

my second marriage, I hired my wife of her master, and paid for her time, \$48 a year, for three years. We had one child while Mary was a slave. That child is still in chains. The fourth year, by the aid of a white friend, I purchased my wife for \$350. We had before determined to try to accomplish this enterprise, in order that our dear babes might be free. Besides, I felt that I could not bear another cruel separation from wife and children. Yet, the dread of it was strong and unceasing upon my mind. So we made a box, and, through a hole in the top, we put in every piece of money, from five cents up to a dollar, that we could save from our hard earnings. This object nerved us for unceasing toil, for twenty months, or about that time. What hopes and fears beset us as those months wore away. I have been compelled to hide that box in a hole dug for it, when I knew the patrollers were coming to search my cabin. For well did I know, if they found my box, I should be penniless again. How often have I started and turned in sudden and terrible alarm, as I have dropped a piece of money into my box and heard its loud ring upon the coin below, lest some prowling enemy should hear it, and steal from me my hoarded treasure. And how often have I started up in my sleep as the storm has beat aloud upon my humble home, with the cry of unspeakable agony in my heart,—“Then, O God, they have taken my box, and my wife and babes are still slaves.” When my box was broken open, I still lacked a little of the \$350 necessary to buy my wife. The kind friend who had promised to aid me in the contemplated purchase, made up the deficiency, and I became the owner of my wife. We had three children at this time, and O, how my crushed heart was uplifted in its pride and joy, as I took them in my arms and thought that they were not slaves. These three children are with me and with their mother now, where the slave’s chains and whips are heard no more. Oh, how sweet is freedom to man! But doubly dear is the consciousness to the father’s heart, made bitter in its incurable woe by the degradation of slavery, that his dear child is never