THE LIFE OF

Wm. H. H. JOHNSON

FROM 1839 TO 1900

AND

THE NEW RACE

By Wm. H. H. JOHNSON

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Wm. H. H. Johnson, the author

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WITH A PREFACE

BY WM. H. H. JOHNSON

AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE.

Several philanthropic gentlemen in this city have asked me to write a history of real incidents which I have experienced during my life; and as I have been afflicted for over a year with and from the effects of la grippe, I thought I would make an effort to the best of my ability. Doubtless errors will be discovered; these I shall always be ready to acknowledge. This little work might have been double its size, but I though that it would make more interesting reading if many occurrences of a less important nature were omitted. The reading of novels in my young days delighted me; yet the events and experiences related in those books were not a whit more thrilling than the incidents through which some men daily pass. Thus truth in all its relations may be stranger than fiction. Respecting my own race alone, many volumes should be written that would appal the world; and I have often heard related by the New Race, since the abolition of slavery, many stories of the cruelties to

which the people were subjected during the old days. As I have stated elsewhere in these pages, I was born a slave in a free state, but never was one in practice; because, while we were very young, my father brought his wife and children to Canada to prevent that. However, my grandmother and grandfather, both on my father and mother's side, always protested against ill-usage to themselves; in fact, in Kentucky and Virginia, where they lived during the Revolution, according to their own testimony, in a general way the slaves were treated with much consideration. Still, having travelled more or less over North America, I find that there are good and bad everywhere. And it was the same in the South. Many men are cruel to the dumb creatures, and they would be the same to human beings. My own people, it is said, also owned slaves, and I have been informed that they treated their bondsmen quite as ill as any of the whites did. I mention this thing, and other matters relating to the New Race, in these pages with sorrow; and although some people may be incredulous, the facts nevertheless remain. Let me also further remark that slavery, ever since it existed, has been upheld and sustained just as much by the African kings and their headmen as by any others; because, having fallen beneath the dignity of their high position, they came to delight in trafficking in their own people, and even their offspring, selling the unhappy victims for a mere song. Doubtless some of my

readers will recall the circumstance related by the late Dr. Livingstone. On a certain occasion, being on a visit to one of those royal personages, the latter offered to sell his own son, who was present during the conversation, for a garden hoe. Now as our education consists, in great measure, in our own experiences and in reading and studying those of others, it makes no difference how humble their sphere, it is hoped that this small volume may be a vehicle for the further dissemination of instruction and knowledge.

THE AUTHOR.

Vancouver, B. C., 1904.

Mr. Wm. Shackelford was one of the main leaders of the New Race, and after remaining in slavery for a number of years, and after purchasing his wife and himself, and paying nearly two thousand dollars for their freedom, he located near Windsor, Ontario,

THE LATE WM. SHACKELFORD.

A. D., eighteen hundred and fifty three, and bought and cultivated a highly improved farm, and became very wealthy, and at his lamented death, which took place A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety seven, he left all of his children and grand children in very good circumstances. Mr. Shackelford's death was sadly felt by all who knew him.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LIFE OF WM. H. H. JOHNSON, FROM 1839 TO 1900, AND THE NEW RACE.

A slave in Kentucky. Very much frightened. My mother's watchfulness. Kidnapped in the hills. In the confusion. Underground railway. Free soil. A fugitive. Something like a cave. Safe in Canada. My father a station master. The next station. The advertisement. The rewards.

The history of my life, which I am about to record, is one full of romatic incidents that a great many have not experienced, and asI look back on it through the space of sixty years, I wonder sometimes that I am yet alive. My rescue from bondage, and escape to a Christian land, all now appears to me like a dream.

My father was a free man, and lived in Madison on the banks of the Ohio river, in the state of Indiana. My mother was born a slave, and lived—across the Ohio river opposite Madison—near the little town of Milton, in the state of Kentucky.

At that time, there was a small ferry boat that conveyed the people from one town to another, that was run by horse power. The people of Kentucky were kinder to their colored people than any of the other slave states. It was the rule to let the colored people cross the river to Madison—in the free state—to see their friends and relatives, on certain Sundays during the year. Of course my mother would do the same as the others, and that was the way my moter got acquainted with my father and they were finally married. Strange to say that the people my mother belonged to never made any fuss at their not returning home with the rest of the folk. They never interfered with her at that time at all. My mother lived with her father in sight of mothers home in Kentucky, for several years. I was born in Madison, Indiana, on November 23rd, 1839. In those days colored people had to exercise the greatest vigilance over their children, because there was a class of white people—and I am very sorry to say of black people too—that made their living by kidnapping colored children to sell in the slave states.

They made a better living at that than they did at work. How my dear mother and father did watch after their children; they would not let us if possible, out of their sight. Our yard gates during our residence at Madison, had a hole to put the hand through for unlatching the gate and I would frequently put my head through this hole to look at the people pass the house along the street. One

evening late, when thus engaged, there was a man coming from the river, up the street, that passed our house, and when he got to where I was with my head through this hole in our gate, he stopped very suddenly and caught me by the head, and tried very hard to get me through, it being a large hole for what it was intended. He almost, and would have been successful, with his bad design, had not my dear mother, with her ever watchful eye, seen and heard my cries. She rushed out and rescued me, and in her rage at the moment, she would have killed the man if she could.

My father was absent at the time, and I have often thought since when my mind would revert to those old days, that it was well that my father was absent, as my father thought a great deal of his wife and children, and I know there would have been a scene.

I was then between three and four years of age. Hundreds of colored children were kidnapped in a similar manner, and their parents never got them any more. Old people that had been born and grown up in many of the free states—so called—were taken into the South and sold.

They treated my people very bad in Madison some times, but this treatment was not from the best people, because the better class always sympathised with us, in all of our troubles. But it was the rougher class that caused us so much needless trouble. I remember one time—as young as I

was—durnig our residence in Madison, Indiana, the lower class of the population with their friends from the Kentucky side organized a mob against my race. There were a great many of us living in the city at that time. Before the mob started these men visited the houses all through the city where colored people lived, to see if my people had any arms or ammunition, and where they had, they took them away by force. This would be done the day before the time appointed for the mob, but a great many of my people would make their escape to the hills that are so numerous in that part of the state, and would be safe until the mob had dispersed. All who did not escape to the hills the mob would attack, burn their houses and furniture, and any black man that tried to defend his property and family was murdered and thrown into the streets. Remonstrance was useless and we had no redress.

Children were caught up bodily and thrown into the streets, women were injured brutally, so that many died from the treatment they received. Black men were taken by force to the river and ducked until nearly dead, then this would be repeated several times before they would desist, and then they would give the unfortunate men a severe beating before releasing them. Many of my people were shot in cold blood by their persecutors, such treatment being the most merciful compared with the torture some went through.

In Madison there were numerous Christian peo-

ple, and they did all they could in our behalf to stop the mob, but they were overpowered. The unrestrained passions of the mob with its attendant horrors seigned supreme. In the confusion many black people were betrayed and sent South and sold. We did not remain long in Madison after this. My father moved with us all to Vernon in the same state. We lived near the village of Vernon, on a farm for a few years, that is some twenty miles from Madison, where I was born. I remember my mother telling me when I was a small boy, that General William Henry Harrison passed through Madison at one time on his way to the capital at Washington City. After he had been elected President, my mother said I was not a year old then, for it was in the year 1839, and I was born in the year 1839. In November, she also told me that there was a gentleman that lived in Madison at that time who told her if she name me after General Harrison, that he would give me a suit of clothes, which I would have gotten had we remained in Madison, but we left after the great mob.

The young generation now don't understand what the "under ground railroad" is, but as I have stated, there were many kind hearted white people living all through the United States and they sympathized with us, in our sad state, so there was a line of those good people, say from fifteen to twenty miles apart, from the boundaries of the slave states, to the great lakes, who would assist the fugi-

tive slaves in their escape to Canada. Each house would receive them and supply all their wants. Sometimes the owners would be in the same neighborhood near one of the houes where the fugitive would be and in such a case—as always—some of the family would be on the watch. They would remain for several days. Then they would be forwarded on from station to station, as these houses were called, until they stood on free soil under the British flag. God bless the British flag for ever. So the slaves would with the efforts of the friends get away and get to Canada. Very few after they started would be overtaken. That is the reason that the slave dealers gave the route from the slave states to Canada, the name of "under ground railroad." They with all of their vigilence in hunting and telegraphing and advertising in the newspapers, failed, so they declared that there was a road underground, which is the meaining of the "underground railroad." There were many of my people who were always ready to help our race to escape to Canada. My father's house was one of the stations that belonged to the "under ground railroad," and many a one of my afflicted people we have had the pleasure of sheltering in our house. There is one case I will relate: I remember it very well; that was when we lived in Vernon, Indiana, there was a black man that arrived at our house one night. He was a fugitive making his escape to Canada, on the "underground railroad." He appeared to think

that his owner was right after him, and not far off, so father thought that the safest place would be to put him in one of the sink holes which were very numerous on the farm where we lived.

A country like Indiana, where it is hilly, they are very common; such as caves and what we called sink holes. They were something like a cave, the difference is that a man may walk into very often, generally upright, but going into a sink hole the opening is on the top, therefore it is like a man going down into the hull of a ship; he will go down until he reaches the bottom, sometimes six feet from the top on to a solid floor.

Very often, there would be a small creek in the bottom, but that does not interfere with any one, for it is perfectly dry on each side and warm and pleasant. They are very roomy and a great many people could live in one very comfortably, so down into this sink hole my father had concealed this man. His owners were not far off, therefore his fears were well founded, for they arrived at our house the next morning, and said they were on the hunt for a runaway slave. Of course father denied any knowledge of him, but they were not to be put off in that manner. They swore by everything that was terrible, that he was at our house and if my father did not tell them at once and deliver him up, that he must die. My mother began to scream for she was very much frightened at their rude actions. My uncle lived on the same farm and happened to be at

home at the time and hearing my poor mother scream so, he came running down, to our house, to see what was the matter. There were three of these slave hunters and before my uncle arrived on the scne, one of these slave hunters had drawn a short bladed sword on my father, and with an awful oath laid hold of him, and jerked him out of the door into the yard. All the time my mother was screaming and holding on to her children until my uncle, and some more colored men arrived. Then they backed down, but they never made my father tell where the man was. The place where he was concealed was not more than twenty feet from the house, within hearing of the noise, yet they did not get the slave, and they got on their horses and left the next day. After the excitement was over, the slave man was taken to the next station, and finally he arrived safe in Canada.

There were a great many of my people in those days that made their escape on the underground railroad. Sometimes men with their wives and children, but their owners were not clever enough as a general thing to overtake them, and if they were fortunate enough to get to the first station of the under ground railroad they were safe.

My father thought he would move from interior of the state, which he did, taking his wife Vernon farthr into the interior of the state, which he did, taking his wife and family to Greensburg, in the same state, where he

occupied the same honorable position, as station master on the "underground railroad," our situation being on the same route to Canada. All the houses along each line of the underground railroad were called stations, that is the reason that I speak of my father as being a station master, and retaining his position after he moved to Greensburg. We had not been in Greensburg long before a colored women made her appearance with five children, with whom she was endeavoring to escape to Canada, on the "underground railroad."

She and her children were slaves from Kentucky. She was the most distressed women I ever looked at. She said her owners were close by and she was in the greatest terror. The poor woman and her little children were as shy as a deer. The moment they entered the house they were hiding in every place convenient, under the table, under the bed, restless to be anywhere out of sight. She reamined at our house a short time, thinking her owners were near, and that it would be better for her to go to the next station the same night. My father send word to Mr. Allen Vick, a black man, that was in the neighborhood at the time, who was always ready to turn out with his fast team at such times and as there was none ever clever enough to overtake him after he got started, he made a record for himself. Mr. Vick soon appeared at our house, and there was no time lost in getting into the wagon. After the five children were placed in the

wagon, Mrs. Beach was brought out, and after an anxious look around, as if expecting her owners every moment, she took her seat in the wagon and it moved quickly away to the next station, fifteen miles distant. At this time a white friend lived near, and he received my poor afflicted people with the greatest kindness, as he always did.

This poor woman and her children were closely pressed. The hue and cry advertisement was then ahead of her. Many readers that may read this book may not undertsand what "advertisement" means, but when a slave or slaves made their escape from the South, in the old days, their owners would, on missing their slaves, publish the fact in all the different newspapers, and send telegrams to all of the points, in every direction through the United States, describing the persons sought.

Like this slave, or slaves, ran away on a certain date, from what ever state they are from with the owners name, and a description of the slaves in detail thus:

"He is a large black man, six feet in height, black hair, thirty years of age, has a scar on the left side of his head above the ear, has been away from home three months, is a blacksmith by trade; bring him back to me alive and your reward will be five hundred dollars."

I see by reading Uncle Tom's Cabin that in Kentucky they got the reward in either case if they returned the slave to his owner,

dead or alive. There are hundreds of people that are living now that will understand what I mean by the slaves being advertised by their owners, when they ran away. But there may be a great many in this last generation that would not understand—those that have grown up since the emancipation; so that is the reason that my poor father and this poor woman knew that the pursuers were close at hand. My father saw and read the advertisement, before the women and her children arrived at our house. But it was not the owner every time that would overtake his slave. The rewards they would offer brought a great many others into their service all over the United States. So with the strict vigilance that was maintained there would not have been so many successful in getting to Canada if it had not been for the underground railroad. This poor women and her five children after an eventful journey arrived safe in Canada. The next station that Mr. Vick conveyed this poor woman to from our house and her five children, was a white friend, but he was detected and sued and had to pay five thousand dollars because he had the heart of a man.

CHAPTER II.

My grandmother and grandfather. Our home in Greensburg. Great excitement among the children and young people on our first arrival. United States at war with Mexico. My great grandfather a King. My grandfather stolen from his native land.

I will never forget when we arrived at Greensburg, Indiana, after we left Vernon. It was by wagons we moved, as the railroads were not very numerous in those times. When we arrived in the little town the most of the people, it appears, had never seen a black person before and it was quite amusing. As I think of it now, and many a time since, it seems comical to remember how the people acted. It was mostly the young class of people that had their curiosity aroused, for I have no doubt but that the old people had seen black people before.

These young people were very kind to us. They would approach us to examine our hair; they would rub their hands on ours; then they would look at their hands very close to see if any of the black was on their hands. They would give us candy and cake and then watch us eat. Soon they began to ask us questions, where we came from? We would satisfy them on that point. Then they wanted to know if all of the people were black? We told them no. Then they wanted to know if we could not wash the black off. We told them no. Well, what made you black? The reason because I am

black is because my mother and father are black. Well, what made them black? That was a hard question to ask, but we satisfied the best we could.

The excitement did not stop for months in the town of Greensburg. There was a gentleman doctor that we knew that rented us a house, an old settler in Greensburg. He was always a good friend to us all. Our house sometimes was crowded with children asking different questions; the reason being that there were no black people in the town, nor the surrounding country, until we moved there, and that was what made it such a curiosity to the young people.

My father opened a barber shop, after we got settled in Greensburg, also a restaurant, and did well. I was six years old when war was declared between the United States and Mexico. How well do I remember seeing the boys drill before starting. Of the company that went from Greensburg, few ever came back. Those that did return in 1848 were considerably altered in appearance. My father was well patronised in his business and did well. There were sometimes political meetings and they would have great times.

My grandfather, from what I could learn, was brought from the Island of Madagascar; which lies off the south coast of Africa. This is my grandfather on my fathers side. My grandmother on my fathers side was brought from West Africa, near the shores of the Gulf of

Guinea. My grandmother was a Mandinge, my grandfather was a Malagasa. My grandfather was stolen from his native land, and his royal father, and sold at Richmond, Virginia, in 1770. His father was a royal chief over the Malagases at the time. I have learned this from my father, when I was a boy, and often heard my father say that my great grandfather was a king, but I did not have sense enough then to enquire into the matter about my grandfather. I learned from reading since that there were several royal children that were sold in the same manner with others, into American slavery, both in the United States and the West Indies. So the reader will see that my grandfather's case was not a singular case, but only one out of many, who, notwithstanding their noble birth, were slaves. He served in slavery until he was about forty years of age. On his owners learning that he was a king's son in Madagascar, they set him free, without a dime's reward for his long service. They set him free, thinking that that would atone for all damage done, and that that would clear the way for them to get to Heaven anyway.

My grandfather lived to be a good old age before he died. His death occurred in Madison, Ind., about the year 1844. He was in the great Revolution war, the battle of Bunker Hill and the battle of Cambridge and York Town, Virginia, when General Wallace with his army surrendered to Gereral

Washington. He could tell some amusnig tales of himself and other men in the army as to how they acted in their first engagement when serving in the revolutionary war. He was in the war of 1812 and '14. At the battle of New Orleans and other battles, nearly all of my people took part in the war of 1812, because the forty five black people that were brought from Africa to Virginia in the year 1620 had increased to many thousands.

On the shores of Mobile and throughout the state of Alabama, also in the states of Mississippi, Louisiana and Virginia my people were very numerous, therefore little trouble was experienced in raising a large army among them, to fight the nation's battles. We were kept in slavery until 1863. Fine encouragement for our services and fidelity!

Since our freedom in the United States there has been great progress made by my people. We ourselves, no less than the foreign observer, are liable to form a wrong estimate of our own people, and undervalue the progress made, unless we survey the point from which we started. So when we look back to where the black man started (which, say, is from his emancipation, with nothing), after two hundrel and fifty years servitude, it is then easy to see the progress that he has made since emancipation.

The colorel people, according to statistics, have accumulated in the southern states, twenty

millions of dollars, and their loss through the free man's bank was several millions more, but notwithstanding that great loss, they have now accumulated twenty millons of dollars. And all over the United States my people have done well since freedom's reign.

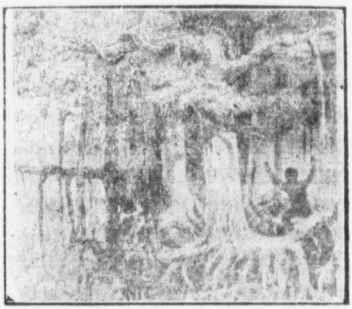
It is not man alone that loves freedom. The human, and in fact all animals, down to insect life, love to be free. People as slaves are never contented with their sad lot. An undeveloped discontent always pervaded the black population of the South, bond and free.

Many attempts at revolt were made, two only proving of a serious and alarming character. The first was in 1812, the leader of which was Denmark Vesey, a free black, who had purchased his freedom in the year 1800. Vesey started the insurrection in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, but was captured with his adherents and hanged.

The next insurrection of the slaves, took place in the state of Virginia, in South Hampton county, in the year 1831. Its leader was Nat Turner, a slave. This insurrection was more widely felt in the South than the former one, because there was one hundred and twenty eight people killed in one night, fifty five whites and seventy three blacks, but Nat Turner and his associates were overpowered by superior numbers, and captured, tried and hanged, the same year. The black men is fond of music. You will find it so in his own native land. Chain him up

in slavery and you will only have curses, but give him freedom and then you will have an atmosphere of universal song, for my people are full of music; also very kind to others as a general thing. It is our nature to be so.

But man is no more civil in his ways if he is left ignorant and without any Christian teaching than any other animal. I have thought a great many times in reading the history of the revolution of



BOA-CONSTRICTORS.

San-Domingo, that it was a great blessing the black people there had a leader that had some education, and was virtually a Christian. Because if General Toussant L'Overture had been as ignorant then, as the most of the blacks were at that time, the war would have been more horrible than it was, and I am sure it was bad enough to appal the stoutest heart. It appears that all or the most of history, is

war history, as much as anything else. I was in great hopes that all nations would form a tribunal to settle all national disputes by arbitration, but it appears not, and it does not look nice to see or think about two large bodies of men arrayed against each other in a combat for the purpose when all nations can do without war. I do not know but the day is coming when the father will be against the son and the daughter against the mothe, for it was when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis were shaking the earth with the clash of their bayonets and the booming of their cannons, to settle a disputed question. The land was drenched with blood, while hundreds of thousands of men, lost their lives and fortunes, were swept away, while their disputes could have been settled by a simple act of arbitration But my people got their freedom through this war, although that was not the intention in the beginning. It was to save the union. The main point was to keep slavery from extending into the territories, and to remain inside of the bounds where it was, and if the people had agreed to that we would have been in slavery to-day, unless society had became developed enough to have freed oureslves, which was in a splendid condition when the war commenced. The thought was universal among my people, strange to say, that this war in some way would bring about the full emancipation of our people in the South, so our thoughts

were well founded. Those ideas were so firm in our minds that society for freedom was discontinued altogether, and we offered ourselves to go in the army, but they refused our services at that time. I was at the copper mines at Lake Superior and I wanted to enlist then, but they told me that they did not want any black men in the army, as they were able to do their own fighting and did not want us, but they changed their mnid. After so long they thought they would take pity on us, and let us fight too, as we wanted to help to fight, although we can whip the South easily enough. Oh yes, they could whip the South all right, but they would let us in the army after so long to gratify us, as they had done good service in the old revolution, so there was near two hundred thousand of my people engaged in the United States rebellion. We were emancipated as a war measure so none of us were disappointed in our ideas about emancipation in the struggle between the North and South.

So the history of the new race, full of sorrow, blood and tears, is also laden with instruction for mankind. Brought from our native land into the United States, against our will; made the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water, considerd in the light of law, and public opinion, as mere chattles—things to be bought and sold at the will of the owner. Driven to their unrequited toil by unfeeling men, the condition of my people was indeed a sad lot to contem-

plate to. The name of "New Race" was given to my people in San Domingo when they gained their independence in the year of 1803, and strange to say, the same name was also given to us, after the emancipation in the United States, sixty years later. So let freedom reign in all the world.

On returning to my home in Greensburg, I must say that we were very kindly received by the white people, and as stated in the preceeding chapter, the young people were very much excited on our arrival, in fact so some of the old people that had been raised in the neighborhood never saw a black person, and, of course, it was a great curiousity for them to see us. Many children would come to our house. They would look at us, and say to each other: "They have got a tongue and teeth like we have, ain't they?" "Yes, but they look so queer. I would think they would wash that off, as they would look like us." "No, it will not come off," the answer would be, "because the other day after taking hold of the little girl's hand, I rubbed it hard and not a bit of the black would came off, so I know it will not wash off, or else it would have come off on my hand." That was one of my little sisters they were talking of. "Ain't they got funny hair? It does not look like ours, though it is very nice, and ain't it black." Our hair is not black, but it is different to theirs. "My ma told me that these black people were negroes from Africa." "Well, where is that?" "Oh, it's away across the sea some-

where." "Well, is all the people there black?' ' "I guess so." I was in the next room with mother, when this conversation was going on, with the little girls and my little sisters. After a while I went into the room where my sisters and the little white girls were talking, and one of them said to me that "her little brother would come to see me tomorrow." He did come and brought some marbles with him, staying a long time playing marbles with me, after which he gave me some and I thought it was a great present. That little boy and I became great friends and remained so until his death. His name was Milton Thompson. I will never forget how kind that little boy was to me. I was then a boy of six years of age and when my little friend died I felt his loss very much. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were very nice people indeed. After we had lived in Greensburg for nearly a year, there was an old gentleman that came in from the country with produce was driving through the streets ts usual in such cases. His wife, an old lady, was walking from door to door, selling such vegetables as they had, when they arrived at our house, on the main street, my father was in the shop shaving a man, and the old lady, although at the door, could not see his face. However, without waiting for him to turn, asked him if he wanted to buy any vegetables. My father then faced around. That was enough. She jumped around very smart for an old lady and as her husband drove up at once informed him that

there were "niggers living in this house.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, I must go in and see them, for I have not seen a "nigger" for forty years, since I left old Virginia."

So the old man walked in and saluted my father thus: "Well, boy, how do you do? I am glad to see you. It has been a long time since I saw a black man."

My father told him that he was glad to see him, too. The farmer and my father had a pleasant half hour's talk. The farmer spoke about how numerous the black people were in Old Virginia, that he always loved black people, saying that we were of the same blood. My father expressed great satisfaction that there existed exceptional people, holding opinions different to the prevailing wrong in the United States. When the old gentleman visited us again he made my father a present of a very large smoked ham. I remember so well the day that Lloyd—for that was his name—brought the ham and presented it to my father. Dad received it with many thanks. Mr. Lloyd and my father were always friends after becoming acquainted. My father had a great many friends in Greensburg and were treated with much kindness. Most especially kind were the ladies to my dear mother on the occasion when she was sick. Nothing was too good for her and she received the best of kindness at all hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. H. JOHNSON, FROM 1839 TO 1900, AND THE NEW RACE.

My fourth sister born. Running the gauntlet. The exodus. Selling the slave women's children. The slave trade. A broken wagon. Parting man and wife. Slave catcher's home in Indianapolis. A slaveholder offers to purchase me from my father.

My fourth sister was born in Greensburg, and over this event there was more excitemen than ever among the curious white folks. They all wanted to see the little negro baby and at times the house would be crowded with old and young anxious to get a glimpse of my infant sister.

It may seem strange to some that a child born of colored parents is always comparatively light, almost three shades lighter than its parents, and that is the point that caused so much excitement on the birth of my little sister, Amanda. However, as they advance in years the skin becomes darker and

they gradually grow the color of their parents. This fact, of course, was unknown to our neighbors at the time.

This sister of mine grew to womanhood, was married and had two children, but sad to relate, died in New York several years ago.

There were eight children in our family—seven girls and one boy. I was the only son, with seven sisters, all now being dead but two so far as I know.

We remained in Greensburg until the latter part of 1848. In these years I had grown to be quite a lad and had many pleasant and some unpleasant experiences. The white people for the most part were very kind to us, but strangers coming in would sometimes have some very bad boys and on occasions I suffered abuse at their hands. I would be away from home when they would get after me and I would have to get home in double quick time. In fact, I would have to run the gauntlet very often through the group of boys, and have received many a pelt with rocks or whatever came handy. It would be a running fight from start to finish, until I would in great haste arrive at our own house. Every now and then some of the boys had a way of getting a hard fall and of course the other boys would get ahead of those who had fallen and being so mad to see their comrades fall they seemed bound to vent their spite on me. Of course I could not prevent their stumbling and falling, but that was not the way they looked at it. However, after a while they

would tire of that kind of thing and go off muttering threats and imprecations to themselves of what they would do when next they caught me out.

After running the gauntlet so many times and the boys getting so many falls, they finally gave up their hostility and became quite friendly toward me, but even after a long residence there were yet some boys who had not become reconciled to their black enemy. Occasionally I would be passing some alley just at the time that some bad boys would be playing marbles; they would see me passing along the street and they would set up a yell:

"There goes the black fellow; let us give him a good thrashing." But one would say: "Oh, no; don't do that, because if you do you will fall and stub your toe. Do you not remember the other day when we were after him how many of us fell to the ground and hurt ourselves very badly for our fun?"

It was through this kind of good boy that I was saved.

Eventually my father got a notion into his head to move to Indianapolis, the capital of the State of Indiana, and after getting our things together we said good-bye to all our kind friends and started. But our trip was by no means an uneventful one. The second day out our wagon broke down on the road, just in front of a neat little cottage, where the host and hostess received us with much kindness. On examining the wagon it was found that the axle had broken, and we were delayed for two days while

the repairs were being made. On the third day we continued on our journey. We had a light snow the night before and it was quite cold for Indiana. During our journey we met three or four parties of slave catchers and my mother was terribly frightened. One of these parties halted us. They were all well armed, carrying a rifle, revolvers and a short sword. They began to interrogate my father.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To Indianapolis," my father answered.

"Well, where are you from?"

"From Greensburg," he said.

"How long did you live there?" they next enquired.

"Something like five years."

"Were you ever a slave?"

"No sir, I never was."

"Well," said the leader, "I am on a hunt for some and have had my eye on them for some time. I must have them, for they are too valuable to let loose. Have you got any family?" they asked my father.

He told them, "Yes, sir."

"Where are they?"

"In the wagon there."

Then they rode up to the covered wagon that my mother and we children were in and looked us all over carefully. Finally, having satisfied themselves that we were not the people they were looking for, they rode away. After that we proceeded on our

journey without further molestation and eventually arrived at our destination in Indianapolis in safety.

It was quite late in the fall of 1848 when we arrived in the Indiana metropolis. Even in those days Indianapolis was a very beautiful city, containing many fine buildings.

We soon got settled in our new home and were quite comfortable. My father fitted himself up a fine barber shop and did a very fair business from the very first. My mother was very anxious about our education and wanted to send us to school right away, but going to the public, or common school, as it was called, was out of the question. For a black child to go into a school in that country where white children were taught was counted an insult for which they would not stand. But there was a private school in the city, taught by one of our own race, and conducted especially for the instruction of colored children, who would otherwise be denied the privilege of an education. To this school my sisters and I were sent to get the rudiments of an education.

Speaking about colored children venturing into a white school, of course I did not try that, but on one occasion I made so bold as to go into a white church to attend divine service and I must say that I got somewhat of a setback. The church was crowded with a congregation of at least two thousand people and it seemed to me as I entered the chapel that every eye beneath the roof wis riveted

on me. The minister seemed no less startled at my appearance among his flock than the lambs themselves. I remember the incident perfectly, and the preachers apparent surprise. He was preaching from a text taken from the Book of Genesis at the time of my entry, but astonishment took him fairly off his feet, and after wandering in his discourse from Genesis to Revelations, he sat down, bringing his sermon to an abrupt close. When the service finally closed the minister assumed the air of one who believed that a great crisis had just passed. I may say that I did not venture into that church again.

As I have said before, my father was "Station Master" on the "Underground" in Indianapolis, as he had also been in Greensburg. I can remember with great vividness the comings and goings of many fugitives who sought refuge under our roof in the flight north to the land of freedom. The city was visited by a great many slave holders looking for their runaway slaves, but as there was quite a large black population it was a comparatively easy matter for the fugitives to hide themselves and few of those who got as far as Indianapolis were ever caught.

When these escaping slaves arrived in our city it was almost invariably by the safe and secret underground railway. They would stay in our house in fear and trembling until the anxious moment arrived for their flight north. With these distressed

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL 1775

ones we wept many bitter tears of anguish and among them witnessed much sorrow and suffering. It is needless to say that all this time my father was suspected of being connected with this great benevolent system and he had visits from slave hunters at his barber shop almost every day, but daddy knew how to appear to know nothing and they all went away with as little information as they brought. Occasionally they would have long chats with my father, almost invariably on the slave question, but of the most of them I must say that they treated the old gentleman with the greatest of respect.

It was during this time, or during our stay in Indianapolis, that one slave holder whom I have particular cause to remember called on us. He walked into the shop while my father was in the act of shaving a man and took a seat. After eyeing father for some time he finally asked him where he was from.

"From Greensburg," said father.

"I am from Louisiana," volunteered the slave hunter.

Father then asked him if he owned any slaves and he said that he had no less than fifty on his plantation down South.

Father said: "You should be ashamed to hold my people in bondage."

"Oh, I don't think so," he said. "You would be better off down there than here. Don't you think so yourself?"

But father would not consent to any such opinion. Just about this time I came into the shop and the slave owner said: "I will buy this boy from you and take him back to the South with me." He told father that if he would sell me he would get the cash right down. Father said that he might go South himself, but he would never sell any of his children into slavery.

But the slave owner said that it was not father that he wanted, but me and added: "You know that I can do better by him than you can."

But father was not looking for any chance to sell his own children into the bonds of slavery, and so the matter dropped. Finally the slave holder asked father where we lived and father told him, "On the north side of the canal, near Michigan street."

"Well," he said, "I will call and see you again at your own home before I leave the city."

As good as his word, the slave holder did call on us. One day, just as we were about to take our seats at the dinner table he walked into the house with his hat on and after saluting father and mother in his jolly manner, sat down at the table and had dinner with us. Strange to say, the slave holder from the South had less scruples about mingling in our company than the greater majority of those we were acquainted with in the North. It almost seemed that custom in the South did what Christianity in the north failed to do. About the only act of disrespect on the part of the slave holder was that

he kept his hat on all the time he was eating dinner.

During the meal we children took up a great deal of his attention and he amused himself by throwing small coins on the floor to see us scramble for them. We had a great time wrestling among ourselves for the money and undoubtedly he enjoyed it immensely. When he finally arose from the table we all had money and he wound up by giving mother some money and bidding father and mother "Good bye Mary" and "Good bye John," in the kindlies manner imaginable.

And in speaking about this man's visit I must say here that the reader of this book must not imagine that all slave holders were cruel, cold hearted men. All of you no doubt have read in Uncle Tom's Cabin of Mr. St. Clair of New Orleans and Mr. Selby of Kentucky. These men were not fiction characters produced for the sake of the history, but were of a class of which there existed a great many scattered throughout the South. Among such as these the mildest forms of slavery existed, and for the most part their slaves were engaged purely in the pursuits of agriculture. Whoever has visited the South in those days and has witnessed the good-humored indulgence of some masters and mistresses and the patient loyalty of their slaves will understand the class of people to whom I refer. But over it all was the constant, grim shadow of the law; and so long as the law which counted men and women with beating hearts and human affections but so many chat-

tels to be bought and sold, there was no security that such conditions would last. At the death or misfortune of their owner they were likely to be sold to masters who had not the same kindness of heart, their life to become henceforth one long burden of misery. At such times would be seen the most awful spectacle that slavery produced, that of families being parted, parents from children, husbands from wives and sweethearts from those they loved. Often there were the heartbreaking scenes of a mother witnessing the sale of her sons and daughters to some far South plantation, there to work their weary lives away among the cotton fields and the cypress swamps. Then there would be weepings and vain implorings to hard-hearted men and all the sorrow and heart-breakings and anguish and misery that the slave system alone can produce. While such things were possible by the law of the land there could be no real happiness, for the beautiful, the full and the true life is not possible under the ban of slavery. And so, no matter what the individual kindness of some owners might be, there was always among their slaves that undercurrent of unrest, the desire to be free.

But as I have before stated, there were thousands of slave owners all through the South who were very kind to their blacks. Some of them even went to the extreme limit of setting many of their people free. I know of many instances where slave owners have taken their slaves north of Mason and Dixon's

line to the so-called free states and bought them little plots of land to settle on, there to end their days in freedom. There is an extensive settlement in Ohio that was formed in this way. Long before emancipation this settlement amounted to several thousand people, and some of those who were thus liberated before the war are living in that settlement even to-day.

But in speaking of these so-called free states, the darkies at that time had a very bad time of it there also, almost as bad, in fact, as in the South in one sense, for the slaves in the South did have protection at least from outside violence. But in the North they had none. I never heard of violence in the South until after emancipation, but in these "free" states mob violence was of frequent occurrence at that time. Many a time I have seen my afflicted people running and trying to escape from a furious mob and not one of the thousands who looked on would offer or dare to lift their hand in the black man's defence. I saw such a sight at one time when we were living in Indianapolis. A colored man had been working for a white man and they had gotten into a dispute as to the amount of wages due and to get out of paying anything at all this unscrupulous white man had raised a race riot, during which the blacks were terribly treated. There was a time in Indianapolis when no black man dare venture out after dark and none dare travel alone at any time. In those times they always went about

three or four together to protect themselves from insult or injury.

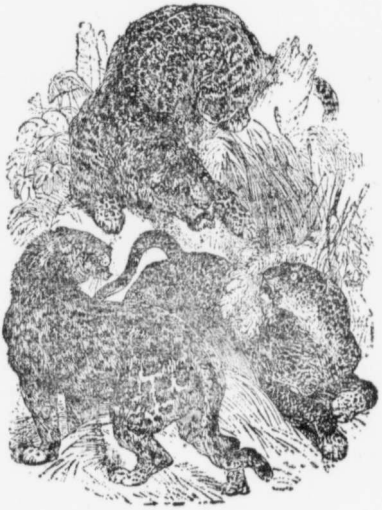
In the matter of education we were also most unjustly treated. We were regularly assessed and taxed for schools which we dare not attend. We of our family did manage to get a very fair education, but it was only under the most painful difficulties. When we went to school we were hounded and beaten by other vicious boys. I remember well how my eldest sister would start us off in advance either going to or coming from school and she would take up the rear guard, so to speak, and defend us from attack by the vicious boys and girls who would follow us through the streets. But she was a capable guardian and well able to take care of her little group, except under the most distressing circumstances.

But the saddest blow of all to the colored population of the "free" state was when the "Fugitive Slave Law" was passed. At that time many of our people sold all their earthly effects for whatever they could realize in a hurry and fled to Canada to escape the consequences of this terrible law. This law, in effect, said that any slave owner in the South could come into the free states of the North and by swearing that any colored man was a fugitive slave, could take him away back to the South again into slavery. This law was very sweeping in its effects. There was no time limit. The man might have been a resident of any state for years, since his child-

hood in fact, and yet be taken back under this ordinance.

There was just one case that I will mention here in particular, because as I was a witness it was very firmly impressed on my memory. There was a black man who arrived in Indianapolis shortly after the passing of this law and sought to hide himself among the colored people there. One day his owner found him out and with a crowd of other men took after him down the main streets. Just when they got in front of my father's shop one of the pursuers got quite close to him and threw a big rock. It struck the refugee on the head and knocked him down. My father, seeing this, ran out and lifted the man's bleeding head on his arm. The slave owner came up and watched proceedings. My father sent for the doctor, who bound up the wounded man's head and brought him back to consciousness. The slave owner whipped out a pair of handcuffs, shackled his man and dragged him off, to be returned once more to slavery. As it eventually transpired, the man did not again serve in that horrid state, for when they got him as far as Paducha, Illinois, he again got away from his oppressor and succeeded in reaching a station of the underground railway by which route he eventually reached Canada and there found the freedom for which he had risked his life. In later years he became a preacher in the village church in Amerstburg and it was my pleasure on one occusion, years after the

events I have detailed, to hear him deliver a very eloquent sermon. In these later years he frequently spoke of the hardships he had endured and the dangers he had undergone in making his escape, and none could give better testimony to the truthfulness of this than I myself.



AFRICAN LEOPARDS.

With regard to the underground railway, my father at that time certainly distinguished himself. He seemed to be just naturally made for the job, and no risk was too great for him to take. He would turn out at any time of the night with his

fast horses which he kept for no other purpose in the world, to help some fugitive on his way. The risks, of course, were very grave, and my mother used to be terribly anxious at times about his safety, for the white man who was caught helping slaves to escape in those days was almost invariably punished with long terms of imprisonment and a heavy fine; and God help the negro who was caught doing the same. He was fortunate if he escaped with his life, for a black man's life in those days was held very cheap, and for that matter, so was a white man's.

Some of the incidents of the slave trade are too horrible almost for belief. It was the most awful traffic ever carried on by any nation pretending to be either Christian or civilized. Many of the people that I knew were brought from Africa cooped up in slave ships in far worse condition than they now bring cattle across the ocean. After Great Britain emancipated the slaves in her colonies, in 1837, she was very active in suppressing the traffic. I think it was in the year 1857 that an English cruiser overhauled one of these slavers on the west coast of Africa near the mouth of the Congo river. The English officer thought he saw something suspicious about this ship and he ordered her to lay to, but the captain protested that he was engaged in legitimate trade and carried only legal merchandize. Notwithstanding his protests, however, the English captain launched a small boat to board the sus-

picious looking trader. When he arrived alongside he found two small black boys hanging onto the rudder. On rescuing them and confronting the men with this evidence he got the details of probably the most horrible atrocity that has ever been perpetrated on the high seas. The ship had sailed from the mouth of the Congo only a few days before with eight hundred slaves under her hatches. When the cruiser hove in sight the captain of the slaver knew that they were after him and he thereupon ordered that all the slaves be cast overboard with weights about their necks, in order that when the cruiser overhaulel them there should be no evidence of his nefarious traffic. This order the men carried out and of the eight hundred slaves with which they had sailed, the two little boys clinging to the rudder were the only ones to escape. This captain and his fiendish crew were summarily tried and received at the yard arm the justice which they so richly deserved. But even this was not an exceptional case. There were others almost as bad, and the arrival of a slave ship on the American coast was a matter of the most ordinary interest. I can remember quite well the arrival of one ship which sailed up the Potomac river with a cargo of slaves and sold them in Maryland. There were several hundred of the poor creatures and their sufferings were something terrible to behold.

All this time the internal trade was going on at a lively pace. Speculators would go about the coun-

try buying up slaves in droves and shipping them to points where the demand was greater, there to sell them to the highest bidder. The cruelty of some of these men was simply fiendish. My mother's uncle was a slave in Kentucky before emancipation and he had his nine sons taken away from him and sold to the cotton states of the South, after which he never heard of them again.

Yet my people, with all their bitter trials, were a light-hearted race. In Kentucky they had a better time and more consideration than in any other state. It was a rule there that when Christmas came the slaves could put a log of wood at the back of the fire place and build a fire in front of it; as long as the log lasted the darkies had a holiday. It is amusing to think of the tactics they pursued to make that log last. They would go to the woods and get a big green log—the bigger and the greener the better it suited them—and this they would roll to the creek, there to let it soak for days. When Christmas morning came they would roll it to the fire place in the family mansion; and as long as that log continued in the fire place the darkies made merry to their hearts content. These days of revelry, of dancing and of songs were enjoyed with a recklessness and abandon that was no doubt heightened by the fact that they knew that many of them would undoubtedly be sold again before the next Christmas to some cotton-grower who did not allow of any such indulgence.

The Western slave states, such as Missouri and Kentucky, had a different climate to the states of the far South, such as Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, for in those states it was very warm and unhealthy for slaves. When the owner of slaves in any of the Western states mentioned about selling any of his slaves to the far south, the slaves would be in terror and many of them would rather meet a Bengal tiger than go south. Not only is the south unhealthy, but the millions of different insects they have to contend with is what makes it such an undesirable lot for any one; the slaves in particular, as they have to toil under a burning sun, year after year and in the same state. The slave would sometimes sing and dance all night and go into the rice swamp and work hard all day, for the black man is full of life, and the only way to get it out of him is to kill it out; work will not stop the fun in him.

CHAPTER IV.

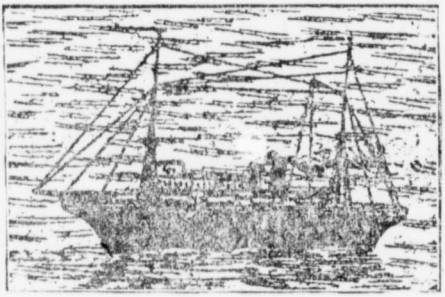
My father and mother anxious to go to Liberia. The . . exodus to Liberia. . The Republic set up a court and a navy. . My mother to be taken into slavery. The fugitive slave law. . Born a slave in a free state. Start for Canada. Safe arrival. Opposed to war.

During the time of our residence in Indianapolis, we heard of the settlement of our people—from the United States—in Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. The colonization society in the United States through their agents had visited Africa for that purpose, and had been successful through the royal chiefs in purchasing a tract of country, in extent some six hundred miles along the Atlantic ocean. It extended but a few miles into the interior at that time in the year 1827. So on the return of the agents to the United States the same year, the schooner Ann was chartered, 87 black people shipped in her for Liberia, and arrived safe at their destination and formed a settlement among the black heathens of our race. But those eighty-seven people that had landed in Liberia found plenty of work to

do, because the savage black people there did not appear to be satisfied for some reason, and they declared war against the black people from the United States and fought several battles. But the United States black people stood their ground. The black women did good service in helping the men to fight for they were just as brave as the men in trying to secure a new home on the shores of Africa. That is the part of Africa where my grandmother on my father's side was brought from more than a hundred years ago, so that when my mother and father heard of Liberia and the settlement of my people there from the United States they were very anxious to go, where we would be free from insults of all kinds, and where their children could go and come from school in peace, and where there would be no fear of the kidnaper stealing their children to take south and sell. I have thought a great many times since how those things weighed on my parents' minds in those days. I was always a very active boy when growing up and as I was the only boy of eight children, I was favored more than any of my seven sisters, and so with all the vigilance that was kept over me, I would manage to get away with other boys, playing off from home, and sometimes would stay away longer than I should. I have thought many a time since how my poor mother felt while I would be away at such times, because any of us children were liable to be kidnaped if caught from home in Indianapolis in those times, or in any part of the state of

Indiana. So the reader will imagine the great terror their parents would be in when any of their children would be absent from home longer than they thought they should be.

Not only my father and mother, but all of our people were interested in the Liberia migration, and many counsels were heard on the subject. But Liberia is the most unhealthy part of Africa, as is all the west coast. Many colored people went from Indianapolis to the new land of freedom, but they



A SLAVER.

were far from having a good time. Of the hundreds that my father knew almost none of them sent good reports. Some one of our friends would go to Liberia, and the next thing that we would hear was that they were dead. And the climate was not the only enemy. The natives of Liberia did not take kindly to their new neighbors, and showed their hostility by declaring war, notwithstanding that the

people against whom they fought were of their own kin and wanted to befriend them. So it came about that the American negroes who settled in Liberia had to fight for their existence, and in this fight the women of the new settlement were in no wise less brave or less ready to fight than the men.

Considering these circumstances, my father and mother decided that it would be simply suicidal to leave any of the northern or western states to go to Liberia. But notwithstanding these bad reports, many colored people emigrated to the new haven of refuge, and quite a proportion of them survived. After the trouble with the natives, those who lived established themselves and did fairly well. In a short time after their settlement in Liberia they formed themselves into a republic, elected a president and established a court.

The government, as it stands today, is divided into three branches, executive, legislative and judicial. The first consists of a president and vice-president. The legislative branch of the government consists of a senate elected according to law. The towns and cities are governed each by its own council, also elected. The laws are administered by a supreme court and other courts, duly and legally established and having the entire confidence of the citizens of this ittle republic, which is something that cannot be said of all the courts of the present day.

Among the United States negroes who went over

there from time to time there were many ardent missionary workers, and they have accomplished great good among the heathens of the West Coast, but they have had an awfully hard time of it. In the beginning there was nothing within the comprehension of the ignorant blacks upon which to establish a foundation of faith, for they knew nothing about a living God. But they persevered and have been instrumental in bringing twenty thousand of these blind heathens within the blessed light of Christianity. They went among them and established churches and schools, and their converts have gone forward among their own people to spread the light as well.

However, as a result of the evil reports from the Republic of Liberia, my parents decided not to move but to stay in Indianapolis; but fate decreed that our stay should be short.

As I said before, the fugitive slave law was now in operation in its most obnoxious form. As I have before related, my mother was a slave and left her owners in Kentucky—without protest on their part—at the time that she married father, living since then in freedom. But now came this law, and at almost the same time her old master in Kentucky died and his estates passed to his heirs, with these estates passed to title to my mother. But that was not the worst. The slave law decreed that when a slave woman escaped and bore children, although her husband might be a free man, the children were

bond as well as herself. If she were free and her husband a refugee slave her children would then be counted free. The intent and purpose of the law was to attach the children to their mother.

In our case, although our father was a free man, our mother had been at liberty for years and we ourselves were born in a free state yet we were all slaves in the eyes of the law: and that the law was by no means a dead letter we were soon to find out to our sorrow.

The heirs who succeeded to the Kentucky estate were of a much different character to my mother's old masters, and they immediately set about to recover my mother and her children. After a long search they finally discovered us in Indianapolis, and were about to gather us in when a kind friend of my father's averted the catastrophe by warning us of the danger we were in. Then it was consternation and a hurry and bustle to make our escape. No place short of Canada held any hope for us, and no time there was for preparation for our flight. I remember well the look of fear on my mother's face during that eventful night how she startled at every sound and would not let us out of her sight for a moment. In the dead of the night we gathered a few of our personal possessions and clothing into baskets and fled for the north. All our household furniture and property we left without realizing one cent therefor, and some person probably took possession of a deserted but furnished house after we left.

We left Indianapolis on the early morning train and arrived the following evening in Sandusky, where we had to wait for three or four days for the boat which would take us across to Canada. It was here that I first saw a sailing ship, an incident of quite large importance in my eyes at the time. But the most important event of the Sandusky visit was meeting some of our relations who had been living in that city unknown to us for several years. Uncle Isaac Griffin was one of them. He had made his escape to Australia many years before, and as we had never heard of him since you can imagine the surprise and pleasure with which my parents met him and his wife. Of course they received us with open arms and added much to the pleasure of our stay.

But at the end of our three days' stay the boat —the Arrow—arrived and carried us over to Amherstberg, Ontario. Here for the first time in our lives mother and we children sat foot upon the soil of a country in which we were really free.

What this means can be known only to those who have experienced slavery.

It was already winter when we arrived at Amherstburg and the snow was several inches deep. To us, with our Southern experience this was something new, but I cannot say that our first experience of a Canadian winter was altogeher unpleasant.

We put up at Mr. Foster's hotel, a colored man

who had made his escape from the South some years before. Mr. Foster kept a livery stable, also had some fine horses. After remaining at the hotel a few days we got a house and settled down. My father's brother and his wife and children and a lot of our old acquaintances had preceded us the year before, and were in Amherstburg and it would have done any man good to have been there and seen that meeting. Women kissed each other and cried for joy. My old grand mother on my father's side was yet living, but very old, she lived with my uncle, my father's brother. She was so glad to see us all at first she could not speak, but went round hugging and kissing us children and my mother and father until she had almost given out. My two aunts were there, and declared that it looked almost as if we had all met in Heaven, for we were all happy enough and in a great state of delight.

During our stay in Indianapolis, my father had studied anatomy and medicine, and on his arrival in Canada he went up for examination, which he passed very creditably. For many years thereafter he followed the practice of medicine in this little Canadian town and neighborhood.

After a year's residence in the town we moved out to a farm where my father added agriculture to the practice of medicine and in this new home we were very happy.

There is one incident that happened about this time which I remember well as having caused us

temporary alarm. It was at the time of the fall of Sebastopol and the triumph of British arms in the Crimea. A great celebration was inaugurated in Amhurstburg immediately on receipt of the news. Guns were fired, cannons boomed from the old fort and all was rejoicing and noise. But of this we were all unaware and our alarm was great. My parents dispatched me to town immediately to learn the cause of the disturbance. I went to town with a Mr. Ward, who had served the Queen in the Canadian rebellion a few years before. He was as ignorant of the cause as I and it was with some apprehension that we approached the town. But imagine our surprise when instead of carnage and waves of blood we found rejoicing on all hands. When we learned the cause thereof we joined in the general celebration, with three cheers for our noble queen.

There were many colored people living in Amherstburg at that time who had served in the rebellion in Canada which closed in 1878, and I must say that they were intensely loyal to the British flag. As a matter of fact the colored race in all parts of the world, United States, Africa, the West Indies and everywhere they have gone, love and adore the crimson ensign of Great Britain, as they no doubt have good cause.

I have heard men say that England has reached the zenith of her glory and must surely fall, but the black man will never believe that. As long as she

recognizes God as her leader she will surely flourish. John Quincy Adams once said in speaking for the abolition of slavery that he "trembled for his country," and he had need to. Even so is it put down in the holy writ. Sodom and Gomorrah were cities which perished of their own wickedness. Ethiopa, Rome, Syria and Spain have all gone down through their sin. It is only by doing right that nations live. And so I am glad that my lot is cast among people who recognize Christian principles in their government, and I know that that government must live.

I have read in history and novels and in the holy scriptures the story of many wars. Some people say that we must have war. I say that with the advent of the Christian era war should be no more. In the olden days war was sent as a punishment on wicked nations for their national wickedness. But with the coming of the new dispensation men have but to live right and war will end. It is my belief that war is unnecessary; that the earth should not be drenched with blood as a sacrifice on the altar of national greed.

I have read in Dr. Chaillus' works of the Amazon Queen, Timbouduba, of the Congo country, who sought to establish a kingdom of Amazons in Central Africa; how she commanded all the male children to be killed and how she took her own child from her breast, put it in a mortar and pounded it to a pulp and after adding an ointment there-

to smeared her body with it, saying that she would thus become invulnerable to the shafts of her male enemies. This queen's idea was to secure justice and universal peace by killing off the males and establishing an Amazon rule; yet barbaric all as she was, she was hardly less sane than the modern nations who now send male inhabitants out to exterminate each other.

Notwithstanding my aversion to war, however, I must say this that should the British Empire want my services to carry those great principles for which she stands into any part of the earth, I, as old as I am today, would be one of the first and the most willing to shoulder a musket and take my place in the ranks of the legions of the greatest and the most just empire that this old world has ever seen.

But to return to our life on the farm. We were very happy and comfortable and had many pleasant evenings with our friends. My father frequently lead prayer meetings in our own home, which were attended by our neighbors. I was growing to a strong and healthy lad and did much of the work on the farm. I became an expert binder and many a time I have had an audience to watch me work, because I was so perfect in that respect that I could bind one bundle and toss it up in the air and almost before it had struck the ground I would have another one after it.

The neighbors thought that I was quite a smart boy at my age and they always said so to me, and I

always thought that my mother and father were of the same opinion, but they never said so to me, but when I would go to the house after my day's work was done and tell them what I had done they would say that is a good boy, still with that little bit I knew that they both thought well of me, so I

GEN. DESOLINS, EMPEROR OF HAYTI

was well satisfied with their sweet blessings. After the different crops were gathered and secured in the fall at different times or seasons I was permitted to go to school and by so doing, with the instructions I received at home, I got a fair education. In the

spring-time, after going to school during the long Canadian winter it was some pleasure to take hold of the plow and plow up the ground to prepare for cropping again, and to be out in the nice sunshine to hear the sweet songs of the birds by day and the cry of the whip-poor-will at night and the croak of the many frogs in the neighboring creeks, it is like music, and when we hear these agreeable sounds we will know that it is God's beautiful handiwork, then we cannot help but admire his lovely creatures. But nature is beautiful in whatever shape it is.

CHAPTER V.

The beauties of nature. The boa constrictor. The African. Advice. God's favor. Good out of evil. Sons of Ham. Born a slave, in a free state. Duty to parents. The little axe. New lights. Two black Emperors, and one black King in America, interrogated. Dangerous reptiles. The sailors. Our little enemies.

In every savage breast of the forest there is something beautiful, for God has made everything beautiful. The lion, the tiger, the giraffe, the elephant and every beast that roams the wilds, although all different, have somthing beautiful about them. Some may say of the elephant that in his ponderous body and ungainly movement there is nothing to be admired, but I am told that his tusks fetch $100 each in England, there to be made into beautiful articles of adornment and use. Solomon built his throne of ivory and King Ahab, so we are told in the 22nd chapter and 39th verse of 1st Kings, built his house of ivory; so there is something about the elephant for kings to admire. My grandfather would frequently talk of the wild beasts and reptiles

he had seen in Africa, and I have often listened to him tell of the boa constrictors and how they would suspend their enormous bodies from the limb of a tree, hanging head down, would wait for their prey. These reptiles were as large about the body as a common beer keg, and they could swallow a man with ease. When the natives saw them hanging thus they gave them a wide berth, for they knew they were hungry and woe betide the man who got within their reach. When they caught their prey, be it man or beast, they would crush it against a tree until lifeless, breaking its bones, and then proceed to slowly swallow it.

The natives where my grandfather lived frequently killed the boa constrictors and, tanning the skins, used them for adornment. Many other kinds of snakes they killed and ate in some parts of the country they ate snails, locusts and other insects. There was another kind of food which the African natives sometimes used,but of that I will not speak: the details are too horrible. I sincerely hope that the day is near at hand when the African natives will become Christianized and cannibalism will be no more. When that day comes what a man the African king must be—with all the wealth of gold and diamonds at his command. He could live in a palace of perfumed wood, stir his coffee with a golden spoon and sit on a throne of solid gold. If he served God his empire would stand, but if he did as African kings have done for 40 centuries

he would surely fall.

The African native was much favored by nature in his native land. The palm, the banyan and the bread fruit trees were placed there by the will of God to shelter him from the tropical sun and provide him with food to eat. But placed in such favorable circumstances, they forgot the will of God and practiced idolatry. It is strange that God permits the African to prosper, yet ever after the curse of Ham, the sons of Ham—legend states—arrived at a high state of civilization. They built the great pyramids of Egypt and were the masters of the great library of Alexandria, where the black man taught Euclid 300 years before the Christian era. Their arts in Egypt had reached the most sublime point ere they began to fall. Sesosteres, the first king of Egypt, organized a great army, and, during his many wars in Africa and Asia, fifteen millions of people were destroyed. The religion of the Egyptians consisted in the worship of heavenly bodies, such as the sun, and stars. They also worshipped living animals as supreme beings. The pyramids, which are still in existence, excite the wonder and admiration of the world, the largets of them covers an area of 13 acres and is 474 feet high. Besides these great and ever-wonderful monuments of past civilization, there are ruins of other great structures, hardly less wonderful, so all of that part of Africa was blessed to the highest degree. The people were rich in arts, science and inventions such as em-

balming, painting, also the art to raise the great stones upon buildings. But with all their glory the people fell to the lowest state in all Africa and would worship the idols of their own make, as well as the lion and king of beasts and alligators, reptiles; and the awful custom prevailed of offering human sacrifice to their Gods, made of wood and stone, and selling their own people to the slave traders.

And so they went down to the lowest state of degradation and ignorance. The nations of the earth brought the colored people from Africa as slaves until no less than twenty million of them were in bondage in America. But even out of this great good came, for these people at least became civilized and learned Christianity.

I have noticed in many ways that good will often come of evil; for instance, when the sons of Jacob sold their brother Joseph into bondage in Egypt he afterwards was the means of saving his people from starvation.

I have thought sometimes that it was a great blessing that our people had this opportunity to learn civilization and Christianity that they might eventually return to their own country and impart the knowledge to their own people.

But if we had remained in Africa me would not have had the opportunity to receive the light that we now have, unless through some other channels and we would all have been as blind as the rest.

Since the United States colored people went to

Liberia, many thousands of my race have been brought into the light and worship the true God, and many of the natives have been well instructed, and are now preaching the Gospel to the heathen in other parts of the country. So God in his superior wisdom introduced His Gospel throughout the world among all nations, and slavery of my race—as I see it—was one of God s mysterious ways of spreading his glorious Gospel.

I mentioned the very pleasant time we all had, while we remained on the farm near Amherstburg. It was there that I first learned I had been born a slave, in a free state. There was one of our neighbors who visited our house one evening. He and father were sitting out in the front of our house talking. I was in the yard at different times during his stay, with my sisters playing close by, as I always wanted to hear everything that was said. I would play about with my sisters, as close as I could, so as to give offence—to where the man and father were sitting talking. I did not wish to get too near, so as to come in for a friendly spank, as my old people called it. I had to be very careful, as the relations between parents and their children were quite different fifty years ago to what they are now. But I got close enough to hear the conversation very well. I heard father tell this man his reasons for coming to Canada, and leaving us unsettled at home in Indianapolis; that was on account of my mother having been a slave in Ken-

tucky, their having come over to Madison, Indiana, their residence there and their marriage. How, after the fugitive slave law had passed the young people of my mother's owners were going to Indianapolis to take her and her children into slavery. My father told his visitor how he found this out, which was through the kindness of a white man, who proved a true friend to us. Father said that this good white man came to our house late at night and entering, told father to go with him into the

BLOOD HOUNDS

next room as he wished to speak to him on urgent business. My mother and father both thought it strange, as the white man evinced great anxiety. Being acquainted with the man for a long time, father complied with his request. When he related to my father the startling news about my mother's danger and her children, father was very much surprised and hardly knew at the time what to do.

but he soon made up his mind, for he had heard of Canada, the land of the free, and hither he was going to bend his steps, so that was the first time I knew that I was born a slave in a free state—so-called.

I had a good father and mother, who taught their children well the ways of holiness. My mother had often taught me the beauties of being good, so that when the time came for me to die I would go to heaven. She would tell us that if we were not good we would go to the bad man. When we asked where the bad man lived she would tell us that he was "away down in torment." I miss my father and mother even now, old as I am—and their kindly treatment and teachings. But we thought that they were very strict at that time, although as I see it now I cannot say that they were unnecessarily so. We had all the liberty we should have had as children, but young people do not generally appreciate the real benefits which their parents bestow on them until too late.

I know how it was myself in my young days, but I did try to suit my parents as I thought, though sometimes I would come short in my duty—I think —towards them. For instance, they would send me in a hurry to go somewhere, telling me to be back as soon as I could. When on my way I would meet some boy and commence to play, thus being longer than I should. On my return home, when asked

"What kept me so long?" I gave some excuse, which was not always accepted, and I would get a flogging. I sometimes think about these things to this day, knowing that they weighed heavily on my parents' minds, and that I was the cause of needless misery. As I think about these little matters—as I thought them then—I always feel bad and hope within my heart that God will forgive me, for all the trouble I may have caused my parents.

All young people should be very careful not to hurt their parents' feelings in the least thing, for it is more heartbreaking for a child to provoke their parents than any one else. All children should respect their parents and they will never regret it. My dear mother would talk to her children a great deal, and so would my father, though his time was always more limited at home. My mother was more with us, and would tell us sometimes about little George Washington, when he was a boy; how he was noted for never telling a lie, and about his father presenting him with a little axe, then how little George with his little axe one day chopped his father's favorite cheery tree.

Mother said that when George Washington's father found his tree mutilated he made inquiries as to who did it but no one seemed to know. Just then little George arrived on the scene and his father asked: "Who cut that tree?" to which little George replied: "I cannot tell a lie, father; it

was I who cut your tree with my little axe."

Mr. Washington was so delighted with his little son for telling the truth that he replied by saying: "George, you have ruined my tree, but you have paid me well for it by telling the truth."

My mother would always impress it on my young mind to always speak the truth at all costs. Then my mother would tell me that if little George Washington had not told his father the truth about the tree his father would likely have given him a severe whipping, but the father and mother were so well pleased at their son telling the truth, which they considered condoned for the injury and paid for all damage. Little George Washington grew up to be a great general, commanding the Colonial troops at the time of the revolutionary war and finally became the first of the Emperors or Presidents of the United States.

There have been two emperors and one king who have ruled on the American continent within the last 100 years.

General Pirie Jaques Desolines after the war in San Domingo, was first made president, and after that had himself made emperor. He ruled from 1803 to 1806, when he was assassinated.. After the death of Desolines, General Christopher became king—another black man—who reigned from 1866 to 1820. At that time his subjects rebelled against him, and he blew his brains out. After President

Boyers and many other presidents had served in San Domingo or Hayti, in stepped General Soulouque, another black man, and declared himself emperor; this was in the year 1849. This emperor's title was Faustin the First, and it is said that this black emperor reigned twelve years in the most absolute manner, like a tyrant. All three of these black men had been slaves and they went from the state of slavery to the throne. The wife of Emperor Desaliens was a very pious and religious lady. This was shown at the time of her services in the hospitals among her sick enemies and her kind treatment towards them in nursing them to health, yet not knowing but that she would be a slave again under her former owner, who was in the same hospital she had charge of. He, it is said, died with the awful plague of yellow fever that was raging in San Domingo at that time. But her loving kindness to all and her Christian character won her the just name of Good Empress, which good name will go down to prosperity. Her husband, the Emperor, was of a different disposition. He was ferocious, it is said, and illiterate and uncultivated, and did not have in his heart that feeling that all human beings should have, which caused him to have a great many enemies. At last he was shot in sight of his own palace near Port au Prince, by some of his own soldiers.

The three colored governments of Hayti, San Do-

mingo and Liberia knocked a long time for recognition before they were admitted into the family of nations. Finally they were recognized at Washington, after a long speech delivered by Senator Sumner.

Since the beginning of the new era, which commenced with the emancipation there was a great improvement among the colored race. Those of us who have the desire to gain knowledge have had the opportunity to get an education. We have had opportunities for advancement that have never presented themselves to the colored race in the history of the world.

We are not the only class of people that have been in bondage; let us not look back, like Lot's wife, but look forward, get education, acquired good manners, be honest and try to live the life of the righteous, trusting in God to guide us in all our movements, then the New Race will prosper.

The energy that we have should not be exercised in crowding into towns for our support, but rather go to the woods and form settlements by clearing the land and making beautiful homes for ourselves. As a general thing, we were all used to tilling the ground; this we can do better than anything else. I have talked to my people about this matter a great deal, and hope that in the near future they will view the matter as I do, for surely it is a good plan.

We understand how to raise every kind of vege-

table that grows, wheat, corn, potatoes, rice, tobacco, sugar, beets, cabbages, tomatoes, hemp, cotton, sweet potatoes etc., also the various kinds of fruit trees, and all kinds of stock. Therefore, my advice to my people is to get land, while we can, and go into this enterprise before it is too late. Land here will not always be at such a low figure.

My father would whip me sometimes, which I richly deserved and I well remember, while living on the farm near Amherstberg there was a man named John Buckner, who had been living in the neighborhood for a number of years, and had made his escape from slavery.

He had a wife and family. One of his sons had grown to be quite a young man, when he took the notion to run away from home. My father being very strict with me, thought that I had had something to do with it, after hearing about it. I was questioned very closely as to whether I knew of John Buckner's running away; I was much surprised, as I had not heard of it then. So I told my father of my ignorance. "But," said my father, "did you have anything to do with it?" I answered "No, sir; I knew nothing about it." My father then asked me, "When had I seen John?" I told him it was sometime since I had seen John. My father looked at me awhile, and said, "So you know nothing about John being away from home?" I said "No sir; I did not." Then my father said in sub-

stance: "I do not want you to be the means of any boy leaving home; I wish you to be very careful in that respect, and if you do anything like that you know what to expect. It is very wicked to persuade any boy to leave his home; I want you to be a good boy. You are my only boy and I wish you to grow up into a good man. You must go to school now and learn to read, write and cipher, so that I can give you a chance in some business presently." I escaped a whipping that time, as I succeeded in convincing my father that I had nothing to do with John leaving his home. My father was very particular with his children, as all Christian parents should be, for the parents are responsible for their children until of age.

In a short time after going away John Buckner returned. He found that there was no place like home, where he remained.

After several years' residence on the farm at Amherstberg my father got another farm some 35 miles distant, in a settlement situated on Lake St. Clair, where there was quite a settlement of our people. After making preparations, we moved there on what was called then Foot's Institution. It was then all wild land, and the most of us lived in log houses, with the old time fire places that the people used in the good old days, where all the good things were cooked on the grate fire, for there was plenty of wood and every one could have as much

fire as they wanted, without money and without price, and for a long time there was plenty of water. There had been very little improvements in the neighborhood. However, they soon commenced to drain and make good roads, to cut off the timber and open up the country, so that in a few years it looked quite different to what it did at first. The people soon began to raise small crops, and then in a little while began to raise large ones. We built a church and a fine school. I would go to school at different times when convenient. Our school master was a colored man who had been in the neighborhood for sometime. He had been educated in England in his youth and was a fine scholar. He was a fine gentleman with elegant manners, and was competent to teach all branches. He said he was educated in the city of London, and he would talk a great deal about the people of England. He thought that if there were any people in the world that were true Christians surely they were.. He would talk about how orderly that immense city was kept, and how kind the people were to him and the great contrast between his treatment in the United States and in England, although he said that he was very well treated in some parts of the United States, but it was not so general. I have talked with a great many of my people that have visited England, and they all say the same in substance; that they always meet with uniform kindness from the people in that country.

The settlement of the Foot Institution we called the Puice Settlement, after the name of the very old river that ran through the settlement. The country was very wild when we first went there, the woods were infested with wild animals both of man and

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

beast, because the Indians were there in great force. They had a large camp near our place for a long time, and they would have their war dance at certain times and it would be a great sight indeed to hear those savage people yell and dance with the

war paint on their faces. They were so close to our place at such times that the howling of the hungry wolves and their war-whoops would make it hard for us to sleep at all, but we soon got used to it and did not mind it. But these Indians were always civil to us. They would often visit our house. Some could talk English, while others could not, but we never had any trouble with them. The wild beasts were very numerous. We could have deer, turkey, bear, grouse, quail, pigeon, coon, squirrel and many other kinds of game, such as fish with out number, and of the smaller birds there was no end. My fa- and I were always busy chopping wood, splitting rails, burning brush, getting out saw logs, hauling wood and doing anything in the way of clearing up the farm; but it was hard work, although I liked it very much. We raised some hogs and chickens and other fowls. I was hard work in these woods in winter because the snow would be so deep sometimes that when we would fell a tree it would bury so deep into the snow that we could hardly see it, but we would dig away the snow and chop it up into wood or saw logs, whichever it would be. Sometimes the snow would be nearly two feet deep on the level, but the snow was grand in getting the cord wood out of the woods, because the places that had so much water on in the summer would be frozen solid in the winter and it would be no trouble to raise one end of the largest saw log into a bob-

sleigh and take it many miles with ease. Following the custom in the United States, our people would have what are called bees to help each other in cutting wood. From twenty to thirty men would be invited to one of these bees. All would arrive early in the morning with their axes, wedges and malls to do a day's work for their neighbor, and sometimes would cut and split from forty to fifty cords of wood in one day. Then when the day's work was done there would be a great supper served in the evening. There would be a number of women also come to the house to assist in the cooking and after supper they would all help the hostess in quilting some quilts that were all prepared by the hostess in advance for the occasion. As my people are all of a very lively nature, they would have a great time indeed. Women and men would both quilt away all night and get out three or four quilts, and then go to their homes until the next bee, and it would be the same until every neighbor was served in the same manner; so all of the people got along very nicely.

This settlement was three miles from Bell River, a French town, but in going to this town a person would have to travel a road with dense forest on each side and in this forest there were many wild animals, such as bears, panthers and wolves. I have often gone on foot in those days to town and could hear the wolves howling around me in different

directions. This forest did not reach all the way to Bell River, only about one-third of the distance being timbered. I would usually start from home and run the entire distance through the wood until I had passed out of the danger limit, then walk into town. My parents did not send me by this road very often and it was usually in the day time, but on one occasion I went on an errand to a neighbors a couple of miles away. I left home quite late in the evening, hoping to get home before dark, but after arriving at the neighbors and having delivered my message I started to talk and dallied until it became quite dark. Then I was in a quandary. I was afraid to go home, so I stayed and talked on, hoping that Mr. Eaton—our neighbor—would perceive my predicament and invite me to stay for the night. He did not, however, so I finally got up, bid them good-night and started for home. I was certainly scared for I ran, never stopping until almost home, when I slowed down for lack of breath. My parents were very uneasy about me, for they had heard the wolves howling in the woods and feared that they were after me. But I arrived safe with no further injury than a bad scare.

The wolves were there in legions at that time, and during the winter they would come within a few hundred feet of our house, and issue the most blood-chilling howls. But soon as the forests were cleared away, they, along with other animals, left or were

driven away. They left us almost as bad a plague, for the mosquitoes and black gnats were something awful. The only way we could have any peace at all was by making a great smoke early every evening, so as to last until bedtime. By so doing we would get along very well with out little enemies. All of the neighbors had to do the same, to protect themselves from the little pests. Every evening during the summer season the whole neighborhood would be enveloped in smoke. After the country had been opened up more the insects were not so bad, and we could live with more comfort.

During the first two years of our residence at the Puice Settlement we could go to the streams and get all the fish we could use—that is, in the spring of the year when the water was high. The little river would overflow and innundate the country in every direction, so that the fish would be carried wherever the water went. We would go into the woods at such times and kill the fish with clubs and sometimes spear them. We would capture fish that were from one to twelve feet in length, such as pike, dog fish and others. Of course we did not eat the dog fish, but usually gave them to the hogs. The pike and other fish were good eating.

There were also a great number of snakes in this part of Ontario, of different kinds, such as the common garter snake, the water moccasin, copper head, the several kinds of black water snake, rattle snake,

and many other varieties. But they were generally very small, though their bite is said to be just as dangerous as the larger size. We also had scorpions and lizards in plenty. All reptiles so far as I have seen were much smaller in Canada than in my native state—Indiana. This is owing, doubtless, to the difference in the climate, for in the southern part of Indiana it is much warmer than it is in Canada. I have seen the black snake in Indiana over ten feet long and proportionately large around. I have seen such a snake rise up with their heads several feet from the ground and look around with awful eyes, the tongue darting in and out its mouth as fast as a man could wink his eye. During all my wanderings through the woods, while living at the Puice, I never received a snake-bite, though I remember one time that I came very near getting bitten. My father had given me a shotgun a short time before, and I had my gun with me in the woods. It was in the summer. I was barefooted, and as I walked along through the woods my foot struck something on the ground, which, on looking back, I discovered to be a snake that I had inadvertently kicked against.

I had taken but three or four steps from the snake and saw he had raised his head some five or six inches from the ground. He was very angry, his tongue darting in and out like lightning. I was so surprised and frightened at his attitude that I al-

most dropped my gun. The snake, however seemed rooted to the ground, and so soon as I recovered my presence of mind I took deliberate aim at the horror and fired. When the smoke cleared away I saw I had neither killed nor scared him. Not a shot had hit him, and he appeared to me to be in much the same place as before, his head up, looking right at me with his wicked eyes. When I saw that I just turned and started for home, and I do believe it was the fastest time I ever made before or since. It was a very long time ere I went far into the woods again. I did not get over the fright for a long time, and wherever I went I was more than ever on the watch.

It is usually said that we must look up for wisdom, but it seems to me that sometimes we should look down. There is in Indiana what is called the milk snake. They will crawl up a cow's leg and milk her dry, or if she lies down they will crawl up through the grass and take all the milk from her. Our cows frequently came home with hardly any milk and we always knew the reason. Then there is the house snake, which will live in a house for years, if not disturbed. I have seen these house snakes in our home in Indiana many a time. They are quite harmless, and seem thoroughly domesticated and are less troublesome than rats. In fact, if there are any rats or mice or vermin of any kind in a house, the house snake will clear them out in

short order.

After we had been at the Puice Settlement for two years a colored man by the name of Johnson arrived there and started a grocery business at Bell River. He soon became acquainted with my parents and took a decided liking to me. He asked my father to let me come and live with him, but father would not consent at first. However, as I wanted to go myself, he finally consented, and I left home to go and live with Mr. Johnson. He was a single man, so I did the cooking and helped to take care of the store. The inhabitants of Bell River being mostly French, I had an excellent opportunity to learn the language, which I did to perfection in a remarkably short time, which, of course, was a great help in dealing with them.

Mr. Johnson was a thorough gentleman, and he treated me fine. Although we were the only colored people in the settlement, we made many friends among the French, and I must say that they treated us in the polite and courteous manner which is characteristic of their race. The French are a fine class of people to live among at any and all times. They only require that a man shall act upright.

At the time I went to live with Mr. Johnson I was entering into my sixteenth year. I soon learned enough of the French language to understand them in anything they called for in the store. They used to call me the black Frenchman, and indeed I

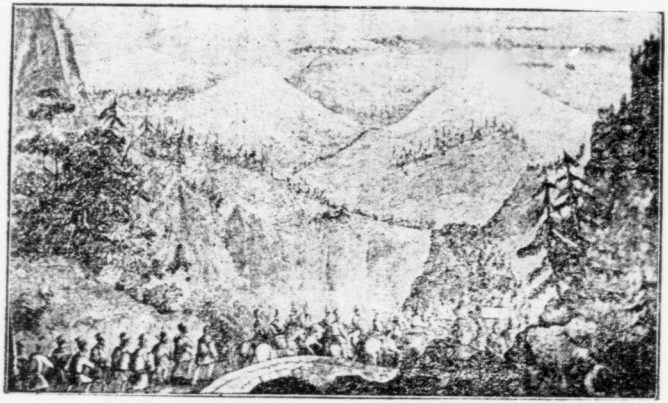
became quite a fluent French speaker. Mr. Johnson was in Bell River sometime before I went to live with him, therefore he was ahead of me in acquiring the language. When a got far enough advanced he would be away from the store a great deal on business, but during his absence I could carry on the business extremely well. I was always at my post whatever happened. There was one time — during Mr. Johnson's absence—I had quite a rough time of it, through a large vessel that had dropped anchor in front of the town—Bell River being on the Lake St. Clair. Some of the sailors came ashore and during their wanderings through the town, came to Mr. Johnson's store. Entering the store, they talked for awhile, when one of the men picked up a glass tumbler that was on the counter, drew back with it in his hand, to throw it at me, for they all appeared to be drunk. I was at that time standing at the back of the counter to wait on them, should they want anything. It appeared they were looking for trouble. At the same time there were two ladies in the store, and when they saw the man throw the glass at me, they commenced to scream, for they were very much frightened and left the store. I was left alone to sustain the attacks of these two rough men. There were three of them, but the third man was more of a gentleman, and he did not interfere with me but tried to quiet the other two as best he could. When the man threw the glass tumb-

ler at me his aim was not good, so he missed his mark, breaking some of the articles on the shelves instead. That made me very mad, so I went round the counter with the determination to defend my master's goods in his absence. 'Twas a lively time I had, for I was only a boy, but I did my best. The one that threw the glass laid hold of me and would shake me while I was trying to throw him. Every little while his head would turn and strike my head by some means and he did not appreciate it either. It was in some mysterious way his head would strike mine every now and then. I must admit 'twas his fault, not mine, that he got his head so bruised. I suppose he felt so eager to thrash me for nothing, that he would strike me so with his head, but the last time his head struck mine, he thought he would quit, as there was not much fun knocking his head against mine.

CHAPTER VI.

A fight by a Frenchman. Character. A kind man A visit to my home. Advice. Honesty. A new light. An awful scene.. Adventure with a horse. A mistake. Leaving my parents and friends.

The trouble spoken of in the last chapter was still proceeding when in walked a little Frenchman and a little dog with him. The sailor then stopped fighting me, and seeing the little dog gave him a tremendous blow with his heavy booted foot. Almost as quick as the sailor did that the Frenchman gave him a blow on the mouth and knocked him down. Then all three of the sailors went at the Frenchman to whip him, but the Frenchman was so active that he whipped all three of the sailors in a very short time. After knocking all three of the sailors down and tearing their shirts off, the sailors started out of the store and ran towards their boat, but the Frenchman was after them, and did not leave them till he had given them a good thrashing. It was most laughable to see the three sailors running through the streets with the upper part of their bodies nude, and the Frenchman after them. I thought



HANNIBAL AND HIS ARMY CROSSING THE ALPS

when the fight started that the sailors would get the best of the Frenchman, but Mr. Parow—the Frenchman—was a powerful man and when he struck one of these sailors he would lay him flat every time. Mr. Parow said to me, "Now, you just attend to your own business in the store and I will attend to these men myself," and he did attend to them in good shape. He was like Simon the African, that appeared just in time at Jerusalem, when our Blessed Saviour fainted under the heavy load of the cross—because this African helped to bear the cross up the hill of Calvary and by so doing assisted the salvation of the whole world. So it always appeared to me that Simon the African performed a very important part toward our salvation. The account of Simon the African is found in the 27th chapter of St. Mathew, 32nd verse.

Mr. Johnson arrived home just after the fight, and was highly indignant at the way the sailors had treated me and broken up his goods. He advised me to go and lay a complaint at once, which I did, but the sailors escaped to their ship, which sailed immediately. So the sailors escaped punishment by law, but were severely punished by Mr. Parow.

I have studied man's disposition a great deal during my life and it does look to me that there are some people who try to cause all the trouble and annoyance for others that they can, for no other

reason than to satisfy their evil natures. There is no doubt that the three sailors were taught better by their parents. By their appearance they had been raised under Christian principles, but their actions were vice versa—more like cannibals seeking for human flesh than like Christians. It is supposed that Judas in childhood said his prayers at his mother's knee, yet the world knows him as an arch traitor, who betrayed his Saviour to be crucified on the cross of Calvary. I have seen children who have had good opportunities and surroundings grow up to be such bad characters that they were not fit to associate with respectable men and women, and at the same time they would flaunt and glory in their shame. On the other hand, I have seen unfortunates, orphans or such as were even more unfortunate than orphans grow up to be good citizens, polite to everyone they met, and working themselves into the highest places in society. So it seems that environment does not in all cases mould character. Circumstances, however, have a great deal to do with it. I have seen men who were mild and religious, turned by some great event in their lives into veritable demons. Take the case of Nat Turner, for instance. It is said that Turner was the mildest of men until one day a circumstance arose which changed his whole nature and he raised the insurrection of 1830, in Virginia, during which he proved himself a perfect fiend incarnate, and for

which he paid the life penalty on the gallows at the early age of 31 years.

There is a large difference in men's dispositions. Some are firm as a rock and nothing can sway them, but others are weaker and more susceptible to influence; as we are all sinners by nature it is not hard for those weaker brethren to turn from good to bad. But in ancient times it appears that people had more courage than we have now, for it is said that in Rome in those days it was a common occurrence to bring some victim who worshipped the true God from prison on a certain day—woman or man which ever it might be—and take them to the great Coliseum, a very large building that would hold eighty thousand people. With the hungry lion in front of them and a scoffing multitude all around them, they would be torn to pieces by the great king of beasts rather than to deny the true God. But that was the great faith of things unseen, which is what I would call a true disposition and, as I view the matter, I think that disposition has more to do with character than circumstances. But as I stated before, both circumstances and disposition have something to do in making character, yet very trying circumstances will change sometimes the mildest disposition into a remorseless, terrible and revengful being. Mr. Johnson, was a man in my opinion that would be hard to change from his mild, religious disposition, for he was always courteous and

kind to everybody whom he came in contact with. He always would give me good advice in how to treat people and how I must act and talk, as he had been to Oberlin, Ohio, and at school he was a fine scholar. He would tell me how they would teach him there and give him advice and what benefited him was also a benefit to me.. Of course I would receive instructions also from Mr. Johnson, for I had my school books with me and he would give me regular lessons and it was a great help to me indeed. I studied geography, arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling and got along very nicely.

In the vicinity of the town of Bell River at this time there was a plentiful lot of small game, such as quail, duck, pigeons and other game. Mr. Johnson would let me go hunting when it was convenient. I would sometimes have very good luck and bring in a lot of game. Being chief cook, all the preparation of this game fell to me, so we would have a great time eating game while it lasted. Mr. Johnson cultivated a large garden, which was under my care virtually, and I would work in the garden when necessary. We raised fine cabbages, turnips, peas, popper corn, and many other vegetables. Mr. Johnson was always very kind in letting me go home to see my people. He would let me take his horse and buggy, when I would drive to the Puice and spend the day with my folks, returning at an appointed hour. On my arrival home my father,

mother and sisters would always be glad to see me, and of course I was glad to see them. They would always prepare dinner for me, after which I would take a walk with my sisters; on my return a talk with my father and mother, who would ask me how

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

I liked my new home. I would tell them that I liked it very much. "How was I getting along with my lessons, and did I wish to come home?" I hardly knew how to answer the last question, for to tell

the truth I wanted to be at home. I liked Mr. Johnson, and wanted to live with him, too, so I answered that I would like to be at home sometimes, but I thought a great deal of Mr. Johnson because he was so kind. "Yes," my father would say, "Mr. Johnson is a very fine man, and I would like you to remain with him for a while any way and study your lessons and learn all you can." My mother did not say much, but I knew and father knew that mother would rather have her only boy at home; but she agreed to let me remain, although her mind was the other way. After one of these visits to my home and on my return to my employer, I had a very narrow escape. There was a terrible thunder storm raging at the time, and it was very dark and I had gotten into the dangerous woods between our house and Bell River, but having the horse and buggy, I drove very fast to get through as quickly as possible. I had gone but a short distance into the forest when the horse became wildly frightened and made a terrific lunge to one side. Just then there came a vivid flash of lightning by which I saw a man crouched behind a log within a few feet of the road. I whipped up the horse, and terror lending him wings, so to speak, I fairly flew down the road. The man cried "Halt," to which I paid no attention, and apparently angered at my escape, he fired severals shots after me as I sped away. When I reached my home and related my experiences to Mr.

Johnson he looked very grave and was at a loss for an explanation, but our quandary did not last long, as we soon found that the woods were infested by a gang of bad men who were there for the purpose of robbing wayfarers; and they did not stop at robbery, as the gun-shot wounds and bullet holes found in the unfortunate victims proved. After that, whenever II visited my parents I was always careful to get home before dark and not be caught in the woods at night. On my first visit to the old folks after this incident, they became very much excited when I told them the story and said it was no longer advisable for me to travel that road alone, and they wanted me to stay where I was and not go home again until someone would go with me. I was resolute, however, and tried to make them believe that I was not in the least afraid, but I must confess that I felt a little shaky after that whenever I passed the spot.

It was along about this time that a new light entered the Johnson household. As I have before related, Mr. Johnson was frequently away on a visit to Windsor, and of late these visits had become more frequent. I had a very good idea of the cause thereof, but remembering the respect due my elders, I said nothing whatever about it. I did not have long to wait to see my surmises prove correct, as one fine day Mr. Johnson brought home his bride, and so a new light entered our lives and a new era com-

menced for the bachelor domain, which, for me, was a very happy change, as it relieved me of all the household work. Before Mr. Johnson got married it was some little trouble to attend the store and prepare the meals at the kitchen, as the same time because frequently I would have to go from the store to the kitchen and from the kitchen to the store to wait on customers when Mr. Johnson was absent, so it was a great perplexity to me sometimes, as my victuals would in some cases get a little scorched and I was afraid, too, that Mr. Johnson would not appreciate his dinner, but he never made any complaint. He was a very mild man, and knowing how I was placed at such times he would take his seat at the table and after saying grace would eat away, but often I would think during the meal that he was going to speak about the victuals being burned, so I would artfully commence a conversation about the transaction of business during his absence, in which I had taken quite a sum of money, and I talked so fast that if he had had any notion of complaining he did not do so, but with one of his bland smiles say that I was very good to take in so much money in such a short time. I soon found that Mr. Johnson's wife was as much of a lady as he was a gentleman, and she treated me very well indeed.

There was one incident which happened shortly after Mr. Johnson got married, which came near terminating my career. Mr. Johnson had a horse

which he used to turn out to run in the woods when he did not need him. The horse soon became quite wild and was very hard to catch. One day he wanted him, but could not catch him, so had to go away without him. While he was away the horse came to the back of the store along with some other horses that were running loose, to lick some salt out of a barrel there. Knowing that Mr. Johnson wanted the horse, I decided to catch him and got a new clothes line out of the store to do it with. I was going to tie this clothes line around my waist in order to hang onto the horse, but on further consideration I decided to hold it in my hands. I crept up carefully; the horses were busy, with their heads down, and I had no difficulty in getting the lassoo around its neck. But as soon as the rope touched the horse's neck it started on a stampede and dragged the rope through my hands so fast that I could not hold on. Had I followed out my original design and put the rope around my waist I would certainly have been dragged to death. I related the adventure to Mr. Johnson and he hired a man to go to the woods to catch the horse for fear that it would get the rope caught somewhere and starve to death. After that Mr. Johnson would frequently refer to this incident as an instance of how necessary it was to be careful in all my movements, and I must say that it was a good lesson to me.

I was not the only one who was attacked in the

woods near Bell River. On one of the coldest days of that winter a black man by the name of Mr. Cummings came to Mr. Johnson's store from the Puice Settlement to trade. He finished his business and started for home a little before dark. He had not gone far into the woods when he was set upon by a gang of men and beaten almost to death. The men left him unconscious on the road, but after a while he came to and managed to crawl back to our place. When he got to the door it was quite late at night and it startled us very much to hear a man groaning in front of the house. Mr. Johnson got up and inquired who it was, and got the answer, "It is Cummings; let me in." Mr. Johnson went down and let him in and we beheld a terrible sight. The poor man was cut and bleeding everywhere. We washed and dressed his wounds and made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit until daylight, when Mr. Johnson took him home in his sleigh. On the way they visited the spot where the outrage had occurred, and Mr. Johnson said afterward that it looked like a slaughter house. A diligent search was made for the men who committed the deed, but no trace of them was ever found.

During the winter, Mr. Johnson's brother Henry came over from Pennsylvania, where he lived, and being pleased, decided to remain there. The fact that his Christian name was the same as mine led to some little confusion, and some little soreness of

heart on my part, for when some one would call "Henry," and I would answer and they would say "Oh, no; our Henry," I would feel as though I were becoming a secondary consideration and that they did not care for me any longer. As I see the matter in my maturer years, it was perfectly natural that they should think more of their own brother than of me. However, we got on very nicely together, and those old days spent at Mr. Johnson's grocery at Bell River were amongst the happiest of my life.

CHAPTER VII.

My residence at Windsor. My outfit. My employer. My daily Vacations. Divinity of Christ. Good out of Evil. The capture of Tousaint L'Ouverture. Promotion. Prophetic. Truth. Teacher in the Sabbath School. A savage fight. A wise idiot.

But it is a long dream that lasts till morning; and so my childhood happiness had to come to an end sooner or later.

One bright day along in the fall of 1856, Mr. Johnson told me that he had got me a job with a cousin of his in Windsor, and that I would be able to get along better there than in the little town of Bell River.. So after bidding my parents and brothers and sisters good-bye, I set out.

This was my first venture away from home in all my life, and it was a big venture in my eyes at that time. I can remember how I thought with a good deal of fear that I would be twenty miles away from the folks and Mr. Johnson; and twenty miles looked like a long distance to me then to be away from home. However, I got my ticket and

the train soon came along and I was in Windsor before I had time to get used to the novelty of being on the cars.

With little trouble I found the place of business of Mr. Offits, who was to be my next employer, and, armed with the strongest kind of a letter of recommendation from Mr. Johnson, I presented my credentials with as much pride as a diplomatic representative at the state house in Washington.

Mr. Offits welcomed me kindly and took me in hand at once. He and his wife were both very good to me from the very start. My position was more in the nature of a roustabout or general utility man than anythink else. I had to saw the wood and run the errands and do chores and all that sort of thing. Among my other duties I had to assist in baking, which was a weekly event of no little importance. In those days they baked in large "Dutch" ovens. My part of the job was to get the white ash wood which was used to heat the oven, and build a fire inside of it; then when the oven was sufficiently heated I would draw the fire out and put the bread and cakes inside and seal up the door until the baking was complete, when I would draw it out again and the operation would be complete.

Another of my duties was to deliver the goods from the store to customers. This kept me pretty busy and my hours were long enough. I rather enjoyed the change. Of course I had some moments

for recreation, but they were mostly taken out of the time that I should have been in bed. I would rise at about 4 o'clock in the morning to start my work and would often be on the go until 9 or 10 o'clock in the night, and then after that I have often gone to parties and danced and cut up until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning and gone to work without ever seeing the bed. I was dunce enough and thougth enough of pleasure in those days for any healthy young man's good, but notwithstanding that I always attended to my work and did my duty to the thorough satisfaction of my master. Occasionally Mr. Offits would advise me not to pay so much attention to evening parties, and I invariably took his advice in good part and would slow down a little.

Mr. Offits was a different man from Mr. Johnson in many respects. He had not the same mild manner of my late employer, but was the kind who wished to see everything go with a rush, and wanted to see the world go around. He was only about five feet three inches in height, but was very powerfully built. He could lift a barrel of flour with ease, and accomplish other feats of strength that are beyond the power of the ordinary man. Being of high temper, I have seen him in many a scuffle with unruly men who would enter the store, and he always was able to take care of himself in any kind of a mix-up. He had a wonderful capacity for making money, and was reported to be worth $100,000.

He had a great deal of property in Windsor and vicinity and was thought well of by black men and white men all over the country.

Mrs. Offits was also a very industrious woman, and helped her husband to a large extent to pile up his fortune. They were also very charitable, and I never knew either of them to be appealed to in vain when their help or charity was needed for a deserving object. In fact, it was currently reported that Mr. Offits gave away more money in a quiet way than any other man in Windsor. He was also a great man for reading the scriptures, and was always ready to put up an argument on religious topics.

I remember once having an argument with a man in Windsor, who said that the Christ who had appeared on earth was none other than an ordinary man, and that the God-man had never made his appearance in this world; but I know that this is not true, for it seems to me that the first miracle at the feast of Cana of Galilee, and the later miracles of curing the sick and raising the dead and coming back to life himself after being crucified were miracles that no ordinary man could perform, and are of themselves sufficient proof that he was our Saviour. There is another argument that seems to me to prove the divinity of Christ, and that is that countless men have been persecuted and tortured in an effort to make them renounce Christ, and these

very men while in their death agonies would kiss the hand of their murderers and proclaim again the great love of Christ for all men.

There are other things which prove the divinity of Christ. The greatest men that ever lived, either in ancient or modern times, such as Sesosteres, Sotirbaka, Hophra, and other African Pharaohs or kings, Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians, Julius Caesar of Rome, King Edward of England, Queen Mary,

AFRICAN LION.

Queen Eliabeth, King George, King Humbert of Italy, Emperor Napoleon of France, and I will also include Hannibal Tousaint L'Overture, the black hero of the emancipation of slavery in San Domingo, and it would apply to numbers of other great men and women who have been rulers throughout the world, and who during their lives were worshipped as divinities—these sovereigns commanded this

respect during their life time only. After death this veneration was forgotten. With our Saviour it was altogether different, and though 1900 years have elapsed since his coming, his influence has moulded, and is moulding our civilization more today than ever. He imprinted that indellible love into man's heart that will never die. I will ask is there a man on earth who ever heard another pray to the many potentates mentioned above? I answer no; but the God-man leaves with man that divine love which causes us to ever love and adore him. We worship the God-man in our own way, for he will have the homage of the heart alone. He is our ruler, our king, and ever will be. He provides for us and we adore his holy name. No other man has ever been known to rule his subjects after death. In my own mind this proves without a doubt the divinity of Christ.

The new race in America and the old race in Africa of my people will be the ones—in my opinion—that will always maintain the dignity of Christ. Of course the Holy Gospel is for the whole world. It sprang up among the Jews and the white people hold it now, and my people are destined to fulfil our share and it may be that we are to illustrate its highest charity with our kindly nature, affection, and placability; for thus prepared in a state of morality and a region of civilization—since God has given us the strength of the free, it will exalt our meekness and our love into that highest charity of

which I have spoken. But I hope that all civilized nations will not expect too much from the new race in the infancy of its freedom. The thoughtful ones amongst us will always be glad to imitate all good moral examples that are displayed by those who are in circumstances above us in knowledge and wealth. We must be educated back—as it were—into a fair condition, and this necessary education circumstances have imposed. In Chapter 5 of this book, I mentioned that it was the salvation of my race, our being brought from Africa. But in making those remarks, I did not mean nor wish to convey that I was in favor of my race, or any other race being held in bondage. God, in his wisdom, suffered my people to be brought into slavery, so that they must get the light of the Gospel; and then return to the land of our forefathers, to carry the glad tidings to those of our race who are steeped in ignorance and barbarity. This is my theory, and I believe it a well grounded one—for large numbers of my race have returned to Africa, in the missionary cause, and are doing good work among the heathen there. That is the reason why I made the remarks in the fifth chapter about it being a salvation to my race to be brought from Africa.

There have been many instances during my life and long before where the providence of God has been singularly displayed. The lamentable capture of Tousaint L'Overture was, strictly speaking, the means of the deliverance of the people of San Do-

mingo, for previous to that the freedom of the new race was on a totter owing to the smiles and grand promises of the invaders and the confidence that Toussiant L'Overture had placed in them, was bringing about the conquest again of the new race after their temporary freedom. But when this great leader was thrown into prison the other blacks who had also placed confidence in the invaders fled back to their own people and took up the war again and carried it to the bitter end twelve years later. L'Overture was lamentably weak in going over to the enemies of his country, but that weakness was merely the heritage of our race, growing out of the centuries of oppression which they have suffered while in the bonds of slavery, and is something for which Toussiant L'Overture could hardly be held accountable. There is no denying the fact that he was a great man, and one of the cleverest of the African race that the world has ever known. With the benefits which freedom alone can bestow, there is no doubt that the race is capable of producing many such.

After a year with Mr. Offits there was a great change made in my condition. Business increased so rapidly that there was more help required in the store, and like Joseph of old, a favor was bestowed on me which I did not expect, but which my master declared after due consideration I was perfectly entitled to—was promoted from roustabout to a position in the store. With my experience at Bell

River under Mr. Johnson, I was pretty well qualified to fill the new place, and although Mr. Offits and all the other clerks kept a very sharp eye on me at first, noting how I tied up the parcels and did my work generally, I managed to pass muster very well. I was quite proud of the new confidence placed in me, and it was my delight to see how many customers I could serve and how well I could do the work. I believe that I rendered satisfactory service, both to my employer and to his customers. The days passed quickly and pleasantly, and I had what I considered a thoroughly enjoyable time; but what pleased both myself and my parents most was the fact that I had more time to devote to study and improvement. I felt that the limited knowledge which I had gained was not in vain, and I was anxious to improve every opportunity to acquire more.

In the country of Essex, of which Windsor is the capital, and the adjoining county of Kent, there is a large colored population, and during my long residence of 34 years in Windsor I had excellent opportunity to meet and become acquainted with nearly all of them I have come in contact with the colored race in all parts of Canada, and while I have found them for the most part doing fairly well in all walks of life and in all parts of the country, I think that the farmers are doing the best of all, and of these the farmers of Essex and Kent seem to have been the most fortunate. I know many of them who have splendid farms, stocked with the very best

and in the finest state of cultivation; men who are in every way model and respected citizens. What makes this particularly worthy of note is the fact that by far the greater part of these are men who had escaped from slavery by the underground rail-

GEN SOULOUQUE EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

way previous to the late war—or their children—and their case proves to what heights the colored race can rise in a comparatively short time when they have the opportunities bestowed under freedom.

The year 1859 I will never forget. It was the busiest one among the colored race that they had ever known, for in that year there was a great society formed to free the slaves of the South. Of course we were in the thick of it, so to speak, and had quite a prominent place in the organization and managements of its affairs. This society, so it is said, at one time had no less than a million men on its rolls, but of that no one can speake with any certainty, because the society was necessarily a secret one, and its membership was never definitely known. I was only twenty years of age at the time and you may believe that it was with a great feeling of awe and dread for the consequences that I beheld the portentious events which were happening around me. There was war in the air, so to speak, and to the thoughtful it was apparent that the great national calamity could not long be averted; it needed only the spark in the tinder to start the great conflagration that would wipe out so many lives and wreck a myriad of homes. And the spark came, like lightning from a cloud. Early in the summer came the news that John Brown had raised an insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and then later that he had been captured and along with two black followers, Shields Green and John Capeland, had been hanged. Those who were alive at that time, and there are still many, will remember what a thrill these events sent through the country, and how the war cry followed, at first low

and subdued, then louder and louder and more clamorous until at last it became irresistible, and the whole world knew that a nation was to be drenched in blood as a sacrifice and an atonement for its sins.

Of course all who are familiar with the history of our times are aware that the great American war was not commenced as a war of emancipation, but those among us who had experienced slavery with all its horrors, and who consequently thought and cared little for the ostensible cause—the right of secession—but thought all and cared for the emancipation of our race, knew within our hearts that the war would never end until the slaves were all free. You ask, how did we know? I cannot answer. Possibly it was only the yearning of hearts bowed down; maybe it was that the one great desire of our lives, so long treasured within our souls, could see and hope for no other end; or maybe it was that a message was sent from an unerring higher power to tell us that the day of deliverance had come; that the shackles should be broken and the slave set free. I think it was the latter. During the war and long after I have had many conversations with black men and I have to find one who did not know in his heart that the war meant the end of slavery in North America. Down in the far distant South, where the lash was most cruel, where the yoke was the hardest to bear, and where the people of my race had nothing but their own instincts to guide them, there was the same feeling

that the dawn was about to break; and we in the north watched the progress of events in those terrible years, firm in the belief that the day of deliverance had come.

We, of course, of all men, were therefore most interested in the war, and you can understand that most of us, in fact I may say all of us, were ready and anxious to take part in the great campaign. You will then understand something of our feelings when we offered ourselves for service and were refused an opportunity to fight for the cause of emancipation.

CHAPTER VIII.

Manly heart. One blood. Black races. Surprised. Store at Windsor. Amherstberg.

I was once told a story about a fight that was witnessed between a tiger and an alligrator. The tiger came down to the river to drink and in doing so was attacked by the alligator. In the fight that ensued the tiger came out the winner, but at the expense of his own life, for the tiger also fell dead at the water's edge a few minutes after. This fight was, I was told, one of the most awful and awe inspiring that mortal man ever beheld.

When two great armies of men are engaged in mortal combat it is no less savage than is a conflict between such beasts. It seems natural for man, in such situations, to revert back to the nature of a brute. I have myself been an eye witness of the what I have seen there is proof enough to show that man's nature, unchecked, would be beastile. I believe that men among Christian nations are becoming more humanitarian, and have a great deal more sympathy for each other than in ancient times, and I hope that this feeling will continue to grow.

On one occasion I was travelling between Windsor, Ont., and Grand Haven, Mich., and during the all-day journey I came in contact with two gentlemen who were travelling in the same car. One of the said gentlemen, after eyeing me in a somewhat hostile manner for a long time started an argument which alluded to the new race, and I as one of that race, listened with an intense interest to all that they had to say. One said to the other—after eyeing me again as though he thought I had no right to be in the same car with him—that the black men were a different species to any of the rest of the human family. The other man replied that he had never thought of the matter in that light before, and asked the first speaker to what race he thought they belonged. The first speaker said: "I think they are in some way descended from the baboon or the ape." The real gentleman of the two said that he had never entertained any such idea, but always was of the opinion that the colored race were in all essential respects the same as any other people, and that he still stuck to that idea. There was an awkward pause after this, during which every eye in the car seemed to be fastened on me, so to speak, to see how I would take it. I was pretending to be reading a newspaper at the time. Of course I was blazing with indignation, but I held my peace, nevertheless, to see how the matter would come out. I felt that I was being imposed upon by the wise idiot,

and would have liked very much to have taken a hand in the argument, but I said nothing. Then the gentleman asked the wise idiot: "Do you believe that all men are of the same blood?" With such a Christian query to face the wise idiot was dumbfounded, and a bland smile was perceptible on nearly every face in the car, showing unmistakably how sympathy stood in the matter. Then the wise idiot began to frown and his face, figuratively speaking, was similar to a tropical thunder cloud. He at last answered, after the wisdom became straightened out a little: "No, indeed, I never thought so." "Well," said the real gentleman, "I was always taught, and do believe, that all nations of the earth are of one and the same blood." "But," says the wise idiot, "the black people are of a different color and features than the white people, and they must surely be of a different race than the white people." "They are of different features, no doubt," says the gentleman, "but you must remember that there is a vast difference in the white race of different nations." At this the wise idiot began to get very weak in his argument and the argument fell to pieces like a rope of sand. The Christian gentleman informed the wise idiot of the wisdom and intelligence of the black race in earth's early history, how Carthage, Ethiopia and Egypt had flourished in the past under their building and guidance. This seemed all news to the wise idiot, as he was a thorough illiterate, and knew less of

ancient history than a Fiji islander. Of course, during all this conversation I remained neutral, still pretending to read the paper, although I keenly relished the conversation. Finally the wise idiot turned and addressed himself directly to me: "Where are you going?" I told him I was going to Grand Haven.

"What made you so black?" he next asked. All the passengers were listening intently for the an-

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

swer, wondering what I would say to the man. I told him that the only reason for my being black, according to my judgment, was that my dear father and mother were black, and that therefore I had the honor to be black too." In all my life, before or since, I never witnessed such an unroar of laughter and stamping of feet, striking of hands, shouting "good, good and hurrah for that." Surprised as I was at the beginning of the tumult, I joined in

too, enjoying the situation and intuitively understanding the actions of the people. They did not know how much my feelings had been tried by the remarks of the wise idiot, and my answer was altogether different from what they had expected, which caused the tumult in my favor, but as the thought came to me in a moment to give a civil answer, I did so, and have thought since that it was the best answer I could return under the circumstances. Had I given a hostile answer, very likely the outcome would have been quite different; in fact the wise idiot was surprised himself to get such a mild answer, so he gave me no more questions, and a little while after as the train drew near a little intermediate town the wise idiot got up on his feet ready to get off the train and kindly bid me good-bye, and said that he hoped to see me again. I answered that I wished so, and when the train came to a standstill he got off and I saw him no more. The Christian gentleman remained on the train until we got near Grand Haven, and he entered into conversation with me. He said that I did perfectly right in answering that man as I did, and he said you will find such characters all over the world that are always looking for trouble, and that it was always better to avoid them if possible. I told him that I had the same idea; that I was by nature peaceable and did not fancy to be otherwise, and the Christian gentleman laughed and replied that he knew by my actions and my answer to that

man that I would get through the world very well. Arriving at Grand Rapids the Christian gentleman then was at home, and he got out of the train; this was 30 miles from my destination, at which I arrived in a short time after.

Grand Haven being on Lake Michigan, the remainder of the passengers would take passage on board one of the great steamships that plied between that port and Chicago. After getting through my business at Grand Haven, I returned home on the evening of the same day without further experience.

I remained with Mr. Offits for about a year, and then I got an idea that I would like to go sailing. I communicated my views to Mr. Offits, but he did not coincide with me, although he did not say a great deal about it. I had by this time became quite handy about the store and I was rather reluctant to leave my good home, but about this time I met another young man about the same age as myself, and he agreed to go with me, and governing my mind by his I decided to go. I communicated my intentions to Mr. Offits, and he said, "So you are going to try the life of a sailor, are you," and my only answer was, "Yes, sir." I then proceeded to make my arrangements. Purchasing what clothing we needed for the occupation of sailing, I drew what wages I had coming and, bidding my kind employer good-bye, we took the ferry boat for Detroit, where we shipped on a large steamer that plied between

Cleveland, Ohio, and Lake Superior ports. She was engaged in the copper trade, being chartered to run on that route. The name of the boat was the Illinois, and after fitting her up, which took some weeks, we got ready for service on the blue. My mate and I were well pleased with our enterprise, and thoroughly satisfied that the new life would be a pleasant one. The ship was lying at anchor in the river during the outfitting, and having finished this we swung into the dock, took on the up-bound cargo and were ready to start when the captain, Mr. Fraser, received a telegram to the effect that the Soo canal was not open yet, and we were detained for ten days on that account. Finally we got away with a big load of freight and a large passenger list, calling at all intermediate ports on the way. The work was hard at times, but we got along very well considering that it was the first time that either of us had ever been on water. It was quite novel at first, but we soon got used to it, and steadied down to routine. In fact I got so attached to the boat that I soon regarded it as my home. We had a fearful storm on our first trip, and sometimes I would wish that I was safe back again in the store at Windsor; but, then again, I would conclude that I would get through all that, even though I did not have the easy times that I had in the store, and as I had been working pretty steadily all my life and had never much chance for travel, this was, I reflected, just the one opportunity I was looking

for to see something of the world. But we had a stormy trip and it was hard at times to be called out of a nice warm bed to take in sail, with the wind blowing a gale and the thermometer sometimes below freezing. Our ship was rigged with two masts, and when the weather got bad we would have to look after the sails, no matter what the discomfort was. For some of the trip we experienced dense fogs, and during these it was anything but pleasant. We all had regular watches of so many hours each, during which we would have to stand up forward and blow a large horn, as well as keep a sharp look-out. There was a deck watch, too, for the crew to perform, during which two of the men would have to roll barrels of sand from side to side of the ship to keep her on an even keel. These barrels weighed anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds, and as the watch was three hours on, it was sometimes pretty heavy work. We finally reached Lake Superior, after a bad trip, and arrived at our destination, where, having discharged our cargo, we commenced to take on copper and silver ore. This was hard work indeed, and our muscles were sorely taxed, but we got along very nicely and soon had her under way on the southbound voyage. We had just got out of the Soo river when we ran into a terrible gale, and I will never forget the ballast barrel experience during that storm. The barrels were heavy enough under any circumstances, but with the boat pitching and tossing they seemed twice as

heavy and a dozen times more awkward. We did not get out of the storm until we reached Point A'Barque, and then when the wind fell it left a heavy rolling sea, which caused me—along with many of the other passengers and sailors—to think of their last days. I reasoned that I was no better than many million others who had gone to the bottom before me, and it might be that my time had come on my very first voyage, but come what might, I decided to do my duty and put my trust in God. Some of the passengers got terribly excited, and we had great difficulty in getting them to keep in their cabins, where there would be no danger of being swept overboard. In their fright they would descend to the lower decks where the crew would be performing their various duties, and there, by getting in the way, cause danger to themselves and the ship and untold inconvenience to the crew. We did not escape this sea until we reached the St. Clair river, where the weather was so calm and the majestic river so placid that it was hard to believe that only a few miles out such a sea was raging. Passing down the river and across Lake St. Clair, we arrived again at the city of Detroit, joyful to be back again from our trip of two thousand miles. We stayed at Detroit only long enough to meet our friends, when we proceeded across Lake Erie to Cleveland, there to discharge our cargo of ore. As it was the rule in those days that the ships' crew was

not required to do any unloading, we spent a few days of a very pleasant holiday.

CHAPTER IX.

A Visit to Windsor A sad meeting. Again on the water. Return trip. My wife's death. I am taken very sick. I am hardly able to raise my head from the pillow. My pleasant home.

When the time arrived for us to leave Cleveland and we were all ready we started with a full cargo of merchandise and passengers for Lake Superior and intermediate ports. We arrived at Detroit in safety, and remained there a couple of days. I went over to Windsor to see my friends. They received me with joy and were very glad to see me. Of course I had a great deal to tell them of what I had seen and of the fearful storms that I had experienced, also the wonders about the great lakes, the copper and silver mines and of seeing some of the great Sioux Indians on the low coast of Minnesota and of my visits to so many of the cities and towns and everything else that I could think of. Mr. Offit asked me how I liked a sailor's life. I replied that I was well pleased so far. "And are you going to continue?" he asked. I said that I thought I would for a while as I liked it very much, yet in my

own mind I was not so sure but what I would prefer being back at my old vocations in the store, but I did not mention what was in my mind at that moment, and after my pleasant visit and affectionate farewell, I went over the river again and returned to the boat. After taking all of the cargo we started on our second voyage to Lake Superior and had a very pleasant trip, for the weather had become more settled, as the spring had further advanced by that time, which made our situation very pleasant, and we enjoyed it very much. We arrived at Antanogin in safety, and after discharging and reloading cargoes we started back on our return to Cleveland, but when we arrived at Marquette in the state of Michigon, there was some six prisoners brought on board to be taken to the Michigan penitentiary, and the next morning after leaving Marquett as we were on deck, one of the prisoners jumped overboard and was drowned before we could rescue him. It was a sight that I will never forget; there was great excitement. The boats were lowered, and everything done to find him, but he never appeared on the surface; when he went down he sank to rise no more. We proceeded on our way and after a safe arrival at Detroit, the remaining prisoners, after being carefully watched, were safely landed. We then started for Clev eland, where we arrived in due time, and after discharging cargo we received ours and started again for Lake Superior, but when we arrived at Detroit I made up my mind to leave

the boat for a while and take a rest, so I communicated my wishes to the head mate and he did not want me to leave the boat, but on my promising that I would return again, consented, and I left, after receiving my pay, and went back to Windsor and was soon employed again by my old employer, Mr. Offit. I went to work in the store again and it was

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much easier work than on the boat. I could make more money on the boat it was true, but my condition was far better in the store.

In the fall of the year 1860 I got married and my wife caught the small pox, which was raging in Windsor at that time, and died the very next week after we were married; that was my first real experience of heart felt trouble. It was a very sad affair

to me and it was a long time before I got over it. My father and mother made up their minds to move away from the Puice settlement while I was at Mr. Offits, and my mother and father came to Windsor to see me, but it was a very sad visit for my parents as well as it was for me, for I did not know of their intentions until then, and I never felt worse up to that time in my life. The place they moved to was Drummondsville, near Niagara.

After bidding me good bye with many kind parental warnings as to how I should always remember my bringing up, they departed for their new abode, and in due time arrived at their destination, where they settled. This left me alone at Windsor. I continued to live with Mr. Offits, but sorrow for my wife's sudden and untimely death weighed heavily on my mind, and for a long time it seemed that I would never become reconciled to my old surroundings, although I tried hard to go through all my duties as carefully as possible. But I continued to feel sad. It seemed to me that I was the only one in town that had a cloud on their horizon; all my people would seem gay. I could hear the canary bird singing notwithstanding its confinement; I could hear the school children laughing as they played and see men and women going about with the smile of gladness on their faces and it really seemed to me that mine was the one heart bowed down, although I have no doubt that there were many others who carried their load of trouble. It became a

great pleasure to me to attend church and Sabbath school, and I think that I got more pleasure there than in any other class of siciety, because I always took a delight in listening to a good thoughtful sermon. It was all so very pleasant to be with my Sunday school class, and at the Christmas trees and such gatherings I always took an active part. Sometimes we would have two trees well loaded with presents and the bright eyes of the children and the happy smiles of the parents would make it a pleasant gathering at which we would all enjoy ourselves immensely. The most interesting time to me was ceedings considerably.

when, after the superintendent's address, it was time for the distribution of the presents. It was good to see how eager the children were to see what the tree bore for them, and how full of anxious expectancy they were. When I first began to attend the Sabbath school it was the usual plan to call each scholar's name, whereupon the scholar would rise and come forward to receive his or her present, but this caused so much confusion that at one of them we adopted a different plan by which two of the scholars were told off to distribute the presents, and as each name was called these bearers of gifts would take the presents to where the recipient was sitting. This was a much simplier plan which expedited properly.

I remained an active member of the Sabbath school until I decided to go on the water, which I

did later in the fall. I therefore left Mr. Offits again, but through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Offits, who allowed me to consider their house my permanent home, I was allowed to retain my room, and it was kept in readiness for me at any time when I should return. I rejoined the Illinois, the same ship as I had shipped on before, and after getting our cargo aboard, we sailed again for Lake Superior; but this trip was not to be a fortunate one for me. We had hardly cleared when I was utterly prostrated with an attack of billiousness, which confined me tomy berth and, a fever following, I became so low that the crew did not expect that I would reach our destination alive. For a while my case was very doubtful. The officers and crew did everything in their power to alleviate my sufferings and the captain gave strict orders to the steward to spare no pains to see that I got every attention possible under the circumstances, which attentions, considering that I was unable to raise my head from the pillow, were appreciated I can tell you. Day after day passed without any improvement in my condition, but with all that I did not lose hope. When we reached Antanogon I was so sick I could not leave the ship, and had tolie in my berth while the cargo was being unloaded and another taken on. It was a trying position for me, with my active nature, you may be sure. After taking all the cargo, the ship was made ready for the return trip. The gang plank was hauled in, the lines cast off and with

a long whistle we were away on our return voyage, all of which I could hear and understand from where I lay but could not see or participate in. Nothing occured worthy of note on the return trip, and as I was confined to my bunk for the greater part of it, I had little chance to see what was going on anyway. On our arrival at Detroit I was weaker and it being the hot season and I down in the fore part of the ship where the heatwas most intense, it did not tend to lay the fever that was on me. While we were on Lake Superior it was deliciously cool, but on sighting Point De Barke it began to grow warmer and with each degree we made south the heat increased until when we arrived in the lower lake region I felt that I would surely smother. As soon as we tied up in Detroit I was carried ashore by the crew and placed in a hack which the captain had considerately engaged for me and taken across to Windsor, where Mr. Offits and his family received me and treated me with the greatest consideration. They immediately called in a doctor who, on diagnosing my case, said that I was in a high fever and that my case was indeed critical, expressing at the same time a serious doubt as to my recovery. For several weeks I was near death's door, but at last a turn for the better came and I started to mend. My friends in the meantime gave me themost careful attention and I wanted for nothing, to which I attribute as much as the medicine, my recovery. One thing that worried me terribly during my sickness was the ter-

rible fever, which only one who has been a fever patient can understand. My throat was dry and parched and the suffering was at times intense. One night after all the others had retired to rest, I could not resist the temptation, and arose from my couch, went over to where a pail of water stood, filled the dipper and drank a long draft of water, ice cold. This one act was almost the death of me. When the doctor arrived the next day I was in a raging fever again. He did not ask me, nor did I tell him, that I had taken any water, but I rather think that he suspected it, for he looked at me very hard but said nothing. After that I kept carefully to his advice and one happy morning they told me that I could go outside. Soon I was able to go about without assistance and my recovery, except for my weakened condition, was complete. Feeling myself coming back to health again I decided to pay a visit to my parents at Drummondville, whom I had not seen since they had left the Puice settlement.

CHAPTER X.

I visit my parents. A fight at Chippawa. The genius of man. My return to Windsor. Regained my health. Our boat springs a leak.

After my preparations were completed I bid my good friends an affectionate farewell, and one fine morning boarded the train for my home, where I arrived on the evening of the same day. Needless to say I was overjoyed to be with my dear father and mother again. It was a very happy meeting and not having advised them of my coming, I had surprised as well as pleased them. They received me with all the affection that parents and sisters could show, for it was two years since we had seen each other. I enjoyed myself much, though very weak from my severe sickness and somewhat fatigued on my arrival by the journey. Here I regained my health with great rapidity, and at last could take walks with my sisters through the town and neighborhood, visiting the great Niagra falls—one of the seven natural wonders of the world—which wonderful work of nature impressed me considerably, interesting me beyond expression. What a huge vol-

ume of water continuously rolling over the falls! The suspension bridge was another stupendous work of modern engineering science. During my visit here, I saw the celebrated rope-walker, Blondin, walk across a rope that was stretched over the Niagara river, pushing a wheelbarrow in front of him. One would think that man had reached his limit—in the way of temerity—on accomplishing a feat of this character successfully, but that this is not so, is proved by Webb, who several years after, surprised the world by attempting to swim through the awful whirlpool below the falls losing his life in consequence. Man is never satisfied, and his active mind is never still, whether prompted by genius or notoriety, he must advance. What great inventions the future has in store for us, it would be difficult to estimate. Fultons' and Stevensons' inventions in their day was beheld with wonder and doubt. Had they, however, lived to see the wonderful improvements since developed from the lines they laid down, they would undoubtedly be pleased—but not surprised. After the sixteen hundred millions of people that now inhabit the earth have passed away and their bodies have crumbled to dust, there will be inventions that will make those now in existence very small indeed, and the inventors of our times no more than comparative novices. At least that is the conclusion one arrives atwhen reviewing the progress of the last 100 years. I have always taken a great interest in reviewing the different inventions of

years. There have been vast improvements ,in all directions, especially in farm implements, locomotives, steam boats dwelling houses, furniture, carriages—in fact everything which use and comfort demanded. These improvements and inventions will continue as long as man has brains. But with all his inventive genius there are many things impossible. Though he can produce the image of man

AFRICAN GORILLA

or beast, he is unable to brea[illegible]e breath of life into it, that being beyond his province.

In three weeks from the time I arrived at Drummondsville. I was quite well again, and was very thankful that my health—through kind providence—was restored. I believe that I had better health than before, which was a great satisfaction to me.

Amongst other places I visited, were the boiling springs, and they were a wonder. Those who pretended to explain the cause of this strange natural phenomenon claimed that it was the water coming in contact with the internal fires of the earth that caused it to boil. It is said to be very beneficial to the sick, but as I was making a good recovery myself at the time, I never put it to the test.

When I felt able for duty I informed Mr. Offits at Windsor that I had recovered perfect health and soon had a reply hoping that I would be with them again soon, but on reconsideration I decided that a rest would do me good and stayed at Drummondsville for several weeks longer.

During my stay at Drummondsville a circus came to the nearby town of Chippawa. A Mr. Edwards, a near neighbor of ours, asked me to go over with him and see what was going on. When we arrived there the show men were already busily engaged in putting up their tents and we stood around for a while and watched them work. While so doing my attention was arrested by the presence of a black man who seemed to be connected with the show in some capacity, I could not exactly make out what. He was carrying a little table about with him, and while we were watching him he became engaged in an altercation with a white man who seemed to have taken offence at something that the black man had said or done. The argument became heated and finally led to blows, whereupon Mr. Edwards

and I stepped in and tried to part the two, but about that time some other white men came up and started pummeling the colored man. There were several colored men on the ground at the time, and seeing so many white men all piling onto one poor lone colored man they took a hand. The fight became general at once and was one of the nastiest and bloodiest that I have ever witnessed. Sticks and stones and every possible missle that came handy were used as weapons and it seemed for awhile that some one would surely be killed, which some of them very nearly were. In the meantime Mr. Edwards and myself were trying our best by all the implorations at our command to stop the fight, but to no purpose. When the affray was becoming really serious a couple of Canadian officials came up hurriedly and told the managers that this sort of thing would have to stop. They asked them where they came from, and being told the United States, they said: "Well, you are in Canada now, and unless this stops right away you will have to pack up your traps at once and go back to the other side of the line where you came from." This premptory order put a quick stop to the fight and Mr. Edwards and I, being disgusted with the proceedings, went home without waiting to see the circus, glad at having had no hand in the disgraceful affair.

I remained at Windsor for about six weeks, and then, bidding my parents an affectionate fare-well, returned to Windsor, where I again entered the em-

ploy of Mr. Offits. I stayed in the store for quite a long spell after that and then became a night watchman on one of the ferry boats that ply between there and Detroit. During my service with the ferry company I met a great many hard customers, but by luck and good management got along with them very well. The captain of our boat was Mr. Clinton, a man for whom I had the kindest regard, and of whose lamentable death I have heard since my arrival in Vancouver.

After leaving the employ of the ferry company I went on the lakes again, this time shipping at Detroit on the General Taylor, a steam barge engaged in the grain trade between Buffalo and Chicago. On our first trip up we had a very bad time. We had no sooner got into Lake Huron than we were met by a terrific gale, and having no cargo but fuel, the boat rolled terribly. The waves would dash against her side and splash all over the ship until the decks were all awash and it was dangerous to be outside. Soon the storm became so bad that our chances seemed doubtful, and to save his vessel the captain turned about and headed for the Manitoulin Islands, where we arrived in shelter none too soon. In her toiling the ship had sprung a leak and the whole crew was tired almost to death from working at the pumps. It was a welcome haven I can assure you that those Islands afforded us that day. When we first discovered the leak in the boat all the crew except the two who were on watch were in the

forecastle asleep. I have often heard it said that when a ship is sinking the rats will come up on deck, and on this occasion that saying was justified. I was in the bunk and was surprised to see a multitude of rats come running fearlessly across the floor and climb the steps to get on deck. Although I watched them for some time and was surprised at their number and actions, I somehow did not think to give the matter its proper interpretation. Finally, taking a look at the floor, I saw that it was awash and our clothing floating about as though in a little lake. I rushed on deck and gave the alarm and for some time there was great excitement, as everyone thought that the ship was sinking. The hand and steam pumps were quickly put in order and we worked for our lives, never letting up until we reached Manitoulin Island. When morning came and the weather calmed down a little we stopped the leak to a certain extent by hanging a piece of canvas sail over the hole in the ship's hull where the water was coming in. This device kept out at least enough of the water so that the steam pumps were able to handle all of it, and we got a rest. Next morning we set sail again and in due time reached the beautiful city of Milwaukee, where the ship was put into the dry dock for repairs.

It was Sunday when we arrived at Milwaukee and all the dry dock men were in their best clothes, but our captain was impatient and would have them go to work at once, Sunday or no Sunday, which after

some persuasion, they consented to do, although much against their will.

It was what is known as a floating dry dock that we put in to. The dry dock was allowed to fill with water until the General Taylor could be floated over it and made fast, when pumps were put to work to pump the dry dock out again. As the dry dock was pumped out it raised in the water and lifted the General Taylor with it, until the ship was high and dry. In other words, the floating dry docks were merely a huge boat, capable of bearing up the largest boat on the lakes. The boss of the dry dock come to our captain about eight o'clock in the same evening and announced that the men had finished their work and that the General Taylor was ready to sail. The captain was very much pleased to hear it and was complimenting the men on their good work, when the ship gave a lurch too one side that thoroughly frightened all of us. We were all very much surprised but all of us in our minds may have had some inkling of the cause of the accident, but were not sure and if we had been we would have been in great danger to have hinted it, because these dry dock men were in no mode to be played with at that time. The crew were all black men and a very little on our part would have caused us to have been swept from the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XI.

An Accident. Shipped into the northern lights. Arrival at Chicago. Beautiful nature. Safe arrival at Toledo. Conversation with a gentleman. The smart young man. My father and grandfather.

When the boat went over some of the dry dock men said that some of the tiller blocks had slid out by accident, and that's what caused it. In the fall the boat was very much damaged, and the captain was very disappointed in not getting on his way to Chicago. We had to wait until the next Sunday, eight more days, getting the boat repaired. During the eight days the crew was allowed full liberty excepting that we were to return to the boat at intervals to see if we were wanted. The people in Milwaukee were generally very kind to us and we would go all through the city, so those eight days were well spent. On the following Sunday we were ready and after taking in fuel started for Chicago had arriced in due time alongside one of the great elevators and on the second day after our arrival we received the rest of our cargo and started

for Toledo, at which place we arrived during the latter part of the following week. We had a very pleasant trip from Chicago down, which was quite a contrast to our trip up, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. On our way down we called at Detroit for a short time, then we proceeded on our journey and arrived at Toledo late the same evening, and after discharging cargo, we remained in Toledo for several days, during which time we received a car of mixed merchandise for the different parts of Lake Superior, and after a full cargo had been put on we started on our journey one evening at eight o'clock.

On this trip there was no incident except one that was worty of note. There are some characters throughout the whole world whose special mission seems to be looking for trouble. One such was among the crew of the General Taylor. He was a young black boy who disregarded all advice when we arrived at Port Huron and going ashore got into trouble through his usual bad behavior. He had not been on shore long when we heard a great noise on the dock, and looking over the side we saw this smart young man being chased by a crowd of men and boys, whose tender mercies he escaped by a shave, only reaching the gang plank about two jumps ahead of them. As it was, a shower of rocks followed him, a few of which left their mark on him.

Leaving Port Huron, we proceeded to Ontanagon, where we unloaded our upbound freight and took cargo of copper ore for the down trip. On reaching

Portage on the return I conceived the idea of leaving the General Taylor and doing another turn on land where I heard that I could get much better wages. When I announced my intention to the captain and other officers they were much surprised and

MAJOR MARTIN R. DELANEY

wanted me to stay with the ship, but having made up my mind mind, I decided to stay with my own conclusions. Columbus, when he went ashore at San Salvadore, thought he had discovered the rich

land where Marco Palo had been during his 25 years of travel. But in Columbus' case it proved an illusion; and in that respect Columbus and I were in the same fix. The high wages that I had heard at Portage were being paid, were cut almost in two by the great influx of men. I got employment at such wages as were being paid and stayed in town for a while, and then went out into the country seven miles to cut wood, but in this move I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, as the saying is. It was mid-summer and the flies and knats made life a misery almost unbearable. It was almost impossible to get any work done, but we stayed there and did the best we could for several weeks, and then returned to Portage, where we again went to work. In the meantime the General Taylor had made her round trip and I was on the dock when she tied up. The mate, seeing me there, asked if I was not about tired of staying in the Portage, to which I replied that I was not. In one sense this was a fact, because while I had not had any particular luck in catching a job, I was pretty well satisfied with the people, and I stayed in Portage for several weeks after that until the ship Northern Light, Spaulding, master, called in and as she was short of men, I shipped on her. We loaded iron ore and sailed for Cleveland. The General Taylor was a strictly freight boat, but the Northern Light was both passenger and feight, which made more work for the crew, as there was more washing down to do.

Sometimes we would have to sling a long board over the side and get out on this with the vessel still going at full speed, and with soap and water, scrub away. It was dangerous work, for a sudden lurch or a mis-step would surely precipitate the man into the lake and his chances of getting out would be none too good. The Northern Light, which was the fastest boat running on the upper lakes at that time, called at only two points on the way down and as usual with the Lake Superior boats, did not delay very long at these, having a full cargo before she sailed. At Cleveland the crew had the usual three days rest while the cargo was being discharged, and during that time it was a source of great pleasure to me to go about the beautiful city and gaze at the magnificent buildings and beautiful drives and splendid parks. But the greatest pleasure of all was to be on those beautiful lakes when the weather was calm. There was something very fascinating and indescribable about it all which never failed to hold an influence over me and a charm that never seemed to fade. In my leisure moments I would go up on the hurricane deck to view the beautiful panorama as we passed; the little emerald islands, the hundreds of little pleasure boats dashing to and fro, the mighty hills covered with their mantle of sombre forest and all that wonderful picture which makes the Great Lakes country a place to be cherished and loved. On this natural beauty spot I would gaze with great plasure, because I knew that it was God's

handiwork, but I did not transmit my thoughts to my companions because I knew that their minds were wandering far from the beauties of sublime nature to something far different. Their leisure hours were spent for the most part in card playing, which seemed to be the main ambition in life with them. So it happened one beautiful evening as I was sitting on the deck in the moonlight one of the passengers of the Northern Light came up the companion-way and sat down by my side. He was silent, with but a slight bow for me, which I politely recognized by touching my hat. I could see at a glance that he was a gentleman and a white one, and I thought it strange that he should choose to come up there and sit beside me with the ship full of passengers who at least affected greater culture and intelligence. So I sat silent waiting for him to commence any conversation. Finally he spoke, asking me how long I had been on the Northern Light, and when I told him he said he had often wanted to speak to me but had not had any opportunity to do so before. In answer to his next question, I told him that my permanent home was at Windsor, Ontario. He then asked me what I followed at Windsor, and I told him that I had no particular calling, that I was just a common laborer. Then the gentleman asked me was I ever a slave, and I told him not in fealty, although I was born a slave in a so-called free state, and continuing, gave him a brief sketch of my life and earlier experiences.

The gentleman seemed very much interested, and was thoroughly conversant with the Fugitive Slave Law, by which this seeming paradox was possible. We had a long and animated conversation, in which I told him that my grandfather had been a king in Africa. He asked me how I knew this, and I told him that it was really only by tradition, having heard my father tell how his father had been kidnapped and sold into slavery in the state of Virginia. He asked: "Did you remember your grandfather then?" I told him that I had only an indefinite recollection, as I was only four years old at the time that he died. "But," I said, "I will relate an incident, of '58," and told the gentleman that in order to understand my story right it was necessary to take into account the fact that in those days the relations existing between father and children were very different to the present day. I then related how on one occasion many years ago we had all gone to church together, and when we were returning my father made some remark to my grand-father which the latter did not like, and regardless of time and place the old man took my father to task and punished him on the spot for his incivility, and this notwithstanding that my father had an infant sister of mine in his arms at the time.

Some of the people asked my grand-father why he had whipped my father. Grand-father said because my father had sauced him. I also informed the gentleman that, although so young, I could re-

member the incident well to this day. He was very much amused at the incident and laughed heartily. Then he asked me, did I know my royal parents' names, that it, their native names, and I answered that I did not, but I thought that I had heard the names but could not remember them. The gentleman remarked that if I could remember the name it might be a benefit to me. He said that it was too bad that I should be deprived of what I should have by right, and if I could in any way find out what my grand-father's name was he thought that he could put me in a way to be benefited by it. I told the gentleman there was no doubt in my mind but that my grand-father was an African king, as I had heard my father speak of it a number of times, but I was very young in those days and did not take the interest I should have done or I would very likely have gained some information that would have been of service to me.

CHAPTER. XII.

The Marine Palace. At the battle of Tippecanoe. A benevolent wish. The African. At the church. Cannibals. The King of Dahomy. What they have to eat. Shipped on the City of Toledo.

I had a very agreeable conversation with this gentleman while the marine palace, the Northern Light, was making her way through the waters of Lake Superior. He thought I was not at the right business, that I would be better working as a waiter or some such lighter task, but I told him that I did not mind the hard work at all ,although at times it was a trifle trying. I was then asked whether my grand-father could speak his native tongue, to which I replied that I thought he could, as we always had considerable difficulty in understanding him in English.

"So," says my interviewer, "your father was a king in the island of Madagascar, and he was captured and brought to America and sold as a slave into the state of Virginia?" To which I said, "Yes, sir; and he was in slavery for many years, during which time he took part in the Revolutionary war

and the war of 1812. He was with General Harrison, fought at Bunker Hill and Brandywine. Later he was with the American army that invaded Canada, and was with Colonel Richard Johnston of Kentucky at the battle of the Thames, when Tecumseh was killed. I have heard my father's brother say that when the Indian chief was killed that the American soldiers flayed him and divided his skin in strips among themselves as trophies. If this be true it was a most barbarous treatment of a brave enemy."

"So," asked the gentleman, "was your grandfather given his liberty at the close of the war?"

"No, sir. After his faithful service to the nation he was taken back into slavery and made to serve many years, until some years later, when his owners discovered his royal birth, when he was released."

"Did your grand-father ever receive a pension for his services during the war?" the gentleman asked.

I replied that he had not, after which he asked where my father was living now, and when I told him that he was at Drummondville, he said that he would very much like to meet him and have a talk with him. It would have pleased me very much too, to have had this gentleman meet my father, but when our conversation closed he went down the companion-way again and I never saw him after.

I have thought many times that if England owned

the island of Madagascar I would be perfectly satisfied. I have since learned that England does own part of the island and France the other part. I sincerely hope that these two great nations will civilize and Christianize the beautiful country which I always consider my Fatherland. I say, let the glad tidings about our Saviour be carried from one end of Africa to the other. Let it be breathed under the

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palm trees and let it shake the great banyan, and may the heathen's African heart be touched by the sound of salvation, until heathenism has been rooted out in that beautiful but unfortunate country. Then it will be said that the lion and the lamb have indeed lain down together, which means that the Christian and the heathen shall be on the same terms in

glorifying God, which is the interpretation as I understand it. We must not expect to see the African an industrial power. The energy we find existing in a people of a more robust climate is lacking there, though what effects civilization may bring about is something that remains to be seen. Certain it is that the necessity to labor is not so pressing in that country as it is in this. Doubtless some will say that the African has been very enterprising, and will cite you the great cities that they once built, but these cities were constructed under a system of compulsory labor, fraught with ambition, corruption and oppression. The African in these days of his glory did not have the same regard for his fellow man as today. The few that were in supreme power sacrificed the lives of their neighbors with impunity. There were 175,000 men employed in the construction of one of the great pyramids. There were 2,000 men engaged at one time in bringing one stone from the quarry to the pyramid, and then it took them two years to do it. According to the reports of African explorers, it is much the same in that country today, for African potentates rule their subjects with a rod of iron. On the arrival of Speke and Grant in Africa, the explorers presented an African king with a gun, and merely to prove its effectiveness this heathen ordered one of his men to go out and shoot a man. This order was carried out at once—the man shot and the gun brought back empty. A human target was of no consequence there; in fact the cat-

tle were more highly prized.

My grand-mother on my father's side was from West Africa. She lived a great many years after my grand-father died, and I can remember a great many things that she told us about that country. It appears that she lived on the borders of the cannibal country and understood the horrible customs among them, and having heard them talk, would many a time repeat some of their words. She said that their chief delight when having a feast of human flesh was the ankle of a baby. In their language they would describe it as "chum chum picanni," which interpreted into English would mean that the little child was very good. She also said that it was not the lack of food that made them cannibals, for they always had flocks and herds of their own and the rivers were full of fish and the forests abounded with game, while the bread fruit tree bore a bread which, when properly dried, was almost the equal of wheaten bread. Cannibalism had, my grand-father believed, been acquired as other bad habits are, and the brutal instincts of the people not having come into contact with any more powerful influence for good, the awful practice had grown until it had became a national custom. I believe that some of the nations in Africa offer up human sacrifices to their heathen Gods, and it is said of the king of Dahomy that he once had four hundred women butchered and their blood spilled into a pool with which to mix the mortar for the walls of a palace he was

building. So there is great need of regeneration in that heathen land, and it is to be hoped that in the near future a great change will be brought about and the word of God brought to them so that the light of the true gospel will shine throughout the length and breadth of sunny Africa.

CHAPTER XIII.

His palace. Port Huron. The danger. The storm raged. Tawwas Bay. Saginaw Bay.

The Northern Light arrived at Cleveland safely and after discharging and reloading we returned to Detroit, where I changed boats, shipping on the City of Toledo. The City of Toledo was a very fast side-wheel steamer. Captain Dustin was master and owner. He was very popular with the crew and took a great deal of pains to look after their comfort. It was his custom to personally inspect the quarters where the men lived, and woe to the porter if everything was not as it should be. The boat was chartered to sail on the run betwen Cleveland and Saginaw, carrying freight and passengers, which made a great deal of scrubbing and washing work for the men, a feature which I did not enjoy to any great degree. On the first trip up, when leaving Port Huron for Saginaw we ran into a very heavy gale and were forced back into the river again, but almost immediately the captain, thinking that the storm was going down, set out again. This time we had no better luck and were driven back to port

a second time. When we tied up we all thought that the captain would wait until the storm had abated, as it was certainly a bad night; but no. In a short time the whistle blew again, and although the storm was still raging and the night was dark as pitch the whistle blew and we were off for a third attempt. The wind was simply furious, and I have never seen a worse storm before or since, and hope that I never may. The captain, although a brave man, looked very serious. The boat was on her beam ends half of the time and the waves washed over her deck so savagely that he had to keep a careful watch so as not to be washed overboard. Large boxes and bales were swished about like feathers and everything that was not fastened down went by the board. The wind was so high that it listed the boat until one time we thought all was over. For a third time we turned about and made the river for shelter. But in spite of all that we had experienced the captain was still obstinate and in spite of entreaties to stay in port until morning we were headed out again. The storm had not abated one jot, and as we made the open it seemed to me that we were sailing into the face of death. When we entered the lake the storm was worse than ever, and the pitching and rolling of the boat was something terrible. We were travelling in the trough of the sea, which strained the boat so that the captain soon discovered his error, and I think would have turned back if it had been possible to do so. The waves carried the

heavy oak fenders away and we soon discovered that the heavy seas were washing the oak planking loose. The captain saw the danger in which his ship was placed, but also saw that it would be less dangerous to try to weather the storm than to attempt to turn. I do not think there were many on board who expected the captain to pull through, but he seemed to be the bravest and most self-possessed man on the ship. Meanwhile the storm raged and orders were given for all to remain on deck, although there was little necessity for this, as no one had turned in. Orders were given from the promenade to have the vessel trimmed to the starboard to protect her as much as possible from the waves where the planking was ripping away. While in this position the chief engineer stepped out of the engine room and shouted for us to put the ship on an even keel. We answered that we had been commanded to trim her to starboard, whereupon he said that if we did we "would all be in hell in five minutes." The clerk of the boat, who was a white man and a gentleman, was also on the main deck, as it was not so windy there as on the main deck, where his quarters were, and he remarked that he believed that the storm had almost spent itself, and as we had weathered it so well up to that time there was no doubt that we would get through all right. These cheering and timely words gave us much encouragement, as we were all in very low spirits by this time. The wind was still blowing as fiercely as ever,

however, when I left the deck and went below, and knelt down in my cabin and prayed fervently to God to save the ship and spare our lives; and strange to say I was entirely free from agitation when I arose, and feeling as secure as an infant in its mother's arms, turned in and slept soundly until morning.

But what horror had we to face now? The City of Toledo, buffeted by the waves when I went to sleep, was now as steady as some great tree that had its roots planted far down in the deep soil of dry land. I was for a while bewildered and did not know what to think. Was she at the bottom, that she rested so steadily? But, no; that could not be, for if she was at the bottom I would be drowned. So going on deck in the morning light, I met a passenger who was pacing to and fro whom I asked where we were. Seeing that I was one of the crew, he gave me a very peculiar look and said, smiling, that we were at Tawwas. When I looked again I could recognize the harbor, for I had been there several times. Then I believed that God had answered my prayers and through his great goodness had spared our lives and brought us through one of the worst storms that had ever visited Lake Huron. Proceeding on our voyage, we crossed Saginaw Bay and arrived at Saginaw without further incident.

On the next trip of the City of Toledo we had almost as bad a time as on the first trip. On entering Lake Huron we encountered a heavy fog. The weather was so bad that we had to keep a sharp look-

out and the whistle was going continually. All of a sudden there came the shout of the man on the look-out: "A ship, a ship," and following it a general clamor. Out of the fog there came the prow of a vessel heading directly toward us, and not a

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cable length away. She struck us with a crash on the larboard side. In less time than it takes to tell it the whole side of the City of Toledo was torn away, from the forward to the after gangway. The engineer's room was on the right side of the ship.

and being asleep at the time he was thrown violently out of his bunk and carried with the debris right onto the main deck. A lady who was standing in the main saloon in front of a looking glass was almost harpooned by the jib-boom, which came right through the side of the boat and passed within an inch of her head. But by miraculous intervention no lives were lost and the ship still floated, which was a blessing for the vessel which struck us, although certainly knowing the damage done, sailed away and left us as soon as she got free from the tangle. This captain was neither a man nor a Christian.

However, on examination, it was found that the City of Toledo was not dangerously damaged, as there was no puncture below the water line. Men were at once set to work to clear away the wreckage and make the best of the situation, and the fog lifting in an hour or so, we made fairly good time to a harbor of safety at Saginaw.

One regrettable feature was that in the confusion incident to the collision no one had thought to look at the name of the vessel which struck us and consequently, as she stole away so quickly in the fog, her identity was never discovered. For this reason the owners of the City of Toledo never recovered any damages.

CHAPTER XIV.

The last trip of the season. In great danger. The awful condition. Safe arrival at Detroit. A false telegram. A merchant. On shore. Made money. Charity. Holy spot.

Although the work was hard and sometimes dangerous, and we had frequent experiences with storms and fogs, I stayed with the Toledo until the end of the season. We made the last trip in November and it was a bad one. When we left Toledo it was already winter time, and the ice was forming on the Maunee river. At Detroit it was colder yet, and in Lake Huron the weather was continually below freezing. When we got to Saginaw the harbor was full of ice. We were like the little boy whose mother called him and who then sent the servant out to tell him that his mother was calling him. The child's answer was: "Yes, I hear her, but I am trying hard to forget it." We saw the ice, but we tried hard to forget it, and it was with greater haste than ever before that we put her cargo ashore and reloaded. We set sail in fine weather, but had hardly got into the lake when we ran into a snow storm. It was

bitterly cold, the thermometer being below zero all the time, and a bitter wind blowing. After travelling for several hours in the blinding storm the snow ceased suddenly for a few moments, just long enough for us to see that the ship was heading for certain destruction on an island that was dead ahead. The captain was raging mad when he found that the pilot had lost his way, and said that if he could do no better than that he would cut him in two.. Soon the ice began to form on the boat where the spray had dashed over her and froze, and the added weight made a new danger which I do not believe that even the captain had counted on. The passengers were not made aware of the danger, but for many hours the circumstances were serious. When finally we reached safety at the mouth of the St. Clair river, the ship was plated from stem to stern with a coating of ice several inches thick. Running down the St. Clair and the Detroit rivers, stopping long enough at Detroit for the captain to visit his folks, we reached Lake Erie and here again ran into another snow storm. In this storm the pilot again lost his reckoning and we had a narrow escape from running ashore, this time on the middle island of the Three Sisters. When we reached Cleveland it seemed that our arrival had been echoed through the city by magic. A report had gone out that the City of Toledo had gone down with all on board, and the people could hardly believe their eyes when we tied up. Among those who were on the deck was my

wife and only child, and it is glad indeed they were at our safe return. When the cargo was discharged the captain asked the crew to stay with him until the ship was laid up, as he did not wish to engage fresh men for this work. As it meant a longer season for us, we decided to stay. After this task was completed the crew dispersed, most of them going to Detroit, but as my wife and daughter were in Toledo, I stayed there for the winter and in the spring assisted in fitting her out again for her summer's work.

Leaving Cleveland I returned to my old home at Windsor, and for some time worked as a dock laborer between that city and Detroit. I got plenty of work and made money, but like the silly fellow that I was did not know the value of money, and did not try to save it. There are many young men who might well take a lesson from me and recollect that when we are young it is our highest duty to treasure and not to squander our substance. We should make use of our time in a way that will prove beneficial to ourselves and to others and then we would have the satisfaction in our declining years of knowing that we had performed one of the greatest Christian virtues, viz., charity. I have always endeavored to carry out this virtue, and have grieved considerably when I was unable to do so. My parents were the same, and their goodness in this way was indelibly impressed on my mind.

The Christian charity of today is far more prac-

tical and more perfectly exemplifies the examples of our Saviour than at the time of the Crusaders. The great Godfrey and his religious host fought hard enough, but when we come to look at the matter we find that they were lacking in the true spirit of Christianity. Although they arrived at Constantinople but a shadow of their former host and even then forced the Saladin to give up the tomb of Christ, and forced such conditions on the Turk that the tomb was to be forever accessible, yet we find that notwithstanding the thousands that were wounded and slain in the terrible wars, there was no effort made to care for the sick or wounded, or in any way to ameliorate the horrors of war. In the present day Christians believe and preach that war is a great crime and when it does come every care is exercised to make it as less barbarous as possible in order that suffering may be minimised.. The wounded—be it friend or foe—receive the same careful treatment. Hospital corps are organized, and together with trained nurses, ambulances and skilled doctors, do all that possibly can be done to ameliorate the suffering of the victims.

Nor is this improvement to be seen only in war. In times of peace Christian charity toward our fellow men is not overlooked as it was in the time of the Crusaders, when it was the strong arm and not the glad hand. In this enlightened age we have homes, hospitals and other kindred institutions to help suffering humanity. The Crusaders were not

aware of their full duty toward their fellow-man. Had they been, they would have performed a better part in the illustrating of charity.

CHAPTER XV.

Very fine talk. Holy Light in the Prisons. All mankind. On board the steamer Edith. Fell overboard. The mate spoke to me. My permanent home.. Varnish making. A good omen. Delighted, with two good men.

Compassion has many branches, an it means more than one wind word or deed; but it is for us to perform the different branches of charity as Christ did to the blind, the halt and the lame in the cause of our redemption, even to the thief on the cross. In going from one degree to another in compassion as sisters and brothers of charity we are literally carrying out Christ's dictates of love.

I have many times thought in my dealings with men that the true Christians are more charitable than others. By this I do not mean to confine myself to the actual professing Christians, as there are many men in the world, who, while Christians in the true sense, have never been converted and it seems to me that among this very class the greatest charity is to be found. The false professor is surely an abomination to God and man, but as I travel through life I find that there are such in all nations and races.

I remained at Windsor until the fall of 1878, and then shipped on the Steamer Edith, which plied between Detroit and Alabaster, on Lake Huron, carrying alabaster rock from the latter place to the city, where it was used for building purposes. Captain Renolds was our skipper, and the boat belonged to

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Smith & Sons, who also owned a stone yard at Detroit. On one occasion, just as we were about to sail from Detroit and the crew were standing about the gang plank waiting for the signal to haul it in, I fell asleep leaning against the stanchion and when the mate gave the order it startled me so that, in

trying to step onto the boat I stepped into the water and was nearly drowned. I had on long heavy sea boots, a Sou'wester hat and the heaviest clothing so that I had no chance to swim, and I went under without delay. I can remember going down the first time, coming up and going down the second. I could hear the people both on the boat and on the dock running to and fro shouting directions to me. When I came up the second time the second mate was just above me and shouted for me to swim to a pile which was close by, but the water was cold and the current swift, and I was powerless to obey his instructions. After that it was all a blank to me. The only sensation I had was as if going to sleep. I just seemed to sink into a nice dreamy slumber and of the rest I knew nothing until I woke up with my head on the mate's lap on the dock. I gradually came to and they took me on board the boat and placed me near the engine room to get warm. Then they told me how it had all happened. When I came up for the third time the mate had shoved a plank within my reach and I grabbed it, never letting go until I was hauled safely ashore. One thing at least I learned from the accident. I never went to sleep again alongside the gang plank, and I would advise others to profit by my experience.

I stayed with the Edith for some time, and finally left her to go on the Hope, which plies on the ferry service between Detroit and Windsor, on which boat I stayed for two years. After that I decided to

leave the water altogether.

About this time there was a varnish factory started in Windsor by a Mr. Zeiss, a native of Germany. One colored man was employed when the factory opened up, and I thought that there should be room for another one. I concluded that the varnish business was a very profitable one, and as it was a secret known to very few, I thought that I might as well be one of the few; so I decided to strike Mr. Zeiss for a job. With that end in view I cultivated an acquaintance with him. He was a very fast talker, and when I went to speak to him I decided to get my say first. So I started off by telling him that as he was getting to be an old man it was time that he gave up arduous toil and left that to someone else, and I offered myself for the place. Just about this time the senior partner came out and eyed me in a way that made me feel uncomfortable. He looked like a man who would not take any foolishness, and I felt relieved when he went back into the office and left me with Mr. Zeiss. When I got done talking it seemed to me that I had talked longer and faster than ever before in my life. Mr. Zeiss listened to me patiently all through, and then asked me where I lived. I told him, "In Windsor, sir." "Oh, no, that is not what I mean. Where did you come from." I told him that I formerly lived in Madison, Indiana. Mr. Zeiss said that he had visited Madison on several occasions and that he was acquainted in almost all the large cities of the south. As Mr.

Zeiss had not said much before this I took it as an omen in my favor and was delighted. Then he continued, telling me that his father was a resident at Mobile, and that he had at one time owned several hundred slaves. "Then," said I, "you are not unacquainted with the colored race?" "Oh, no," he said. "I have seen them in the Southern States, South Africa, the West Indies and the South Sea Islands." After continuing the conversation for quite a while about his travels he asked me to call again, making an appointment with me for two days later.

I called at the time appointed and as a result I was put to work. When it came to a question of wages, he asked me what I wanted and I was afraid to name my price, but Mr. Kraus, the senior partner, saved the situation by suggesting a wage which was to be raised in a short time if I suited. This offer I gladly accepted and lost no time in going to work.

Mr. Kraus proved to be one of the finest men I had ever met, quite reversing my original prognostications. I have always been a close observer of human nature, and it has often come home to me that my first impressions are not always correct. On the roughest soil there sometimes grows the fairest flower. So in this case I had judged this man by his appearance and not by his heart. Hence it proved how greatly I was mistaken.

CHAPTER XVI.

Many presents. A varnish maker. Making varnish. My first batch of varnish. Much surprised. Among the Prescribed. The boys got into trouble. A terrible blow. Immense forest. The steamer Macinaw. The Lord's Holy Day. Remained on board.

The business of the factory increased so rapidly that I was engaged in the factory most of the time. This suited me pretty well, as I was anxious to learn the art of varnish making. Both proprietors were well satisfied with my work, and made me many presents an an appreciation of my services. Soon another man was employed to do the outside work, and from that time I was inside altogether, which fact turned to my advantage. Each evening I made notes in a pocket note book of what I had learned during the day. Mr. Zeiss was a very sociable man and explained every item as he went along, but the varnish maker was of a different character, thinking that I was infringing. But I was only acquiring my knowledge as he had done before in Berry Brothers in Detroit a few years before.

Work went forward at a lively rate, as we turned

out many gallons of varnish and Japans each year. I think it was in the second year that I completed the list of all the different combinations that we were turning out, having taken careful note of each receipt. I mentioned my good luck to Mr. Zeiss one day, and told him about the note book. He asked me where the book was, and I told him it was at home. He told me to bring it down so that he could look over the receipts and see if they were all right. I told him that I was sure that they were all right, as I had revised them all carefully, so he said that some day he would give me a trial to see what I could do, which he did a few days later when we were not so busy. I started the fire and prepared the gum and placed it over the fire. Mr. Zeiss watched me carefully all the time. Then I prepared the oil ready to add at the proper moment. I must confess in this I was somewhat uneasy, as this was largely experimental on my part. However, everyone has to make a start at some time, and with Mr. Zeiss' assistance in pouring in the oil, I finished my first batch of varnish. To test it I was instructed to pour it into a barrel, which I did, and it was set aside to be tried at a later date. After my varnish had properly cooled, Mr. Zeiss tried it himself and pronounced it perfectly satisfactory. The old varnish maker, who was out at the time of the experiment, seemed a little jealous of my success, but I was considered a first class varnish maker from that time forward. Since then I have taught three men

the art of varnish making, two white men and one of the new race, and at any and all times I always stood ready to impart whatever information I had to the men who were working alongside of me, for I always considered that they would learn anyway, and it was better for me to tell them outright than to have them wasting their time trying to find out for themselves.

The varnish making business is a very good business but it is one in which great care must be exercised, for the gum from which it is made is very inflammable and besides this the odors from it are very strong and pungent. This gum is found in Asia and Africa for the most part, although some discoveries of it have been made in Cuba and the West Indies. It is usually found buried about four feet underground, but how it got there no one seems to know. The theory advanced is that there must have been immense forests of gum producing trees growing in prehistoric times in these localities and that these forests being swept by fire the hot gum exuded and sank into the earth. This is the theory that seems most reasonable, and in proof of it I may say that I have frequently found pieces of charcoal and pieces of burnt wood in the blocks of gum which I have been handling.

CHAPTER XVII.

Could not you save him? A great mistake. At Brantford. He was obdurate. So I objected. A Descendant of Europe. A very mad brain. A religious institution.' Sabbath breakers. Real Christians. More convenient. The unchristian way.

I was one of a crowd of men who witnessed a very sad accident at Windsor. This happened during the time that I was working in the varnish works. I was standing on the dock at the time and, the ferry boat lying alongside, a colored man came down and went on board. While waiting for the boat to start he crossed to the outside of the boat and leaned on a chain, looking into the water. All of a sudden he turned a somersault and before anyone could save him he plunged into the water. I was very fleet at the time and I made a quick dash, but only succeeded in catching his cap as he went over. There was great excitement, and as there were several ladies on board at the time they set up a screaming quite frightful to hear. We made some strenuous efforts to get him out, but the thing all transpired so quickly that the poor man was drowned almost before we knew what had happened. I think it was the cap-

tain who stood alongside me at the time I made the rush and he came up and in a rather reproachful voice asked: "Could not you save him?" but another man who was sitting in a buggy on deck championed my cause by saying that there was no time to do anything.

MISS FLORA BATSON, QUEEN OF SONG

I remained at the varnish works at Windsor until 1893, when Zeiss & Kraus sold out to Scarff & Co., of Brantford. By agreement the old varnish maker and I went with the new firm to Brantford

when they decided to move the works to that city. My friend, the varnish maker, had seemingly relaxed none of his hostility toward me, and when we moved he did not seem to improve. Finally, one day he announced that he intended to quit and, thinking that it was on my account, I went to him and told him that I was very sorry if he was about to quit because he did not like me, and that I would much rather quit myself and leave the place to him if it was a case of one or the other of us going, but this idea he refused to entertain, protesting that my presence there had nothing to do with the case. In fact he seemed more friendly on that occasion than ever before, and I may say that I felt somewhat relieved myself, as I did not like the idea of driving a man out of a job. However, he was bound to leave, and did leave. Then they wanted another varnish maker and like Jacob of old, I was the one best suited for the place; consequently I became varnish maker.. I had as an assistant a white man by the name of John Gillam, who was a very agreeable man to work with. The business increased in a rapid manner, and it was nothing unusual for us to turn out three thousand dollars' worth or more every week. I did my best to promote the welfare of my employer, which he appreciated by paying me well and promptly. In all I remained with this firm five years, and rain or shine, winter or summer, I was always at my post. I also learned the value of money and how to save and turn to good use a part

of what came into my hands. I bought a lot for myself and built a nice brick house thereon, in which we had a very comfortable home, within a few rods of the factory. I became a member of the Methodist church, and an active worker in the Sabbath school, and shortly after I had taken up this work I was requested to take the office of superintendent. At first I demurred, as I was a comparative stranger, but later, under pressure, I decided to accept office, which I did and the duties, of which I carried out to the best of my ability. The school had reached a high standard of excellence, and was progressing very nicely when a disturbing element manifested itself in the person of two colored gentlemen who wanted to take the control of the school away from me. One of these men was the son of a preacher, and the other claimed to have been called by divine ordinance to preach the word of God. However, their Christianity I very much doubt, as they would not have acted as they did had they been pure and upright. One day, while service was going on these two entered the Sunday school and announced that they were going to take charge of things, and saying that through something I had said about the church I should no longer be recognized as superintendent, and that I should resign at once. I considered their action most improper and ill-advised, and I therefore took no notice of them, but went right along with the service. The spokesman of the pair seemed to be of a very pugnacious disposition, and

it was evidently his intention to involve me in a nasty brawl in the church. This trap, of course, I refused to fall into, and they went away. Next day I went to see the local magistrate in order to ask him for advice and protection, and as he gave me the one and promised me the other I left with a feeling of security for next Sunday. These men did not call on me to lay any formal complaint or to give me any chance to defend myself against their unjust attacks, but on the next Sunday they were there again, and this time they started to sing in a loud voice, intending to so disrupt the service that I could not go on. I followed the only course open to me under the circumstances by calling the children out and taking them to my home to finish the service there. I called on the minister of the church next day and asked him to take action to have such proceedings stopped at once, but to my surprise he refused to take any action whatever, and I really believe that he was against me in the case, as he was conspicuously absent on the two Sundays in question. This being the case, I at once resigned my office, and although there were several who wanted me to fight the matter out, I did not choose to be a party to any such unseemly row. Then the men took another tack; they made threats to different people about town as to what they were going to do to me, but in this I met them on their own ground, for I sent them back word that any time they wanted to try conclusions with me in a mix-up

I was their man. To this challenge they never gave answer, either by word or deed, although I met them several times, and in many different places after that.

I think that the cause of these men's animosity toward me was simply jealousy. They did not like to see any one of their own people doing better than themselves, and as I was both frugal and industrious and was getting along nicely they took an unreasoning dislike to me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Since Emancipation. Large Tracts of Land. A close observer. A higher power. Did not take advantage. He went in Collusion with them. Political ambition. All nations of the earth.. The white slaves. The object. His lawful prey. Brave in battle.

I would like to say a few words in this chapter about some of the circumstances surrounding the emancipation of the colored race. At the time of the American war, as I have heretofore stated, that war was not commenced as a war of emancipation, but to save the integrity of the Union. During the war many of the plantations of the south were left absolutely in the hands of the slaves, the men all going to war. In some cases there were several hundred slaves on one plantation, and had they not been of a true and naturally honest disposition they might have committed wholesale murder, or worse of the women and children and have pillaged and destroyed their master's property. But it is to their everlasting credit that they were perfectly worthy of the confidence placed in them and there it not one instance during the whole history of the war of the black men having violated this confidence.

As to just how the subject of emancipation came in there seems still to exist a good deal of misapprehension, but it came about in this way. During the campaign in South Carolina, General Butler had continually to deal with refugee slaves, and the problem of what to do with them was one that he had to settle out of hand. Amongtheoff icers of the Union army at that time there was a good deal of difference of opinion as to what should be done with them, and most of these officers were for returning them to their owners. General Butler, however, was a man for an emergency, and he settled the matter in the right way by declaring them prisoners of war. General Freemont, in Missouri, took precisely the same action at the same time and kept all the colored men who came within his lines. When this matter was brought to President Lincoln's notice he immediately rescinded the order and instructed the generals to turn the negroes back to their owners; but popular demand for emancipation had been become so strong that even the president could not over-ride it, and the act of emancipation was consequently passed as a sort of a necessary war measure. I am not sure even to this day that Mr. Lincoln was heartily in sympathy with this measure, even at the late day that it was passed, but am inclined to believe that he was in favor of letting the matter stand in abeyance until the end of the war. The black people, however, were sure to a man from the very first that the ultimate outcome would be emancipation.

After the war, I think that the United States gov-

ernment made a great error in not giving the negroes the opportunity to start for themselves by giving each able-bodied man a farm or some patch of land on which he could apply his energies. Had the government done this and allowed the negroes a seat in the legislature they would have thereby have made provision against the unwise crowding into the cities, which has caused so much trouble of recent years. The black man, although set free by the war, was in no position to look after himself. It is true that there were some exceptionally clever men among them, as for instance, Messrs. Lynch, Langsford, Douglas, Smalls, Revels, Delaney and many others, but the great mass of them needed education to be able to take full advantage of their new condition. That they are susceptible to the influences and benefits conferred by education is amply evident by the fact that so many of them have since shone in the schools at Harvard and Yale, to say nothing of what has been done by their own schools at Tuskagee and the Atlantic university. However, these opportunities were not existant at the time of the close of the war, and even had they been, there was no possibility that the black man would have been educated in a day. Consequently I say, and here repeat, that at the same time that the government gave the negro freedom and the statutes it should also have furnished him with the opportunity to make his own living.

Even at this late date it is my advice to the colored race to go back to the land, to get hold of farms

of their own and keep away from the cities. I have heard many negroes in different parts of the country assert that they were discriminated against in the cities on account of their color, and for that reason were not given employment. This is not by any means a fair statement of the case. The fact

of the matter is that the white men built the cities and that they—regarding themselves as one large family—want to conserve the benefits thereof to themselves. This is true to a large extent in respect to different nationalities of white men as well as between white and black. What I hold in this regard is amply proven by the fact that there are cer-

tain cities that are predominated over by one nationality, and in those cities I have always noticed that this nationality invariably conserves the best of everything for itself. This is only natural and in a certain sense it is right, although it would be much better all around if such were not the case. By the working out of such a practice the negro in the cities is bound to lose, for, notwithstanding that the new race has according to the latest statistics acquired no less than two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of property, there are only two cities in America which were established an dare dominated by the colored race. These cities are Langford, in the State of Oklahoma, and a small town in Indiana, near my old home of Indianapolis.

Consequently, as I said before, as long as the family distinction exists among nations, the hope of the new race is in the ownership of land.

CHAPTED XIX.

Attention to industry. New England. Residing at Dundas. We resided at Woodstock. Pleasant journey.. Buffalo horns. Arose to his feet. My antagonist. Very much interested. Well pleased. Winnipeg. Great mountain.

I stayed at Brantford until the latter part of 1887, when I removed to Dundas, Ont., to set up business for myself, but in this venture I failed. About the time of my failure I received an offer from the owners of a furniture factory at Woodstock, who wanted me to enter their employ. On condition that they would take the remnants of my little stock off my hands I consented to go to Woodstock and there I stayed until 1890. About this time I heard a good deal of British Columbia, and although I did not give the matter very much attention at first, after hearing so much that was of good report about the western province, I one day asked my wife how she would like to go out there to live. I found that she was quite agreeable, and we decided to go. I informed my employers of my intention and they expressed the most serious regret that I should make such a move. I must say that during the time that I worked for Messrs. Hay & Co., that no grievance

of any kind ever existed between us, and that our relations were in every way satisfactory. But as I had firmly made up my mind to go west. It was the 13th day of September when we left and we reached Toronto on the same evening. Here we took the train for the west, which we did not leave until we got to Vancouver on the 19th. Two days after starting we arrived at Port Arthur, the principal Canadian port on the shores of Lake Suprior.

Touching at several minor stations we at last came to the beautiful city of Winnipeg, the capital in the Province of Manitoba, situated at the junctionof the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The train remaining here for some time, we were enabled to see a great portion of the city, where a few years ago all that marked the spot was the chief post of the Hudson's Bay Company. I was much surprised to see such a city, with its stately buildings and wide paved streets, where so recently had been only a solitary fort. We again started for our destination and soon arrived at Portage la Prairie, situated on the Assiniboine river, the centre of the greatest wheat growing district of the prairies. Brandon was the next stop of any importance, this town being the principal wheat market of the Province of Manitoba, having no less than eight grain elevators. After touching at some twenty stations we arrived at Qu'Appelle, some four miles from Fort Qu'Auppelle. The next town was Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories; a short stay here and

then on to Moosejaw, which is a market town of some importance, and derives its name from an accident which a white man experienced here in the pioneer days. His cart breaking down he repaired it with the jaw bone of a moose, or moosejaw. The next stop was at Swift Current, situated near a great sheep run. Medicine Hat was the next place of any importance, and here we stopped thirty minutes. This is a mounted police station, and near it is also an Indian reserve. Indians are in evidence in numbers at the station, where they may be seen all the time selling bead work, buffalo horns, bear, deer skins and other furs. Passing several stations we arrived at Calgary, another police station and Hudson's Bay post, and a very fine town. On leaving Calgary, we now see the snow capped tops of the Rocky Mountains, which we soon enter through what is called the Gap. The Kicking Horse river is grand and the whole scenery most impressive and interesting. At Banff the railway company have a splendid hotel. Here are also hot springs, so that the place is a great health and pleasure resort. Castle Mountain station is at the base of the mountain, and a grand view is obtainable here. Field and Glacier stations are the next in importance, the last named from the great glacier near which it is situated. Passing several mountain stations, the next stopping place of importance is Revelstoke, situated on the Columbia river, which is spanned by a very long bridge, over which the train goes. Travelling

over many dangerous places (as I thought having many narrow escapes) we stopped at the beautiful town of Kamloops, on the Thompson river, near Kamloops lake. This is also a Hudson's Bay post. On leaving this place we skirt the shores of the beautiful lake. At Savonnas the lake ends; then we enter the Thompson river canyon, which at last joins the Fraser river canyon below Lytton. The train did not go very fast over this portion of the road, so that we had every opportunity to see the eternal hills of God and the magnificent works of nature generally. Below Thompson Siding we crossed the Nicola river just before stopping at Spence's Bridge station; then on through the Black Canyon to Lytton. Crossing the Fraser at Cisco, passing through several tunnels and over many trestles, we came to north Bend; then on to Yale and Hope, where we saw many Indian huts. On the opposite side of the river is Hope, at the foot of the Hope mountains. Passing Ruby Creek, Agassiz, Harrison Lake, Nicomen, and stopping a short time at each station, we arrived at Mission Junction, and after a short stay there, we proceeded on our journey. Crossing Stave river we get a magnificent view of Mount Baker. We saw several stumps of large trees at different times which gave me an idea of the huge growth here. We arrived at Westminster Junction, which is situated on the banks of the Fraser river, and the provincial penitentiary and insane asylum are situated here, and many other handsome build-

ings, and the headquarters of the salmon canning industry. The next stopping place was Port Moody, situated at the head of Burrard Inlet, and after passing Hastings we soon arrived at Vancouver. We knew that we were at our destination after a long ride across the continent. I was informed on my arrival that the city had been destroyed by fire, all except one house, in the year 1886, just four years before my arrival, but it did not look possible that such had been the case, and it was verified by a great many people that were here at the time. Vancouver has a great cmfwy shrdlu shrdlu shrdlu hr couver is a beautiful city with a grand location. I think that in the matter of natural drainage and a natural harbor, that this city excels any that I have seen anywhere.

Shortly after my arrival in this city I secured a location on which to build a house, on Fourteenth avenue, Mount Pleasant, which was then comparatively a wilderness, though in every other way a charming location. My wife was well pleased with the change, especially as regards the climate, the winters here being much milder than in Ontario. We found the people in Vancouver very friendly, and in fact I cannot say that I have ever lived among a more sociable set than in this city. In a general way I have got along very well since coming to Vancouver. After clearing a couple of lots I erected a shop and started the manufacture of varnish, but not having sufficient capital to compete, I was

forced to give it up.

The white people in a general way were very kind to my wife and myself. My own people were very kind, excepting two or three, who seemed to try to be very indifferent for some cause, and I do not think today they can give any reason for being so. The worst treatment I ever received during my life, I am very sorry to say, was from two of the new race since my residence in Vancouver. After the death of my good wife, in the year 1897, I admitted two people of my own race into my house, thinking that as I was alone, they would be a great comfort in my bereavement, but I had cause to regret this step, as it appeared to me a short time after. They thought that I was a mere plaything or some inferior animal from the way they acted, and I was very much surprised at their rude actions. I will not mention their names, as I do not wish to hurt even my worst enemy's feelings, but these insulting actions emanated from a source which I was not thinking of. I did not think when giving any person shelter that there would be any so base as to turn my kindness into ridicule, and that in the face of the fact that that shelter was all that they had. Yet such happened in my case, and I say it with pride that I did not rebuke these people, as I would have done fifty years ago, for that would have been entirely wrong and un-Christian like.

CHAPTER XX.

War, commerce. General Hannibal. Ancient Carthage. Queen of Sheba. Much distress. One silver dollar. Servile war. Hamilcar. All nations. In Africa. Sage counsellors. King Solomon. Our native land. A close prisoner.

I have already referred to the evils of war, and I aver that war and commerce are two great antagonistic principles, which struggle for the masetry of the human race, the function of the one being to preserve, and that of the other to destroy. Commerce causes cities to be built and fields to be cultivated, diffuses comfort and plenty, and all the blessings of industry and peace. It carries organization and order everywhere, protects property and life, disarms pestilence, and prohibits famine. War, on the other hand, destroys and disorganizes the social state. It ruins cities, depopulates the country and condemns men to idleness and want. The only remedy for the evil which it brings is to shorten the miseries of its victims. Thus, war is the great enemy, while commerce is the great friend of humanity. I believe that all men should "do unto others as they would wish others to do unto them," then there would be no excuse for strife, which has un-

fortunately existed through the different ages of man. I have read ancient history considerably during my life, and I find that the miseries inflicted upon mankind through war are mostly attributable to the morbid ambitions of men, such as Scipio, the Roman general, Sesosters, one of the ancient Egyp-

HON. FRDRICK DOUGLAS

tians, Pharoahs, Frederick the Great of Germany, Bonaparte of France, and numbers of others who wished to raise themselves regardless of life or property. Exceptions there are, as in the case of General Tousaint of San Domingo, who fought to free

his people and himself from the yoke of slavery, which he accomplished after twelve years' war with France. Many others have precipitated war in a just cause, though from whatever cause, it is productive of the greatest misery at the time. When General Hannibal appeared he altered the aspect of affairs—peaceful at the time—which prevailed throughout the world. Carthage was then in the height of her glory. When Hannibal provoked the war with Rome, his country was engaged in exchanging the productions of the various countries of the then known world, promoting everywhere the comfort and happiness of mankind. He sacrificed all these happy results to military aggression and conquest, gaining many victories and devastating many lands, effectually shutting out commerce, and spreading instead famine and pestilence, and all the attending horrors of carnage. Hannibal terrorized the Roman empire, and though—according to history—the greatest general of the times, his trail was a bloody one, and finally resulted in his own country being destroyed with fire and sword, and the inhabitants scattered throughout Africa. After the Romans took Carthage, they completely destroyed it, so at this date it would be hard to locate. Prior to the destruction of this famous city, Hannibal had escaped to Syria, where he stayed with Antiochus, the king, at Damascus, said to be the oldest city in the world. This king being also at war with Rome at the time, and on peace being restored, an article

was inserted in the terms, whereby Hannibal should be delivered to the Romans. Hannibal hearing this made his escape to the island of Crete, the Romans did not allow him to remain there long, so he fled from kingdom to kingdom, at last taking refuge in Bithynia, Asia Minor. The king of Bithynia sheltered him for a time, but at last agreed to give him up to his Roman enemies. Hannibal, learning this and seeing that flight was impossible, put an end to his life by poison. I have often thought how much better it would have been for Hannibal and thousands of other people if instead of plunging into war with the Romans he had continued to cultivate the blessings of peace and industry. Hannibal's father's name was Hamilcar. He was a Carthaginian general, and when Hannibal was a mere boy his father was preparing for an expedition into Spain, and as usual in those days, he was celebrating the occasion with games and religious ceremonies. Young Hannibal was very anxious to go to Spain with his father, who, not consenting, led him to one of the altars and made him lay his hands upon the consecrated victim and swear that as soon as he was old enough and had the power he would make war upon the Romans. It is thought that Hamilcar did this at the time to amuse his son and to relieve his disappointment at being unable to accompany his father, so he promised him a great and mighty enemy to fight some future day. That promise proved the downfall of Carthage. It was evident that Han-

nibal never forgot his father's teachings, which he carried out to the letter. This, methinks, is a lesson to all parents. In moulding the character of their children great care should be taken so that only the purest and best thoughts should be instilled, whether during the hours of amusement or study. The probability is that if Hamilcar had impressed his son with the horrors of war Carthage would have been in existence today. This savage warfare has always prevailed throughout the different kingdoms of Africa, and as I am an African by descent, I have read a great deal about my fatherland.. In the time of the great Sesosteres, who, it is stated, was the first king of Egypt, some 4,000 years ago, this black man extended his wars not only through different parts of Africa, but also in Asia, and is said to have been responsible for the destruction of 15,000,000 lives. Others are Shishak, Hopra, Tiraka, Zerah and Necho. All of these are among the ancient kings of Egypt and are alluded to in Holy writ, under the title of Pharoahs. There were also several queens who reigned over the African states. One is spoken of in Holy writ as Candace, or the Queen of Sheba. This black queen visited the great King Solomon, at Jerusalem, and after drinking of the great fountain of wisdom there, returned to her own home, after presenting and receiving many very valuable presents. The wisdom she had received she spread with great advantage amongst her subjects. We believe that it was God's own plan of

extending His holy word to the remote regions of the world, this bringing about the meeting of these two powerful sovereigns, who both being black, were eventually married. King Solomon, according to his own words in holy writ, was a black man and king over the Hebrews or Israelites of Palestine. Some say that he was a Cannanite descendant of Ham, but whether he was or was not, it is immaterial.

There are a great many black people in the world that are not natives of Africa, although of African descent. My reason for alluding at some length to this subject is that the black rulers of those days were celebrated for their wisdom, knowledge of science, literature and architecture. They were also navigators and traded with their ships from one country to another, fought great naval battles at the time of war; yet we, the descendants of these same black people, have been brought to some parts of this American continent and are until this day treated worse than brutes. I wish my readers to understand that we do not expect to be treated better than other people; that would be unreasonable, and we that have a spark of that ancient knowledge know better. We know that God is the author of the distinction between nations, because He did not want all of the people to remain in the land of Shinar, or Babylon. He wished the people to settle in different parts of the earth that he had created. Yet God wishes all the different families of the nations to be

kind and love their neighbors as themselves. We that were brought from our native land, against our will, do not look for more than to be treated as human beings. There is one thing that is very satisfactory to the African race: we are treated better everywhere in the British kingdom than we are anywhere in the United States. We are protected by the strong arm of the British law, which treats all alike without distinction, that is justice.

In referring to the bringing up of children, I have noticed that some parents teach and encourage their children to call black people niggers. To say the least, it is very bad taste, and far better to teach children good manners towards everyone, and especially their elders. Generally speaking, I have been treated very well by the people of Vancouver, though there are some people here that teach their children to shout "nigger" when passing their house, whether it is ignorance on the parents' part I cannot say. As I pass along some one near the window or at the door appears to enjoy the fun of her very small child calling me "nigger." In one instance it was very funny, as the little child could, in calling after me, only say "nig," it will be taught the "ger" in time, when the child will be the delight of its parents—a truly Christian example. These people should remember that "nigger" can be as appropriately applied to some of all nations of the earth. True, there are the low and degraded among my own people; at the same time there are many of my

race who are just as respectable, intelligent and with an equally high standard of morality as any other people on the globe. It is a recognized fact that a mild enmity exists between all nations, no matter what their color. All seem to combine together for self-preservation. Naturally one is more at home with his own, whether he be French, English, Scotch, Irish or what not. We that have had a chance since emancipation, know that there exists a prejudice against us among all nations. I wonder a great many times why there should be such hostility against us, and as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. I think that a great many white people think that we want to force our society upon them. This I can assure them is a great mistake, for we have that mild distinction that God has placed in the breast of other nations, and we therefore feel more at home with our own people, though we have, I trust, that true Christian feeling towards all nations that God wishes us to have. We were kept in ignorance so long that we were unfit to associate with any but ourselves; hardly for that. There are, as all my readers are aware, a great many different nations in Africa among the black races, who have the same prejudice against each other as we find exists the world over. In fact, it is more like a Chinese wall there among themselves, because if one of those nations passes the bounds of etiquette in the smallest way it means a war of extermination, and sometimes a whole nation is destroyed. When the black people

were slaves in America we had in many cases a very hard time, and when any white person offered us kindness we received that kindness as an oracle from God. We would reciprocate that kindness with all our hearts; we would lavish our kindness to the fullest extent, and it is the same with us today. We

are a people that will show our gratitude to a friend to such an extent that I think this is the reason why many people think that we wish to impose on their society. In the absence of hostility we always treat

everyone with the greatest respect and anyone that thinks enough of us to do us a kindness will never regret it. My people believe in treating all people in a Christian manner. As we were brought from Africa in a state of the lowest ignorance, it has been a wonder to all the world, as ourselves, where we acquired the knowledge of Christianity and of God, but that knowledge came quite natural to us. If we were caught looking into a book in the old days in the South the white people would go into hysterics and the whole country would be on the alert. The horrible news would be conveyed from one plantation to another, that such a man's slave was seen with a book in his or her hand. It would cause as much excitement as an earthquake, or when Hannibal crossed the Alps. The awful crime this black person had committed would be well circulated. Then a council would be called to deliberate on what should be done. The conclusion generally arrived at was to advise the owner to sell this particular slave to the far South, as it would never do to learn a slave to read (for the sake of their own preservation, so they reasoned.) But suppose the man that owned this slave was a kind man, to his black people, and this slave was valuable property? He did not wish to sell him, nor would he allow them to give him 500 strokes on his naked back either, for the horrible crime of having a book in his hand. A peremptory demand was made to do one or the other, without delay. Prompt actions in such matters

were always taken. His owner, however, felt very reluctant to part with Scipio, for he said "he has been with me since a boy. I bought him here in the old Dominion. He has always been a very honorable man, and I regret very much to be forced to part with him, as then he will have to leave his wife and children; that will be a cruel separation. Then there was another consideration in his favor, which strengthens my attachment to him, and that is old Scipio saved all of us from being put to death at the time of Nat Turner's insurrection. I suppose Mr. D—— you remember that terrible night when consternation reigned without, and we trembled within our barricaded houses?

"Yes, Mr. F——, I remember that very well. It was a noble act indeed for old Scipio to give your wife and children and yourself warning on that dreadful night when Nat Turner was destroying everything that came in his way. It is a pity to be compelled to get rid of such a faithful man, but the law is against you, and as an officer of the law can only act on the two propositions before mentioned."

"Well Mr. F——, I cannot comply as to the whipping; as to taking him South and selling him, I shall do that in preference. His kindness to us in time of trouble I cannot overlook; therefore I shall take his wife and family, together with him and endeavor to sell them to one man. If I cannot do this, I shall take them north to Canada, locate them in a home of their own and give them their freedom. This is

the least I can do considering the labor they have given me through the years of their lives."

Mr. D—— proceeds South with his slaves, but could not find a purchaser for them, so he set them free, and located them in Canada, on land which he bought for them, and where old Scipio spent the remaining years of his life in happiness in the bosom of his family.

This is no singular case, according to my own knowledge, for there were hundreds of white people in the South who superannuated their slaves—so to speak—after a certain age and either provided for them there, or located them in some free state, where they could spend their last days in comfort. A great many of these good white people, or their children, who during the war went North met many of the old people whom they had set free and given homes, and one can imagine what a happy meeting it would be. My people, as a general thing, are not ungrateful, and they were always ready to divide the last dollar with their benefactors if they were in need, and this is just how we treat our own people; it is our nature, and hospitality is just as firmly planted in our hearts as any other people on earth. We love liberty not only for ourselves, but for all mankind. My people have made a great and good record for themselves in America. Our ancestors were not slaves; so in our hearts the fire of liberty was rekindled by the words of the great colonial orators which the black people heard—Patrick Henry

and Adams—who aroused their compatriots, and, like them, they—the black people, too were resolved to be free, and freedom was in every black man's heart, and several thousands of my people went into the ranks and died for the independence of the United States, for which they fought. Though we rendered such good service to the United States, we had not enjoyed the privilege of the franchise and the promise made to the black man, that he should be free at the close of the war, was not in a general way fulfilled and the greatest number of those faithful black men were returned back into slavery, so that is the reward my people received after their fidelity to the United States. There were a few blacks who did receive their freedom on account of bravery, but it was not general as promised. Samuel Careiton was a slave in the state of New Jersey during the war of the revolution, and was placed in the army as a substitute in the place of his owner, and after the war was over and the United States had secured her independence, he was returned into slavery again with an additional reward of just one dollar. I do not think that that man's heart was very much larger than a black eyed pea. My grandfather was one of the black men that participated also in the war for independence, and he would relate many incidents that took place, so I knew quite a lot before I had learned to read at all.. How many people were treated after the revolution and subsequent war, that have taken place in the States, so

in reading of these events now, it is going over familiar ground. It seems to me that a great many people in this world think the black people are savages. If such were the case there would in all probability have been a different scene enacted in the United States when they placed two hundred thousand blacks, completely armed, in the battlefield. There were also a number of black men who served in the British army, at the time of the revolution, and they were fighting for freedom.

It was thought at the time that the outcome of these troubles would precipitate a servile war—my people against the whites, and no wonder—after the treatment we had received for so long. Fortunately they were prevented taking a merciless vengeance by those amongst them whose deep faith in God and His wisdom enabled them to see the outcome of these wars in which the United States were concerned, would result in the freedom of the slaves and so it proved. That a revengful spirit existed in the breast of the black man is true; and no reasonable white man can blame him, but with all that the Christian spirit prevailed, preventing him from doing what numbers thought he would do. There is another thing, too, that had a very important bearing on the case—that is, the white officers that my people were under, were of the most intelligent and high classed Christian men in the United States, and they did not tolerate anything outside the bounds of Christian warfare, in fact it was the force of good

example which influenced my people. I believe that if the white officers had given the command, in many cases it would have been one of the most horrible wars that was ever witnessed on the face of the earth; it would have been worse than the Carthaginian wars against Rome, or the revolution in San Domingo; but there is a great difference in the San Domingo war and the United States war, because in San Domingo the black people had their own officers, and those black officers were in a general way just as savage and illiterate as their followers, and they did not carry on a Christian war; but in the United States my people had a knowledge of Christianity and were officered by intelligent white men, so any one can see the difference why the United States black people remained within bounds of Christian warfare, and why the San Domingo black people went so far beyond bounds. But in San Domingo my people retaliated only in very extreme cases for the cruelties inflicted on our race. It was after the capture of Sousaint El'Ouverture, the great black general, that the most serious atrocities were committed, because El'Ouverture's strict rule, which he enforced, was no retaliation. After he took his departure on board the ship Hero which was on the 12th of June, 1801, a close prisoner, there was none to restrain the remaining black generals from cruelty to their French enemies which was with difficulty subdued before. I hope that I have not mentioned anything in these pages which will

prove disagreeable to my readers. If in speaking of my people in our unhappy state after being imported to the West Indies nearly 400 years ago, then to other parts of the American continent, I have erred in any way, I hope my readers will pardon me, as I have aimed to use the mildest language under the circumstances.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Jamaica Slaves. Insurrection. 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 in 1832 was estimated by the legislature at near six millions of dollars. In 1712 and 1714 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 has been no less than seven insurrections. In 1739 there were three rebellions of slaves in the British Colonies (now the 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 slaves on a certain night. By daylight the number was swelled to fourteen, and by 10 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 diivde 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 so regard them. It is unnecessary and would be unworthy of

me to have recourse to raising 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 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 whites, and Oges' death was awfully avenged. On the 15th of May, 1791, the French Convention issued a decree that "all free black people were en-

titled 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 revengful 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 blood-hounds 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 sometimes the streets of towns would be covered with blood, which ran 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 Commis-

sioners quarreled 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 distroyed? I will answer that question. It was the Commissioners' fault at that 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 490,000white people in San Domingo, less 10,000 whites which had fled from the island. The Commissioners were successful with 3,000 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 1789, 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 the circumstances General Tousaint 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 rose from her ashes to a flower garden, until 1802. Then Bounaparte 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, surrounded 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 forever 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. Madame 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 Deslaines, 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 who only laughed when she shot one of the enemy through the heart, and when she cried at all it was when there was a rumor of a truce; and, oft times

she was so exasperated, that she declared that 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 four 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 woman or man into it, and shovel 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 she would 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 were 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 maybe sold 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.

This war in San Domingo betwen 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 Deslaines, 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 is so forever. Woe be

to them who would dare put together its bloody tatters. Land holders 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 pretentions, 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 forever 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 1870, 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-eights of the globe, they are innocent before the tribunal of Providence, which never created men to groan under so harsh and shameful servitude. In the commotions that have taken place, some inhabitants against whom we had no complaints have been the 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 today 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 galley 43. cmfwp hrdlu etaoinmrfdwlu to assume a new face, and its Government henceforward be one of justice.

"Done at Headquarters, Fort Dauphin, Nov. 29th, 1803. (Signed)

DESSALINES.
CHRISTOPHE.
CLEARVEAUX.

"B. AIMS, Secretary."

CHAPTE RXXIV.

State of Ohio. Oppressed. The climate. Persecution Free state. Young people. Emma. What she must expect. In distress. A good plan. The difficulty. Uncle Jack. 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 upon any 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 would not be allowed to instruct their own children. In the State of Maryland, if a 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 children, should meet at a school to learn reading and writing, a 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 west 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 who 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 conditions of the mother." 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 sorry to say, according to my own experience, that I will have to give it credit. Although born a slave in a Free State I was never a slave in practice, but I have been in a position to witness it 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 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, Suh, what do yon want?"

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

"Yes, Suh, that is the intention. Father and mother are dead and we have to sell the greater num-

ber of you, Suh."

"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, Suh, 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 tomorrow. I think it will be all right."

"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 you not 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 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 your paper there, the Picayune, you can see the price for boys of that

size: from four to five hundred dollars apiece. I am sure that we can get the latter, that would be two thousand for the four boys; the girl, Hetty, would sell for three hundred anyway. 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 tomorrow; 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

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 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 have 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

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 childrenh ad been disposed of to different buyers and some of them were on their way to different homes. Some to Louisiana, others to Virginia and Missouri. In a general way those slave mothers were promised that at the sale but in many cases they were cruelly deceived and in they would be allowed to retain their little children, 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

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 all right 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 the 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 wil lthink over the matter and devise the best plan that can be adopted. Sinc eour 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 agan 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 surviver of a large family, andsell that child to the far south, not leaving one to comfort father or 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 grevious to the feelings of anything else in the world."

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

Yes, Emma, I tol 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 ands horse 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 retur nevery 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; this 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, and do not be long."

"Yes, Master George."

"He will not be long, for it is only two and a 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 must be 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 to 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 somewhere, 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?"

"That is my opinion aboue 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."

"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."

"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."

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

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

"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."

"In such case s, 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 this wealth. They were with father and mother for forty or fifty years without pay, so I think we should be satisfied to let them go and enjoy freedom 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 would have done the same. You have a husband and three children,

and supposing you were all to be sold and separated, the time for the 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 they had the same feelings as 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 human 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 action of mercy.

CHAPTER XXV.

Wild Animals. True friends. Some excitement. Well educated. 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 single struggle they had with a large bear, his bowie knife saved him from a horrible death. After this even they, on the next day arrived at the City of Indianapolis, the capital 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 Richmon 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 land owners. 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 wieh 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, in this free and happy land. We did not know whether to write or not, thinking likely that you 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 sorry 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 could just leave. I hope you will not be angry with us for doing so, and I hope that 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, and also to yourself.

"SUSANNAH WEBSTER,

"P. O. Box 72, Chatham, Canada, June 20th, 1840."

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, this answer was returned them:

"Louisville, Ky., 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 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 ammuition, all ready in case of need. Some of the slaves were encouraged to watch 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 poster. The man that

had the office of overseer was generally a white man. At no time would he go into the fiel damong the slaves without six-shooters and a great whip. Of course women would have to work in the fields the same 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 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 toward 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 which the poor mother with the rest had heard a short time before. The father and husband, who was at work in another part of the large corn-field 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 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 all 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 lo-

calities 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 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 answed will have to be in the negative, "No." My opinion is, there would not have been a black man on the Continent of America it 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 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 also so kind to them, but they reason they left was that they were afraid something would 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 Stats. 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 the 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 market to be sold to different planters. The journeys 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 bareheaded. 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 accommodated 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 bare ground, 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 large 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 XXVI.

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 had 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 look-

ing 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 autcion 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 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, Het, Dinah, 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 neighborhood 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 or 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 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 anyway."

"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 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 his last 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 affected 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 recognize 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 from the State of Kentucky and lastly from Missouri; both discovered that they came from the same neighborhood. 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 even 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 sorrow 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 enjoye dfreedom: 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 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 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 towrads us and we approached to within a dozen teet of him before he discovered us. When he turned his head in our direction, and we being insuch 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 Misisippi?" "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 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 mates were too much surprised 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 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. These 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 their 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 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 pro-

tecting 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 slaves 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

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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 armory 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 sound asleep. 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 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 Vancouver. The circumstances were related to me by himself, therefore I do not hesitate to

insert this with many other thrilling event, I know to be true.

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

same evening across the Detroit River to Windsor, Canada, to the land of freedom. It was 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 Christianize 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 number of Christian heroes travelled from one city to another preaching the gospel, and God blessed their good work. They crossed the Allegheny mountains and travelled along the Monongahela valley, preaching the light of the gospel, until they arrived at Pittsburg, 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 of 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 the Conversion of Africa, 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 baptized 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 Queens that ruled 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.

UNCLE TOM