

account of numerous habitations, and travel at night, that he would climb to the top of one of the stacks and burrow down and rest for the day. He was so situated that he had a good view of everything that took place. In a very short time he was in the land of dreams, but the slumber was disturbed by the bark of a small dog. He discovered that this little dog was making a great to do about the stack that concealed him, and he was very much frightened. In a few moments, said Mr. Jones, the fright became intensified, because I discovered a white man in the next field, and thought from his actions that he was the landlord reviewing his fine stock. He took no notice of his meddlesome little dog making such a parade around the stack I was hid in, but the dog seemed determined to let his master know that there was something wrong, and would stand and bark and look up, then turn towards his master to draw his attention. As luck would have it, he failed to do so, for the white man did not come close to the stacks where his meddlesome dog was, and soon took his departure for the house. As soon as the little dog found that his master had left, he left also, and I maintained my position until a little after dark, when I resumed my journey. During the early part of the night, I met a true friend: this was a white man. He was connected with the underground railroad and I had no more trouble, because I took his branch of the road. In a few days I arrived in Detroit, Michigan, and was conveyed the