed me that he had made the acquaintance of the Kentuckian, who felt very sore over the loss of his slave; but expressed no suspicion that I was implicated in her escape. He said he was having posters printed, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the capture of the "gal." Toward night, I returned to the city, and, at the freight office of the railroad, I ascertained that the train containing car 705, would be in at 10 p.m. When the train arrived, I found the car; and my faithful friend brought his carriage as near as he could safely, without attracting attention. I unlocked the door of the car, and entered. Not the slightest sign of life was apparent in the car. I called in a low voice: "Peter." A voice replied "Yes, massa, shall I open the box?" The two poor creatures were in a box, sufficiently large to permit them to sit upright. I helped them out of the box, and making sure that no stranger was near, opened the door of the car, and led them quickly to the carriage. We then drove rapidly to the lake, and secreted the fugitives in the vessel. I remained with the fugitives, having decided not to leave until they were safe in Canada.

MAN AND WIFE SAFE IN CANADA.

After midnight, the wind being favourable, we sailed for the land of freedom. We had a rough and tedious voyage, and did not reach Canada until near night on the following day. When our vessel was safely moored alongside the pier, I led my two companions on shore, and told them they were now in a land where freedom was guaranteed to all. Two happier beings I never saw. Next day I took them to London, and obtained situations for both Peter and his wife. I succeeded also in enlisting the kind interest of several prominent persons in their behalf.

REFUGEES IN CANADA.

I spent the next three months in Canada, visiting those refugees in whom I had taken a personal interest. I found six in Chatham, two in London, four in Hamilton, two in Amherstburgh, and one in Toronto—fifteen in all; while several had gone from Canada to New England. It afforded me great satisfaction to find them sober, industrious members of society. It has often been remarked by both Canadians and visitors from the States, that the negro refugees in Canada were superior specimens of their race. The observation is true; for none

but those possessing superior qualities could hope to reach Canada. The difficulties and dangers of the route, and the fact that they were often closely pursued for weeks by human foes and by blood-hounds, required the exercise of rare qualities of mind and body. Their route would often lay through dismal swamps inhabited only by wild animals and poisonous reptiles. Sometimes the distance between the land of bondage and freedom was several hundreds of miles, every mile of which had to be traversed on foot. It is, indeed, surprising that so large a number of fugitives succeeded in reaching Canada, considering the obstacles they had to contend with on their long and dangerous journey.

NUMBER OF REFUGEES IN CANADA.

The number of refugee negroes in Canada, at the outbreak of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, was not far short of forty thousand. Probably more than half of them were manumitted slaves who, in consequence of unjust laws, were compelled to leave the States where they were manumitted. Many of these negroes settled in the Northern States, but the greater portion of them came to Canada.

CRUELTY AND INJUSTICE OF THE FUGITIVE
SLAVE LAW.

When the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted in 1850, it carried terror to every person of African blood, in the Free States. Stung with hopeless despair, more than six thousand Christian men and women fled from their homes, and sought refuge under the flag of Britain in Canada. In the words of Charles Sumner :—

“ The Free States became little better than a huge outlying plantation, quivering under the lash of the overseer ; or rather they were a diversified hunting ground for the flying bondman, resounding always with the ‘ halloo ’ of the huntsman. There seemed to be no rest. The chase was hardly finished at Boston, before it broke out at Philadelphia, Syracuse, or Buffalo, and then again raged furiously over the prairies of the west. Not a case occurred which did not shock the conscience of the country, and sting it with anger. The records of the time attest the accuracy of this statement.”

Perhaps there is no instance in history where human passion showed itself in grander forms of expression, or where eloquence lent all her gifts more completely to the demands of liberty, than the speech of Theodore Parker, (now dead and buried in a foreign land), denouncing the capture of Thomas Simms, at Boston, and invoking the judgment of God and man upon the agents in this wickedness. This great effort cannot be forgotten in the history of humanity. But every case pleaded with an eloquence of its own, until at last one of those tragedies occurred which

darken the heavens, and cry out with a voice that will be heard. It was the voice of a mother standing over her murdered child. Margaret Garner had escaped from slavery with three children, but she was overtaken at Cincinnati. Unwilling to see her offspring returned to the shambles of the South, this unhappy person, described in the testimony as "a womanly, amiable, affectionate mother," determined to save them in the only way within her power. With a butcher knife, coolly and deliberately, she took the life of one of the children, described as "almost white, and a little girl of rare beauty," and attempted, without success, to take the life of the other two. To the preacher who interrogated her, she exclaimed: "The child is my own, given me of God to do the best a mother could in its behalf. I have done the best I could: I would have done more and better for the rest: I knew it was better for them to go home to God than back to slavery." But she was restrained in her purpose. The Fugitive Slave Act triumphed, and after the determination of sundry questions of jurisdiction, this devoted historic mother, with the two children that remained to her, and the dead body of the little one just emancipated, was escorted by a national guard of armed men to the doom of slavery. But her case did not end with this

revolting sacrifice. So long as the human heart is moved by human suffering, the story of this mother will be read with alternate anger and grief, while it is studied as a perpetual witness to the slaveholding tyranny which then ruled the Republic with execrable exertions, destined at last to break out in war, as the sacrifice of Virginia by her father is a perpetual witness to the decemviral tyranny which ruled Rome. But liberty is always priceless. There are other instances less known in which kindred wrong has been done. Every case was a tragedy—under the forms of law. Worse than poisoned bowl or dagger was the certificate of a United States commissioner—who was allowed, without interruption, to continue his dreadful trade.

EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

When I reflect upon the dangers that surrounded me during that stormy period, I feel and acknowledge my indebtedness to God for His protection and support during my labours in behalf of the oppressed people of the Southern States; and, although the results of my efforts were insignificant in comparison to what I hoped to accomplish when I began the work. I still rejoice that I was enabled to accomplish what I did, for the poor and despised coloured people of the Slave States.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1860.

During no previous Presidential election, (except that of 1856, when Fremont and Buchanan were the candidates), was there so much excitement on the slavery question as that of 1860, when Lincoln, Breckinridge, Bell, and Douglas were the candidates.

To enable my readers to form a correct opinion of the political positions occupied by the different candidates towards the institution of slavery, I give below the "Slavery Plank of each Platform" on which the presidential candidates went before the people for their suffrages:—

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL (LINCOLN) PLATFORM.

ADOPTED AT CHICAGO, 1860.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:—

1. That the history of the nation, during the last four years, has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now, more than ever before, demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

2. That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal

Constitution, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions; and that the Federal Constitution, the Rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

7. That the new dogma, that the Constitution, of its own force, carries Slavery into any or all of the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent; is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

8. That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; That as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished Slavery in all our national territory, ordained that "no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to Slavery in any Territory of the United States.

9. That we brand the recent re-opening of the African slave-trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity and a burning shame to our country and age; and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC (DOUGLAS) PLATFORM.

ADOPTED AT CHARLESTON AND BALTIMORE, 1860.

1. *Resolved*, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in Convention assembled, hereby declare our affirmance of the following resolutions :—

Resolved, That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect.

Resolved, That it is in accordance with the true interpretation of the Cincinnati Platform, that, during the existence of the Territorial Governments, the measure of restriction, whatever it may be, imposed by the Federal Constitution on the power of the Territorial Legislature over the subject of the domestic relations, as the same has been, or shall hereafter be, finally determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, shall be respected by all good citizens, and enforced with promptness and fidelity by every branch of the General Government.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC (BRECKENRIDGE)
PLATFORM.

ADOPTED AT CHARLESTON AND BALTIMORE, 1860.

Resolved, That the Platform adopted by the Democratic party at Cincinnati be affirmed, with the following explanatory Resolutions :—

1. That the Government of a Territory organized by an Act of Congress, is provisional and temporary ; and during its existence, all citizens of the United States have an equal right to settle with their property in the Territory, without their rights, either of person or property, being destroyed or impaired by Congressional or Territorial legislation.

2. That it is the duty of the Federal Government, in all its departments, to protect, when necessary, the rights of persons and property in the Territories, and wherever else its constitutional authority extends.

3. That when the settlers in a Territory having an adequate population, form a State Constitution, in pursuance of law, the right of sovereignty commences, and, being consummated by admission into the Union, they stand on an equal footing with the people of other States; and the State thus organized ought to be admitted into the Federal Union, whether its Constitution prohibits or recognizes the institution of Slavery.

5. That the enactments of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect.

CONSTITUTIONAL UNION (BELL-EVERETT)
PLATFORM.

ADOPTED AT BALTIMORE, 1860.

Whereas, Experience has demonstrated that Platforms adopted by the partisan conventions of the country have had the effect to mislead and deceive the people, and at the same time to widen the political divisions of the country, by the creation and encouragement of geographical and sectional parties; therefore,

Resolved, That it is both the part of patriotism and of duty to recognize no political principle other than THE CONSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY, THE UNION OF THE STATES, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS, and that as representatives of the Constitutional Union men of the country in National Convention assembled, we hereby pledge ourselves to obtain, protect, and defend, separately and unitedly, these great principles of public liberty and national safety, against all enemies at home and abroad, believing that thereby peace may once more be

restored to the country, the rights of the People and of the States re-established, and the Government again placed in that condition of justice, fraternity, and equality, which under the example and constitution of our fathers, has solemnly bound every citizen of the United States to maintain a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

ELECTORAL VOTE, PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1860.

For Lincoln and Hamlin	180
For Breckenridge and Lane	72
For Bell and Everett.....	39
For Douglas and Johnson	12
	<hr/>
Whole Electoral Vote.....	303
Lincoln's majority over all.....	57

As soon as the election returns showed conclusively that Lincoln would be the next president, public meetings were held in the city of Charleston and other places in the State of South Carolina, at which resolutions were adopted in favour of the Secession of the State from the Union.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

DONE IN CONVENTION, DECEMBER 24, 1860.

The State of South Carolina, having determined to resume her separate and equal place among nations, deems it due to herself, to the remaining United States of America, and to the nations of the world, that she should declare the causes which have led to this act.

We affirm that these ends for which this government was instituted have been defeated, and the government itself has been made destructive of them by the action of the non-slaveholding States. These States have assumed the right of deciding upon the propriety of our domestic institutions, and have denied the rights of property established in fifteen of the States and recognized by the Constitution; they have denounced as sinful the institution of slavery; they have permitted the open establishment among them of societies whose avowed object is to disturb the peace and to eloin the property of the citizens of other States. They have encouraged and assisted thousands of our slaves to leave their homes, and those who remain have been incited by emissaries to servile insurrection.

Sectional interest and animosity will deepen the irritation, and all hope of remedy is rendered vain by the fact that public opinion at the north has invested a great political error with the sanctions of a more erroneous religious belief.

We, therefore, the people of South Carolina, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, have solemnly declared that the union heretofore existing between this State and the other States of North America is dissolved, and that the State of South Carolina has resumed her position among the nations of the world as a free, sovereign, and independent State.

And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

On the same day the remaining representatives in Congress from South Carolina vacated their seats, and declared for Secession. Thus began the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

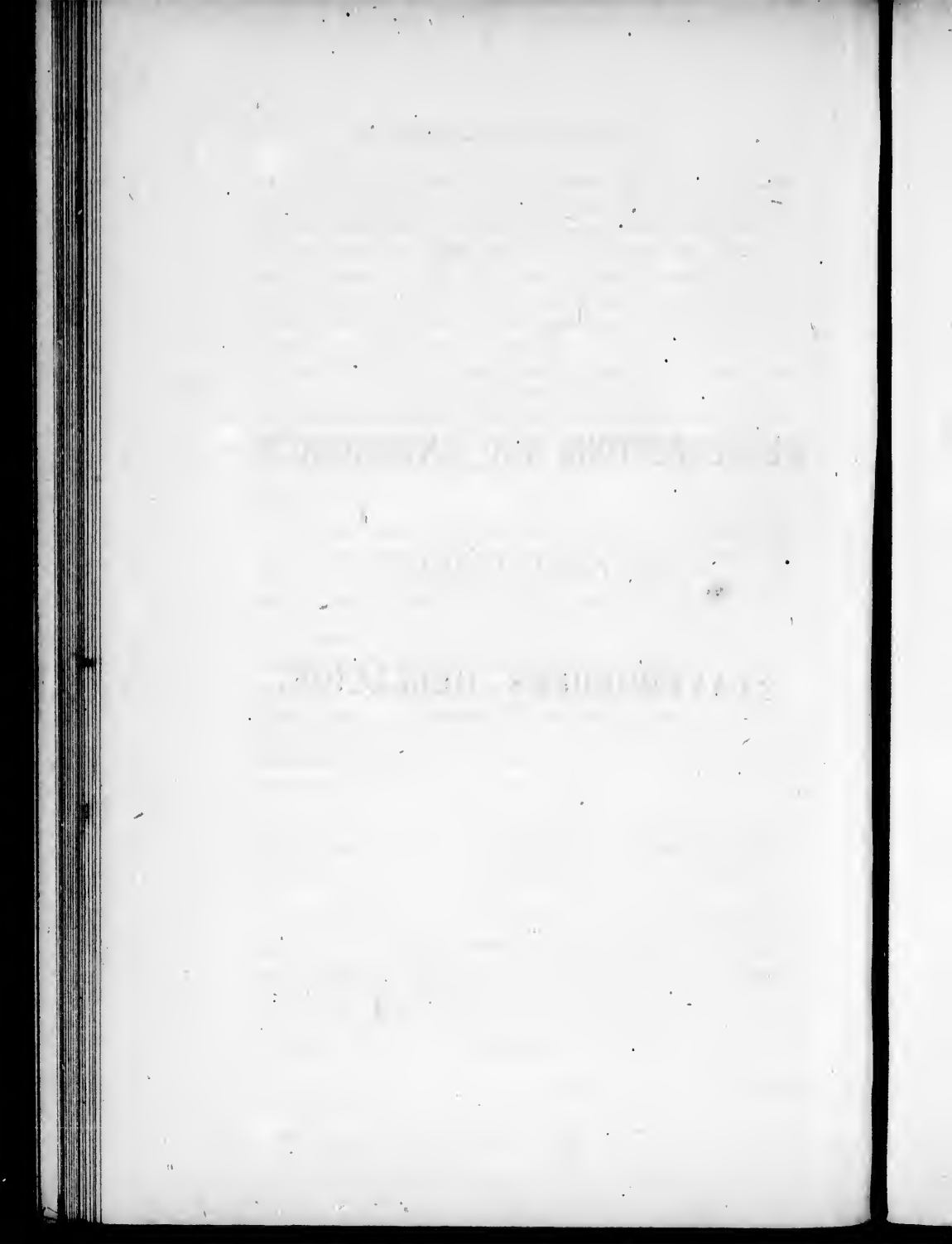
RECOLLECTIONS AND EXPERIENCES

OF

AN ABOLITIONIST

DURING THE

SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.





CHAPTER I.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.

FOR many months after the death of Capt. Brown, I felt that the defeat of his plans at Harper's Ferry was a great calamity to the enslaved. I saw nothing in store for the poor slaves but toil and bondage for another generation. For who, at that time, foresaw the mighty conflict that was soon to be inaugurated by the haughty slaveholders, by which they and their cherished institution were to be completely overthrown.

The brave and noble words and conduct of John Brown, while in the hands of his murderers, shook the institution of slavery to its very foundation. The slaveholders fully comprehended that unless they could obtain from the North further guarantees for the protection of the institution of slavery—that secession from the Free States was their only salvation. Their insolent

demands upon the North were met by a quiet determination that not another foot of the public domain should be given up to slavery. Northern politicians had become so accustomed to yielding obedience to the commands of the slave-drivers, that strong efforts were made to effect a compromise with the pro-slavery leaders in Congress.

But the patience of the peace-loving people of the Free States, was at length exhausted ; they had submitted to the outrageous provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law ; they had looked on while the champions of freedom in Congress were insulted and assaulted by the slave-drivers of the South ; they had borne for years the taunts and sneers of the Southern chivalry ; and now they resolved to assert their just rights and privileges as citizens of a free country.

The threats and demands of the slaveholders were treated with the contempt they deserved.

CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE IN CANADA.

A few months after the inauguration of President Lincoln, I received a letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner, requesting me to come to Washington at my earliest convenience.



A. Lincoln

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The day after my arrival in Washington, I was introduced to the President. Mr. Lincoln received me very cordially, and invited me to dine with him. Assembled at the President's table were several prominent gentlemen, to whom Mr. Lincoln introduced me as "a red-hot abolitionist from Canada." One of the guests, a prominent member of Congress, from Indiana, (severely injured in after years by the *Credit Mobilier*), said in a slurring manner, "I wish the negroes of the United States would emigrate to Canada, as the Canadians are so fond of their company." Mr. Lincoln said "It would be better for the negroes, that's certain." "Yes," I replied, a little warmly, "it would be better for the negroes; for, under our flag, the blackest negro is entitled to, and freely accorded every right and privilege enjoyed by native Canadians. We make no distinction in respect to the colour of a man's skin. It is true, we live under a monarchical form of government; but, every man and woman, white, black, or brown, have equal rights under our laws." Mr. Lincoln, in a jocular way, said to the member of Congress, "If you are not careful, you will bring on a war with Canada. I think we have got a big enough job on hand now."

The conversation then turned on the attitude of England toward the Free States in their contest with the slaveholders. One gentleman remarked that he was surprised to see so many manifestations of unfriendliness on the part of the English and Canadian people, and asked me how I accounted for it. I replied, "How can you expect it otherwise, when there exists in your Northern States so much diversity of opinion as to the justness of your cause? The unfriendly expressions of an English statesman, or the avowed hostility of a few English and Canadian papers, are noted by you with painful surprise; while the treasonable utterances and acts of some of your own political leaders and people are quite overlooked. Besides, you cannot expect the sympathy of the Christian world in your behalf, while you display such an utter disregard for the rights and liberties of your own citizens, as I witnessed in this city yesterday."

Mr. Lincoln asked to what I alluded? I replied, "A United States Marshal passed through Washington, yesterday, having in his charge a coloured man, whom he was taking back to Virginia under your Fugitive Slave Law. The man had escaped from his master—who is an open rebel—and fled to Wilmington, Delaware, where he was arrested, and taken back into slavery."

After dinner, Mr. Lincoln led me to a window, distant from the rest of the party, and said, "Mr. Sumner sent for you at my request. We need a confidential person in Canada to look after our interests, and keep us posted as to the schemes of the Confederates in Canada. You have been strongly recommended to me for the position. Your mission shall be as confidential as you please. No one here but your friend Mr. Sumner and myself, shall have any knowledge of your position. Your communications may be sent direct to me, under cover to Major —. Think it over to-night; and if you can accept the mission, come up and see me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning." When I took my leave of him, he said, "I hope you will decide to serve us."

The position thus offered, was one not suited to my tastes; but, as Mr. Lincoln appeared very desirous that I should accept it, I concluded to lay aside my prejudices, and accept the responsibilities of the mission. I was also persuaded to this conclusion by the wishes of my friend Mr. Sumner.

THE PRESIDENT AN ABOLITIONIST.

At nine o'clock next morning, I waited upon the President, and announced my decision. He

grasped my hand in a hearty manner, and said :
"Thank you ; thank you ; I am glad of it." I
said : "Mr. Lincoln, if the object of your Govern-
ment is the liberation from bondage of the
poor slaves of the South, I should feel justified
in accepting any position where I could best
serve you ; but when I see so much tenderness
for that vile institution and for the interests of
slaveholders, I question whether your efforts to
crush the rebellion will meet with the favour of
Heaven." He replied : "I sincerely wish that all
men were free ; and I especially wish for the
complete abolition of slavery in this country ;
but my private wishes and feelings must yield to
the duties of my position. My first duty is, to
maintain the integrity of the Union. With
that object in view, I shall endeavour to save it,
either with or without slavery. I have always
been an anti-slavery man. Away back in 1839,
when I was a member of the Legislature of
Illinois, I presented a resolution asking for
the emancipation of slavery in the District of
Columbia, when, with but few exceptions, the
popular mind of my State was opposed to it.
If the institution of slavery is destroyed, and
the slaves set free, as a result of this conflict
which the slaveholders have forced upon us,
I shall rejoice as heartily as you. In the mean-
time, help us to circumvent the machinations

of the rebel agents in Canada. There is no doubt they will use your country as a communicating link with Europe, and also with their friends in New York. It is quite possible also that they may make Canada a base, to harass and annoy our people along the frontier."

After a lengthy conversation relative to private matters connected with my mission, I rose to leave, when he said: "I will walk down to Willards with you: the hotel is on my way to the Capitol, where I have an engagement at noon."

OFFICE SEEKERS.

Before we reached the hotel, a man came up to the President, and thrust a letter into his hand, at the same time applying for some office in Wisconsin. I saw that the President was offended at the rudeness, for he passed the letter back without looking at it, saying: "No, sir! I am not going to open shop here." This was said in a most emphatic manner, but accompanied by a comical gesture, which caused the rejected applicant to smile. As we continued our walk, the President spoke of the annoyances incident to his position, saying: "These office-seekers are a curse to this country. No sooner was my election certain, than I became

the prey of hundreds of hungry, persistent applicants for office, whose highest ambition is to feed at the government crib." When he bid me good-bye, he said: "Let me hear from you once a week at least." As he turned to leave me, a young army officer stopped him, and made some request, to which the President replied with a good deal of humour: "No; I can't do that, I must not interfere: they would scratch my eyes out, if I did. You must go to the proper department."

As I watched the President wending his way towards the Capitol, I was deeply impressed with the dreadful responsibility that rested upon him! The hopes of millions of Republicans throughout the world were fixed upon him; while twenty millions of his own people looked to him for the salvation of the Republic, and four millions of poor down-trodden slaves in the South looked to him for freedom.

Mr. Lincoln was no ordinary man. He had a quick and ready perception of facts, a retentive memory, and a logical turn of mind, which patiently and unwaveringly followed every link in the chain of thought on every subject which he investigated. He was honest, temperate, and forgiving. He was a good man—a man of

noble and kindly heart. I never heard him speak unkindly of any man ; even the rebels received no word of anger from him.

CONFEDERATES IN CANADA.

Immediately upon my arrival in Montreal, I sought opportunities to become acquainted with the names, habits, and occupations of the various Confederates in Canada.

The principal Confederate agent in Canada at that time, was Jacob Thompson, an ex-member of Buchanan's administration, whose contemptible conduct, while a member of the Government, in warning the rebels of Charleston of the sailing of the steamer "Star of the West," with provisions for the besieged garrison at Fort Sumpter, furnishes a good index to his character. The plots and schemes devised by him and his subordinates to furnish the rebels with clothing, boots and shoes, &c., *via* Nassau, Cuba, and to keep open a channel of communication with the Confederate States, kept me continually on the *qui vive* to frustrate their designs.

There prevailed in Canada at this period a very strong and active sympathy for the Confederates. Indeed, I may say, that among

the wealthy and influential classes, there were few but what wished for the success of the slaveholders, and the consequent disruption of the Union. This was not from any love for slavery, but rather a reflex of the sympathy manifested by the higher classes in England, for the Confederacy. To overcome this prejudice against the Northern cause, and awaken kindly sympathies for the people of the Free States in their contest with slavery, was the object of my earnest efforts. To assist me in accomplishing that purpose, I brought before the Canadian people, the claims of the Sanitary Commission of the United States Army, an organization that excited the generous impulses of Christians of all denominations and classes.

The Montreal *Daily Witness*, in alluding to this subject says :—

“The United States Sanitary Commission has opened branches in three of the European Capitals, London, Paris, and Berlin; and from the London branch alone, a large amount of pecuniary aid has been remitted. Dr. A. M. Ross has opened another branch in this city. We know of no agency more likely to awaken kindly feelings here, towards the United States than this. Dr. Ross informs us, indeed, that this is the object of the Commission, in forming their foreign branches which give an opportunity of circulating information which may remove prejudice, and of receiving benefits and awakening kindly sympathies for the sick and wounded soldiers.”

SURGICAL AID.

On several occasions during the progress of the war, I obeyed the call of the Government for extra surgical aid, especially on the battle fields of South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Antietam, and Gettysburgh, and also during the terribly destructive contest in the Wilderness.

It was particularly gratifying to me to hear the Union soldiers, as they gathered round their camp fires, singing the stirring "John Brown Song." And as regiment after regiment caught up the inspiring tune, and the air for miles around was filled with the shout, that

"John Brown's soul through the world is marching on,"

I felt that

"John Brown's soul not a higher joy could crave"

than the success of the armies of freedom in their contest with the slaveholders.

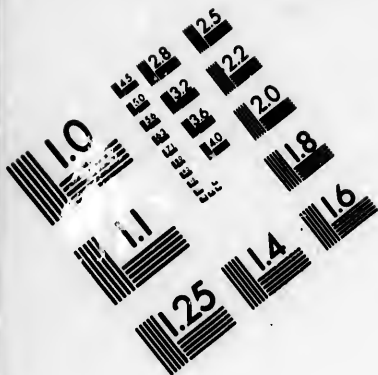
REBEL POSTAL SERVICE.

Toward the close of 1862, I received information that a regular system of postal service was in operation between the Confederate States and Europe, *via* Canada. Diligently and earnestly I sought for a clue, week after week passed, but

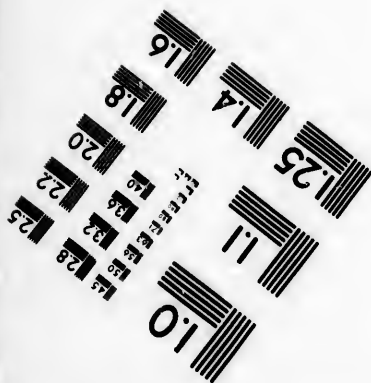
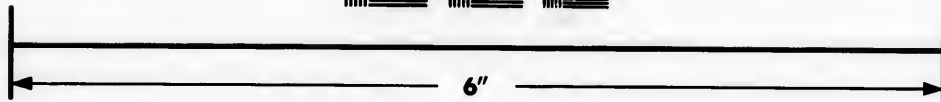
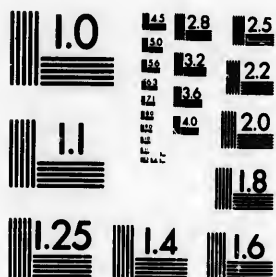
nothing was discovered. I placed detectives on all the trains entering or leaving Montreal, with instructions to closely watch every stranger, especially those of Southern aspect. All these efforts, however, proved unsuccessful.

I finally concluded to go to Detroit, and institute enquiries in that section. With that object in view, I sent for a cabman (one that I regularly employed), to convey me to the depot for the 9 p.m. train west, he came to inform me that it would be impossible for him to drive me that night, as he was obliged to take a woman from Laprairie to Champlain, a small village in the State of New York, not far from the boundary line between Canada and the United States, He said he had a brother living at Laprairie, who was regularly employed to carry this woman once a fortnight from Laprairie to Champlain; but that he was ill, and had sent for him to take his place. Some further questions from me elicited the fact that my cabman had on a previous occasion filled his brother's place, and carried this woman to Champlain.

My suspicions were aroused. I felt confident that this woman had something to do with the Confederate postal service. I closely questioned him as to her appearance and habits, and



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ostensible business, and, why, she travelled in such an unusual manner, and by such a round-about route. I put these questions in such a way as not to excite suspicion in his mind as to my object. The information I obtained from him was of such importance that I decided to reach Champlain in advance of the cabman and his strange passenger. I consequently took the evening train to Rouse's Point, and from thence was driven in a carriage to Champlain.

I engaged quarters at the principal hotel in the village, and in a short time won the confidence of the talkative and consequential little landlord, who, on my referring to the woman in question, informed me that she was a Mrs. "Williams," (an *alias*, no doubt,) an agent of a religious tract society; that she passed over this route from Canada about once a fortnight. He, however, knew nothing about her, except that she professed to be a tract distributor, travelling between Upper Canada and Boston. He finally remarked "I expect her here either to-night or to-morrow night, on her way to Boston. See always arrives here in the night."

Securing a front bed-room, I was in a position to observe whoever came down the road leading from Canada, as the hotel fronted the road.

Patiently I waited at the window from 10 p.m. till 3 a.m., looking out into the darkness. Shortly after three o'clock, I heard the rumbling of an approaching carriage, and in a short time a cab-drove up; and I saw my Montreal cabman alight and open the door of the carriage, from which a woman, closely muffled, stepped, and entered the house. She was placed in a room on the opposite side of the hall to the one I occupied. To prevent her leaving the house without my knowledge, I determined to remain awake the rest of the night. At six o'clock I saw the cabman drive away towards Canada.

At breakfast I sat *vis-a-vis* with the object of my search. She was a keen, intelligent woman of medium size, with black eyes and hair, about 45 years of age. She conversed quite freely, but at times would check herself, betraying a startled half-frightened look. Her conversation was principally upon her experiences as an agent of a "Religious Tract Society." I learned from her conversation that it was her intention to go to Rouse's Point by the noon train.

After breakfast, I telegraphed to a detective at the Point to meet me, on the arrival of the train, prepared to make an arrest. Before the train, reached the point, it slackened up, and a

detective officer came into the cars. I pointed out Mrs. Williams to him, and directed him to arrest her as soon as she stepped from the car, and prevent her from having any communication whatever with confederates.

ARREST OF A REBEL MAIL CARRIER.

As soon as the arrest was made, I directed the detective to take her to his residence and have her searched by his wife. Notwithstanding her protests and tears, Mrs. Williams had to submit to this process, and with good results, for eighty-two letters were found sewed into her garments. Having telegraphed to the President the substance of the above facts, I received instructions from him to hasten to Washington with the correspondence.

Before leaving Rouse's Point I had an interview with the prisoner, and offered to secure her immediate release, provided she would disclose information, that I knew she possessed, relative to the rebel mail route from the Confederacy to Europe *via* Canada. She, however, positively refused, and declared that she would rather die in prison than disclose the secret.

Having instructed the officer to keep her under arrest until he received further orders, I

left for Washington. On my arrival there (about midnight), I went direct to the Executive mansion, and sent my card to the President, who had retired to bed. In a few minutes the porter returned, and requested me to accompany him to the President's office, where, in a short time, Mr. Lincoln would join me. The room into which I was ushered, was the same in which I had spent several hours with the President on the occasion of my first interview with him. Scattered about the floor, and lying open on the table, were several military maps and documents indicating recent use. On the wall hung a picture of that noble friend of freedom, John Bright, of England.

SECOND INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

In a few minutes, the President came in, and welcomed me in the most friendly manner. I expressed my regret at disturbing him at such an hour. He replied in a good humoured manner, saying, "No, no; you did right; you may waken me up whenever you please. I have slept with one eye open ever since I came to Washington: I never close both, except when an office-seeker is looking for me." "I am glad (referring to a letter I had sent him) you are pleased with the Emancipation Proclamation;

but there is work before us yet. We must make that Proclamation effective by victories over our enemies. It is a paper bullet after all, and of no account, except we can sustain it." I expressed my belief that God would aid the cause of the Union, now that justice had been done to the poor negro. He replied, "I hope so! The suffering and misery that attends this conflict is killing me by inches. I wish it was over."

REBEL DESPACHES.

I then laid before the President the "rebel mail." He carefully examined the address of each letter, making occasional remarks. At length he found one addressed to Franklin Pierce, ex-President of the United States, then residing in New Hampshire, and another to ex-Attorney General Cushing, a resident of Massachusetts. He appeared much surprised, and remarked with a sigh, but, without the slightest tone of asperity, "I will have these letters enclosed in official envelopes, and sent to these parties." When he had finished examining the addresses, he tied up all those addressed to private individuals, saying, "I won't bother with them; but these look like official letters: I guess I'll go through them now." He then opened them, and read their contents, slowly and carefully.

While he was thus occupied, I had an excellent opportunity of studying this extraordinary man. A marked change had taken place in his countenance since my first interview with him. He looked much older, and bore traces of having passed through months of painful anxiety and trouble. There was a sad, serious look in his eyes that spoke louder than words of the disappointments, trials, and discouragements he had encountered since the war began. The wrinkles about the eyes and forehead were deeper; the lips were firmer, but indicative of kindness and forbearance. The great struggle had brought out the hidden riches of his noble nature, and developed virtues and capacities which surprised his oldest and most intimate friends. He was simple, but astute: he possessed the rare faculty of seeing things just as they are: he was a just, charitable, and honest man.

REBELS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Having finished reading a letter, he said: "Read this (handing me a letter signed by the Confederate Secretary of State), and tell me what you think of it." The letter was addressed to the rebel envoy at the French Court, and stated that preparations were being made to invade the Eastern frontier of the United States

in the vicinity of Calais, Maine. It also expressed the opinion that an attack in so unexpected a quarter would dishearten the Northern people, and encourage the Democrats to oppose the continuation of the war.

I told the President that this confirmed the truth of information I had received several weeks previously, that the rebels were preparing to raid on some of the Eastern States from the British Provinces. He replied: "You had better go down to New Brunswick, and see what the rebels are up to. The information contained in the despatches I have read is of great importance. There are two despatches which I cannot read, as they are in cipher; but I'll find some way to get at their contents."

I then rose to go, saying that I would go to "Willard's," and have a rest. "No, no;" said the President, "it is now three o'clock; you shall stay with me while you are in town: I'll find you a bed,"; and, leading the way, he took me into a bedroom, saying: "Take a good sleep: you shall not be disturbed." Bidding me "Good-night," he left the room to go back and pore over the rebel letters until daylight, as he afterwards told me.

MR. LINCOLN'S MISSION.

If ever an individual was raised up by the Almighty to perform a special service, that person was Abraham Lincoln. No parent could evince a greater interest in the welfare of his family than he did for the safety and welfare of his country. Every faculty he possessed was devoted to the salvation of the Union.

“How humble, yet how hopeful he could be ;
How in good fortune and in ill, the same ;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work, such work as few
Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand,
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command ;

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting might.

So he grew up a destined work to do ;
And lived to do it : four long suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.

The taunts to tributes, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood.”

Taylor.

HOSPITALITIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

I did not awake from my sleep until eleven o'clock in the forenoon, soon after which Mr.

Lincoln came into my room, and laughingly said : "When you are ready, I'll pilot you down to breakfast," which he did ; and, seating himself at the table near me, expressed his fears that trouble was brewing on the New Brunswick border ; that he had gathered further information on that point from the correspondence, which convinced him that such was the case. He was here interrupted by a servant, who handed him a card ; upon reading which he arose, saying, "The Secretary of War has received important tidings, I must leave you for the present. Come to my room, after breakfast, and we'll talk over this New Brunswick affair."

On entering his room, I found him busily engaged in writing, at the same time repeating in a low voice the words of a poem, which I remembered reading many years before. When he stopped writing, I asked him who was the author of that poem. He replied, "I do not know. I have written the verses down from memory, at the request of a lady who is much pleased with them." He passed the sheet, on which he had written the verses, to me, saying, "Have you ever read them?" I replied that I had many years previously ; and that I should be pleased to have a copy of them in his handwriting, when he had time and inclination for such work.

He said, "Well, you may keep that copy, if you wish."

The following is the poem as written down by Mr. Lincoln :—

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD ?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a brake of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid ;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved :
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;
The father, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid, on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
And alike from the minds of the living erased,
Are the memories of mortals that loved her and praised.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;
The eye of the sage, the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap ;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep ;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass which we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights they often have seen ;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers did think ;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers did shrink ;
To the life we are clinging, our fathers did cling ;
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come.
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died ; ah ! they died. We, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

LEAVE FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

The rebel documents contained abundant evidence that the Confederates were organizing a band in Canada to raid upon the United States frontier, and the President was anxious that I should go to New Brunswick, and if possible, ascertain what the rebels were up to in that quarter.

I left Washington that night, and arrived in Boston in time to take the steamer for St. John, N. B. The boat was crowded with passengers; and I had to share my stateroom with a gentleman who came aboard at Portland. The features of my room companion were dark and coarse; his hair, black and long. He was about six feet in height, of tough and wiry frame. His language and general appearance were strikingly Southern. I selected the top berth, and retired before him, so that I might the more readily observe him; for I had strong suspicions that he was a Confederate.

OCCUPY A ROOM WITH A REBEL.

When he entered the stateroom, he introduced himself as the owner of one of the berths, and said: "I am glad you are not a

Yankee." I asked him how he knew that I was not a Yankee. He replied: "I asked the clerk, and he said you were a Canadian; besides, you don't look like a Yankee." "Well," I said, "you don't look either like a Canadian or a Yankee; I would take you to be a Southern military officer." This touched his vanity, and he admitted that he had been in the military service of the Confederacy, but that he was now engaged on special service. I told him that I thought the Confederate Government were blind to their own interests in not taking advantage of the Canadian frontier to harass and annoy the Yankees along the border.

REBELS ON THE CANADIAN FRONTIER.

"Well," said he, "we have had all we could do to keep the Yanks from our homes; but they will soon know how it feels to have the war carried into their homes. I tell you, before long, you will hear something exciting." I replied: "I have heard that so frequently that I don't place much reliance upon it. I saw he was nettled, and hoped it would make him indiscreet. After a moment of silence he said: "What I have told you is the truth. Before two weeks are over you will hear something exciting from Eastport. I don't mind telling you, because

you are a Canadian, and the Canadians are all on our side. Yes, sir; we have already a number of picked men in St. Andrews and St. John, New Brunswick, and we have a good supply of stores on Grand Menan Island. I expect thirty men from Canada next week. As soon as they arrive, we will occupy Grand Menan, and prepare for an attack on Eastport; and, by —, we intend to wipe it out. And then we will attack Calais in the rear, and, if hard pressed, retreat into New Brunswick.”

This astounding news corroborated the information obtained from the captured letters.

ARREST OF THE REBEL OFFICER.

On the arrival of the steamer at Eastport, I secured the arrest of my new acquaintance, and telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln the information obtained. A gunboat was immediately sent from Portland to Eastport. In less than forty-eight hours Eastport and Calais were fully prepared to meet the raiders. The Provincial authorities were also warned from Washington, and prompt steps taken to prevent any infraction of the Neutrality Laws on the New Brunswick border.

Returning to Portland, I sent the President a detailed narrative of the facts above related, and returned to Montreal. A few days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. Lincoln, of which the following is an extract :—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, Feb. 9, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I tender you my warmest thanks for the effective and invaluable services you have recently rendered me. Your fidelity and zeal merits and receives my sincere gratitude. * *

Accept my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness,

[*Fac-simile of Signature.*]



MISSION TO RICHMOND.

On one occasion I was requested by the President to come to Washington. On my arrival there I reported to Mr. Lincoln, who said : “ Dr. I want you to go to Richmond, and endeavour to obtain the consent of the Confederates to treat our coloured soldiers, prisoners in their hands, as prisoners of war, subject to exchange.” Having very fully explained his views and purposes, he said, “ Will you undertake this mission in behalf of the coloured defenders of the nation ? As you

are a Canadian you will have more influence than a citizen of the United States," adding, "of course, you go simply as a friend of the coloured race, acting on your own hook. You will be transported from here to the front, and turned loose to find your way to Richmond as you best can. I will give you a note, directing officers of the United States to render you such aid as they can in forwarding you to and from our outposts." Having expressed my willingness to undertake the mission, he gave me a letter addressed to officers of the Army and Navy, saying: "It may be of service to you." I then left to make preparations for my journey to the Confederate Capital.

BETWEEN THE TWO ARMIES.

On the morning of the day following this interview, I was taken to the outposts of the Army of the Potomac. Bidding my friends farewell I started alone for the Confederate lines, carrying a small white flag. After less than an hour's walk, I perceived a rebel soldier lying upon the ground with his gun pointed directly at me. I waived my flag, and went towards him. When I came within fifty yards of him he commanded me to stop, and calling a comrade, they approached me, and demanded to know who I was, and where from. Having

satisfied them that I was not a belligerent they led me, at my request, to their commander. This officer was Capt. Withers, of a Georgia regiment, who received me politely, and consented to forward me to the headquarters of the army. Having expressed his regret at the necessity of blindfolding me (which he proceeded to do), I was placed upon a horse, and guided by two cavalry soldiers, through what appeared to me an immense host of men, for nearly an hour. At length we reined up before a building, and I was assisted to dismount, and led into a wide hall where the bandage was removed, and I was told that I was at the headquarters of General Lee.

INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL R. E. LEE.

After a few minutes I was taken into a large room on the right of the hall, in which were several officers in uniform; some writing and others engaged in conversation. The officer who introduced me announced my name, when an elderly gentleman approached me, saying, "I am General Lee. I am told you desire to go to Richmond. What is the business that takes you there?" This was said in a quiet gentlemanly manner, which, together with his form, costume, and bearing, most favourably impressed me. I could not help regretting that

so noble an officer was engaged in so unjust and unrighteous a cause. I explained to him in as few words as possible my object in desiring to reach Richmond. He listened attentively and respectfully to what I had to say ; and then called an orderly officer, and directed him to accompany me to Richmond, and introduce me to the Secretary of State. He then very kindly shook hands, and bid me good by. I was again blindfolded, and placed upon a horse. After riding for an hour the bandage was removed for the remainder of the journey, until we came to the outskirts of Richmond, when I was again blindfolded, and led through the streets, until we reached the Exchange Hotel, where I was told to make myself comfortable.

INTERVIEW WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS AND
SECRETARY BENJAMIN.

On the following day an army officer called and informed me that he was directed to accompany me to the Department of State. On being ushered into the presence of Mr. Benjamin my first impression was, here is a smooth, oily, treacherous, cunning, and deceitful man. Such was my very first impression of the Confederate Secretary of State, which subsequent events proved to be correct. He asked me to be seated, and taking a chair directly in

front of me, said, "Please state your business with the Government," which I did briefly, but fully. While I was talking, a door opened behind me, and some person quietly entered the room, and appeared to be listening to my intercession for the coloured soldiers. When I had concluded, Mr. Benjamin said: "We cannot entertain such a proposition, and Lincoln knew it before you left Washington." At this point a pale, thin man (the one who entered the room during my explanation), approached me, and in a quick, nervous, voice said: "Tell Mr. Lincoln that we cannot accord the right of exchange to our fugitive slaves who have been armed and sent out to assassinate us. We will treat every coloured soldier we capture as a fugitive slave. It is useless to discuss this matter, Mr. Benjamin; and the gentleman had better be sent into the Union lines at once." Jefferson Davis (for it was he who had spoken,) had changed greatly in appearance since I last saw him in the United States Senate in 1850. He was much thinner, and had an anxious and careworn look. He spoke with energy, but the tone was bitter and full of hatred towards the North. Early next morning I was conveyed to the outposts of the United States Army, opposite Fortress Monroe, and from thence by steamer to Washington.

RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

Mr. Lincoln cordially welcomed me back, and expressed his gratitude for my services. When I informed him of the result of my mission, he said: "Well, if that is their determination, we shall have to wait until they become more reasonable. It's bad for our coloured boys. They must take care and not get captured." During my stay in Washington I was a guest of Mr. Lincoln's, and enjoyed many opportunities of studying the character of this extraordinary man. My love and admiration for him increased at every interview. He was always just, sincere, patient, charitable, and honest.

PERSECUTION OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

The cruel and unnecessary arrest of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Consul General of the United States, at Montreal, for the alleged connivance at the kidnapping of one Redpath, was incited by the Confederate agents. Redpath had fled to Canada to escape punishment for murder committed during the draft riots in New York. A United States detective followed Redpath to Montreal, and arrested him. He was ironed, placed in a close carriage, and driven to

the depo^t, where he was guarded by an assistant, while the detective went to the United States Consulate, and told Mr. Giddings that he had arrested a man charged with murder in New York; that he had complied with the requirements of the extradition treaty. He requested Mr. Giddings to give him a letter to General Dix, advising compensation for the services of an assistant to convey Redpath to New York. Mr. Giddings, without ascertaining (for which he was in fault) whether all the formalities of the extradition treaty had been complied with, gave the detective a note to General Dix, in which he simply requested the General to remunerate the detective for the service of an assistant.

When the detective reached New York with his prisoner, Redpath obtained legal assistance, the result of which was, that the Canadian authorities demanded the return of Redpath to Canada. He was brought back and liberated. Then the Southern agents in Montreal took charge of this murderer, and induced him to prosecute Mr. Giddings. This was done to gratify their feelings of hatred toward a man who had for thirty years fought for the cause of human freedom.

HIS ARREST.

Mr. Giddings was arrested on Sunday evening, while dining at the house of a friend. The arrest was made on a day and at an hour when it was hoped he would be unable to obtain bail, and consequently would have to lay in jail over night. Two prominent and wealthy citizens of Montreal, gave bonds for *thirty thousand dollars* for Mr. Giddings's appearance at the trial of the cause. Thus his enemies were baulked in their despicable attempt to throw an innocent old man into prison. Mr. Giddings was in poor health at the time this outrage was perpetrated ; and he fretted and grieved over it continually.

After the rebel agents had used Redpath for their purpose, they cast him off. I concluded it was a propitious time to rid Mr. Giddings of Redpath and this vindictive persecution. I found the miserable creature, after considerable search, and prevailed upon him to withdraw the suit. He confessed that the Confederate agents in Montreal had instigated him to bring the action against Mr. Giddings. The anxiety and annoyance incident to this persecution hastened the death of this noble old standard-bearer of liberty.

DEATH OF MR. GIDDINGS.

He died suddenly while amusing himself with

a game of billiards in the St. Lawrence Hall. Only a few hours prior to his death he remarked to me, while conversing upon national topics, "I have but one desire to live longer, and that is, to see the complete triumph of the cause to which I have given the energies of my life. But I am ready when the summons comes. I do not fear death."

In Congress, Mr. Giddings stood shoulder to shoulder with John Quincy Adams, in resisting the tyrannical and despotic demands of the slave-drivers. On one occasion, while Mr. Giddings was addressing the House in behalf of freedom, a Southern member approached him with a bowie knife in his hand, and threatened to kill him on the spot, if he did not cease speaking. Mr. Giddings was immediately surrounded by his friends, and continued his speech, while the cowardly slaveholder sneaked back to his seat.

For thirty years, both in and out of Congress, Mr. Giddings faithfully laboured to bring about the abolition of slavery; and before he was called away from earth he was permitted to see the dawning of brighter and better days for his country. He was morally and physically a brave man; and espoused the cause of the slave

at a time when an abolitionist was despised and persecuted ; and he remained all his life a warm and true friend of the oppressed. He possessed a kind and genial nature, and when conversing upon the glory that he believed awaited his country, when every human being whether black or white, should be in possession of the God-given right of freedom and equality, his countenance would glow with animation and joy. Few names will rank above his when the history of the long conflict with slavery is written down, and justice done to those who fought for freedom.

The *Montreal Daily Witness*, in speaking of the death of Mr. Giddings, said :—

“ One of the few men of any generation who are an object of attention to millions, has just passed away from among us full of years, and of the respect of all who appreciate unwavering principle and courageous perseverance. Born in the Eastern States, but emigrating at an early age to the extreme West, namely, the Western Reserve of Ohio, Mr. Giddings was brought up in his youth as a backwoods-man. In early manhood he studied law, and was sent to Congress just about the time when the rapidly-growing West began to be considered as a power in the Union.

“ During a long Congressional career, Mr. Giddings was distinguished for his desire of doing justice to the coloured race, and his unflinching advocacy of every measure that tended to that end. He was identified with the Constitutional anti-slavery-men of whom the Union has always contained a

remnant, and who have really constituted the salt of American politics.

"He was an intimate friend and ardent admirer of ex-President John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," who stood up almost alone for days to defend the right of petition then assailed by the slave-holders, who have since assailed the Union itself.

"Mr. Giddings was quite convinced of the approach of his dissolution on Saturday last, when he handed to Dr. A. M. Ross, of this city, letters addressed to several officers of the Government, that to Mr. Lincoln being very affectionate. That evening he spoke of a presentiment that impressed him that his death was near, and added that he had no fear of death.

"During this week he received from Mr. Secretary Chase, a request that he would prepare an essay on the right of citizens to recover from the Government damages for property destroyed in war. He wrote one paper taking strong grounds against the acknowledgment of such claims. This paper he requested Dr. Ross to read yesterday morning, that he might correct it, and see that the infirmities of age were not visible in it."

STEPS TOWARD EMANCIPATION.

The following Acts and Proclamation indicate the progressive steps by which, in the end, complete emancipation was reached:—

Attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which Act is in the words and figures following:—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war, for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

Article. All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labour, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such labour is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article, shall be dismissed from the service.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That this Act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also, to the ninth and tenth sections of an Act entitled, "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:—

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted,* That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons, and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them, and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on (or being within) any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted,* That no slave escaping into any State, territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labour or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due, is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in

the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United State shall, under any pretence whatsoever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labour of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a Proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

“That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth and *forever free*, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they make for their actual freedom.

“That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.”

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed Rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said Rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaim for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate, as the States and part of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following to wit: ARKANSAS, TEXAS, LOUISIANA (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Palquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of Orleans), MISSISSIPPI, ALABAMA, FLORIDA, GEORGIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, NORTH CAROLINA, and VIRGINIA (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Acconac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this Proclamation had not been issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that *all persons held as slaves* within said designated States and parts of States *are and henceforward SHALL BE FREE!* and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labour faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

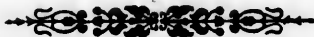
And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favour of Almighty God.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand [L.S.] eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.—WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.





" Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States by virtue of the power in me vested, do order and declare that *all persons held as slaves* (in the United States) are and henceforward SHALL BE FREE."

"Emancipation Proclamation, January 1, 1863."

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM OF 1864 (LINCOLN
AND JOHNSON).

The National Convention which assembled at Baltimore on the 7th of June, 1864, and there nominated ABRAHAM LINCOLN for re-election as President, with ANDREW JOHNSON as Vice-President, adopted and presented to the American people the following :—

Resolved, That, as Slavery was the cause, and now constitutes the strength, of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of Republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic ; and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamation by which the Government, in its own defence, has aimed a death-blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favour, furthermore of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and for ever prohibit the existence of Slavery within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL
ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1865.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN : At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention, and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction with regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes the aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which, in the providence of God, must needs

come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid with another drawn by the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

The following amendment to the Constitution of the United States was ratified by vote of the Legislative Branches of the United States Government, February 1, 1865:—

ARTICLE XIII.

SEC. 1. Neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

SEC. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.



CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

THE following extracts from a few of the letters received by the Author during the great rebellion, are published with a view to illustrate the varied hopes and fears that animated leading Abolitionists during the contest between freedom and slavery. *Fac-similes* of the autograph signatures of the writers are given.

FROM HORACE GREELEY.

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE,

NEW YORK, May 19th, 1863.

Since the outbreak of our terrible war, I have made it a rule to be rarely or ever away from our city for any distance. I should like very much to meet you and Mr. Giddings at Gerrit Smith's next week, but it is not possible for me. When this bloody conflict ends, I shall take a breathing spell; then, I hope you will spend a month with me and we'll talk over the events of the past ten years in which you have borne so active and noble a part. Don't pass through New York without dropping in to see me. * * *

Yours faithfully,

Horace Greeley

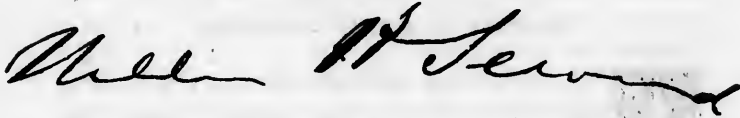
FROM SECRETARY SEWARD,

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, June 4th, 1863.

I take this occasion to renew my thanks for your solicitous attention to the interests of this Government. * * *
Your zeal merits the highest praise.

Yours, very respectfully,




FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

MONTREAL, October 13th, 1863.

* * * * * I fully agree with you, my dear friend, that any act, command, or enactment, violative of the eternal principles of right and liberty are void; that they have none of the essence or elements of law; that they are the mere mandates of despots; that it is not only right for you to disregard such mandates, but it is your duty. There can be no law which invades the rights of any innocent being to life, liberty, and happiness. * * * * *

Your friend,



FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, September 4th, 1864.

Mr. Lincoln may, probably does, wish the grand result, freedom to the negro, but he is too much a *border statesman* in

his opinions. Hence the negro is not to him a *man* in the full sense. Hence he overrates the prejudices and comfort of the slaveholders. Consequently, though he desires the result, he hesitates at the MEANS. Public opinion has bayoneted him up to his present position, and may yet save us through him, or rather in spite of him; but it is a very dangerous risk to run. SETTLEMENT is a more dangerous hour than war. Hence I oppose Lincoln's re-election; prominent Republicans dread it. The leading Senator of New England said lately, "Lincoln's election would be destruction—McClellan's would be damnation;" so the leaders are making an effort to induce Lincoln to withdraw, and unite all earnest men on a better candidate. If we effect that, we are safe; if not, there is great danger that McClellan will be elected, then we should have to rely wholly upon the people to prevent his doing the harm he intends. I trust the people fully; but dread such a trial. The aim of all true men is either to replace Lincoln, or to array such a force against him as will oblige him to surround himself with a Cabinet of different wood.

The task we have to do, is a very great one. Davis made a rebellion: it was all he could do. Lincoln, by tampering, delay, indecision, and long tenderness for slavery, has made a Confederacy—united, proud, with friends and military strength.

With great regard and many thanks for all you have done for us,

Wm. L. Phillips

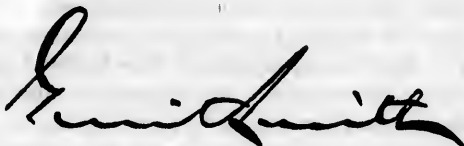
FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', August 31, 1864.

* * * * * I had strong fears from the first
that you would be baffled. We thank you for your noble

and benevolent purpose, and accept the will for the deed. I believe the Heavenly Father means that my country shall live; she has more to fear just now from Northern demagogues than from Southern rebels.

Your friend,



FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', October 20th, 1864.

I am glad to learn that your heart is set on Lincoln's re-election. * * * This nation will live. It has given ample proof that it can withstand both foreign and domestic foes; both Northern and Southern rebels. Yes, this nation will live to see herself and the whole continent free from oppressors—not from slaveholders only, but from Imperial despots also. As life is the law of righteousness, so death is the law of wickedness; and the wickedness of the Democratic party is nearing that extreme limit, where wickedness dies of itself. Be of good cheer—God is for us.

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

SENATE CHAMBER,

JANUARY 31st, 1865.

* * * * * God bless you for your patriotic labour in our behalf. You have done a noble work, and deserve the

thanks of every true American. Accept my best wishes, and believe me,

Faithfully your friend,

Chas. Sumner

FROM JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (THE QUAKER POET).

AMESBURY, 27, 5th mo., 1865.

DEAR FRIEND ROSS;

It gives me great satisfaction to see the friends of freedom in Canada and England acting in behalf of the freedmen of the United States. * * *

The tears which both nations are shedding over the grave of our beloved President are washing out all the bitter memories of misconception and estrangement between them. So good comes of the evil.

Oh, Englishmen ! in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers ;
We, too, are heirs of Runymede, —
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

Thicker than water in one rill,
Through centuries of story ;
Our Saxon blood has flow'd, and still—
We share with you the good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Thine truly,

John G. Whittier

FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', March 10th, 1865.

Many thanks for this excellent likeness of our dear friend Giddings. I hope to meet him in heaven. * * *

The end of the terrible rebellion is at hand. I hope to hear this week of the capture of the remainder of Lee's army, and of the taking of Mobile. Heaven bless you for your active interest in our cause.

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

FROM GEORGE B. LINCOLN.

BROOKLYN, March 11th, 1865.

I thank you for your very able pamphlet that reached me yesterday. I am glad for your own section, that there is at least one (and I trust there are many) who will stand up for the liberty cause amidst so many who seem to owe the free people of the United States a grudge, and to give it exemplification in striking hands with the pirates and thieves who carry on the great rebellion. In the coming time no more mortifying chapter will be written in Canadian history than the sad story of the aid and comfort given these enemies of mankind by her people. But I trust that the ancient philosophy will attain with you—that a few good men will save a city—so shall it be said, that for your fidelity and those who act with you, the wrong done us by the great mass of Canadian people shall be forgotten. Slavery and rebellion, which are two names for one thing, nears its close. Thank God for the war! Indeed, I have scarcely seen human hands in all this great struggle. His mighty arm has wielded the sword of justice, and in the North, as well as in the South, His wide swath can be tracked. The man who thought he was rich in money made out of Southern trade, is to-day a *Pauper*. His

children are Beggars—and the men who most of all, and singularly enough, took sides with the slaveholders in all political actions, were the Irish people, and they, from their necessities, were found early, largely in the army. At least 50,000 of these people have gone out from us to return no more forever. A very great number are among us carrying an armless coat-sleeve, or some other mark of rebel work. I hope to meet you in Canada the coming summer. Again thanking you in behalf of our liberty-loving people,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

GEO. B. LINCOLN.
Postmaster of Brooklyn.

FROM GOVERNOR FENTON.

EXECUTIVE DEPT., STATE OF NEW YORK,
ALBANY, April 11th, 1865.

* * * I thank you in behalf of the loyal people of this State, for your patriotic services in our behalf. Your interest in our cause, I assure you, is highly appreciated.

Again, thanking you,

I remain yours respectfully,

R. E. FENTON.

FROM WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, May 13, 1865.

* * * Your active and sympathetic interest in behalf of the freedmen of our country will do much to engender kindly feelings between the United States and Canada.

*Yours, for universal freedom,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

FROM WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND,

June 3rd, 1865.

* * * I am glad to know the cause of the United States has so strenuous a defender in Canada. Your zealous and patriotic labours merit the thanks of all who desire the prosperity of this country. * *

Faithfully yours,



FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, June 12th, 1865.

I mail you, with this, my last two speeches and evening talks on Lincoln's death, from which you will obtain a view of my present position.

I will only add that, since those speeches, I have become more and more anxious and doubtful about the policy our President will pursue. The Cabinet are about equally divided on the question of negro suffrage. But we hope to make an active use of the interval before the next session of Congress, to manifest (I say manifest, because it already exists,) such a determined public opinion as will awe the Government into following that radical course in which the masses are abundantly ready to support them. Time will show what we can do. Politicians are slippery reliance in war times as well as in peace. Thank you for your active and zealous efforts in our behalf.

Your friend,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO', July 1st, 1865.

* * * * * Slavery has received its death blow; but it is by no means certain that our nation will be saved or still united. We may have first to pass through a war of races. I am not satisfied with the course our Government is pursuing in the matter of "reconstruction." My poor, guilty country cannot be saved so long as it hates and persecutes the black man. Our nation is lost if the Freedmen are denied the ballot.

Your friend,

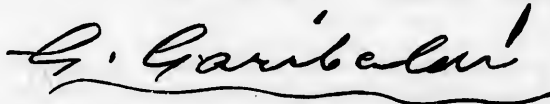
GERRIT SMITH.

FROM GENERAL GARIBALDI.

BRESCIA (Italy), September, 1865.

* * * * * I rejoice with you over the destruction of slavery in the American Republic. * * * * * Cloisters and prisons are not His work. God made liberty—man made slavery.

Ever yours,



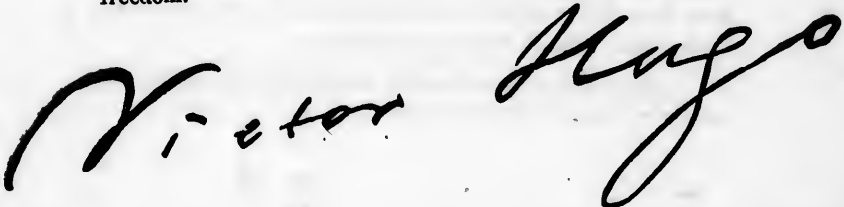
FROM VICTOR HUGO.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE,

August 13, 1865.

* * * * * Freedom makes Light and Life. Slavery makes deafness in the soul.

Accept, sir, the homage of my respect and sympathy for your brave and successful labours in the cause of human freedom.



RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL
AMENDMENT AND PROCLAMATION OF
FREEDOM.

On the 18th of December, 1865, Secretary Seward officially announced to the world the glad tidings that the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery and involuntary servitude throughout the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction, as follows:—

To all to whom these presents may come, Greeting :

Know ye, That whereas the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in words following, namely :

“ A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Consitution of the United States.”

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely :

“ “ Article XIII.

“ ‘SECTION 1. Neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

“ ‘SECTION 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.’ ”

And whereas, It appears from official documents on file of this Department, that the Amendment to the Constitution in the United States proposed as aforesaid, has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia, in all 27 States.

And whereas, The whole number of States in the United States is 36.

And whereas, The before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed Amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States ;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, William H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress, approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled " An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States, and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the Amendment aforesaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Thus terminated the great struggle between Freedom and Slavery in the United States.

LAUS DEO.

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMEND-
MENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

"It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun ;
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of eternity and time !

Let us kneel :

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord forgive us ! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound !

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad ;
In the earthquake he has spoken ;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken !

How they pale,

Ancient myth; and song, and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise.

Loud and long,
Lift the old, exultant song ;
Sing with Miriam by the sea ;
He has cast the mighty down ;
Horse and rider sink and drown ;
He has triumphed gloriously.

Blotted out !
All within, and all about
Shall a purer life begin ;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

Ring and swing
Bells of joy ! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad ;
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that he reigns
Who alone is Lord and God !"

WHITTIER, *the Quaker Poet.*

It is with feelings of profound gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe that I behold the United States redeemed from the chains of Slavery. Ninety dreadful years of the lash and the branding-iron ! How long the night of bondage, oppression, and injustice ! But, thanks be to Him who hath given us the victory ! the foul blot of human slavery is now for ever erased from the escutcheon of the United States of America.

