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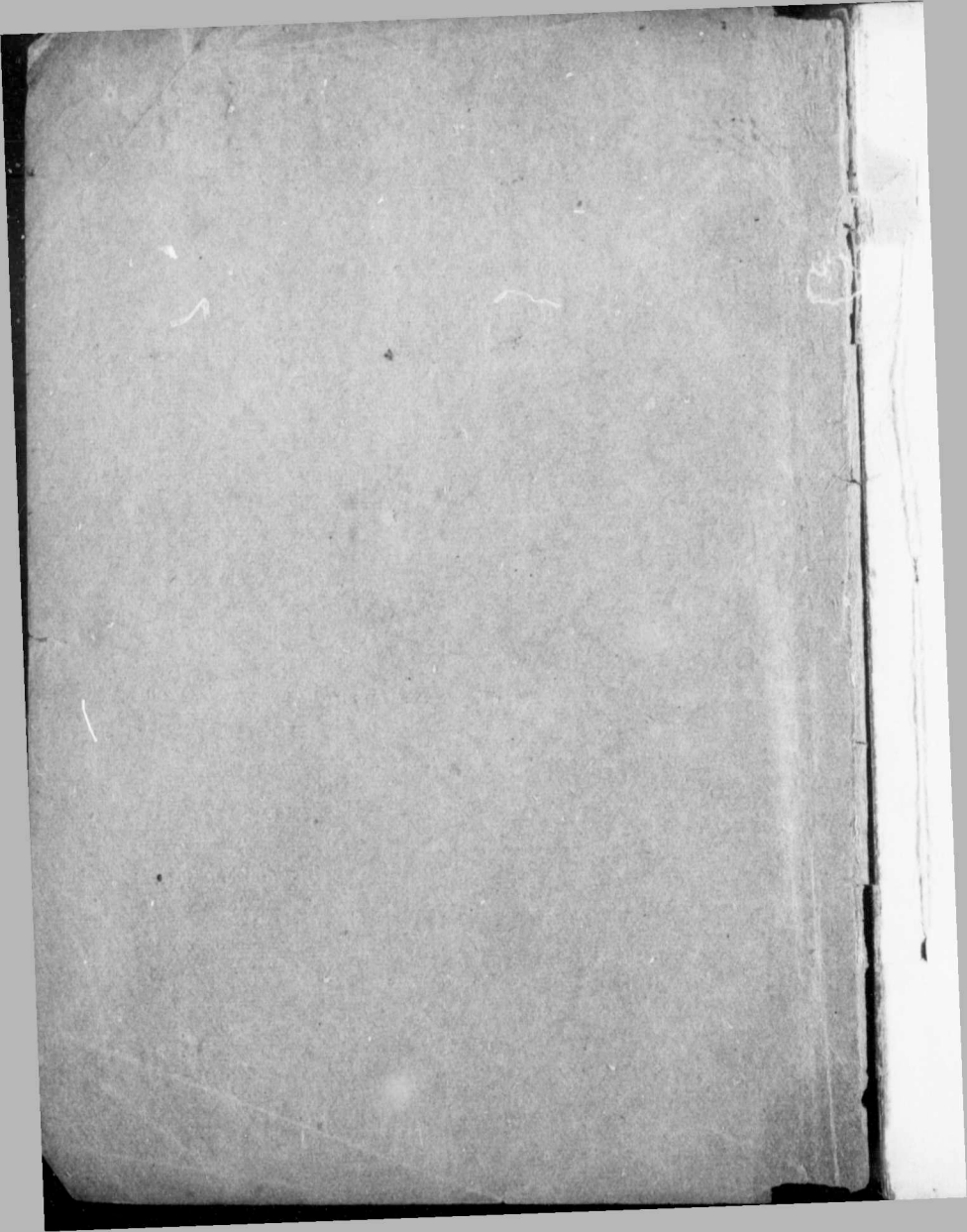


THE
HORRORS OF SLAVERY

BY WM. H. H. JOHNSON

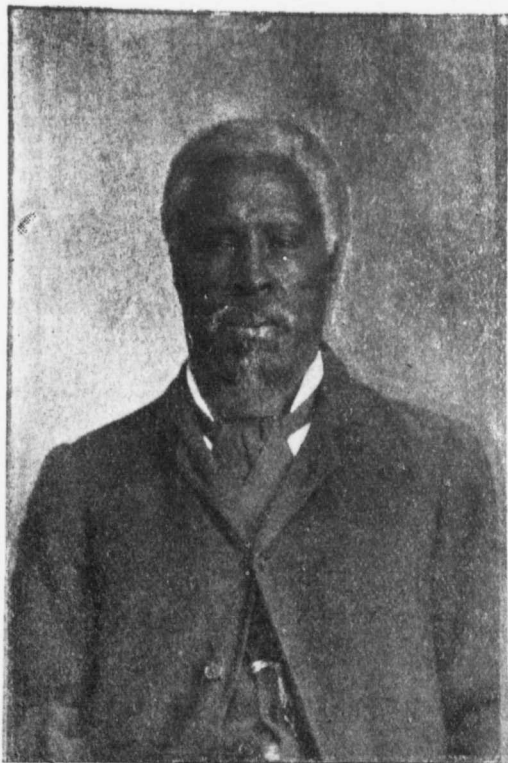
1901.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



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Wm. H. H. Johnson, the author



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PREFACE.

With all of the books that have been published on slavery, according to my knowledge, none have, in full detail, stated the horrors that my people were subjected to, and I believe there are many people at present, that will hardly credit the facts related in this volume. But this is no fictitious matter. It is all true, from my own experience, and from the experience of others of my race that were subjects of slavery for many years. Fifty years ago, I well remember of hearing the awful account, of the horrors of the war in San Domingo, on account of slavery. Black people were natives of the country. Since that time, I have read a great deal in history about those horrors, and I have as near as possible obtained the facts from there, as well as the slavery that was in existence in the United States, and in Rome thousands of years ago. Many times have I seen my afflicted people, after they had arrived at my father's house, making their escape from the horrors of slavery to the land of freedom; and, if what they relate be true, slavery could not be less than a curse to all mankind, in the way it was conducted, and yet good came out of it, in the way I think over the matter. God, in His wisdom favored that plan, to extend His gospel to the heathen of my race in Africa, for them to be conveyed to this continent, suffer untold hardships; suffer in the fiery furnace of slavery, for our disobedience after being favored so highly by His holy hand, in Africa, and to become acquainted with the Saviour of the world and embrace that true religion that is so essential to our salvation; then return to our fatherland and teach our heathen

people about this wonderful God and Christianity, that they had never heard of. This is my candid opinion, because thousands of my race have returned to Africa as missionaries, and the result shows good work. My readers will understand that I am not in favor of slavery in no shape or form. God gave His only begotten Son to be tortured and to die an ignominious death, to obtain man's salvation. Horrible as slavery was, no one person of my race experienced anything like the sufferings of our blessed Lord. Africa was represented at the greatest event of the world's history, the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour, in the person of Simon, the Cyrenean, who assisted our Saviour to bear the cross up the hill of Calvary. At the great day of judgment many of my people, after meekly bearing the cross of contempt, will arise from unknown graves, to thrones and crowns, for a day shall come when God will appear and take His hidden ones; then they that are "last shall be first, and the first last."

THE HORRORS OF SLAVERY.

CHAPTER I.

Jamaica Slaves, Insurrections, Burned Alive, Nat Turner, Under the Yoke, San Domingo, Rather Die, Colonies, Vincent Oges' Letter, Awfully Avenged, My People, Blood Hounds.

The whole of slavery is a history of the struggles of the oppressed to recover their liberty. The Romans had their servile wars, in one of which forty thousand slaves were embodied in arms, contending for their God-given freedom. The great rebellion of the Jamaica slaves in 1762 is well known and the destruction of property in Jamaica in the insurrection of 1832 was estimated by the legislature at near six millions of dollars. In 1712 and 1741, slave insurrections occurred in New York. My people were defeated. Of the leaders of the last insurrection in New York, thirteen were burned alive, eighteen were hanged, and eighty said to be transported, but it is not generally known where. In South Carolina alone there have been no less than seven insurrections. In 1739 there were three rebellions of slaves in the British Colonies (now United States), in which many of the colonists were barbarously put to death. In 1816 there was a conspiracy of the slaves in New Jersey. The design was to murder the whites and get free. The conspiracy in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1822, and the horrible sacrifice of human life to which it led, are well known and will never be forgotten as long as history is read. In no period has the horrors and dangers of slavery been so plainly illustrated as the insurrection of Southampton, County Virginia, United States, in 1831, the leader of which was Nat Turner, who started the work of destruction with six other slaves on a certain night. By daylight the number was swelled to fourteen, and by ten o'clock the same

morning to forty. Of course there was a terrible struggle at this time between the whites and the blacks, and there were a hundred and twenty-eight people that lost their lives in a few hours: fifty-five whites and seventy-three blacks. The blacks were overpowered and the greater number taken prisoners. Nat Turner was not captured for near two months after this horrible event. Being brought to justice, he was asked "Guilty or not guilty?" His answer was "Not guilty." Nat then explained the reason why he did not feel guilty, and that was, that he thought that every man that was oppressed under the yoke of slavery should strike a blow for his freedom, the same as you did when you were under the British yoke. Notwithstanding that wonderful answer from a man in his circumstances, he was hanged by the neck until dead. His followers when captured were treated the same. There were many that would not be captured and in the struggle they were shot dead on the spot, but a few escaped to foreign lands.

There are a great many people who do not understand the nature of the horrid war that took place in San Domingo in the year 1791. In 1790 a law was passed by France granting to the Colonies the right of holding representative assemblies and of legislative authority. On the 28th of March, in the same year, another law was passed declaring "that all free black people in the Colonies who were proprietors, and residents of two years' standing and who contributed to the State, shall exercise the right of voting." The slave owners would not submit to this law and said it did not apply to the free blacks, and declared that they would rather die than divide their political rights with a degenerated race. A portion of the blacks resolved to maintain the rights given them by France and took up arms under one of their own number, named Vincent Oge. A letter addressed by Oge to the San Domingo Assembly I will reproduce:

"SIRS,—A prejudice for a long time upheld is at last about to fall. Charged with a commission honorable to myself, I call upon you to proclaim throughout the Colony the decree of the National Assembly of the 28th March, which gives, without distinction, to every free citizen the right of being admitted to all duties and functions whatever. My pretensions are just and I do hope you will regard them. It is unnecessary and would be unworthy of me to have recourse to raising of the slave gangs, so I wish you to appreciate duly the purity of my intentions. When I solicited of the National Assembly the decree I obtained in favor of our American Colonists, known under the hitherto injurious distinction of the Mixed Race, I never comprehended in my claims the blacks in a state of slavery. You and our adversaries have mixed this up with my proceedings to destroy my estimation in the minds of all well disposed people. But I have demanded only concessions for a class of free men, who have endured the yoke of your oppression for two centuries. We have no wish but for the execution of the decree of the 28th of March. We insist on its promulgation; and we cease not to repeat to our friends that our adversaries are not merely unjust to us, but to themselves; for they do not seem to know that their interests are one with ours. Before employing the means at my command, I will see what good temper will do; but if contrary to my object, you refuse what is asked, I will not answer for those disorders which may arise from merited revenge."

The war cry, was the answer to this letter. The blacks were defeated, and the brave leader, taken prisoner, was broken alive on the wheel; so a horrible struggle now commenced between the blacks and the whites, and Oges' death was awfully avenged. On the 15th of May, 1791, the French Convention issued a decree that "all free black persons were entitled to all the rights of citizenship." The people of San Domingo refused to submit till two

thousand whites and ten thousand blacks had been destroyed. Then the Assembly of San Domingo became alarmed, and on the 20th of September, 1791, issued a proclamation that they were willing to submit to the proclamation of the 15th May, admitting the free blacks to political equality with the whites. On this proclamation being put in force, peace was established at once. But it was of short duration, because during the short interval the French Convention in France had repealed the decree giving political rights to the free blacks in San Domingo. The irritation caused by this measure threw the whole black population into a very revengeful feeling, so the Colonial Assembly passed an order for disarming the blacks. They did not surrender their arms, but sent word to their oppressors to take them. The war was renewed at once. Men were put to death in every conceivable way that desperate men could think of. Thousands of my people were taken prisoners and disposed of in a fiendish manner. They would excavate pits fifty feet in length and from twenty to thirty feet deep, and shoot my people until one pit was full; and, after getting tired of that mode, would chain them by hundreds together and place them in boats and convey them out to sea and drown them, until all of their black prisoners were disposed of. I cannot say anything in favor of the black people during that horrible war, for they were just as cruel to their prisoners as the whites were: that was one of the most cruel wars, that ever was known on earth. Then bloodhounds were transported from the Island of Cuba, and there were arenas erected, where thousands of my people were torn to pieces by those ferocious beasts. All of this barbarous treatment was imposed upon my race to make them submit to the horrors of slavery. Black women shared the same fate as the men. Of course black men did retaliate, and when I was a boy, fifty years ago, I have heard people in regard to this awful war in San Domingo, who were

eye witnesses and natives of the country, declare that no pen could pourtray the awful scenes that took place on both sides. Little children were impaled on bayonets and spear heads, men were sawed in two, bound with ropes between two planks, thousands were hanged by the neck. Others were burned alive by a slow fire, cut to pieces with sharp knives, or joints dislocated while alive. The small rivers in different parts of the country were discolored with the blood of the slain. Some black men, while torturing their prisoners, would catch the blood in a cup and drink it and some times the streets of the towns would be covered with blood and run down the ditches the same as water.

The fluctuating policy of France, in 1792, allowed the free blacks once more their political right and sent armed troops to sustain them, with Commissioners for the same purpose. In 1793 the Commissioners quarrelled with the Governor of San Domingo, and each party took arms. The Commissioners called 3,000 black men (revolted slaves) to their aid. By offering them their freedom and under liberal promises of reward for former conflicts in battle, the blacks accepted, and marched to Cape Francis, and entered the city. Indiscriminately thousands of people of both sexes of their enemies were murdered. It was nothing less than a merciless massacre, to get revenge for former treatment in slavery. This as well as other horrid scenes, have been related by my own people in my time as facts. Whose fault was it that all of those people were destroyed? I will answer that question. It was the Commissioners' fault at this particular time, for it was very wrong for white men when they could not settle their own affairs to make overtures to several thousand agitated armed blacks, in their rude state, to fight their own white people to get their revenge. Such was the case, so my readers cannot altogether blame the blacks in this case. They were acting under the authority of superior officers

of the Government. Nevertheless, my people were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to avenge past offences; but, horrible to relate, at that period (1793) there were 600,000 black people and 49,000 white people in San Domingo, less 10,000 whites which had fled from the island. The Commissioners were successful with 3000 blacks to assist them; yet the planters were not satisfied with the blacks having political rights with themselves. There was a great struggle with the whites and blacks until 1798 when the war came to a close for the time being. The English and the Commissioners left the Island after a long combat with the blacks, so the island was left by France to govern itself. Under these circumstances, General Toussaint L'Ouverture, in 1801, called a General Assembly together to advise a Republican form of government, which was at once adopted, and the island declared independent with L'Ouverture supreme chief. Under the rule of this black chief, San Domingo flourished and arose from her ashes to a flower garden, until 1802. Then Buonaparte despatched a fleet of war ships to San Domingo to re-establish the horrible slavery that had passed away. The blacks would not submit to come under the yoke of slavery again, after enjoying the sweet blessings of freedom for several years, so the French went to war again with the blacks to make them submit to the yoke, and both parties from the events that followed could produce whole volumes of horrors, for it was a war of extermination on both sides. My people were fighting to maintain their freedom. The French were fighting to re-enslave them.

The war progressed with all the fury that savage men could devise, until both parties favored a truce and it was agreed to retire to private life; yet the French fleet of fifty-four ships remained in the harbour. In the middle of the same month (the truce was favored by both parties) the French soldiers, under General Le Clerc, sur-

rounded the residence of L'Ouverture and captured his family and himself and conveyed them to the warship "Hero." They were conveyed to France as close prisoners. On their arrival at Brest, L'Ouverture was separated from his family for ever and confined in a cold dungeon at the fort of Joux, situated among the mountains of Jura, in ice and snow for a few miserable months, when that noble chief died, it is said, from hunger and cold. Madam L'Ouverture and family were conveyed to the South of France, and they never beheld the face of husband and father again.

The invaders thought that by getting rid of the main chief then they would be successful in their attempt to re-establish slavery. That was a great mistake, for when the sorrowful news flashed over the island that their chief had been captured, the whole country was in arms. General Desalines, another black man, then took command of the army and the war for freedom was renewed with double fury from one end of the island to the other. Everyone that could handle a gun, women as well, were armed and did good service in the field of battle. Women are very brave in battle. I have heard it stated that there were a great many black women in the San Domingo army, and that there was one Madam Balar that only laughed when she shot one of the enemy through the heart, and when she cried at all it was when there was a rumour of a truce; and, oft times she was so exasperated, that she declared she would not cease fighting until her enemies were swept from the face of the earth. It was a war of annihilation with both parties. There were many atrocities perpetrated in this horrible war I learned from an eye witness, that I shall not mention in this work: it is too horrible to present to the public. I have no reason to believe it was anything like a Christian war. It was the cruelty to my race that caused slavery to be so cruel. I have information from good source that in San Domingo, for the least offence, the

slave, woman or man, would receive from two to five hundred lashes on their nude backs, and that their backs would be raw flesh and blood. In that condition their tormentors would prepare a strong solution of salt brine and pour that over their victims while they would be lying bound, exposed to torrid sun. Then they would excavate a hole in the ground and place the suffering woman or man into it, and shovel the loose earth around the sufferer, to make the wounds heal as quickly as possible, in order that further toil might be performed. If a black woman insulted a white woman the dear husband would be informed at once and the black woman would be roughly tied to a post provided for the purpose and receive sometimes two hundred stripes. Under certain circumstances she would sometimes faint, then would she be unbound and drop to the ground, and lay there helpless without the least attention. If she survived all well, and if she died all well. Sometimes my people were placed in the stocks and would be left in that position until death would relieve them. Other times they would be placed in a dark dungeon and left to starve to death. Children would be torn from their mother's breast and sold may be to Cuba, United States, or some other part of the world; or the wife and husband will be separated for life; or any members of a family are only subjects to be separated at any time when a chance offered. There have been thousands of such cases. I have been informed that many white children have been kidnapped and sold into slavery: that they would take children and conceal them in a cave that had been prepared for the purpose, then cut their hair short and paint them over with a colored paint that was indellible, and, after arriving to a larger size, would be sold to the far south.

The war in San Domingo between the whites and blacks closed after an awful struggle in 1803, and in November of the same year the invaders evacuated the island. Then the independence

of the French part of the island was proclaimed by Generals Dessalines, Christophe and Clearveaux, which I will reproduce here:

“The independence of St. Domingo is proclaimed. Restored to our primitive dignity, we have asserted our rights. We swear never to yield them to any power on earth. The frightful veil of prejudice is torn to pieces. Be it so for ever. Woe be to them who would dare put together its bloody tatters. Landholders of St. Domingo wandering in foreign countries,—By proclaiming our independence, we do not forbid you all, without distinction, to return to your property. Far be from us so unjust a thought. We are not ignorant that there are some among you who have renounced their former errors, abjured the injustice of their exorbitant pretensions, and acknowledged the lawfulness of the cause for which we have been spilling our blood those twelve years. Towards those men who do us justice, we will act as brothers. Let them rely for ever on our esteem and friendship; let them return among us. The God who protects us, the God of free men, bids us stretch out towards them our conquering arms. But as for those who, intoxicated with foolish pride, interested slaves of guilty retentions, are blinded so much as to believe themselves the essence of human nature, and assert that they are destined by heaven to be our masters and our tyrants, let them never come to St. Domingo. Let them stay where they are, tormented by their well-deserved misery and the frowns of the just men whom they have too long mocked. Let them still continue to live unpitied and unnoticed by all. We have sworn not to listen with clemency to any who would dare to speak to us of slavery. We will be inexorable: perhaps even cruel: towards all troops who, themselves forgetting the object for which they have not ceased fighting since 1780, should come from Europe to bring among us death and servitude. No

sacrifice is too costly, and all means are lawful, to men from whom it is wished to wrest the first of all blessings ; were they to cause streams and torrents of blood to flow ; were they, in order to maintain their liberty, to fire seven-eighths of the globe, they are innocent before the tribunal of Providence, which never created men to groan under so harsh and shameful a servitude. In the commotions that have taken place, some inhabitants against whom we had no complaints have been victims of the cruelty of a few soldiers or cultivators ; too much blinded by the remembrance of their past sufferings to be able to distinguish the good and humane land-owners from those who were unfeeling and cruel. We lament, together with all who feel, so deplorable an end ; and declare to the world, whatever may be said to the contrary by wicked people, that the murders were committed contrary to the wishes of our hearts. It was impossible, especially in the crisis in which the colony was, to prevent or stop those horrors. Those who are in the least acquainted with history know that a people, when torn by civil dissensions, though they may be the most civilized on earth, give themselves up to every species of excess ; and the authority of the Chiefs, not yet firmly based, in a time of revolution cannot punish all that are guilty without meeting perpetual difficulties. But to-day the dawn of peace cheers us with glimpses of a less stormy time. Now that the calm of victory has succeeded to the tumult of a dreadful war, all affairs in St. Domingo ought to assume a new face, and its Government henceforward be one of justice.

“Done at head quarters, Fort Dauphin, Nov. 29th, 1803.

“(Signed) DESSALINES.

CHRISTOPHE.

CLEARVEAUX.

“B. AIMS, Secretary.”

CHAPTER II.

State of Ohio, Oppressed, The Climate, Prosecution, Free State, Young People, Emma, What she must expect, In Distress, A Good Plan, The Difficulty, Uncle Jaek, Aunt Sue, The River Farm, Last Friday, The Horses, Wright Ray.

In South Carolina in the old days, if a free black was known to shelter a slave, he would have to pay a fine of fifty dollars or be sold as a slave for life. In 1827, a free black woman and her three children were thus sold for harboring two slave children. In Mississippi every black person of African descent, not being able to prove their freedom, would be sold as a slave. Often his free papers were lost or stolen, but there could be no excuse and were sold into hopeless bondage. In South Carolina, if my people were known to meet for religious or any mental instruction, they could be dispersed by any magistrate and twenty lashes inflicted on each free black. In the City of Savannah, Georgia, anyone (white or black) that would teach a free black person, the penalty would be thirty dollars. Parents were not allowed to instruct their own children. In the State of Maryland if any colored man should strike a white man, a Justice of the Peace could have ordered his ears to be cut off. In Kentucky, for a black woman or man to strike a white person, would receive thirty lashes. In North Carolina, black men were not allowed to preach the gospel. In Georgia, they would fine a white man five hundred dollars for the serious crime of teaching black people to read and write; and if a black man should assemble his people and preach the gospel, he would be arrested without a warrant and be whipped thirty-nine lashes, and the same to each of his congregation. In the State of Virginia, if free black people, or their children, should meet at a school to learn reading and writing, any Justice of the Peace could dismiss the school and each pupil would receive twenty lashes on the back. Many years

ago the Christian State of Ohio had some very stringent laws against the African race; yet it claimed to be a free State. They passed a law that if a white hired a black man to labor for him one hour, he would have to support the black man for life. Free black people were as much oppressed in Ohio as they were in the Slave States. This law in Ohio against my race was put in force to doom us to idleness and poverty; to compel us to go to the colony of Liberia that was formed on the Western Coast of Africa. This measure was adopted at the City of Washington, U. S. A., on the 23rd December, 1816. At that time there were about 2,245,144 slaves in the United States of America. Several hundred of my people emigrated to Africa. Those that could stand the climate did well, though a great number found it too unhealthy and died. The Colonization Society, organized in the City of Washington in 1816, was for the purpose of colonizing in Africa the free black people of the United States. With the slave population there were some three hundred thousand free people, so the whites became alarmed as there was so much hatred between them and the blacks. The means above stated were adopted to get rid of a portion of the blacks, as they thought to secure their own preservation. To carry out the object with success, there was inaugurated a general prosecution throughout the Free States towards my race, in order to compel them to emigrate. If a free black visited the State of Maryland, he was fined fifty dollars for each week he remained; and, if not paid, he was sold into slavery for life. In Louisiana, if a white person were to instruct a black, the first offence would be five hundred dollars; second offence, death. By the laws of South Carolina, slaves were chattels in the hands of their owners "to all intents and purposes whatever." So my readers will see that this law was applied to both sexes and all their offspring were "declared for ever absolute slaves, and shall follow the condition of the mo-

ther." Slavery was by no means confined to color, for I have seen and talked to many slaves that were of a lighter complexion than the real European. That made no difference, if it were known that one drop of the blood of an African was in their veins they were doomed to perpetual slavery. There were many black people who owned and dealt in slaves of our race, both in the United States and in the West Indies. I have often been told that they were just as cruel to their slaves as the whites were if not more so, and I am very sorry to say, according to my own experience that I will have to give it credit. A though born a slave in a Free State, I was never a slave in practice, but I have been in a position to witness its cruelties. One of the horrors of slavery is the breaking up of an estate, for instance: when the old owners are taken away by death, then almost in every case the heirs in dividing the property will order a sale of the slaves. The slaves being aware of the fact, consternation will be visible in every face: mothers and fathers moaning about the fate of themselves and their children; other relatives about the fate of those they were interested in. All would be confusion. During the interval of sale, many a heart-broken mother and father would approach the great mansion of their owners, which had been purchased by the price of their labor, and humbly ask for young master. On being admitted to an audience with the young master, something like the following conversation would take place:

"Well, Su, what do you want?"

"Well, Master, we heard that we were all to be sold."

"Yes, Su, that is the intention. Father and mother are dead and we have to sell the greater number of you Su."

"Master, you know I have been with you a long time and always tried to do my duty. It was me, Master, that looked after you and Miss Emma, when you were little babies, before you could walk or

talk, and your father and mother, who are gone, always said that I was a good woman to work."

"Yes, Su, that is true; you have always been a good woman and your husband, Jack, good too."

"Master, for the good Lord's sake, you are not going to separate us, are you? There are my five children, my husband and myself. We have all been so happy together since we have been married, and now, please Master, don't separate us."

"Well, Su, I will try and sell you all in a lot together to one man. When the sale takes place I will do the best I can for you."

"Master it will be the death of me, if you sell my children from me, for I cannot live no way if you do; the Lord knows I can't. Master, do spare us for God's sake, that we may live together, as we have been living together so long. We will be good people and work hard as we have done for you, so that I may have a chance to raise my children."

"Su, I will try and do it, if my sisters will agree to it. I will speak to them to-morrow. I think it will be alright."

"Thank you Master, and may God bless you. I will go to the cabin and tell my old man what you say. He will be so glad too. Good bye and may God bless you and Miss Emma and Miss Jane."

But Miss Emma and Miss Jane were not so liberal in their views as their brother George and would not agree to the terms of leaving Su and Jack on the plantation, because they, like a number of others, had a large family; and, as the children were not of much service yet, it would be better in a financial point of view to sell those with the largest families and retain those who had no family.

"Do not you think so, George?"

"Well, yes, to view it in that way, Emma, but I had not thought of that. I was thinking of the service Su and Jack had been to the family for so long."

"That is true, George, but it is the children now, that will bring such a high price that it would be a great sacrifice for us to keep them and sell those with less or no families."

"Well, Emma, you are the eldest of the family. Of course we will have to submit to your wishes, but I am very sorry for Su and Jack. I am really, because they have been with us so long as we can remember and have been faithful and true. Then again, they were mother and father's favorites."

"Our parents are gone, George, and Su and Jack are getting old and it is better to let them go than keep them. They have four quite large boys and one smart girl. You know, George, how the price of slaves has advanced lately in Louisiana and Mississippi too. You know in our paper there, the *Pycaune*, you can see the price for boys of that size: from four to five hundred dollars a piece. I am sure we can get the latter, that would be two thousand for the four boys; the girl, Hettie, would sell for three hundred any way. Su would fetch seven hundred dollars. Then there is Jack, a fine blacksmith and wagon maker. We can easily get twelve hundred dollars for him, and that will total four thousand and two hundred dollars for that one family. If we keep them, we will have to risk a loss, by death or otherwise."

"Of course, Emma, that is very plain indeed. Well, I will just tell Su what she must expect. I had better tell her to-morrow; but when will the sale be Emma?"

"It will take place a month from now."

"I will be very glad when it is all over."

"Why so, George?"

"Oh, I feel rather sad about the matter, Emma, because they are surely human beings and I do not think it right to sell people."

"Well, George, what in the world has come over you any way?"

"Emma, I will tell you, do you remember the time that I went

with father to New Orleans? I witnessed something that I have never forgotten."

"What was it, George?"

"I will tell you, Emma. Father and I went to a slave auction one day, and there were a lot of slaves being sold to different buyers. The slaves were all in a crowd together, near a large block, on which they would get to be sold. The men and boys were sold first. There were a lot of women and children a few feet away. They were very quiet until they began to take their children to be sold. It did appear that the hearts of the mothers of those children would break. Such lamenting I never heard before and I hope to never hear again. When they took little children, Mothers would hold on to them and beg and cry not to take their babies from them, but to buy them too. 'Master, do buy me too, for Heaven's sake; I can't live no way without my child.' They would get down on their knees and moan and appeal with the hot tears trickling down their faces, that would melt the strongest heart. After all the children had been disposed of, the mothers, one after the other, would be ordered on to the block to be sold, but their children had been disposed of to different buyers and some of them were on their way to different homes. Some to Louisiana, others to Virginia or Missouri. In a general way those slave mothers were promised that at the sale they would be allowed to retain their little children, but they were cruelly deceived and in many cases doomed to separation for life. When those poor slave mothers discovered the fact of their separation from their children, it was the most sorrowful sight I ever witnessed. Wringing their hands, weeping bitterly, and pleading with their owners at the top of their voices, 'Oh, Master, I thought you told me that you were going to sell my baby with me. Oh, how can I live any longer without my child. I shall die. I can't live this way. Oh, God in

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Heaven, do help me now. I am in distress about my only child. Oh, what shall I do? Emma, I have been a witness to such a sad scene and I very much dread to see it repeated at my own home here in Kentucky."

"Of course, George, I have never experienced anything like that, but I have heard of the like, and I suppose it is a very sad thing to witness. Of course, we never had occasion to make a general sale before. If, George, we could manage not to sell any of our slaves it would be the better way may be, but I cannot understand how that can be done."

"I will tell you, Emma, how it can be done. By selling a portion of the stock, because the place is overrun now."

"My objection to that is, George, stock is at its lowest figure now and it would be a far greater sacrifice to sell stock than the slaves."

"But, Emma, I think it would be more charitable to sell the stock and avoid the heart-rending scenes that I witnessed at New Orleans."

"We could adopt this plan, George. When the time comes, let each family with their parents be put up for sale to one man, in order not to separate them. Would not that be a good plan?"

"Yes, Emma, that is a plan that I would favor, if we are compelled to sell at all, but the greatest difficulty is that they seldom purchase slaves in that manner. Some do it, it is true; but in a general way their sympathy is very weak in their transactions; they do not take time to consider the mother and father's feelings in regard to their children; for it is just like a man going to market to buy a lot of pigs, where there would be several mothers with their little ones. He may select one from one mother for its size and quality, and two from the next, then four from the next, according to fancy. The purchaser will convey his property into the State of Missouri, or any other State. Who has a right to interfere? It

is the law. 'I am acting according to law,' would be the reply if interrogated. 'But, my friend, how the mothers of those pigs do take on now at losing their little ones.' 'Oh yes, that is their nature you know, but they will soon get over that and be alright again.' So, Emma, you now have some idea of what would be the difficulty in selling the father and mother and all of a family to any one buyer."

"Yes, George, I understand it better now. It would be very painful too, George, to see them separated in that way."

"Yes, Emma, I really do not believe that I could witness it at all, after what I witnessed in New Orleans."

"Well, George, what is best for us to do?"

"I think, Emma, the best plan for us is to keep them all and not sell any slaves, for I believe we can get along without."

"George, I will think over the matter and devise the best plan that can be adopted. Since our conversation on the matter I feel sad enough and it has somewhat changed my mind about selling our slaves at all. If it is so very wicked to sell and buy slaves, why do ministers defend slavery?"

"Slavery cannot be right in my opinion, Emma. The reason why ministers preach in the Slave States in favor of slavery is that they do not want to create hard feelings. Yet slavery is not right in the way it is conducted. There are some exceptions, but I mean in a general way."

"How do you think, George, that slavery should be conducted?"

"The most trying part, Emma, in regard to slavery is the sacred feelings of the father and mother. For instance, one child is taken from the family and sold to go east, another west, another north, and three in a lot to the south, very likely never to meet again on earth. That is hard indeed. In all cases of slavery sales it is likely to be done. I have known them to take the last child, the only

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survivor of a large family, and sell that child to the far south, not leaving one to comfort father and mother in their old age, after toiling too for the same owners for sixty or seventy years."

"George, that does look kind of hard."

"Emma, do not say kind of hard. It is surely the most grievous to the feelings of anything else in the world."

"I hope, George, we can get along without selling any of the slaves. Did you inform Su and Jack, the next day, as to how it would be?"

"Yes, Emma, I told them the next evening."

"What did they say, George?"

"They did not say very much. Jack looked very much hurt. Su took it very hard and wept bitterly. She asked me, for the good Lord's sake, to try and save them, as they did not want to be separated. I told them that I would do all I could for them."

"But, George, where are Sue and Jack? I have not seen either of them for some days."

"Emma, I think Jack is away down on some of the other farms, shoeing some mules and horses and fixing up some of the old wagons, at least there is where he should be. You know Su generally goes too."

"But, George, Su would return every second or third day heretofore, to see if she were wanted, or send one of the children."

"Has she not done the same this time, Emma?"

"No George; that is very strange. There is Will over there in the field plowing. Blow the horn, so that he can come. We will send him to the River Farm."

"Will, take a horse and ride down to the River Farm and see if Uncle Jack, Aunt Su and the children are there. If they are, tell Aunt Su that Miss Emma wants her. Hurry, and do not be long."

"Yes, Master George."

"He will not be long, for it is only two and half miles, Emma."

"It would be well to know, George, as Su and Jack are so very faithful. It looks rather strange. Neither of them are sick surely, or they would have sent word by the children or some of the people. I feel queer about it, something is wrong. Four days have passed since they left here and none of the other farms wanted repairing done, did they George?"

"No, Emma, not that I know of."

"It is very strange, George, but we will soon know. Will is there by now."

"Yes, and on his way back by this time."

"George, Will is coming now. I wonder what news he is bringing. I hope it is good news."

"I do, too. Now, hear the news that Will has brought. Here Will. Are they at the River Farm?"

"Uncle Jack and Aunt Su were at the River Farm, Master George, last Friday evening and remained there until Saturday evening, for Uncle Jack was shoeing horses all day Saturday and they left that night and said they were coming home here. The folks on the River Farm say they have not seen them since, for they all thought they were come here, Master George."

"What do you think of it, George? Do not you think they may be at some of the other farms?"

"No, Emma, for I have been to all the other farms, and they are not at either."

"Then I suppose they are off som where, George?"

"That is my opinion. I wonder if they ever heard of Canada?"

"I don't think so. Do you, George?"

"It may be possible, Emma, knowing that they were to be sold. I suppose that they have taken the underground railway to Canada."

"Do you think so, George?"

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“That is my opinion about the matter. This is the fourth day since they left the River Farm. They left here on Friday evening and on Saturday, Jack was busy repairing and shoeing the horses and left the same evening. It is now Wednesday and we have not seen them since.”

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“If they have gone to Canada, George, it will be a great loss to us. You estimated their value at four thousand two hundred dollars, children included.”

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“Emma, it cannot be a loss to us. They have earned that much a dozen times over. If they have made their escape to Canada, I feel disposed to let them alone.”

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“George, how queer you talk. I would not think of such a thing.”

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“They are gone to Canada, I am confident, Emma, and we cannot recover them from there.”

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“But we may recover them before their arrival, for you know that all the States in the Union assent to slavery and they will deliver them over to us by law. I had better let Wright Ray look after the matter, George. He is very successful in such cases.”

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“In such cases, Emma, a retaining fee is required, likely of two or three hundred dollars, for his trouble in case he is not successful. Should he be successful, then the amount paid as retainer would be deducted from the eight hundred to which he would be entitled. I think that we should be satisfied. Just think of what we have now: five thousand acres of land, two hundred horses, one hundred and fifty mules, three thousand sheep, two hundred other horned cattle, a large number of goats, five hundred hogs, and hundreds of different kinds of poultry; also a plenty of deer in the woods. Remember, Emma, that Su and Jack assisted in getting all this wealth. They were with father and mother before any of us were born; they have been toiling for forty or fifty years without pay, so I think we should be satisfied to let them go and enjoy free-

dom for the remainder of their days. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose we shall have to now, George, for I know no help for it now. Besides we have two hundred slaves left yet, and another thing I suppose they are in Canada by now. Ten days have passed since they left and we have not heard anything of them. I never thought Su and Jack would go away in that manner. Did you?"

"I hardly thought so, Emma. Had we been placed in the same position very likely we should have done the same. You have a husband and three children, and supposing you were all to be sold and separated, the time for sale being announced, would not your husband and you take your children and escape to a land of safety?"

"Yes, it is natural to do so, George, but I never thought that that they had the same feelings we have."

"You are very much mistaken about that, Emma, for I have seen enough to convince me that slaves have the greatest feelings for their families and relatives. My trip to New Orleans will, as long as I live, confirm me in that, for I discovered enough to break any humane person's heart. Had you been in a position to view that scene your mind would have been quite different now."

"Don't you think, George, it would be better to keep all our slaves and not sell any?"

"That is my opinion, Emma. I think we can get along very well without selling and it would be a great pleasure to me not to do so, for they have made us a vast fortune, and I think it would be a very small return to let all the different families live together the remainder of their days."

"That is a good idea, George. Jane and I will agree to that, won't you, Jane?"

Jane replied in the affirmative, and so the two sisters and brother agreed to an act of mercy.

CHAPTER III.

Wild Animals, True Friends, Some Excitement, Well Educated, Some Excitement, A Strict Report, Slave Quarters, Sad Meeting, Barrels of Blood, Hung to Lamp Post, Horrible Sight, Well-dressed Person, The Discovery, Their Victims, Christian Manner, Close Quarters, Human Freight, Fine Horses, Slave Market.

While Emma and George were calculating probabilities at home, Su and Jack, with their children, were travelling as fast as circumstances would allow ; and, on the Saturday night spoken of, they crossed the Ohio River, into the State of Indiana, said to be a free State. After landing from the little boat on which they persuaded a fellow-slave to take them across, they started on their long journey for freedom, and travelled many miles the same dark night, through the wild wilderness, guided by the north star. There were at that time a great many wild animals to contend with in the State of Indiana and Ohio too. So the horrors they had to experience were intensified, for many times during their travelling, the wolf, the bear, and panther, also wild cat, would make their appearance, and frighten them and their children. No doubt they would have been destroyed, had not Jack taken the precaution to provide himself with two large bowie knives and a six-shooter, because in a struggle they had with a large bear, his bowie knife saved them from a horrible death. After this event, they, on the next day, arrived at the City of Indianapolis, the capitol of Indiana, where they found a great many black people and true friends indeed. They did everything that could be done for the weary travellers. After taking a good needed rest, they were conveyed to Richmond, a town situated in the same State, and from Richmond to Toledo, Ohio, situated on Lake Erie ; from thence by ship to the town of Amherstburg, Canada, situated on the Detroit River, where they were safe from all harm. So Su, Jack, and

their children were free, for ever free. After residing in Amherstburg a short time they moved to Chatham, in Kent County, and, through their industry, they were soon able to buy a farm, and greatly improve their condition from slaves to landholders. But they did not forget the people at their old home in Kentucky, for they wrote them a letter after they were settled, informing them where they were. Many years after Su and Jack left Kentucky, Mr. George Webster received a letter from Chatham, Canada. It was a great surprise indeed to get a letter from Canada, as they were not known there they thought at the time. They were very much puzzled, and Emma spoke with some excitement and said, "Oh, George, it may be from Su and Jack. Open it and see. It may be from them." When the letter was opened they found that it was indeed from Su and Jack, after an absence of twenty years. The letter read thus: "To Mr. George Webster, Sir,— I thought I would write you to inform you where we are. We live three miles from Chatham, Canada, in this free and happy land. We did not know whether to write or not, thinking that likely you all had sold out and left that part of Kentucky, but we thought we would write and ascertain. We are in good health, and the children are all grown up to maturity and well educated. We have a nice farm and well stocked. Our oldest son wrote this letter. Su wishes to say something to you all. No more now, JACK WEBSTER."

"Mr. Webster, Sir,—I felt very bad to leave you all, but I could not help it, for I was aware that if you were going to separate us, that I could not live no way, so we thought that we would just leave. I hope you will not be angry with us for doing so, and I hope the Lord will always bless you all for your kindness to us while with you. Please give our regards to Miss Emma and Miss Jane, also to yourself.—SUSANNAH WEBSTER. P. O. Box 72, Chatham, Canada, June 20th, 1840."

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After the excitement had somewhat subsided, this answer was returned them: "Louisville, Kentucky, June 30th, 1840. To Su and Jack,--We received your letter and were surprised to hear from you, but thought you had gone to Canada. We are all glad to hear that you are doing well. For my part, Su, I was glad that you all made your escape. My two sisters were a little different then, but they feel as I do now. We did not have the sale as we expected. We changed our minds, and will not sell any more of our slaves, Su. We missed Jack and you very much after you left, but it is all right now. If ever you come to Louisville be sure to call and see us. We would all like to see you. Our best wishes, GEORGE WEBSTER."

So Su and Jack and their children, after their brave efforts in making their escape to Canada, and many years of freedom, died free. The horrors of slavery were not confined to the black people by any means. The thoughtful owners were always in dread of an uprising, and were always on the alert. I am told that in New Orleans and other slave cities, that owners went armed to the teeth, and that each dwelling was a storehouse of arms and ammunition, all ready in case of need. Some of the slaves were encouraged to watch the others, and make a strict report to the owners. What was said in the field, or in the cabin, about making their escape, raising an insurrection, or forming a plot to kill the overseer, or whatever it might be, the owner would try to contrive some plan to be kept posted. The man that had the office of overseer was generally a white man. At no time would he go into the field among the slaves without six-shooters and a great whip. Of course women would have to work in the fields as well as the men, and under all circumstances. Sometimes a woman would faint, while toiling under a tropical sun, and fall. After some time, other slaves would be allowed to convey her to her hut, and they would

place her on the dirt floor until she survived or died. There would be no one left at the slaves' quarters in the mornings if all were able at all to work, so the women that had children would take their babies with them to the fields during the working hours, and set them down on the ground. Some parts of the United States were infested with dangerous reptiles, and mothers would be on the alert about their little babies. Often one of the poor mothers would cast her eyes towards her child and see it struggling in the folds of a cruel snake. Very often, I have been informed, the overseer would not allow her to leave her work to go and protect her baby. The mother would scream at the top of her voice, "My God, my child, my child, what shall I do," and would drop her hoe and start to her child; the overseer would stop her and drive her back to work, while her child would be screaming and struggling with the great snake. Then the horn would blow for noon, and all hands were allowed a short time for lunch, so the poor heart-broken mother would make good use of those short moments to see to her child, and release it, with the help of others, from the great strong snake but too late. When the heart-broken mother took the child into her arms the spirit had left the little body, for God had taken it to Himself in Heaven. The serpent had squeezed the life out, and that was the death scream the poor mother with the rest heard a short time before. The father and husband, who was at work in another part of the large cornfield at this sad moment, soon made his appearance. It was a sad meeting, and the father and mother could only shed bitter tears. The little child was buried in a little grave near the slave quarters, on a piece of land half covered with low mounds, the slaves' burying ground. The mother and father must not make too much noise in their deep sorrow, that will never do in the world. They have not feelings like slave owners; they are no more than hogs, sheep, cows, horses, or any beast of the

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field, or the fowls of the air. Let all people remember that the same God who has numbered the hairs of our heads, who watches over the fate of the sparrow, is the God of my race as well as of other races. The barrels of blood that were shed in the United States during the war from 1861-5 and other parts of the world, on account of slavery, is an awful warning of how fearful a thing it is to oppress the humblest being. The great mob that took possession of New York in 1863, will somewhat illustrate the horrors of slavery too. The mob visited all localities inhabited by black people, and murdered all they could lay hands on, without regard to age or sex. Every place where black people were known to be employed was searched: steamboats leaving the city and railroad depots were watched, lest some of my people should escape their vengeance. Hundreds were driven from their own homes and hunted and chased through the streets; the orphan asylum for colored children situated on Fifth Avenue was destroyed by the mob. It was a charitable institution, and at the time it contained six hundred orphan colored children. It was plundered, set on fire and burnt to the ground, and it is said that several people got badly bruised by falling walls. It was also stated that fifty of my people were killed by the mob in their homes or on the public streets. Only a few weeks before, many regiments of black men had passed through the great city on their way South to fight for the Union, but the mob went on with all its horrors for over a week before they made up their minds to relent. Many black people were chased to the docks, and thrown into the river and drowned; while some, after being murdered, were hung to lamp-posts. Well do I remember reading the account of that mob in the City of New York in 1863. At that time war was raging in the South. Vicksburg and Port Hudson had been taken by the Northern troops a short time before, and as the black soldiers had assisted in their

capture, the colored people of the North must be made to suffer for it. The horrors of slavery was the foundation of it all. Then there was a mob which caused great distress for several days in Chicago, the same year, against my people. The mob in Detroit, Michigan, too, the same year, caused other horrible scenes. As my residence was just across the river at that time, in Windsor, Canada, I had a sad chance to see some of the effects of it. I say here it was a horrible sight to behold. They would take my people's furniture from their houses put it in heaps, then set fire to it and burn to ashes. While the mob would be firing the houses, hundreds of us would stand powerless in Windsor at night and see the great fire destroying our people's goods. Many of my people made their escape across the river to Windsor, Canada, where they would be safe under Britain's Christian laws. Some had been shot, others had their heads cut in different parts, some stabbed with knives, and others would be bruised on their bodies in a fearful manner. All of this cruelty was done to my race on account of the influence the horrors of slavery had on the minds of a certain class of people. The most wonderful part in this disagreeable matter is this. Some people appear to think, through their ignorance, that after our sorrows in this life we have no right to go to heaven when we die. One of our ministers was interrogated by a very well dressed person thus: "Do you expect to go to heaven?" Of course the minister answered in the affirmative. "Well," said the supposed gentleman, "If you go to heaven, I don't want to go there." So this gentleman, as we will call him, illustrated the bitter feelings against the black race, not only of himself, but of hundreds of thousands of others; for I know, by the experience that I have had through life, the hostile disposition that is put in force against us. As I have stated a number of times, there are a great many thousands of white people who are true Christians, and who

have never thought of trying to injure my race in the least thing. If these good Christian people had not been in existence, the black race in America would have been swept from the face of the earth. The author will ask one question: "Who is to blame for our being on the continent of America, or is it our fault?" Of course the answer will have to be in the negative, "No." My opinion is, there would not have been a black man on the continent of America if he had not been brought by force. I mean of the African race, of course. There were colored people found here on the discovery of this continent, and they were supposed to be Indians, as Columbus thought that he had landed in Asia or some part of India. The natives of America ever since have been known by an assumed name, through a mistake that Columbus made in calling them Indians. It is not our fault that we are here, by no means, because we have heard our forefathers say that Africa is far superior to America. I have learned by reading different histories that Africa is a paradise, with its fine fruits, gorgeous flowers, great animals, beautiful birds, and sunny climate; with its gold, diamonds, and gems, and fine looking people. I have heard of all these things spoken of by my people that came from there, long before I read of it.

With all of our sorrows in America, as I have before stated, good will be the result. Many African people were slaves in Rome, when the world was much younger than now, and they suffered many hardships. The Romans punished the slaves very barbarously, when they were captured after running away. Often, it is stated, they would place the captured slave in the arena, and then let a hungry lion in to tear him to pieces. At other times they would bind their victim alive to a dead person, and let him remain in that position until death would relieve him; or they would torture their victims with hot irons. The Romans would also crucify

their victims, by driving the iron nails through the hands and feet into the solid wood, and let them remain in that position until death would relieve them. In my opinion many African slaves have received at different times this barbarous treatment, as well as other races that have been under the Roman yoke of slavery. It does appear to me, in a general way, that man has a very hard heart when he gets control over others; all human sympathy departs from him, for he will carry his authority to the last degree. Understand, reader, I do not say this in regard to all men, for there are many exceptions. It is surely the case with a great many of all classes: just give them the power and that is enough. There were thousands of slaveholders that treated their slaves in a very Christian manner; they looked after their comfort, and maintained them in old age; gave them comfortable houses to live in, and had them put away at death in a Christian manner. I have learned this information from my own people after their arrival in Canada. They said also that they did hate to leave their owners, because they were always so kind to them, but the reason they left was that they were afraid something might happen, and cause them to be sold down South to some mean person. Had they been sure that would never happen, they never would have left. They had a nice time, and when they had a ball, their owners would give them plenty of cake and wine, and sometimes they would give them all a great supper, and furnish them with plenty to eat too. Every man that was able could by law own slaves, no difference what the disposition was, white or black. There were mean as well as good colored slave owners; there are some men that are not fit to have a horse under their control, let alone a human being. It is so throughout the world, among all nations of the earth, but the slave trade between Africa and America, in the way it was managed, would appal the heart of a Fiji cannibal. A slave ship would sail

along the coast until a convenient place was discovered, and there drop anchor, and take on board sometimes six hundred black people and store them below in close quarters. There they would remain until they arrived at some port of the West Indies or of the United States. During that voyage, through being crowded and the limitation of air, or through starvation or thirst, there would be many deaths. The only sorrow manifested was the financial loss to the pirates. There was no sympathy for the loss of human life. On those sad occasions the dead were hoisted up and dragged to the ship's side and hove overboard, just as they would a hog, dog, or an ox. The sick of either sex were neglected; if they lived, they got so much more money; if they died, so much less, with an angry oath. When the time came to land their cargo, there would be more hundreds of human stock to add to the internal slave trade, which was just as horrible as the external. They would place the black people in long rows, sometimes fifty feet in length, two side by side, the inside hand of each pair would be handcuffed together; then they would pass a long iron chain the whole length between the victims and attach the hands that were handcuffed. Thus they were driven to the slave markets to be sold to different planters. The journies sometimes were performed under great cruelties. In driving cattle and mules they were allowed freedom of limbs, but the poor slaves were chained and in that cruel position would travel many days under a tropical sun and many barefooted and bare-headed. When crossing creeks and rivers, boats would be too expensive, but by going up or down the shore, a ford would be found, across which the slaves would be driven and placed in order on the other shore. The owners, of course, would be upon fine horses during the march and would have a fine time, as there were regular stopping places for those engaged in the internal slave trade. When the shades of night closed down, the owners would be accommo-

dated in one of those fine hotels and lay on flowery beds of ease, and their fine horses have the best of care. The slaves, on the other hand, would be chained and laying in groups in some old shed on the bareground, or some barn that had been erected for their accommodation. When a novice who was poor entered into the business, he would buy at first two or three slaves and rise by degrees until he bought larger numbers. Often the small buyer would be seen with two or three slaves chained together and himself in the rear, holding the chain and driving the slaves before him to the slave market. Sometimes the price of slaves would be away down, and, being poor and the market overrun, could not afford to wait until another boom set in. Unlike rich dealers he would be in great straits for something to eat and drink, for he had paid all the money he had for human stock, and if he had to wait in Washington for higher prices it would be awful. During the moments of his meditation, he hears footsteps. On looking up he discovers a well-dressed man full of business, but he passed down the street and was lost sight of.

CHAPTER IV.

His own horse, First Revolt, Sister and Brother, Separated, Married Couple, Four Sisters, Deaf Ears, Much Affected, Transported to Cuba, George Loomis, My Daughter, Put on her Glasses, William was my name, George took off the boot, In Vicksburg, Happy Life, Kentucky Mountains, Holding on to me, Hunting one day, Eight of us, The Hounds, Black Soldiers, The Revelation, Great Mistake, Many Exceptions, His Armory, North Star.

I have often thought how men will abuse their power in this world when they have the least chance. I was employed with a man at one time in the City of Detroit, Michigan, and I saw that man one day whip his horse with a heavy whip until its flesh was raw ; he then took a great knife from his pocket and was just in the act of plunging the long blade into the horse's side, when I interfered, and prevailed on him to abstain from killing his own horse while in a mad uncontrollable rage. There were such men who were slave owners in the West Indies, who had not any more feeling for their slaves than that man for his horse. I was informed on good authority that black women were treated very cruelly in the West Indies as well as men. On one occasion an owner was going to punish a woman for nothing ; the woman would not be imposed on and did resist. When the owner could not subdue her with a whip. he drew his sharp knife, and while she was advancing to strike him with a club, in her rage did not heed his warning to stand back, but kept advancing until he plunged the knife into her side, and she, not quite a mother, dropped dead on the spot. So there were two murders committed to satisfy a fiendish disposition. My people were treated very cruelly in the West Indies as well as the natives of the country. It is said that three millions of the natives were destroyed on the island of St. Domingo alone through

the horrors of slavery. The first revolt by the African people took place in 1522, which was put down by the troops. In 1510, when the first blacks were brought to St. Domingo from Africa, nearly all of the natives had been destroyed through the horrors of slavery; so it was the natives that were slaves first. They experienced such unrelenting cruelty that hundreds destroyed themselves with their children, rather than suffer the terrible yoke of bondage. As self-destruction was their only hope, they availed themselves of every opportunity to do so, until the whole native population were swept from the face of the earth. Slavery died a hard death in St. Domingo, as well as other parts of the world.

Slavery was always a series of troubles even with the best of owners, for the slaves were always looking into the future, at what might happen at any time in case of death of their owner. It was a very serious thought too, because when those sad events did take place, in many cases the estate would be broken up, and the slaves sold to different parties, never to meet again in this life. Sometimes they would meet, and, through conversation, would find that they were sister and brother, or mother and son, or son and father, or some distant relative to each other. One instance that I know of I will relate here. Missouri is, I believe, where they were sold at a public auction to different owners. Some were taken to New Orleans, some to Texas, others to Mississippi. A sister and brother of this family met by chance in Ohio after over thirty years; they did not recognize each other, became acquainted, and kept each other company for a long time, and finally married. They often spoke about each other's homes during their young days before they were sold South, and about people that each knew, but it never appeared to them for a moment that they were sister and brother. My readers may not credit this, but I will explain the matter. People in slavery were never favored with any surname like other.

people. It was Jack, Bill, Joe, Neb, Nat, Tom, Ned, Het, Dinah, Sa, etc. No father or mother's name was attached. Little children were sold and separated from each other, and some did not meet for thirty, forty, or fifty years. They never knew what their father or mother's true name was. It is very plain that they would forget the features of each other in that length of time. After being married a considerable time, a friend called on them one day; this friend was from the neighbourhood where they were sold and separated, in Missouri. Being much older than this married couple, he could remember the different slave auctions that took place many years before, and also the sale of this very married couple, together with their mother, father, and family. After conversing with this newly married couple, he asked them if they could remember the names they were called in Missouri? Both answered in the affirmative. The woman said they called her Het, as near as she could remember. Her husband replied, "They called me Tom." "Well, well," replied the caller, "I am sure I know you both. But do either of you remember your father's name?" The woman did not remember her father nor mother's name; but the husband, being older, did, and told the caller that his father's name was Joe. "Well," says the caller, "that is all that I will ask you now, for I know them all and you too. I have the saddest part yet to relate of your history. It is sad indeed, and I do not like to tell you; nor will I do so, unless you both desire it." "Well," says Tom and Het, which were the names of the married couple in Missouri, "Do tell us, Mr. Brown, all about our people, also the auction sale at which we were sold. We would like very much to hear it." Mr. Brown, in reply, told them, that under the circumstances, he would be very sorry to explain what he knew about their unhappy lot and would rather be excused, because the horror in the case would be on those two

alone. "Well, Mr. Brown, tell us, we can hear it any way."

"Tom," said Mr. Brown, "you had four sisters?" "Yes," said Tom, "and two brothers, and my youngest sister they called Het." "That was it," said Mr. Brown, "and I was near by the same sale at which you were all sold, and looked at your poor mother and father, and discovered what anguish they were in, when they were selling their little children. Little Het was the last of all of your sisters and brothers put on the block to be sold. How your poor mother did hold on to little Het, her baby, and beg the man that had bought her to buy her last baby too, that she could just have one of her little children with her. She fell to her knees before her owner, and begged him to pity her for the good Lord's sake. 'Do buy my last baby. Do hear me, master, just this once, and I will work for you night and day as long as I can stand on my feet, and be a good woman, if you will only buy my little baby, that she may be with me.' But the heart-broken mother was talking to deaf ears; her last baby was sold from her, and taken to the far South."

After Mr. Brown's explanation, the married couple wanted to know, with tears in their eyes, if that was all, or did he have something more to explain in regard to the slave auction? "Yes," replied Mr. Brown "I have the saddest part to explain yet."

"Oh dear, what can it be I wonder?" replied Het. "Well, since it must be so, I will explain this sad case. You know, Tom, you informed me a short while ago that your youngest sister was called Het, when she was sold in St. Louis, Missouri?" "Yes." "Your wife said, as near as she could remember, they called her Het?" "Yes." "Now I will relate the saddest part of this matter: you and your wife are two of the children of this same family that I have been describing, who were sold in St. Louis by auction forty years ago or more. Your wife and you are brother

and sister. Your mother and father were sold at the same auction, and were separated the same as you children were; but I know and feel that neither of you were aware of the fact, so what I have related is the part I so dreaded to tell."

The wife and husband were very much affected and wept bitter tears. "What shall I do?" said the wife, "I have married my own brother." Tom did not say much, but he had a sore heart; he bore the shock better than his sister. Poor Het went out of her mind and never recovered. She became a raving maniac and continued to the remainder of her life. Tom was somewhat effected in the same way. Mr. Brown, after giving the sad couple all the consolation in his power, bid them good bye and departed. This was no singular case during the centuries of slavery. There were many such cases I have heard of. It could not be otherwise, for children were often sold when only one, two or three years old. Those children would in many cases be sold to different parties and taken hundreds of miles apart and only by chance see each other again, as in the case of Het and Tom. Being separated so young and in many cases not receiving any name, they would be like wandering pigs. After being separated thirty or forty years, they would have no idea of their father or mother, sisters or brothers; their identity would be as completely lost, as if they had been thrown down the crater of Vesuvius; they would no more be able to recognise each other after that length of time, than they would Rip-Van Winkle after his long sleep. It was not only on the mainland of the United States that slave families were separated, but often they were transported to Cuba, the West Indies, South America, Brazil and other parts. There would be little or no likelihood that they would ever meet again. George Loomis was a slave in Missouri and made his escape to Canada in 1832; he was a mere lad at that time and settled near the city of Toronto. By

industry he did well. When war commenced in the United States in 1861, Loomis was eager to take part in the struggle and enlisted in a Michigan regiment in 1863, and was with General Grant's army at the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi. After the surrender of the city, the regiment that George Loomis belonged to was stationed in the city, when he had the opportunity of frequently conversing with his people. On visiting a house one day, he got into conversation with an old colored lady. He was informed that she was originally from the State of Kentucky and lastly from Missouri; both discovered that they came from the same neighbourhood. As each related the experience through which they passed, the interview became more interesting. They would eye each other, but there was nothing to indicate that they had ever met before. This was not to last long, for George, in describing the parting scene from his mother, father, sisters and brothers, rivetted the attention of the old lady, who, at its close, said "that description appears like that of my daughter. You surely cannot be any relation to her." You see, reader, George Loomis was known in Missouri by the name of Will before his relatives were sold away from him. "What is your name?" enquired the old lady. George replied, "William was my name in Missouri, but I adopted the name I am now known by." "Well, well, you don't mean to say that you are William?" "Yes, that was the name I was known by." "Well, continued the old lady, I had a son by the name of William but he ran away and his owner went after him. He was captured and sold to a cotton planter in New Orleans, so he said when he returned home." The features of the two had changed so much in forty years that they could not trace even an acquaintance. "My son," said the old lady, "had a scar on his right hand." George sprang from his seat and held out his right hand. The old lady put on her glasses, seized the hand and screamed "Oh! oh! oh! I

can't believe this is you." Then she said, "My son had a scar, a deep scar on the side of the left foot." Quick as thought, George took off his boot and held up his foot. During intervals the old lady was busy wiping her glasses, for they were wet with tears, and soon mother and son were locked in each other's arms: the lost was found. The bitter sorrows that had visited the two since they last met it would be hard to relate. Great was the rejoicing at this chance meeting. The old lady would, for several days, have Loomis take off his boot and shew her the scar which had assisted her to identify her son. She would exclaim, the tears trickling down her face, "This is the work of the Lord! and you are my dear boy that I left in Missouri so long ago. I would never have known you but for the conversation and scars. Now I know that you are my long lost son." "Well, mother, I hardly expected ever to see you again in this life when I made my escape to Canada." "I was very much troubled about you, George. Our owner started after you and was gone two weeks. When he returned home, he informed us that he overtook you away off in the woods and that he had you conveyed to New Orleans and sold to a cotton planter." "That was not so, mother, for I arrived in Canada about three weeks after I left Missouri, and remained there until 1863. I then joined the army and that is the reason I am here in Vicksburg." "My son, I am very glad to see you. I have not seen your father nor any of the remainder of my children since we were separated so long ago. I thank God, that through his mercies, we have met to-day." "I am very thankful too, mother, that I have been permitted to meet you once more. I will have to leave you now and return to my regiment. If I can make it convenient, I will visit you again, mother, and I would like you very much to spend the remainder of your days with me at my home in Canada." "Surely I will, my son, and will be glad to do so." George bid his mother

farewell and with a hearty kiss, such as only mothers and fathers can give, the long lost mother and son parted. The parting was not for long. After the fall of Vicksburg the war came to a close, and he was honorably discharged at Hartford, Connecticut. He returned to Vicksburg and had another pleasant meeting with his dear mother, and true to his promise, after due preparations, started with his mother for Canada, where in due time they safely arrived. The old lady enjoyed a peaceful and happy life the remainder of her days under the care of a kind and ever dutiful son. The loss of her husband and remainder of her children would often distress her, but gradually she gave up ever meeting them again in this life, and, being a Christian woman, she submitted her troubles to God. By the Christian treatment of her son, contentment was promoted to the greatest extent.

The foregoing is not a singular case, for there were many. When Richmond fell and the black troops were marching through the city, hundreds of them would meet their mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, or other relatives, that they had not met for many years.

There were a great number of slaves that made their escape to the mountains and enjoyed freedom: they were never recaptured. Twenty years before the emancipation in the United States, there was one black man, named Green, who made his escape and dwelt among the Kentucky mountains with other slaves. When war was declared against the Southern States, his dwelling place was a short distance from the public highway, but several hundred feet above the level. Several times he heard reports of cannon and small arms, but did not know what it meant. At other times he would hear a great number of men, horses and wagons passing, but was afraid to descend to the road to ascertain the cause. Then he thought he would remove his hiding place nearer the highway, in order to learn what all this activity was about. All the slaves who

were with him were just as ignorant as himself. They had not had conversation with others during the whole twenty years they had dwelt in different mountains, and were not aware of the great war that was then raging between the North and the South that was to sweep lawful slavery from the face of the earth. Not long after they had been in their new hiding place, close to the highway, a very loud noise was heard: it appeared as if thousands of men were singing at a distance. A great cornfield, which was nearly matured, intervened between them and the road, and they proceeded close to the highway through the corn, so that they could not be discovered. To their great surprise, they saw thousands of black men with guns; some had swords. There were a few white men with them. All were singing loud and appeared to be happy. One of the boldest of the black men in the cornfield advanced to the highway and waited until this great army arrived. On being interrogated, he informed the soldiers that he and the other slaves had run away twenty years ago and had dwelt in different mountains ever since, and that they knew nothing of the war or the emancipation. "What is your name?" enquired a soldier. "They called me Green," answered the slave. "Was that your father's name?" "No. I don't know my father. I have a slight memory of my mother. I was to be sold, and on the day the sale took place I remember my poor mother was sitting on the ground with many other black people. Just before the sale commenced, she was holding on to me and trying to persuade the owner not to sell her little boy. All her lamenting, crying and begging, as only a mother can do, was in vain. I was sold and taken to Natchez, Mississippi, and after remaining there a few years I became a young man. With other slaves, I made my escape and arrived in Kentucky, where I have been ever since, the same State from which I was sold. My fellow-slaves nor I, knew not that we were back in Kentucky until several

years after our return, because we travelled by night along the highway and through the woods by day. We crossed the Mississippi once or twice too in a small boat." "How did you learn at last that you were back in Kentucky?" said one of the soldiers. The slave replied, "We were hunting one day and had wandered near the base of the mountain in search of game. We were surprised to hear the report of a gun and not a little frightened either, for we well knew that if we were discovered, whether in a free or a slave State, we would be arrested and confined in jail. We could not at first discover how many men were with the gun, but to our satisfaction and delight there was but one man. He was a white man and we did not feel afraid of him. The man's back was towards us and we approached to within a dozen feet of him before he discovered us. When he turned his head in our direction, and we being in such close proximity, he was so much frightened that he almost let his gun fall. 'Well, boys,' said the white man, 'where in the world are you going?' 'We are just out a hunting,' we replied. 'I have not had such a fright since I have been in old Kentucky, nor before.' That was how we learned that we were back in Kentucky." "How did the white man treat you all, Green?" asked a soldier. "He treated us very nicely; there were eight of us and we were all armed, but I do not think that made any difference. He appeared a nice white man and never asked about our history or to whom we belonged. He gave us a lot of leaf tobacco, which we much needed." "That was very kind" said a soldier, "but how did you manage to live during your long journey from Mississippi?" "We lived very well. We had our guns, ammunition and knives and you know that there were quantities of all kinds of game, so we did not suffer for want of anything to eat. After we had left Natchez a week, the bloodhounds came up with us and we had a terrible fight with them. Our owners were several miles in the

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rear, as is often the case, so we killed every one of the hounds with our long knives and heavy clubs. We did not use our guns, fearing that our owners would locate us. We had no more trouble after that and I have no idea what our owners thought when they discovered all the dogs dead. After the hounds were destroyed we made the best time we could away from there and crossed the river again the same night. We had no idea where we were." "Well, Green," said the soldier, "you need not be afraid now. Legal slavery has passed away for ever and that is the reason you see so many of us in arms to sustain the cause of the Government of the United States." Green and his companions were much surprised to hear the good news and hardly knew whether to credit it at first. The soldiers camped in that vicinity and by numerous visits to the camp the slaves were firmly convinced that they were free indeed. So the eight black men who had dwelt among the mountains twenty years learnt that they were no longer goods and chattels, but free men. Oh, how thankful those eight men were to receive the glorious news! Something that they had never heard of before. They danced, they sung and made the old woods ring with the echoes of their merry voices, while the white officers and black soldiers looked on with delight. When the first exuberant burst of feelings were over, one of the white officers walked to where the eight black men were and said, 'Boys, you are all free now and every black person in the United States. You can remain here in Kentucky, or go with the army. We expect to break up camp in a few days.' After this speech the whole army, with the eight black men, gave three rousing cheers. From what I could learn, it was heard several miles away. The eight black men thought it would be their best policy to go with the army, as they were on their way to Richmond and would be more safe than in Kentucky for awhile. In a few days the army received orders to proceed, and they did so with the

eight black men with them, who were well-pleased with the happy change that had fallen to their lot. Those men were then willing to die to sustain that glorious freedom that God wished every righteous man on earth to have.

It was not only in the United States that my people made their escape to the mountains to find a home on account of the horrors of slavery. They did the same in St. Domingo during the time of the Revolution, which separated St. Domingo from France. Thousands of black people came down to the plains from the great mountains, where they had made their homes for two generations. When they descended to the plains to fight for their liberty, they would leave their families with the mothers. Many had married and they had organised themselves into a Republic, and maintained themselves unconquered. The slaves of Rome were treated quite differently to what they were in America, as a general rule. They were not only employed in domestic service, but in various trades and manufactures. Sometimes they were highly educated and instructed in the liberal arts and professions, as that of physic, etc. During the feast of Saturn, white or black slaves were allowed great liberty and the owners at that time would wait upon their slaves at table. Notwithstanding this, the Romans were cruel, and, in my opinion, they destroyed the effects of all kindness.

I have often heard men remark that they were slaves through the difficulties which they had to overcome in their labor to make a living. That is a great mistake. What they think to be slavery is not even a prelude to the horrors of slavery that the African was subject to. The former have their individual liberty to get an education and to educate their children. They have the rights of the franchise and are protected by law when they labor. They receive wages and are not compelled by law to labor all their lives for no reward. Their families and themselves are protected by law. The

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wife is not taken from the husband and sold to go north, and the husband sold to other parties to go south, and some of the children sold to go east and the remainder to go west, never to meet again during this life. Neither is the husband prohibited from protecting his wife and daughters from insult, nor from furnishing his children with books and teaching them at home. They can own land, horses, wagons, buggies, or anything they are able to buy, and be protected by law in their rights. Yet, with all these God-given rights, many men are not satisfied and say they are slaves. The African slave were victims to everything just now enumerated, because the laws then existing in a Christian land did not allow my people the rights of man. There were many exceptions, but in general the slaves in the United States were treated as brutes. If white people, with all the favorable circumstances they enjoy, say they are slaves, what would they say if they were under the yoke of African slavery as practised in the United States? Man, with few exceptions, is dissatisfied even under favorable circumstances. I have often noticed men who were said to be "born with a golden spoon in their hand," that is they were supplied with everything that heart could wish for--heirs to great fortunes and never had to labor--and who could and did enjoy themselves, yet with such golden privileges, they destroyed themselves to meet a worse lot after death.

Many people know of the ferocity of Spanish bloodhounds: those ferocious beasts were imported into the United States during the time of slavery and trained to hunt my afflicted people in case they should run away. Many times have I heard sad stories from fugitive slaves, who were chased by the hounds. One case I will relate here. This black man was making his escape from Missouri and after travelling several days and crossing the Ohio river into Indiana, he was shocked one night by hearing the bloodhounds

near. Fortunately, at this critical juncture, he was near the base of the mountains, to which he bent his way through the woods as fast as possible. He had ascended quite a distance before the hounds came up to him; he was well armed; his armoury consisting of a large bowie knife, a six shooter, and a sword made from a scythe blade. Yet he was terror stricken at the idea of being attacked by several ferocious bloodhounds, so he could only trust in God, which he did. At that horrible moment his supplications were not in vain, for God was with him as he was with Daniel in the lion's den in Babylon. The High and Holy One delivered this black man from his awful enemies. While resting from his tiresome journey, the hounds came up with him and instead of taking hold of him, simply looked at him and walked around. He sat on a log and snapped his fingers and all the hounds came to him, looked at him and laid down at his feet. They did him no harm and were soon in sound sleep. This may seem strange to my readers, but we must remember that our God will never change, for He is the same now as in the days of Daniel and the other Hebrew children we read of in holy writ. Bloodhounds were trained to obey the sound of the horn. When at a great distance, the owner would blow his horn and the hounds would habitually return to their master at once. This black man heard the horn several times while the hounds lay at his feet snoring. The hounds did not move and the black man, after getting a good rest, proceeded on his journey towards Canada, the land of freedom; the dogs never attempted to follow him. The north star was the only guide of this man, and the best of all is the very man that acted this part is now a resident of this city of Vancouver. The circumstances were related to me by himself, therefore I do not hesitate to insert this with many other *thrilling events I know to be true.

There was another man who related his experience. He stated

that during his exodus he went without food five days and nights. The victuals he started with gave out and he was afraid to venture near a house, fearing that he would meet enemies instead of friends. During his wanderings on the fifth day of starvation, he arrived at a small creek in the wilderness and while refreshing himself with a cool drink a large fish made its appearance and swam towards him. A stick of wood was close at hand with which he knocked the fish and disabled it. It was soon in his hands and he was so near starved that he did not build a fire although material was at hand; with his bowie knife he flayed the fish and devoured it raw. Mr. Jones felt grateful for it in that state and when he finished his meal he felt much better and resumed his journey towards Canada. He was then in the State of Pennsylvania and was trying to get to the Alleghany Mountains, which he could see at a distance. After remaining among the mountains for several days, late one night he was attracted to a large farmhouse, situated near the highway. After some observation, he passed around the house and entered the barnyard. Close at hand there were several large stacks of hay and wheat. It was then near morning, and the thought occurred to him, as he would have to lay by anyway by day in that part of the State of Pennsylvania, on account of numerous habitations, and travel only at night, that he would climb to the top of one of the stacks and burrow down and rest for that 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 and look 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 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 same evening across the Detroit River to Windsor, Canada, to the land of freedom. It is well said, by Prof. Sampson, that the Afri-American is a new race, and is not the direct descendant of any people that have ever flourished; that the glory of the black race is yet to come. In a general way it would be useless for us to try to trace our descent back to our fatherland. Some few can. In my opinion, as I have stated before in this work, the Africans were conveyed to this continent, through the wise Providence of God; in order to receive the light of His holy word and then return and proclaim the glad tidings through our fatherland and bid them to "arise and shine for the light is come and the glory of the Lord is arisen upon them." It is the black races of America and other countries that are destined to Christianise the dark continent of Africa. In a general way there has been proof enough to convince the world of this fact. In 1816, the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America was organized in the city of Philadelphia. The Rev. Richard Allen was ordained and made the first bishop, April 11th, the same year, with only seven itinerants. This small num-

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ber of Christian heroes travelled from one city to another preaching the gospel, and God blessed their good work. They crossed the Alleghany Mountains and travelled along the Mongahela Valley, preaching the light of the gospel, until they arrived at Pittsburgh, where they set up the banner of God. From there they proceeded to the State of Ohio, and from that small beginning the African Methodist Episcopal Church has been established in every State in the Union and many territories. They have crossed the sea many times since they first organized and proclaimed the glad tidings on the shores of Africa. The Rev. E. W. Blyden, one of the most distinguished linguists of the African race, was born in St. Thomas, West Indies, and, after residing in the United States for several years, went to Liberia in 1854. He represented Liberia at the Court of St. James. In reading Dr. Blyden's *Methods of Africa's Conversion*, he speaks as I do, that the African himself is the Instrument by which Africa is to become Christianized and refers to the incident of the Ethiopian eunuch coming up to Jerusalem in search of the truth, and on his returning home was baptised by Philip and received the holy light of the gospel and conveyed it back to Ethiopia. He became the founder of the Abyssinian Church, which continues to this day. This Ethiopian was a high officer in the Court of Candace, or the black Queen of Ethiopia, at that period. There were several black Queens that ruled Ethiopia at different times, but they were each called Candace of Sheba, or Ethiopia; that was the title in place of Queen. This same black Lady Sovereign visited the great King Solomon at one time at Jerusalem in search of truth, and it is said she carried the true light to the uttermost parts of the earth to her subjects. Abyssinia is a portion of Ethiopia that was ruled by the Candace or Queen of Sheba. Dr. Blyden also says:—The Abyssinian church is the only real African Church yet founded, whose priests and people are of

the African race, that is in the land of Africa. I have thought for many years that the African race of America is destined to convey the light of the gospel to Africa, and since I have read Dr. Blyden's remarks on the subject, I am satisfied that I am right. I feel very much elated to know that one of the most distinguished men of my race have the same ideas as myself in regard to this important matter. I hope those ideas will continue to foment in America, and that those of my race who do not proceed to Africa will be willing to contribute to those who do.

FINIS.



