

was quite uncertain how long it would be before he should get his next meal. On again coming on deck he found they were entering the harbour, and not more than half a mile from where they were to land: so he thought it time to collect his forces, which he had no difficulty in doing. Their plan of attack was as follows. Immediately on the boat touching the wharf, the black hand was to spring on shore, and run to his friend's for the pistols, and get him also to come to aid. As soon as the boat was secured, the party was to land in a body, and directly the slave was brought on shore, Rankin was to cut the cord which bound his hands, and rush with him through the crowd; the others offering every impediment in their power to those who might be disposed to pursue. Accordingly, as the steamer was coming alongside of a schooner, and before she had reached the wharf, the black man jumped on board the schooner, and thus got on shore in time to have both his friend and the pistols on the wharf by the time the party landed. Rankin immediately seized the pistols and prepared for action, having first seen that they were properly primed and loaded. They then quietly awaited the approach of the enemy, and it was not till the greater part of the passengers had landed that the slave and his captors made their appearance. As soon as they had landed, the Lieutenant, as previously arranged, advanced with a knife in his hand, for the purpose of cutting the cord which bound the slave's hands, but one of the constables seeing his object seized him by the arm, and drawing a small dagger from his bosom, threatened him with instant death if he dared to persist in his object; but Rankin was more than a match for him, and producing one of his pocket-pistols, cocked it, seizing him by the collar, presented it at his head, and declared he would blow his brains out, if he did not immediately drop his dirk; this he *accordingly* did without further hesitation, but at the same time called upon his friend to run to a magistrate for a warrant to arrest him. As his companion was in the act of doing so, Rankin gave him a blow under the chin which knocked him over, and as one of the party had in the meantime picked up the dirk, and cut the prisoner loose, while the others kept the crowd from pressing too closely upon them, Rankin saw there was no time to be lost, and, with a cocked pistol in each hand, rushed through the crowd, threatening to shoot any one who dared to interfere with them. They then proceeded, as hard as they could run, closely followed by their friends, and a motley crowd of men, women, and children some encouraging and others hooting, to an adjoining wharf, where a steamer, bound for Detroit, the "Daniel Webster," was there, taking in wood; but the people on board, having seen all that had occurred, refused to allow the fugitives to come on board. They