

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

I.



AM about to present some adventurous episodes from a movement that well deserves place in history, as a singular instance of a small heaven of obscure devotion working a rapid

and important change on the public opinion among a great nation. Yet, now that their fight is won, we are half forgetting the peaceful assailants of American slavery, who, with *no other armour than patient courage and zeal*, faced for a generation hatred, violence, and persecution, till the best feeling of the country rallied to their side, and at length, in the stress of momentous events, their cause became as popular as it had once been despised. I will pass over here the well-known Abolitionist leaders, men like Garrison and Beecher, whose words were "half battles for the free," to tell something of the work of less famous though not less stout-hearted fellow-soldiers in the same struggle. It was but natural that the oppressed negroes should resent their own sufferings; but purest honour is due to those who dared and bore so much to redress the wrongs of others. Even if we should feel no sympathy, we must find a world of romance in the records of Emancipation Agencies, and of the "Underground Railway." If any one believes this to be a dull, prosaic, faithless century of ours, I hold up the Abolition Crusade as one of the noblest achievements of the Christian spirit in any age; aye, and of true chivalry, though its sober champions were clothed for the most part in unpicturesque drab and home-spun, and many of them who so freely risked their lives had scruples about taking any weapon in hand.

Most memorable is the part taken by women in this crusade. They rivalled the mild Quakers among the slaves' warmest champions, as was fit, for where shall mercy find a home if not in the heart of woman? Among the earliest anti-slavery societies were several consisting entirely of women; in those days it seemed indecorous for the weaker sex to take part with men in matters of business. Such scruples soon began to vanish before the urgency of the work. This was woman's introduction to public life, a novelty that would go further than Abolition meetings. Many, even friends to the cause, judged it a scandal that ladies should appear on a platform to plead for their oppressed sisters. But neither fear of custom could long hold them back, nor the actual dangers to which they must often expose themselves in coming before a hostile audience.

Once and again a band of devoted ladies were found quietly transacting their business in presence of angry mobs, who had burst through the restrictions of proverbial American chivalry, and by shame were hardly to be restrained from cowardly violence. Think of Mrs. Chapman rising to make her first public speech in a hall doomed to the flames, with stones and brick-bats crashing through the windows, and a vociferous crowd breaking in like the Gauls upon those unmoved Roman

senators! Other great-hearted women, Mrs. Child, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly, the Sisters Grimké, took the field as Abolitionist writers and lecturers, bravely bearing the reproach that they sought to turn the world upside down.

"If persecution is the means which God has ordained for the accomplishment of this great end, Emancipation, then, in dependence upon Him for strength to bear it, I feel as if I could say, Let it come, for it is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction that this is a cause worth dying for. At one time I thought this system would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior; but a hope gleams across my mind that our blood will be spilt instead of the slaveholders', our lives will be taken, and theirs spared." So wrote Angelina Grimké; so felt many of the best of her sex; and such was the spirit in which year by year they turned the hearts of their enemies.

As an example of what women and members of the Society of Friends had often to bear, let us take the story of the Quaker lady, Prudence Crandall, illustrating the vehement prejudice against coloured people which prevailed at the North, even among those who prided themselves on being clear of the sin of slavery. Miss Crandall, a thorough New Englander, had set up a school for girls at Canterbury, Connecticut, and for a time enjoyed the favour of the well-to-do residents. But in the second year of her enterprise, a cloud arose to destroy the school's prosperity. She was asked to receive among her pupils a clever coloured girl named Sarah Harris, who had passed with credit through the public elementary school, and now desired further education to qualify her as a teacher of her own people, whose sufferings and degradation were already a concern to her. The fact of her being allowed to attend any school with white children shows a comparatively liberal sentiment; it was not in every neighbourhood that such a privilege would be winked at. Nevertheless, Miss Crandall hesitated about admitting this girl to her select academy; not that she felt any scruples on her own account, but she feared giving offence. Still, Sarah had an excellent character, pleasant manners and appearance; she was not so very dark; her father was a worthy freeman in a position to pay the fees, and the girl herself urged her request so earnestly that the schoolmistress ended by resolving to run the risk of granting it.

Sarah Harris was admitted then, and it appears that the other girls made no objection, many of them indeed having been already her classmates in the district school. But after a few days the parents of some of them called to remonstrate. They would listen neither to arguments nor pleadings. The gist of the matter was: "They would not have it said that their daughters went to school with a nigger girl." Miss Crandall must send Sarah away, or be prepared to lose the rest of her pupils.

Thus threatened with ruin, she might well have yielded, since her little all had been invested in the school, on which besides there remained a debt of several hundred dollars. But the honest Yankee schoolmistress had her back up, and was determined to stand by Sarah, whatever might come of it. Having taken the first step, she was done with doubts about acting in obedience to her own conscience. So when several of her white scholars were removed, she advertised that

the school would next term be opened for "young ladies and little misses of colour."

This startling proposal was made widely known through the columns of the "Liberator"; and far and near respectable coloured people welcomed such a chance of giving their daughters a superior education. But at Canterbury itself the advertisement excited such a sensation as if Miss Crandall had proposed to set up a school for rattlesnakes or wild Indians in the midst of a quiet community. The whole town was stirred into fury against her. She was grossly insulted, and threatened with violence by her neighbours and late patrons. All sorts of malicious falsehoods were put in circulation about her and her expected pupils. A public meeting was called to adopt measures for stamping out the obnoxious novelty.

At this point appears upon the scene the Reverend Samuel J. May, whose work, "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Conflict," here serves us as main authority for the events of which he may say *pars magna fui*. He was then living a few miles from Canterbury, and though a stranger to Miss Crandall, hastened to stand by her side in the unequal combat, one woman against a whole town. Facing such odds, he found her resolved and tranquil; and she gladly accepted his help, for there was not a man who durst speak for her, and she could not defend herself in person at the approaching meeting. Mr. May and his friend Mr. George W. Benson were told that they ran some personal danger in appearing as her champions. None the less, along with a worthy Quaker agent of the anti-slavery cause, who arrived in the nick of time, they presented themselves at the meeting, accredited by letters from Miss Crandall, in which she requested that they might be heard as her attorneys, and promised to be bound by any agreement they saw good to make on her behalf. She was willing to consent to a compromise: one of the main causes of offence was her house being among the most conspicuous buildings in the place; so if the opponents would take it off her hands, and allow her time to look out another home for her school without molestation, she would move to some more retired spot in the neighbourhood.

Her friends could not even get a hearing, but had to sit indignantly silent, listening to a torrent of abuse, invective, and threats, poured out by one prominent citizen after another, who, with angry gestures, roughly admonished the lady's representatives that nothing was to be said for her. Much high-fluting oratory was expended in agreeing that a committee be appointed to "persuade" Miss Crandall to abandon her design, since, it was voted on all hands, the establishment of a school for nigger girls in the middle of their town would spoil it as an agreeable place of residence, not to speak of lowering the value of real estate, and affecting its general prosperity. After the meeting had broken up, Mr. May entered into an informal discussion with one of the chief speakers, who hotly told him that no such school would be suffered either at Canterbury or in any other part of the State; and that if it could not be prevented by the existing laws of Connecticut, a measure for that special purpose would be passed through the Legislature. The operation of such a law, replied Mr. May, would be stoutly resisted, step by step, up to the highest courts of the United States; and having thus flung down his glove, he had now

before him the task of raising funds for this struggle in prospect. A young Unitarian minister was little likely to have means of his own for carrying on a long legal contention; but he knew where to find generous friends, who would not allow Miss Crandall's experiment to be crushed for want of support.

Since her angry neighbours refused to listen to reason, the schoolmistress girded up her loins to defy public opinion. In April, 1833, from fifteen to twenty coloured "misses" arrived at the school, some coming from as far off as Philadelphia. At once they and their teacher were "boycotted," in the phrase of our day. They could not show themselves in the street without being insulted. The doors of Miss Crandall's house were smeared with filth. Her well was maliciously choked up. She could buy nothing at any of the stores in Canterbury, but had to send to some distance for provisions. Not even a cup of cold water could be had for her odious niggers; they were dependent on what could be fetched from her father's farm. He and a Quaker friend in the town were the only inhabitants who would show her countenance. The doctor refused to attend any one who was sick in that house; the trustees of the church forbade her or her pupils to enter it. Thus they lived as in a besieged garrison, with their daily bread and water hardly sure. But Mr. May, who often came over to see how it went with the little band, found them always calm and resolute, hoping by patience to live down this bitter hostility.

Before the end of the month their persecutors proceeded to more active measures. They fished up an obsolete vagrant law of Connecticut, on the model of our own rogue and vagabond legislation, providing that the Selectmen of a town might order away any one not an inhabitant of the State, on penalty of a fine for every week such person neglected to obey the warning, or, in case of continued contumacy, not more than ten stripes on the naked body, a punishment that had been carried out on many an early Quaker. Though Mr. May and friends of his had entered into bonds for ten thousand dollars to guarantee the town of Canterbury against any of Miss Crandall's pupils becoming chargeable to it as paupers, a warrant under this law was actually served on one of them. Should it come to such extremity, the girl was ready to bear that cruel punishment, which would be a victory for her cause, since every lash must surely find an echo of indignation throughout the country loud and general enough to cow the persecutors.

But they thought better of it, and dropped that proceeding for another step. Instead of reviving a rusty old statute, most fit to dirty the fingers of those who put it in motion, they had influence enough to get a brand new one passed to suit their wishes. Next month it was solemnly enacted by the Legislature of Connecticut that no person should presume to do what Miss Crandall had done, without the consent of the local authorities. The news of this piece of special law-making was hailed at Canterbury by the ringing of bells and the firing of a cannon, to signalise the town's glorious victory over a single woman and a pack of school girls. Its inhabitants to-day will scarcely be proud of that event in their annals.

Next month the new law was put in practice against the only person it had been meant for. Miss Crandall, arrested by the sheriff, was brought before two justices who had taken a leading part in her persecution. Of course she was committed for trial, after a perfunctory examination, and Mr. May was sent for to give bail for her in the sum of a few hundred

dollars, which it was taken for granted would be forthcoming. But her friends had arranged another plan of action. With the courageous woman's full consent, they refused to offer bail, meaning to force the persecutors to put her into gaol, and thereby cause a scandal that would recoil on themselves.

Luckily for this design, the only suitable cell vacant was one from which a murderer had just been taken to execution; both parties saw clearly how it would tell on public opinion that a woman of blameless life had been the successor of such a villain. The sheriff might well be disgusted with his share of the business; but as no bail was tendered, he had unwillingly to lock up Miss Crandall in the murderer's cell, which had been made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The result of this move was to make her enemies feel more ashamed of themselves than she had any cause to be, and to help the people to realise the character of their recent hasty legislation, while the New England press almost with one accord commented on the matter in terms far from pleasing to those Canterbury respectabilities. Among other testimonies of sympathy received by their victim was a handsomely bound Bible and "Cruden's Concordance," from "the ladies of Edinburgh": so far had spread the news of this persecution.

Her friends' purpose was served by letting Miss Crandall pine a single night in her dungeon. Next morning the required securities were offered, and she returned home quietly to resume her school duties till the time came for her trial. Now the malevolence of her neighbours became more active than ever. But the notoriety by this time given to the persecution brought her cheering assurances of approval and sympathy from a distance, and one ally came forward, who was a host in himself. Mr. Arthur Tappan, one of the wealthiest merchants and most liberal philanthropists of America, wrote to Mr. May cordially urging him to fight the case through at his expense: whatever money was wanted, Mr. Tappan would supply. By this means, three of the best lawyers of Connecticut were retained, who all declared the "Black Law" against Miss Crandall to be unconstitutional, and that it would probably be so pronounced if carried on appeal to the United States Supreme Court, whatever might be the verdict of prejudiced local tribunals.

Before long Mr. Tappan himself paid a visit to the obnoxious school, which confirmed him in his intention to stand by it with all his resources. This visit was worth to the friends of freedom a weapon quite American. Mr. May complained that the local papers would not or durst not publish statements on his side of the case; and to a man like Mr. Tappan it was a small matter to meet that difficulty. He at once supplied the means of starting an organ to advocate human rights in general, and the Canterbury school in particular. A printing office happened to be handily vacant, a capable and zealous editor turned up, like Hosea Biglow, in a hayfield, and after only some week or two's delay the defenders opened an effective fire from their journalistic battery, which for two years did good service under the name of the "Unionist."

For a great part of that time Miss Crandall's trial dragged itself out, while she continued to hold her ground and persevere in the crime of teaching coloured girls to be useful members of society. The first jury was discharged without being able to agree on a verdict. When the case came on a second time, the partiality of the judge proved effectual in

securing a conviction. There was, of course, no real dispute as to facts; the whole matter turned on the right of the State to pass such a law, and at the heart of it was simple jealousy of negroes enjoying the same advantages as white people. Miss Crandall's counsel gave notice of appeal to the highest court of the State. There, next year, the case was again argued, but not decided, the judges evading a delicate point by quashing the conviction on the score of some informality. Thus the legal question never came to be fairly fought out, and the persecutors found other means of securing a most ignoble victory.

One night an attempt was made to set the school on fire, luckily discovered in time to prevent much mischief. This stroke of malice had almost broken Miss Crandall's spirit; but after consultation with her advisers, she resolved to hold on a little longer. By this time the schoolmistress had a husband to stand by her side and be taken into counsel. A few nights afterwards a riotous attack was made upon her house, ninety panes of glass being smashed to pieces, and the front rooms rendered hardly tenable. Mr. May found the schoolmistress for the first time dismayed by this violence. There was no saying when the ruffians might not return to complete their work; and the girls were at last fairly afraid to remain. It was resolved to surrender, the position being a desperate one. The teller of this story had the painful duty of announcing to these girls how Miss Crandall's efforts for their good must come to an end.

"Never before had I felt so deeply sensible of the cruelty of the persecution which had been carried on for eighteen months, in that New England village, against a family of defenceless females. Twenty harmless, well-behaved girls, whose only offence against the community was that they had come together to obtain useful knowledge and moral culture, were to be told that they had better go away, because, forsooth, the house in which they dwelt would not be protected by the guardians of the town, the conservators of the peace, the officers of justice, the men of influence in the village where it was situated. The words almost blistered my lips. My bosom glowed with indignation. I felt ashamed of Canterbury, ashamed of Connecticut, ashamed of my country, ashamed of my colour. Thus ended the generous, disinterested, philanthropic, Christian enterprise of Prudence Crandall."

Men and women of the same temper did not fail to live down such opposition to so blameless work. But the unreasoning prejudice against a skin ever so faintly tinged with black, died hard even in the most enlightened parts of the North, and is not altogether extinct. When the Jubilee Singers came to England, what struck them most was to find themselves in a country where no one dreamt of forbidding them entrance to the same hotel accommodations and public conveyances as were open to white people. In their own country they had seen persons of colour, long set free, as they were, from slavery, still obliged to sit in a separate part of churches, where, if ever, men should be equal.

Some twelve years ago, I happened to be in Philadelphia, when all that great city was in a state of newspaper commotion—for what cause? Because it was proposed to bury a respectable negro side by side with his white fellow believers! Death itself could not silence these unchristian grudges.

If such was the state of things in the free North, what was it down South, where the slaves were held in almost hopeless bondage?

(To be continued.)

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II.



advocates of slavery were wont to vaunt it as a patriarchal, even Arcadian, institution, under which the negroes danced and sang in happy ignorance of their so-called wrongs. It is true that the mass of slaves, who had never known a better lot, their backs fitted by use to the burden, managed not to be miserable by the aid of a brutish carelessness which their masters encouraged as the best temper to produce content. It is true, also, that some masters felt their serious responsibilities, that many were more or less kind to the human beings as much in their power as a horse or a dog; there were St. Clairs as well as Legrees among the slave-holding community. But the right to beat and abuse one's fellow creatures at will is in itself so demoralising, that few Southerners altogether escaped the taint of tyranny. And if we are told to believe that these slaves were happy, we may well ask how it was that, in spite of banjoes and breakdowns, tens of thousands of them risked punishment, suffering, even death, in the effort to escape to free soil.

There is an old coloured woman living in the north of England who has a story to tell like that of countless others. Mary Ann Blyth spent the best years of her life as a slave in Virginia. She hardly knew her own mother, being taken away from her as a baby, but once met a woman at a chapel who, it was thought from the resemblance between them, must be her mother—so loose were a slave's family ties. At the age of twelve she was sold among a drove of others, and found a harsh mistress, who would tie the slaves to a bed-post and whip them herself with a cow-hide; she did not spare even her own white-haired nurse. The only consideration she showed was taking care not to whip about the head and shoulders, since there the tell-tale marks might lessen the value of the animal as a marketable commodity.

When Mary Ann had put up with this treatment for seventeen years or so, her mistress's temper growing worse instead of better, she began to think of running away. It was not the whipping that drove her to this resolution, but what may seem to us the minor punishment of being locked up over Sunday. Taking a friend into her confidence, who promised to help her, she vowed to run away the next time she was locked up. This punishment being again inflicted on her for the crime of taking up a stitch for a child-slave learning to knit, she proved as good as her word. The windows of the room in which she was confined had been nailed up, but while her mistress was gone for a drive she managed to take the nails out of one of them; then at night, first

throwing out her clothes, she squeezed herself through, dressed on the ground, and ran off through the moonlight to her accomplice, who, being a slave in the employment of the harbour-master, might have a chance of getting her off by sea.

But weeks or months might pass before the chance came, and till then she must lie in close hiding. Before daylight her friend took her out into the woods and left her there with a blanket, a bottle of water, and some bread. This lurking-place was only two fields off from her master's house; she could hear and see people talking in the garden, but nobody suspected her of being so close at hand. One of the dogs sometimes trotted out to pay her a visit, but luckily, being accustomed to be fed by the fugitive, was too familiar with her to make any noise about it; he would be content with a friendly pat and go off again, yet she was terribly afraid that his coming might attract attention to the spot. She had little to eat but berries, and the bread her good friend ventured to bring her now and then by stealth. Her great trouble was the snakes, for fear of which she slept up in trees till the leaves began to fall, and the weather became too wet to make such airy lodging tolerable.

Six weeks had now passed, and the poor woman was ready to despair of getting away safely. For a time then she was hid in a hay-loft, till, by the hay being taken away as wanted, she was in danger of discovery, and afterwards in a haystack, where, as the people kept piling on more hay, she had to work her way further to the outside instead of shrinking back always, as in the loft. Meanwhile her owners had been scouring the country, offering a large reward for her dead or alive, "but they never thought of looking under their very petticoats for me!"

At length came joyful news that a ship from England was in the river, and that the mates were willing to stow her away, as many a kind-hearted sailor did for those hunted slaves. Dressed as a man, she got on board by night, and was hidden in what, from her somewhat vague narrative, seems to have been a barrel covered up by sails: what she remembers for certain is that it smelt very strong of tobacco, and was most unpleasantly close for one who had been living so long in the open air. Ten anxious days she lay here before the ship sailed. Then there was another most trying ordeal to be gone through. Constables, or such like, came to search the vessel; she heard the advertisement offering a reward for her read aloud, and the captain saying that he would not have her on board for all his cargo. She thought it was all up with her, for once his hand was almost touching her shoulder; but she passed undiscovered, and understands that throughout the voyage the captain never knew what a passenger he carried. Perhaps he took care not to know.*

At the end of four months of weary waiting the ship set sail from American shores. At Norfolk there was one more scare when the Custom House officers came on board. Henceforth it was all smooth sailing for the fortunate runaway. She had still to lie close

in that unsavoury hole, got very little to eat, and had to put up with some stormy weather before reaching Europe; but all these troubles were drowned in the thought that she was now fairly on the way to freedom. After some stay at Flushing she was landed at Grimsby, and passed on to Shields, where she came into the hands of a worthy Quaker family, who from that day have never lost sight of her.

I have picked out this tale as a characteristic and artless one, never before published. But there are a hundred such narratives in print, some of them of most thrilling interest, and abounding in romantic incidents often stranger than fiction. One's only difficulty is to choose among a mass of stories, for the most part unknown to English readers of this generation.

We have seen how Mary Ann Blyth was fain to dress herself as a man, the sole disguise available for ordinary negroes.

A bolder trick, which only a few could put in practice, was that of passing off as a white man, like George Harris of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Both these devices were used by William and Ellen Craft in their escape from Georgia. William was an unmistakable negro, but his wife fair enough to pass for white. They seem to have had money at command, so the couple planned that in fashionable male attire she should personate a young Southern planter, attended by her husband as servant. To hide the pretended gentleman's want of a beard, he kept the lower part of his face muffled up, as if suffering from toothache. A more serious difficulty would be the necessity of registering his name in the hotel books, according to American custom, and Ellen apparently could not write. This was got over by putting her arm in a sling; then she wore great green goggles, went rather lame, and feigned to be deaf, quite dependent upon the faithful black, always in close waiting, to explain and apologise for his master's ailments.

It looks as if the disguise were overdone, and likely to attract suspicion. But none appears to have arisen; the pair stopped at first-class hotels, and were well treated, the wife with all the comforts at the command of rich travellers, the husband downstairs with his fellow servants. There was no hitch till they reached Baltimore, where, on demanding tickets at the station for himself and his master, William was told that no negro could be allowed to go North till responsible persons had entered into bonds for him, a precaution considered necessary so near the Free States. The slave could only repeat his story that the gentleman was a stranger in very delicate health, on his way to Philadelphia for medical treatment, who might die on the way if delayed; and he ended the parley with a bit of Southern bounce, "My master can't be detained," which so much impressed the official that he waived the rule, and, without further question, issued the tickets to oblige the sick young traveller. Scarcely had they arrived on free soil when the rheumatism departed, the right arm was unslung, the toothache was gone, the beardless face was unmuffled, the deaf heard and spoke, the blind saw, and the lame leaped as a hart; and in the presence of a few astonished friends of the slave the facts of this remarkable escape were fully established by unquestionable evidence. The constant strain and pressure on Ellen's nerves, however, had tried her severely, so

* In another telling of her story, she seemed to make the captain say that he would not give her up for all his cargo. The ship reached Flushing when "the Dutch and the Belgians" were at war, which fixes the date for us about 1830. No wonder if, after sixty years' quiet life in England, the old woman's memory should be a little confused!

much so that for days afterwards she was very much prostrated, although joy and gladness beamed from her eyes, which bespoke inexpressible delight within.

This case is not unparalleled, for a similar stratagem was carried out by a couple named Jackson, as related in Levi Coffin's *Memoirs*. Jackson had already escaped to Cincinnati, and been recaptured into bondage in Alabama, where he married a free Creole woman, with some property of her own. Thus luckily settled in life, after two or three years it might seem that he was reconciled to his lot. But a taste of freedom had given him the appetite for it, and his wife provided means for another flight. She dressed herself up as a fine Southern lady, while he, being smooth-faced and small in size, put on woman's clothes to pass as her maid. In this double disguise they took the steamboat up the Mississippi from New Orleans. The lady played her part to the life by haughtily ordering the maid about and keeping her in close attendance on all the whims of her mistress. She gave herself out as bound for Baltimore, and some Southern ladies on board the boat advised her to take care how she went ashore with her servant on the way, as the girl might claim her liberty if they landed at Cincinnati. But she assured them that she had no doubts about her faithful maid, who was too much attached to her to be enticed away by any smooth-spoken Northerner—and we can fancy what hard things all these ladies said to one another of the hateful Abolitionists! On the other hand, there were Northern ladies on board who got hold of the servant in secret, telling her that in Ohio she was no longer a slave, and that she would do well to take the opportunity of slipping off when the boat stopped at Cincinnati. But no; "she" would not hear of leaving her dear mistress. At Cincinnati this attached couple went on shore, but that was the end of their journey into Maryland.

Few slaves, we can understand, were clever enough to aid themselves by such bold or cunning devices. Most of the runaways had been driven to flight in mere desperation, ignorant of the goal of safety for which they must make as of the dangers to be encountered on the way, shrinking from the sight of every white man as from a bloodhound, and helpless indeed without the help of friends hard to find. A typical story of this kind is that of James Adams, who ran away at the age of seventeen with a cousin of his named Harris, and a woman and her four children. Adams was too young to have experienced much cruelty as yet; but he had "seen older men treated worse than a horse or a hog," and boys younger than himself kicked, cuffed, and whipped for little or nothing. The state of things on that plantation may be guessed from the fact that seven slaves ran away next night, only to be recaptured, several others having previously made the same attempt.

The lad would not even tell his parents what he meant to do: his father, indeed, was the overseer, which may account for his not having so much to complain of personally. He seems to have been encouraged and assisted to escape by a white neighbour, whose name

he durst not mention when he told his story. In this man's house he and his companions were concealed at night, but by day they lay out in the woods, a lucky precaution, for two women belonging to the other party which had been caught were whipped into betraying their asylum, and one day the house was searched, without any result. The fugitives, however, went back to the barn for another night or two. To make their concealment more easy, the woman was persuaded to separate for a time from her children, who were betrayed to the slave-owner, after which the poor mother seems to have had no more heart to continue her enterprise. Adams and Harris set out alone for the North.

A haystack was pointed out by which they were to wait at night for a man whom their friend would send to guide them. But on arrival at this *rendezvous*, they were so jaded by wandering about in constant dread of discovery, that they both fell fast asleep, and never heard the whistling and other signals made by their guide, who went away under the idea that they must have been caught or scared off. Awaking, they had to start by themselves, and could hit on no safer plan to steer their course than walking up to a house, and asking the way to a place near the plantation, meaning to go just in the contrary direction. The man of the house presently came out with a gun, and this looked so suspicious that they ran four miles or so barefoot, without venturing to put on their shoes till they were well ahead of him.

But after a time they trusted themselves to ask at another house for a drink of butter-milk. Here they had stumbled upon luck. It belonged to the very man who had missed them last night, and his wife taxed them with being the fugitives he was looking out for; but so shy were they of white folk that they would not own it. A little further on, however, at a tall gate they fell in with the man himself, who insisted on them going back to his house, though he durst not keep them there. They were hidden among some bushes in sight of the road and the house, in the garden of which was set up a white handkerchief upon a pole that would be thrown down as a signal of danger.

Danger, indeed, was in the wind. They had not been long here when they saw five white men stop at the house; then out came a little girl, who knocked down the flag-pole as if by accident in playing about the garden; but our trembling runaways did not need this hint to keep well in cover. After searching the house the pursuers rode on. Clearly the high road was not yet safe for these fugitives. That evening their good friend and several other sympathisers, armed with guns and pistols, escorted them to a solitary spot three miles back in the mountains. There they remained three days, for the most part in the open air. An Indian cave had been pointed out to them as a hiding-place, but from it they could see so far around that they feared to be themselves seen, and preferred a closer refuge in the woods. They had knives and a tomahawk, and were ready to fight for their liberty, if it came to that.

When the hue and cry after them had blown

over, their white accomplices started them off with knapsacks full of cakes and dried venison, flint and steel, and a pocket compass to guide them through the woods. One of the men had to go with them half a day to teach them the use of this compass, a thing they had never seen before. By its help they held on for a week through a wilderness of wooded mountains without seeing one human being. Here they felt comparatively safe. But when they came again into cleared and cultivated country, they must use all precaution, travelling only by night, hardly daring to light a fire, one watching while the other slept. They had to cross several rivers by wading or swimming, not without fear of alligators. By day they would usually lie hid in thickets. The sight of a light set them on tiptoe; the bark of a dog startled them; every passing traveller scared their hearts into their mouths. With such hardships and alarms, the pilgrims of freedom fared on, footsore and weary, guiding their bewildered steps by the north star, the star of hope for all in their case.

From first to last these two had the most extraordinary good fortune in falling in with just the right people among so many ready to do anything but help them on. Even when they had crossed from Virginia into the free state of Ohio they could never be secure against betrayal. But when one day they ran against a white man, and were fain to deceive him with a story of being on the way to drive some cattle from Cleveland, he said, "I know you must be runaways; but you needn't be afraid of me, I don't want to hurt you." Further on they met a preacher, who addressed them in the same way: "I am the friend of all who travel from the south to the north." He warned them against going openly into Cleveland, as they were certain to be arrested, and recommended them to a family who would help them over the lake to Canada. Waiting till dark they knocked at the door of the house he had described, and found the generous welcome its owner had for such as they. He hid them in his barn till he could get a passage for them on a schooner. The captain showed himself most kind and cautious in carrying out his dangerous enterprise. On board they met an Englishman who had seen them at their master's plantation, and showed them handbills offering a reward of a hundred dollars for each, which had been given him to distribute along the road, "but he had preferred to keep them in his pocket." Thus, thanks to the good friends who served these lads so well for the love of God, they were both landed in Canada, and took care never to leave the shelter of the Union Jack.

Their story dates as far back as 1824. It shows us that even then there were many white men who sympathised with the ill-used slaves, and not a few willing to lend them a secret hand in escape, braving the penalties of the law and of public opinion. By-and-by these chance friends united themselves in the remarkable organisation known as the "Underground Railroad," some of whose achievements and adventures will be related in the succeeding chapters.

(To be continued.)



the worst he will have to bear will result from his own fancies, and the images that will haunt him at night. If anything can be done to turn his mind into another and healthier channel, and keep him from brooding over horrors, as he is so prone to do, it will aid his recovery more than anything. I do not know whether your ingenuity, Miss Egerton, can suggest anything. I have run through my resources long ago; and Dacre, though he takes up a new idea with gusto, soon tires of it."

"I'm afraid he does not like me with him, except under very unusual circumstances."

Everard smiled a little.

"Well, he has a way of behaving worst to his best friends. But he really did speak gratefully of you, and called you 'a brick as women go,' which, from Dacre, is high praise. You may make your way yet with him even if you do not make rapid way."

Everard went off, promising to look in again before night, and then Jessie came back, looking rather cross and offended.

"Really, Aunt Essie," she said, with a little toss of her head, "I do think it's rather odd the way you try to get

Everard all to yourself. He's much more my friend than yours, and I don't see why I should always be sent away so that you can talk to him."

"Always? My dear Jessie, I do not think it ever happened before."

"Well, if I'm not sent away, I'm always made to feel like a little girl, whilst you talk all kinds of stupid sensible things that I can't join in. I call it too bad. I didn't think you'd want to show off like that and get all the attention when you came. I don't call it at all nice or kind."

"My dear child, I am very sorry if I have done anything that has hurt your feelings; but just now it was Mr. Chester who wanted to tell me something not fit for you to hear. And another time, if you feel yourself left out in the cold, don't be afraid to come and join in the talk. I am sure we none of us want you to be slighted. But when Mrs. Chester and your grandmother are both joining in it, as last night, it is likely to get a little bit over your head; but I would gladly try to include you if you would listen and like to join."

But this was not what Jessie wanted.

"Everard used to come over to me, and sit with me away from the rest, and

we had a nice time all to ourselves. He never does so now."

"Don't be silly, Jessie," smiled Esther. "You sound like a jealous young lady out of a novel. You know Mr. Chester is almost a stranger to me, and when we are such a small party he could hardly do as he can when there are a dozen people in the room, as you say there so often are when your parents are at home."

But Esther's first words had brought a quick flush to Jessie's face.

"Jealous? Whoever said I was jealous? Do you suppose I care two straws what Everard thinks? Why, he is only a country squire, who was brought up for a doctor. As if I cared for him! If you had gone into society with us you would have known better than that. Everard, indeed! Why, when I go to Lady Easterby's, and Lord Derwent is there, he never speaks to or looks at anybody else," and Jessie's pretty face took a look of self-conscious vanity that was sadly out of keeping with her years.

"What very bad manners he must have," was Esther's quiet remark, as she rose to go to Dacre, leaving Jessie rather taken aback at the way in which her revelation had been received.

(To be continued.)

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM. STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

III.



QUAKER has the credit of originating the "Underground Railroad," that famous line which paid no dividend and offered no bond, except "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these."

Born and brought up among slavery, Levi Coffin from his boyhood conceived a horror of the system; and when he moved North to set up in business, first at Newport, Indiana, then at Cincinnati, his back door was always as open as his heart to the hunted fugitive, and he knew where to find means of passing on such a one to freedom, often with personal perils and adventures which alone would fill a volume. As it came to be known what this clandestine occupation was which he practised so diligently at the risk of his worldly prosperity, scarcely a week passed without his aid being sought for fugitives; once twenty-eight came to his house together, where as many as seventeen have been harboured at the same time; and in all he is said to have helped no less than three thousand slaves to liberty. The story of Eliza Harris in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a true one; and the good Quakers who received her were Levi Coffin and his wife.

Baffled slave-holders declared that Levi Coffin must have an underground railroad to Canada, since they never could get the slightest trace of fugitives once in his hands, so adroitly did he manage their further flight. This nickname stuck, tickling the practical American mind; it was soon adopted as a title of honour by its "President's" colleagues

and imitators, and became the familiar title of that great secret society which for many years carried on an active business in forwarding black goods from the South to the North. Many, if not most, of its members were Quakers—perhaps the only instance of cautious Friends mixing themselves up with a secret society—but no Mediaeval brotherhood of cloaked or masked conspirators could have more romantic records.

The great centre of the "Underground Railroad" work was Philadelphia, that "city of brotherly love," where surely the oppressed slave might look to find friends, and did not look in vain. Here was formed a Vigilance Committee of earnest Abolitionists, who for more than a quarter of a century found no lack of work in ministering to the needs of fugitives in the same spirit as inspired Levi Coffin. Most of these adventurers came destitute and helpless, with everything to be done for them. They had to be fed and clothed, often, as the first step, to be cleansed from the disgusting slough of their slavery; many had to be nursed, worn out by excessive fatigue, or bringing with them unhealed wounds which they had received in some desperate struggle on the road. They had to be passed on to Canada, or, if they chose to run the risk of remaining in the Free States, to be directed to some comparatively safe asylum, and put in the way of earning a livelihood. Impostors had to be detected, traitors guarded against, spies watched. In many cases help was given to get the lucky runaways' families out of bondage after them. From first to last, it is stated, more than twenty thousand persons were thus aided to freedom in one way or another. And all this charity was done perforce secretly, without the resource of subscription lists, or bazaars, or published reports

appealing to benevolence, by the unfailing free-will offerings of men who had no other earthly reward to expect than hatred, and sometimes violence, from the mass of their fellow citizens. Yet the time came when some of these faithful servants of humanity lived to find themselves set in the light of that honour which they never sought.

While its work lasted, naturally the "Underground Railroad" could lay no accounts of it before the public. Even in their communications with each other its chief officers saw well sometimes to write in riddles; they would talk of forwarding "valuable stock," or "a package of merchandise," or advise a correspondent of the safe despatch of "two large and two small hams," phrases quite well understood by those meant to understand. Private records, however, were kept, not indeed from the first, when it was hardly foreseen to what importance the business would grow; and afterwards, in the darkest hour that came before the dawn, fear of mobs for a time kept the philanthropic confederates from trusting much to paper. But for many years the fugitives' stories were carefully collected and preserved. This was mainly the doing of William Still, a coloured man himself, one of the most active managers of the Philadelphia depôt, who in that capacity had the "privilege to see many travellers, to receive from their own lips the most interesting, and in many cases exceedingly thrilling, accounts of their struggles for liberty, and to learn who had held them in bondage, how they had been treated, what prompted them to escape, and whom that were near and dear to them they had left in chains. Their hopes, fears, and sufferings were thus recorded in a book."

When the excitement of the emancipation victory had to some extent calmed down, this



A SLAVE NO LONGER.

book could be published, as it was, under the title of *The Underground Railroad*, forming, even after the compiler has apologised for "frequent abridgments and omissions," an enormous compendium of somewhat undigested materials, authentic but artless *mémoires pour servir* towards a history of the struggle for freedom, its 800 pages hardly to be read through without no small share of that sympathy and patience and unwearied love of the cause which inspired its heroes.

What first set William Still on collecting those narratives was one of the most dramatic incidents in his long experience. There came to him for advice an old black man, who turned out to be his own brother, both of them hitherto strangers to each other. Their mother had been a slave who ran away into New Jersey, following her husband, a freedman. The mother and her children were captured and dragged back to Maryland. Soon afterwards she again ran off to join her husband. This time she had to leave her two little boys, Levin and Peter, behind her. She changed her name, lived obscurely in daily dread of being discovered, and forty years passed, during which William Still was born.

Meanwhile she could hear nothing of her two elder boys, left behind in slavery. They were sold into Alabama, never altogether forgetting the mother from whom they had been torn, when too young to remember all the facts of the case, or even their parents' name. Levin died, but Peter lived to have a family of his own, and so far prospered that he was able to buy his freedom, though not that of his wife and children. At the end of forty years he came to Philadelphia, hoping somehow to hear news of those from whom he had been separated in childhood. He was directed to William Still as agent of the "Underground Railroad," and what must have been his joy to find that at the very outset he had stumbled on an unknown brother!

The story of this romantic meeting naturally excited much interest among the friends of the slave, and a white man, named Seth Concklin, came forward to volunteer his services in bringing off Peter Still's family. The poor negro could not settle quietly among his new-found relatives for thinking of the wife and children he had left behind him.

"I would as soon go out of the world as not go back and do all I can for them," he said. But what could he do? As was done in many other cases, friends might have subscribed to ransom them; but the strict laws of Alabama forbade the emancipation of slaves, either by purchase or by freewill. Peter's own freedom was a matter of secret arrangement with a good Jew named Jacob Friedmann, whom he had trusted to buy himself with his own money, and become his nominal master. He ran some risk in putting such a temptation to any man's honesty, and the Jew, in proving faithful, ran risks for himself by thus conniving at the evasion of the law.

Stealthily, as if he had been a thief, Peter returned home to communicate the wonderful news. But the more he thought over it, the more clearly he saw the hopelessness of getting his family safe away through 1600 miles of danger and difficulties to be dreaded at every step on slave territory. The enterprise must be left to the superior resources of a white man. Reluctantly he once more stole Northwards, agreeing with his wife and children on a token to be brought them by one whom they could trust as the agent of their deliverance.

Now he accepted Seth Concklin's generous offer, which at first he had declined, unwilling that another should run the risk of such peril in a matter most closely concerning him. The peril seemed so great that two or three friends taken into council were for restraining the bold adventurer's zeal; but Concklin himself

did not hesitate. With no other motive than sympathy for this separated family he set out to Alabama. Though he knew he might never return, he would not even take leave of his sisters for fear they should seek to dissuade him. He did not come home to dinner one day, and the next certain news they got of him was when a painful tale had to be broken.

Concklin reached Alabama, and put himself into communication with the slave family. He found almost no one on whom he could depend to help him in getting them off. The whole country, he wrote, was inhabited by "Christian wolves." His friends in the North heard from him at intervals, but he could not always put a letter in the post-office without danger of attracting suspicion. He pretended to be a miller looking for work, while he reconnoitred the ground and planned schemes of carrying out his secret intention.

His first plan was audaciously to embark with the family, under the guise of his slaves, on board a steamer for Cincinnati. This was frustrated by the common unpunctuality of Southern steamboats; a day's delay meant ruin. He next resolved on escaping down the Tennessee in a row-boat. All the way to Cincinnati he went to buy a swift skiff. He travelled from first to last some thousands of miles, and spent two or three months among men who might have hung him up to the nearest tree had they guessed his true business. At length the fugitive party got away, the slaves lying down in the bottom of the boat, covered by blankets, whenever there was a chance of detection. Days and nights they rowed hard, came into the Ohio, and got as far as Indiana, where they proposed to go up the stream of the Wabash, making for Canada. At a certain point Concklin was to hand over his convoy to the care of a confederate; then his own unselfish task would be ended.

A letter reached Philadelphia from Indiana giving an account of the adventurous flight so far. Peter Still and his friends were in high hopes soon to hear of the family's safe arrival in Canada. But then came a stunning blow. The papers announced that a white man trying to run away with four negroes had been caught at Vincennes. Another letter from one in the plot put them out of all doubt.

A certain mystery hangs over the end of the story. It appears that at the first Concklin could have got away himself, but would not desert his party. When in custody he was said to have somehow contrived to escape. The next thing heard of him was that he had been found drowned, with his hands and feet in fetters and his skull fractured. Whether this were an accident or a darker fate, it may have saved him from some more miserable death when brought back to Alabama along with the slaves he had so vainly dared and laboured to rescue. "Poor Concklin!" wrote one who had helped him on the way, and many a heart re-echoed the sigh for such a man's loss. "How my heart expanded in love to him as he told me his adventures, his trials, his toils, his fears, and his hopes! After hearing all, and then seeing and communing with the family, now joyful with hopes of soon seeing their husband and father in the land of freedom, now in terror lest the human bloodhounds should be at their heels, I felt as though I could lay down my life in the cause of the oppressed."

Before passing on to some of the escapes chronicled in Mr. Still's huge collection, let us note how the "Underground Railroad" had a down line as well as an up one; that men were busy in forcing and snaring their fellow-creatures into bondage, as others in guiding them out of it. A notorious case of kidnapping was that of Solomon Northrop, as related by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. This man was a free-born coloured citizen of New York, who, in his employment as coachman, went to

Washington in 1841, having first taken the precaution to provide himself with papers proving his title to liberty. While there he fell ill, and was visited by some scoundrels who, under the pretence of giving medicine, appear to have drugged him. The next thing he knew was that he found himself chained and handcuffed in a slave pen. The only answer made to his protest was a severe flogging—that would teach him to talk about being a free man! A few days later, having of course had no leave to communicate with his friends or his family, he was shipped off to New Orleans, and sold as a slave in Louisiana, to go through painful experiences like Uncle Tom's on the plantation of Legree.

Fancy the feelings of his wife and children left behind in New York State. If Solomon had not been able to write, they would probably never have heard of him again. From New Orleans came a letter, written on board the ship, to say how he had been kidnapped; but he could not tell where his abductors were taking him. For more than ten years his fate remained a mystery: all that time no trace of him could be found. Then the silence was broken by another letter, perhaps not the only appeal he had sent to his Northern friends, but the first that came to hand. Now that they knew where he was, his old acquaintances and neighbours were not backward in acting on his behalf. Affidavits of his freedom were made by several reputable gentlemen, and legal proceedings undertaken, which resulted in his being restored to liberty. The authoress of *Uncle Tom* admits that such cases were tried fairly enough when once brought into Southern courts; but, as she justly says, for one case that came to light there would be ninety-nine kept in the dark by the helpless ignorance of the victims, the difficulties of communication for illiterate persons, and the obstacles thrown in the way of their obtaining evidence of freedom. Had Solomon Northrop not been an educated man, he might have remained a slave all his days, as good as dead to his dear ones at home. As it was, such a man had to suffer ten years for the wickedness of his kidnappers.

In Levi Coffin's early days, passed in the heart of slavery, he and his benevolent kinsmen employed an old negro to visit every cove of slaves that came by, and find out if there were any kidnapped negroes among them. By this agency the crime was occasionally detected, and several victims were rescued from the brink of hopeless slavery. But how many Southern whites were there who bestirred themselves in such matters? And how often would it happen that the kidnapped black had no proof to go upon but his own word, which before a court of slave-holders was worth no more than the bark of a dog! Even at the North the uncertainty of the law was not always a sure protection.

One of the most heartrending stories in all those cruel annals is that told by Levi Coffin of a white man, who grew up without knowing that he was a slave. He was the son of a Virginian planter, by an octoroon woman, almost white. As a mere child his father sent him away to a neighbouring State, where he was educated and taught a trade among people who, no more than himself, suspected that he had a drop of African blood in his veins. He became a shoemaker, a respected citizen, and a member of the Methodist church, and had five or six children before he was made aware of the fate hanging all the time over his head. But his mother had been a slave, and so therefore was he.

In course of time his unknown father died, whose executors had not forgotten the slave-born boy, and supposing that he must have grown into a valuable piece of property, they did not scruple to seek possession of him. It was not without difficulty that they so much as found out where he was. Then the heir

thought best to sell him to a negro trader, avoiding the trouble and scandal of seizing his own half-brother, who, having been free all his life, might well prove hard to hold in bondage.

Unconscious how he was being bought and sold, the still free slave had distress enough already on his hands when this doom burst upon him like a thunderclap. Worn out by watching his sick wife, he had lain down to take a little rest. The slave-dealer's gang rushed into the house, dragged the bewildered man from his bed, and carried him off, bound, after a useless struggle. They showed him the bill of sale, which now for the first time acquainted him with his parentage. Thus, in a few minutes was the happiness of a decent household ruined for ever.

His captors, as we might expect, made haste to get him away from the place where he was known and where even slave-owners could not but be stirred to pity and indignation by this man's hard fate. To make him dark enough for sale in Southern slave markets without question, they stained his face with tan ooze, and kept him tied up in the sun to be burned a shade less white; then, by way of giving him more resemblance to a mulatto, they cut his hair short, and crisped and curled it with a hot iron. So transformed, he was sold in the far South to a harsh master, who undertook to break his spirit.

As we might expect, after some months he ran away, and, with dogs and hunters at his heels, succeeded in flying through thickets and swamps to the neighbourhood of his old home.

Alas! he found it desolate. His wife had died a few days after the shock of that terrible night; his children were scattered about among friendly families. What could be done for him was done willingly by his former acquaintances. In the house of one he lay hidden for some days. Another gentleman of influence took up the case, thought his seizure could be proved illegal, consulted lawyers, and instituted proceedings on his behalf. But the poor man's health was broken by anguish of mind and body. Before the question came to trial he had found freedom in the grave.

Was such a tragedy not moving enough to stir the most law-abiding citizen of the North into the work of the "Underground Railroad?"

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

FAIRY.—The drawing shows care, but not talent. Your hand-writing is too large, and needs sloping from right to left. It is not graceful. It is not the writing that we should expect from a little "fairy."

EMMOIS had better join an art club, and she will have what she suggests, for the designs are sent round to the members of the club, and instruction is given as well as prizes. We may suggest your applying to Miss Lily S. Poulton, Beechworth, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, or Mrs. Shaw-Hellier, 4, Widcombe Crescent, Bath.

EMMELINE.—It is very sad that so many should need to support themselves by their little accomplishments, as the sale of their work is so uncertain. However, we can suggest application to a drawing society, which not only gives prizes, but helps its members in the sale of their work. For particulars and rules send a stamped and addressed envelope to Miss Marion Eyll, 26, Collingham Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

MUSIC.

BAB.—A "psaltery" is a "dulcimer;" and this latter is formed like a triangular chest, strung with wires, and played by striking them with little rods. In giving this description it must be understood that it is not meant to apply exactly to the ancient instrument of which we read in the passage you quote from the Book of Daniel, although it was of the same character. The exact form and compass of this latter is unknown to us. The "sackbut" was a brass wind instrument resembling a trombone. The ancient harps were somewhat like ours, but differed in having no fore-pillar. The invention of the triangular harp is ascribed to the Irish by Vincentio Galilei, who lived in the 16th century, and spoke of the continued excellence attained by them in both making and playing upon it. A coin of Cunobeline bears a figure which shows it to have been in use at the least some twenty-four years before the Christian Era. Dante speaks of the harp being imported from Ireland into Italy. The Welsh harp seems to have been similar to the Irish.

ALPHA, BETA.—We recommend you to join a musical club. This will prove a great help, and you will have all the instruction you need by correspondence. There is a society called the Prize Music Improvement Society, of which the Principal is Miss Graham, 99, Bedford Street, Abercromby Square, Liverpool. The practising department requires the member to play half an hour daily; fee 1s. per annum; but for lessons in harmony by correspondence you would have to pay a fee of 15s. a quarter. As a governess this might be a desirable outlay, and is small for the science taught. But you should write and state just what you require, sending a stamped envelope.

MAYBLOSSOM.—It is impossible to say how soon you would be a good player. Practice for years would be certain to result in mechanical dexterity, but you might be deficient in all the qualities which make a good musician, and play without taste or feeling, although correctly.

WORK.

ESSIE C. M. W.—1. The back of your cushion might be made of a pretty satteen to match the predominating hues of the work in the front.—2. The felt work is best done with filosele.

NELL.—The best way to obtain patterns for clothes for a small baby is to buy one of each ready-made. They are very cheap, and you can get them to suit any purse.

S. D.—For a trip to Switzerland in August you would need a blue serge dress and jacket, and some cotton and silk blouses, to wear when the weather was hot. If you have a pretty cotton; you would find it useful, and also some better dress, such as a grenadine, cashmere, or delandé, for Sundays.

MAYBLOSSOM.—Kid gloves can be cleaned with benzine, and made to look quite well, at home. You should be careful to do them by day, as the fumes are highly inflammable and dangerous.

MARI.—We do not advise you to spend your money on it. Try and improve where you are by taking some good magazine or paper, and do not think of giving up your situation.

HOUSEKEEPING.

POLLY.—We do not know of any society that teaches housekeeping by correspondence, and, of course, house-cleaning is a department of it. We do not approve of what some call "spring cleaning," as we regard it to be essential that the house should be kept perfectly clean week by week. The cleansing of all the rooms and halls and passages should be divided, and allotted to the several days in each week—the shaking of rugs, the wiping down of the woodwork, dusting of books, cleaning of windows, waxing of floors, and touching them here and there with wood-stain where worn off. Nothing can be more inconvenient than a wholesale "turning of the house out of the windows"; and the draughts throughout the whole place are most dangerous.

H. A.—We should not advise you to wash black serge, but to make a solution of ammonia and water and sponge it well; hang it to drip dry and do not wring it.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—To destroy moth-grubs in carpets, wet a towel and lay it on the infected parts, heat a flat-iron, and then iron the towel upon the carpet. This will destroy them.

BOB'S DARLING.—It is very useful to be careful of the soap you use for your face, and you should only use it once a day, in the evening. Put three parts of rosewater to one of glycerine, and when your face is wet in the morning pour a few drops on your hands and rub over your face, then dry very gently with a soft towel. So many people suffer from bad soap, rough towels, and cold winds, that we have given a careful answer, as we know the discomfort.

H. WMS.—The ordinary cheap ice creams are made from cornflour, we believe, boiled with milk, and flavoured with vanilla, lemon, etc., and then frozen. The recipe for making them is, we believe, printed on the package, but if not, that for making blanc-mange, made a little thinner, would answer very well; more flavouring would be required.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANÇAISE ET NORMANDE.—We are sorry to say that it is against our rules to print the addresses of authors.

SALAMMO.—We regret to say that it is against our rules to give addresses of shops, and can only say that you might obtain an opinion as to where the photograph may be procured from any music-sellers' shop where Saderewski's music is sold. We think you would have more chance of obtaining it in a music than a photographer's shop. We are glad to hear that you and your friends are so much interested in our "Answers."

ANXIOUS expresses great solicitude over her "pug," but it is not a quadruped, it is her olfactory organ with which she is dissatisfied, which she says is growing both "large and wide." We have heard of certain little instruments designed to improve the form of this little member, which are worn at night, but we by no means recommend them—we only name their existence. Alas! poor anxious pug! There are matters of more importance than your nose, if a healthy, comfortable, and useful one. Your friends will not care for you the less—and what would a stranger's opinion signify?

AN INDIAN GIRL.—Were the stamps ours we should certainly not send them to a dealer in England by post, but watch for an opportunity for sending them by a reliable private hand—a friend who would retain possession of them until able to dispose of them at a reasonable price, or obtain an opinion, and take them back to you again.

DISCONSOLATE is in a feeble state of health. She should take heat-forming and very nutritious food; avoid going near the fire when just come in from cold, frosty, outside air; rub her nose with both hands to circulate the stagnated blood, which is probably poor and thin, and take regular exercise. Her clothing should be warm, and her inner garment should be a woollen one.—2. Do not look cross when your friends laugh at your expense.

RUBY.—1. The lady left two of her husband's cards, one for you and one for your husband; the same in the other case also. If you call on a married lady without your husband you would leave two of his cards.—2. There is a *Life of Milton*, in five volumes, by Masson, published by Macmillan.

HOUP-LA.—The "Roaring Forties" means the degrees between 40 and 50, of North latitude which are so called by sailors because high winds generally prevail in them.

ENQUIRE.—MS. means one manuscript; MSS. means more than one, the last "S" being added to the initials. Pp. means pages, in the same way.

BERYL R.—We fail to understand what you mean by "having been out with a young gentleman for one year," and whether you may then "introduce him to your parents, and afterwards take him to your home!" How came you to have gone about for a whole year with any man who was a stranger to your parents? Did you ask their leave? Surely they would not have permitted such great indiscretion, or trust you with a man of whom they knew nothing?

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By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

IV.



OR a story of the "Underground Railroad's" clients, dipping almost at random into those voluminous records collected by Mr. Still, we may take, to begin with, the case of Charles Gilbert, a representative rather than a remarkable one, showing the helplessness of most runaway slaves so long as left to their own resources. This was a "ginger-bread coloured" young man, belonging to a negro trader in Richmond, who proposed to sell him; but it occurred to Charles that he might as well be his own master. By good luck he fell in with the skipper of a Boston schooner, who agreed to carry him off for ten dollars, on condition that he did not get on board till the vessel reached Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the river.

Charles set off then on his legs, and safely reached the Point, some hundred and sixty miles below Richmond, a part of the country well known to him, as he had been "raised" in it, and here still lived his mother and other relations. His master readily guessed how he would make for this familiar neighbourhood, where he had no sooner arrived than he found the hue and cry so hot after him that his friends, even his own mother, scarcely durst help him for fear of getting into trouble, a reward of two hundred dollars being offered for his capture. Such a close watch was kept that he saw no hope of getting off to the Boston ship, which had to sail without him. For the first few days he took refuge with a fellow-slave; but fear of discovery drove him out to live like a hunted beast in dark holes and corners, shunning the abodes of those nearest and dearest to him, as places where he would be most likely to fall into a trap.

His chief hiding-place was under a large hotel, built on piles three or four feet above the ground. Here he lurked a month together, stealing forth at night and helping himself to food from a tub full of refuse, thrown out for the dogs or such like. It may have been this fare that put it into his head to act the part of a dog, as more than once stood him in good stead. One night a boy came crawling under the hotel in search of stray chickens: he had almost reached the concealed slave when a fierce bark and a growling and snarling from the darkness sent him out again in great alarm. But the

noise brought up his father, whom Charles could hear proposing to kill that savage dog which had so frightened the boy. The two-legged barker saw good to make off, and changed his quarters to an oak tree, in which he spent a whole day before making up his mind to trust himself to the kindness of a negro washerwoman, named Isabella.

This woman hid him for two weeks under the floor of her washhouse. But somehow a whisper got about what sort of guest she was entertaining, and a party of men came to the house to search for him. They did not hit upon his hiding place; but this visit scared him back to the hotel. When he had lain another week in that gloomy refuge, he felt as if he must have fresh air, and crept out to spend a day in the woods. Here the very sight of a white man so startled him that he took to an unwholesome swamp. Two hours of this was enough; seeing nothing else for it, he returned to his lodging under the hotel.

At length the prospect began to brighten. His mother, a free woman, was doing what she could for him, though at first it would appear she had been disposed to hold aloof from his needs. She had scraped together thirty dollars, for which the captain of a steamer bound to Philadelphia agreed to run the risk of giving him a passage. Means were found of secretly communicating these arrangements to the lurking runaway; and when the last day came, he could not resist the temptation of spending it with his good friend the washerwoman. But there were traitors about as well as friends. While he was in this house three officers came to look for him. One of them was actually searching in the room where the anxious fugitive stood behind a thin curtain. His presence of mind, however, did not desert him. Women's garments were hanging up on the walls of the room. Charles had never heard of Sir John Falstaff; but, like that valiant knight, he hastily arrayed himself in an old calico dress and bonnet, and quietly slipped downstairs under the eyes of the officers. They asked him whose girl he was, and on his giving the name of one of the neighbouring planters, let him pass without further suspicion, so well did he look his part.

He went on to the steamer: and what a weight must have fallen from his heart when she put to sea! But not yet was he out of danger. Instead of going straight to a Free State port, he found she was to stop at Norfolk, in Virginia, where the slave-hunters might well arrest him, their zeal sharpened by the large rewards his master was offering. But passengers such as he cannot be choosers; he had to submit to an anxious delay of four weeks at Norfolk—a month that must have seemed to him like a year, obliged to lie close, in hourly fear of being betrayed, with nothing to do but calculate his perilous chances. At length, several months after his escape, he landed at Philadelphia, a free man.

Dressing in the clothes of the other sex was a disguise that served many young runaways well—often the only one within the reach of a slave. For example, a white man undertook to carry off a girl dressed in boy's clothes, and named Peter for the nonce. The sham master with his sham slave boy went on board a steamer bound North. The difficulty here was that, among the idle crowd of blacks and whites on deck, she might not be able to pass muster as a boy throughout the voyage. So

it was arranged that the gentleman should have to call for his slave four or five times, then pretend to be very angry with him for being out of the way, threatening to cut his black heart out, to cut up his back with a cow-hide, and so on, in the true style of a Southern bully. The officers of the boat were appealed to for some means of shutting up this disobedient young rascal, who might be plotting to run away, sulky brute that he was! The mate, quite accustomed to this kind of passenger, gave the supposed slaveowner the key of a closet in which he could safely stow his property; and there "Peter" remained locked up from curious eyes till the boat reached free ground.

Of course it gave an immense gusto to an escape when some Southerner could be tricked into unconsciously helping the fugitive. Mr. Still tells a sly story of a Maryland lady who wrote a letter to a notorious slave-catcher named Alberti, and by mistake posted it in the box of a Philadelphia newspaper. One of the clerks guessed the nature of the contents, and handed it on to the anti-slavery office, where it somehow arrived unsealed, as the matter is put. It proved to be a summons for Alberti to assist this lady in recapturing one of the "Underground Railroad's" passengers. Then one of the committee undertook to call on her, personating Alberti, and pretending much hatred of the Abolitionists. By this questionable device he became taken into the enemy's counsel, the slave was got out of the way at once, and great was the Southern lady's confusion to find her name and secret business published all over Philadelphia on a large placard, for general information. She made haste to get out of the city where her confidence had thus been betrayed.

Sometimes it happened that a master, trusting to the ignorance, the timidity, or the attachment of his slaves, would take them into a Free State and save the "Underground Railway" officers trouble by bringing business to their very doors. Thus, Mr. Still has to tell us how once he heard that a Southerner was stopping at an hotel in the city, with a slave mother and her two boys, who wished to be free, but did not know how to claim it. He hurried to the hotel, having got the help of Mr. Passmore Williamson, another devoted foe of slavery. The party had already gone on board the boat to continue their journey, and there the two Abolitionists followed them. They found the slave family on deck, under guard of their master, who seems to have been alive to the risk he ran of losing them. He tried in vain to prevent Still and Williamson from addressing the woman; but they insisted on informing her that by the laws of Pennsylvania she was entitled to her freedom; that her master could not hinder her from going where she pleased; that now or never was her chance of leaving him.

A moving scene of excitement followed. The master tried to answer for his slave, and to make her say that she did not desire freedom; he even declared that he meant to set her free. The poor woman, struggling between new hope and lifelong habits of submission, hardly knew what to say. She did say, "I want my freedom; but he holds me," and the eagerness in her eyes spoke for her heart. The last bell rang while the debate was still raging. "Come," said one of the Abolitionists, touching her arm. "Go along," said other sympathisers. The family moved

towards the gangway. The slaveholder sprang forward to detain them. None of the passengers cared to interfere on his side except one man, who cried, "Leave them alone; they are his *property*." On the other hand there were friends of the slave to shoulder him back; and some coloured porters are accused of going the length of a little violence.

Anyhow, the family were got on shore, the youngest child, too young to understand who were his real friends, crying out for "Massa John." But the mother, once away from her master's eye, unmistakably expressed her joy at the turn things had taken. The master followed them to see what redress the law would give him. The upshot of it all was a trial that made some noise at the time. Still, Williamson, and the negro porters were indicted for riot, forcible abduction, assault, and so forth. Two of the negroes were convicted of the minor charge, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment; while the pro-slavery feeling was strong enough to have Mr. Williamson temporarily incarcerated for contempt of court in not revealing where his *protégés* were concealed, which, in fact, he took care not to know. But the sufferers counted this a cheap price for the redemption of a family. The slave mother's freedom could not be impugned. She was produced in court as a witness, when an officer of the United States is said to have been present with a warrant for her arrest; but she was guarded out by the Pennsylvanian officials, determined to protect her, and vindicate the laws of their own State, even if, as expected, violence had to be used. Such conflicts between the Federal and State authorities were of frequent occurrence in the long struggle for emancipation.

A not less touching story in a different way is that told by Samuel J. May, of a slaveholder who brought his black nurse into Connecticut and defied the Abolitionists to persuade her into claiming the freedom she had thus acquired. Mr. May hastened to inform her how she stood; but the master knew his servant well; she would not leave him, "for," said she, "I promised mistress that I would go back with her and the children."

A gentleman versed in philosophical casuistry undertook to argue with her that such a promise was not in the circumstances binding, but could make no impression on her simple honesty. "Is it possible you do not wish to be free?" he exclaimed, impatiently. She replied with impressive earnestness, as we are told, "Was there ever a slave that did not wish to be free? I long for liberty. I will get out of slavery if I can, the day after I have returned; but go back I must, because I promised that I would."

Before such a scruple her well-meaning friends were struck with admiring silence; and though next day they returned to the charge, southwards she went, firm as Regulus, her master starting in advance with his family, and trusting her to follow in the stage coach; they had even given her their heavy luggage and a valuable gold watch and chain to take care of. Was this woman fit to be kept in slavery?

Naturally it was but seldom that the oppressor thus aided his chattel to freedom. More often the prize had to be won through toils, tricks, perils, hardships, and sufferings that went far to prove the slave worthy of what he sought. A famous case was that of Henry Box Brown, who owed his name to the invention of a new device for travelling North as a package of merchandise. Not seeing any other way to get safe off from Richmond, he had a box made three feet long by two feet wide and two feet eight deep. Into this narrow receptacle, lined with green baize, he squeezed himself, provided with a few biscuits and a bladder of water, also a large gimlet to make openings for fresh air if

necessary. A trusty friend nailed him up, addressed the box to a confederate in Philadelphia, marking it, "This side up, with care"—and saw to its being despatched by train. The label was not taken much notice of it seems, the box being roughly knocked about by unsuspicious porters; for some miles it was carried upside down, and the poor man actually travelled on his head. At the best it could not but be a terrible journey of twenty-six hours that he had in this cramped and choking attitude.

Meanwhile the confederates at Philadelphia were in almost as painful suspense, scarcely expecting that the man would reach them alive. Advised by telegram that he was on the way, some members of the Vigilance Committee secretly met to open the box, which they feared might prove no better than a coffin. Great was their excitement when the precious case, being at length delivered and the door safely locked, one of the party rapped on the lid, enquiring "All right?" and a muffled voice echoed back from within "All right, sir!" Then saw and hatchet went to work in eager hands; the hoops were cut off, and up rose this sable jack-in-the-box with the thankful exclamation, "How do you do, gentlemen?" Standing on the floor a free man, he celebrated his deliverance by bursting forth into the Psalm: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and He heard my prayer," to the delighted edification of his small audience. He was forthwith christened Henry Box Brown, and came to make the name known by a little book he wrote on the evils of slavery, a work showing that freedom was not thrown away upon him.

This plan, having once proved successful, was tried again. Unfortunately, two young men boxed up soon afterwards by Henry Brown's good friend at Richmond, were found out, and caught on the way by means of the telegraph, their white confederate getting into serious trouble for his share in the business: he was sentenced to a long imprisonment—Samuel A. Smith, let his name be remembered. But from first to last the box trick helped several other slaves out of bondage, among them two women, one of whom arrived speechless from exhaustion.

Greatly as the last-mentioned adventurers must have suffered on the way to freedom, there were others who dared and endured still more trying ordeals. Take the three men, for instance, who, with the connivance of a black steward, stowed themselves away close to a steamboat's boiler, at the risk of being suffocated. In this sweltering hole they had to lie flat on their backs, almost choked by coal dust, crawling in turns to the one narrow aperture which gave them a breath of air, like the victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Hardly better off were Abram Galloway and a friend of his, though they found means of arranging for their passage with the captain of a Free State trader. The main difficulty they were prepared for was that North Carolina, their land of bondage, insisted on outgoing vessels being smoked, as is done to get rid of rats, by way of making sure that no black stowaways were on board. The two slaves accordingly provided themselves with oil-cloth bags to draw round their waist, in which, by the help of a bladder of water and wet towels to be held to their nostrils, they hoped to live through the smoke. After all their precautions these things were not called into use, the vessel, for some reason, being exempted from fumigation. The real danger was one they had not calculated upon. The cargo consisted of turpentine, rosin, and tar, the emanations from which produced a torturing effect on these men hid away in it. It is stated that great quantities of blood were drawn from them by this blistering environment. But they held out bravely till it was safe to come

on deck; and in the whirligig of time one of them went back to North Carolina after the war, was elected a member of its Senate, and died the Honourable Abram Galloway.

In the foregoing cases we have seen these fugitives to be persons of superior ability or attainments, on whom the yoke of slavery sat more gallingly, and who could use their wits in devising clever plans of escape. One of the "Underground Railroad's" stationmasters was once rather puzzled by the arrival of a smart negro in a fine broadcloth coat, who had so much to say for himself that at first he was taken for an impostor. He professed to be a dentist of ten years' standing, assistant and book-keeper to a practitioner in Norfolk, whom he had grown tired of serving for nothing. The story turned out to be true enough. The negro dentist set up for himself in New Bedford, where he became so prosperous and so much respected that in four years he was elected a member of the city council. After the war he went back to Norfolk, now a fair field of practice for such as him; and there in time he presented himself as a candidate for Congress, being beaten only by a narrow majority. The badness of the slave system is amply demonstrated when we find men like this among its victims.

It happened not unfrequently that an escaping slave availed himself, like Frederick Douglass, of a pass or other papers which he had learned to write, in spite of all hindrances and penalties put in force against such self-education on the part of the negro. More often, however, the clients of the "Underground Railroad" were ignorant bondsmen, having little but their manhood to depend upon for help, knowing nothing of the world beyond their own neighbourhood, taught by a limited experience to distrust all white men as the enemies of their race. It would at all events be the young and enterprising who as a rule took the formidable step of running away; and thrice must his black breast have been fortified with heart of oak and brass of determination who launched himself on that course of unfamiliar hazards. Many, we are told, came "guided by the north star alone, penniless, braving the perils of land and sea, eluding the keen scent of the bloodhounds as well as the more dangerous pursuit of the savage slave hunter; some from secluded dens and caves of the earth, where for months and years they had been hidden away, waiting the chance to escape; from mountains and swamps, where indescribable sufferings from hunger and other privations had been patiently endured."

They were not always sure whether it were a goal of safety that lay beyond these perils. Some masters thought it worth while to spread bugaboo stories of the North among their ignorant bondsmen, telling them the Abolitionists decoyed slaves into the Free States in order to sell them to the dreaded cotton swamps, or that in Canada the British would put out their eyes and send them to lifelong labour in mines underground.

It would only be when they had already set themselves out of danger that not a few came into touch with those good friends always ready to welcome such as they with a warmth of practical kindness which soon thawed the bewildered slave's suspicion—bewildered by his own hardly credible fortune. The wonder is, how many more did not fail in an enterprise beset with such risks and hindrances that only an absorbing desire of liberty could have nerved them to the attempt. Of the frequent fate of those who failed we do well to be silent. Those stories were too commonly written in tears and blood; though, again, it might be that the recaptured slave's master would see well to try kindness, for a change, by way of keeping hold on so locomotive a form of property.

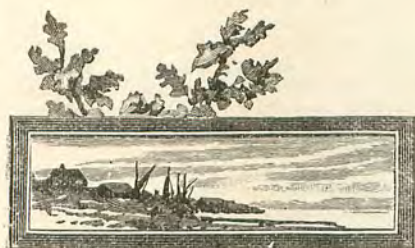
(To be continued.)

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

V.



PERILOUS as well as a thankless task it often was to work upon the "Underground

Railway." Most of the quiet, sober citizens, indeed, who made the backbone of the institution, were content with extending a liberal hand to the slave who sought their help of his own accord, not considering

it their duty to urge him to escape, and neither courting nor fearing the scenes of uncongenial violence which would occasionally be excited at their peaceful doors. There were some, however, who stood as outposts, so to speak, in the enemy's country; and some who on their own responsibility waged a guerrilla war of deliverance in the heart of the Southern States, risking life and liberty to give freedom to their black brethren here and there.

We have seen how Seth Concklia and Samuel Smith suffered for this noble crime; and there are many other stories of the kind to be told. For example, that of Richard Dillingham, a young Quaker schoolmaster, whose enthusiasm led him to attempt bringing off to their friends a party of slaves from Tennessee. He was caught in the act of "negro-stealing" and thrown into jail among a crew of profane ruffians, cheered by the thought that in not himself trying to escape he had at least saved his black friends from torture. To his parents and to his sweetheart he wrote from prison, calmly consoling them in prospect of the punishment that seemed for him to have no terrors and no shame. He had an opportunity of getting free on bail, but refused to avail himself of it because he believed that the money to be supplied for this purpose had been come by dishonestly. Again, he was offered tools with which to break jail, but would not consent to use these "underhand means" of extricating himself from his unfortunate position.

Thus the gentle Quaker came to his trial, where he excited no little sympathy even among the angry men whose laws he had offended. Many of the jury were affected to tears by the demeanour of this virtuous prisoner. He confessed what he had done, taking the whole guilt of it on himself, asking mercy on no other plea than the sorrow of his poor mother, who had come hundreds of miles to be near him at such an hour. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, the lightest penalty allowed by the law. In prison he won the affection and respect of his keepers, as well as of his fellow convicts; and being appointed to take charge of the hospital ward, since he was too delicate for rough manual labour, enjoyed special privileges and oppor-

tunities of exercising his benevolent nature. A year of his term was hardly over before cholera broke out. Night and day Richard attended the sick prisoners, till his own weakened constitution gave way to the terrible disease, and he never came north again to close his father's eyes, nor to dry the proud tears of his betrothed bride.

Not all the agents of the "Underground Railway" were men of this stamp. In the South it was often needful to employ mere hirelings, who would perhaps have worked for as soon as against the slave-owners had they been well paid for it. Common good-nature might move Northerners to lend a hand in the work now and then, without devoting their lives to it. There were others actuated mainly or in part by a love of perilous enterprise; and truly the rescuing of slaves could afford as much excitement as the hunting of grizzly bears, or frontier fighting with Indians. Such an adventurer seems to have been John Fairfield, mentioned in the autobiography of Levi Coffin, with whom, to a certain extent, he acted in correspondence, though holding no commission from the mild-measured Abolition societies. The good Quaker calls this ally some hard names—"a wicked man, daring and reckless," which may mean little more than that he trusted to arms rather than to principles. At any rate he was a man of whom one would like to know more, when we hear how he for twelve years carried on his unique business of rescuing negroes both by force and fraud with such success that he is said to have brought away hundreds, and from every Southern State. Though a Virginian, and belonging to the slave-owning class, he seems to have been surpassed by none in his hatred of slavery—a hatred which did not stick at fighting his clients' way to freedom; and the bold exploits which Levi Coffin, while shaking his head over them, yet relates with a certain involuntary gusto, might be supposed borrowed from romance, if a Quaker were capable of romancing.

Another remarkable soldier of the war of emancipation was Harriet Tubman, who among the initiated earned the *sobriquet* of "Moses," from her success in guiding coloured people out of their land of Egypt. "She seemed," writes Thomas Garrett, who bore the same honourable nickname, "to have a special angel to guard her on her journey of mercy," and from other casual references in William Still's records and elsewhere, it is evident that she was a highly trusted as well as somewhat eccentric ally. In appearance, indeed, Harriet herself must have been as unlike an angel as may be; while we gather that her methods were rather those of an amazon. She is described as "a woman of no pretensions; indeed, a more ordinary specimen of humanity could hardly be found among the most unfortunate-looking farm hands of the south. Yet in point of courage, shrewdness, and disinterested exertions to rescue her fellow men," it is testified that she had no equal. John Brown spoke of her with enthusiasm as the "most of a man" he had ever met with. The "General" was another nickname of hers.

"Time and again she made successful visits to Maryland on the 'Underground Railroad,' and would be absent for weeks at a time, running daily risks while making preparations for herself and passengers. Great fears were entertained for her safety, but she seemed wholly devoid of personal fear. The idea of being captured by slave-hunters or slave-holders

seemed never to enter her mind. She was apparently proof against all adversaries. While she thus manifested such utter personal indifference, she was much more watchful with regard to those she was piloting. Half of her time she had the appearance of one asleep, and would actually sit down by the roadside and go fast asleep when on her errands of mercy through the south, yet she would not suffer one of her party to whimper once about 'giving out and going back,' however wearied they might be from hard travel day and night. She had a very short and pointed rule or law of her own, which implied death to any who talked of giving out and going back. Thus, in an emergency she would give all to understand that 'times were very critical, and therefore no foolishness would be indulged in on the road.' That several who were rather weak-kneed and faint-hearted were greatly invigorated by Harriet's blunt and positive manner and threat of extreme measures there could be no doubt.

"After having once enlisted, 'they had to go through or die.' Of course Harriet was supreme, and her followers generally had full faith in her, and would back up any word she might utter. So when she said to them that 'a live runaway could do great harm by going back, but that a dead one could tell no secrets,' she was sure to have obedience. Therefore none had to die as traitors on the 'middle passage.' It is obvious enough, however, that her success in going into Maryland as she did was attributable to her adventurous spirit and utter disregard of consequences. Her like it is probable was never known before or since."

Will the reader be surprised to learn that this redoubtable heroine was a full-blooded negro, who could neither read nor write? The first twenty-five years of her life were spent as a slave in Maryland, till she thought of running away across the magic line that was not far off from her place of bondage. Having managed the matter so easily for herself, she took up the task of helping others to the same good fortune. She would work as a cook in Northern hotels till she had saved up money enough to pay the expenses of a trip into her old neighbourhood. It is said that she helped away three hundred slaves, not one of whom was caught, nor did she herself ever fall into the hands of the enemy, though at one time as much as twelve thousand dollars' reward was offered for the arrest of this mysterious enticer, who seemed to come and go like a black ghost. She went armed with a gun or a revolver, and was the woman to use them in case of need.

Among the rest, she took off her own family at different times. First, her three brothers set out under her direction, hiding on the way in their father's fodder house, snug among the ears of corn. The old man was in the secret; but they durst not trust their mother, as her excitable nature might have led to their betrayal. All a wet Sunday they lay hid, and through the chinks of their shelter had the pain of seeing the mother look out from time to time to gaze down the road, shading her eyes with her hand, in the fond hope of catching sight of her boys coming to spend Christmas with her. They were minded to spend their Christmas after another fashion. Two or three times their father pushed food through the door for them, but took care not to set eyes on his sons, though one of them he had not seen for six years, all that he might be

able to swear with a negro's clean conscience when the time came for questions.

At nightfall they started, taking one look through the cabin window at the poor old woman, who sat crooning over the fire, pipe in mouth, rocking her head on her hand, mourning that her boys did not come. The father accompanied them for some miles blindfolded, the sons holding his arms; and when they took leave of each other he could still say that he had not seen one of them that Christmas!

In spite of such precautions, the old man came under suspicion of having helped fugitive slaves, for which he was to be tried, when Harriet came to settle the matter by "removing the case into a higher court." In fact, she quietly drove off her parents in a ramshackle sort of vehicle, and they seem to have met no hindrance in reaching free soil; but her proceedings in this case, as in others, are not very clearly explained. Indeed, only one of her exploits is related at any length; and even here our curiosity is rather piqued than satisfied as to the peculiar method of escape which served her so well.

A slave named Joe had passed into possession of a new master, whose first order to him was to strip and take a whipping, just as a strong hint that he had better behave himself. Seeing no present help for it, Joe submitted to the lash, but he thought to himself, "This is the first time—and the last!" The same night he went to the cabin of Harriet's father, and said, "Next time 'Moses' comes, let me know." In a week or two Moses came; then, as usual, men, women, and children began to disappear from the plantations. Joe went off with a party consisting of his brother and two others. Hunted and hiding, separated and brought together again by roundabout ways, passed on through the aid of secret friends, they got at last opposite Wilmington, in Delaware, with the hue and cry hot after them, and large rewards proclaimed for the arrest of each member of the party. It was Harriet's way, we are told, to leave on a Saturday night, because, as no advertisements could be issued on Sunday, the fugitives thus gained a day's start of publicity.

They found the bridge at Wilmington constantly guarded by police officers on the lookout for them, so that it seemed impossible to cross in safety. But in the town lived Thomas Garrett, the Levi Coffin of Delaware, through whose hands two thousand slaves are said to have passed on their way to liberty. He would help them, and he could. Harriet had secret news conveyed to the good Quaker, who proceeded to act such a piece of deceit as his principles would surely have forbidden him to speak. He engaged two waggons, and filled them with bricklayers, Irishmen, or Germans perhaps, who did not so much stick at helping a slave to the same freedom as they had found in the great Republic. They drove over the bridge, shouting and singing, as if for a frolic in the country. The watchers let them pass, and naturally expected to see them return. At nightfall the merry party came back, making as much noise as before, and again passed without suspicion; but this time the runaways were concealed at the bottom of the waggons.

So far, so good; but Joe for one could not feel at ease till he was safe in Canada. When the train in which they were approached the suspension bridge below Niagara Falls, the rest of the excited party burst into singing even before they were quite out of the wood. Joe, however, was too much oppressed by fearful anxiety to join in their exultation. Even yet there might be a slip between the cup of freedom and the thirsty lip.

"The cars began to cross the bridge. Harriet was very anxious to have her

companions see the Falls. William, Peter, and Eliza came eagerly to look at the wonderful sight; but Joe sat still, with his head upon his hand.

"Joe, come look at de Falls! Joe, you fool you—come see de Falls! it's your last chance." But Joe sat still and never raised his head. At length Harriet knew by the rise in the centre of the bridge and the descent on the other side that they had crossed the line? She sprang across to Joe's seat, shook him with all her might, and shouted, "Joe, you've shook de lion's paw!" Joe did not know what she meant. "Joe, you're free!" Then the strong man, who could stand under his master's whip without a groan, burst into a hysterical passion of weeping and singing, so that his fellow passengers might think he had gone crazy; but did not withhold their sympathy when they knew the cause of such emotion.

Harriet Tubman appears to have been a strange compound of practical shrewdness and a visionary enthusiasm bordering on insanity. She believed in dreams and omens warning or instructing her in those enterprises of hers; and at times broke forth into Sibylline rhapsodies that to her ignorant hearers seemed the work of inspiration; even a cautious Quaker is found doubting whether she had not some power of insight beyond what is called natural. But, by whatever means, she unquestionably excelled in the difficult work she had chosen for herself, and when with the war she found her old occupation gone, she was of great service to the Northern armies, both in nursing sick soldiers and in acting as a spy and gaining for their deliverers the confidence of Southern negroes, inclined at first to look upon all white men with equal feelings of suspicious dread.

This bold woman was far from being the only negro who was not satisfied with having secured personal freedom. Many another trusted himself back behind the bars of slavery on the chance of being able to rescue some late fellow-sufferer. We may be sure that it would go hard with the runaway who, on such an errand, fell into the hands of his old oppressors. It seems that the slave-holders would even stoop to wreak their spite on the friends of successful fugitives. Mr. S. J. May tells of such a one, who, having got North, saved up enough money to buy his poor old mother, that she might end her days in freedom. A Quaker, living in the South, was employed to negotiate this delicate business; but the cruel master guessed who would be the real purchaser of the worn-out woman, and refused to let her go at any price, though an almost worthless article. Thus he had the satisfaction of punishing his ex-slave's heart, now that he could not lacerate the man's back.

Another fugitive left his father behind, a Methodist local preacher, inoffensive and industrious, who had contrived to buy his own freedom, and did not care to end his days in new scenes. But he went on a visit to his son in Canada, and that was enough to draw suspicious eyes upon him. Soon after he came home from this visit his house was searched by a party of gentlemen, who found there a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and such like pernicious literature. That was enough. For the heinous offence of possessing "papers, pamphlets, and pictorial representations having a tendency to create discontent, etc., among the people of colour in the State," he was tried and condemned to ten years' imprisonment—a sentence happily cut short by the great civil war. There was hardly a household in England free from the same guilt.

More fortunate was another black man, named Jim, whose story deserves to be commemorated as a model of impudent audacity. Jim took French leave of his owner, but could

not long be happy in freedom when he thought of wife and children left behind in slavery. So he went coolly back to the old plantation, stood cringing like a whipped dog before his master, as if he had only been away for a holiday, and after being duly saluted with a volley of abuse, humbly explained that he had indeed run to Canada, knowing no better, but was now come home a sadder and wiser darkey. He was sick of liberty, and having to take care of himself. Canada was a cold place, where white folks cheated niggers out of their wages. He had found out what sort of people those Abolitionists really were: a mean set, who pretended to help slaves only to get work out of them without paying for it! So Jim had concluded to throw himself on his master's mercy.

The master's anger gave way to pleasure at hearing such edifying doctrine. It seemed to him that this repentant runaway would make an excellent missionary of content among the other negroes. Jim was pardoned, taken into favour, and in a white man's presence never failed, by precept and example, to preach the gospel of submission, as was expected of him. But all the while the sly fellow was playing the missionary in quite another fashion than his master reckoned for. He worked faithfully through the autumn and winter; but when the fine weather came he made a trip to Canada, this time accompanied by his family and some black friends. Jim never had a second fit of homesickness for old Kentucky. A few years later Levi Coffin visited him comfortably settled in Canada, where he had only one regret—he "hoped God would forgive him for deceiving his master so often."

Samuel D. Burris was an educated free negro, who from abhorrence of the wrong done to his fellows became a conductor on the "Underground Railroad." His chance at one time seemed like to be a hard one. After repeatedly coming safe off from his perilous journeys, he at length fell into the power of the slave-holders. He lay several months in prison awaiting trial; then by the laws of Delaware was condemned to be sold as a slave for seven years. All the efforts of his Northern friends to help him had hitherto been in vain, and he gave himself up for lost when placed on the auction block to be examined and handled from head to foot like a horse at market. Several traders were present, who ran up the bidding to six hundred dollars, at which price he was knocked down to a stranger. No sooner was the bill of sale made out than poor Burris had his heavy heart moved with a joyful flutter. A whisper in his ear told him that the pretended slave-trader was an agent of the Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Society, who had now bought him for himself. "Having thus escaped by the skin of his teeth, he never again ventured South."

Even in the Northern States a coloured man could not take share in this work without apprehension, especially during the last ten years, when the slave-owners had been able to sharpen the law in their favour. "My agency," writes Frederick Douglass, "was all the more exciting and interesting because not altogether free from danger. I could take no step in it without exposing myself to fine and imprisonment, for these were the penalties imposed by the fugitive slave law for feeding, harbouring, or otherwise assisting a slave to escape from his master. But in face of this fact, I can say I never did more congenial, attractive, fascinating, and satisfactory work. True, as a means of destroying slavery, it was like an attempt to bale out the ocean with a teaspoon; but the thought that there was one less slave, and one more freeman—having been myself a slave, and a fugitive slave—brought to my heart unspeakable joy."

(To be concluded.)

BLACK AND WHITE HEROISM.

STORIES FROM THE ABOLITION CRUSADE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "Stories Out of School Time," etc.

VI.



WHEN the "Underground Railroad" had been successfully carrying on its traffic for twenty years, in 1850 the friends of the slave were put afresh upon their mettle by the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, that gave the Southerners new power to reclaim run-aways wherever found in the territory of the United States. This notorious Act, interfering as it did with the rights of individual States, roused to fury many who had hitherto felt little sympathy with the Abolitionists. So strong was the force of public feeling in the North that its being put into operation nearly brought about a civil war in the heart of New England; and in many neighbourhoods it practically became a dead

letter, as might have been expected of a law which the most virtuous and orderly citizens proclaimed themselves ready to defy. There are many inhabitants of Boston who still remember the excitement of that day when poor Anthony Burns, carried back to slavery amid the indignant protests of the whole city, had to be escorted by a hollow square of United States troops through the streets, where the places of business were shut, the church bells tolled as if for a funeral, flags hung half-mast high, and many of the houses were draped with black in token of the general mourning and humiliation.

Scenes of actual violence took place in several northern towns. A notorious instance was the rescue of Jerry at Syracuse, in New York. Daniel Webster, whose influence had been largely responsible for the passing of the law, made a violent speech at Syracuse, declaring all who resisted it to be traitors, and threatening that it should be enforced if needful in the middle of the city. But there were men at Syracuse who thought this great orator the traitor to freedom; they formed themselves into an association for standing by one another to prevent any slave being taken from among them. At the first sign of danger the bell of a meeting-house was to be rung in a certain manner, and at the sound of this tocsin the confederates would come together to act as might seem best.

After two or three false alarms, in the autumn of 1851 a mulatto named Jerry McHenry was arrested. As if to carry out Daniel Webster's tone of defiance, the moment had been chosen when an anti-slavery convention was being held at Syracuse, as also the meeting of an agricultural society, so that the city happened to be full of people, many of them the last men to look quietly on at the outrage of re-enslaving a fugitive. The signal bell soon brought an excited crowd to the place where Jerry, in handcuffs, was undergoing the mockery of a trial. Not being very closely guarded—perhaps his guards would not be over-anxious to keep an eye on him—in the middle of the proceedings he slipped out into the street, and ran off at all speed, the crowd

cheering and making way for him. The police followed, but he had run some half a mile before they could catch him up. Then, manacled as he was, he fought like a tiger among the hunters, and could be overpowered only by numbers, all torn and bloodstained, covered with bruises, and one of his ribs broken. In this plight he was thrown upon a waggon, two policemen sitting upon him to hold him down, and thus brought back to the police office through the raging and execrating crowd, almost worked up to the point of tearing him out of the hands of the officers. "Speak the word, and we'll have Jerry out," was said more than once to the Rev. Samuel J. May, who again appears playing a prominent part in this affair. But Mr. May, as full of zeal as anyone, urged caution for the present, pointing out what had come of a rash and unsupported attempt at rescue, and promising that at the right time proper measures would be taken. There could be no good in getting the poor fellow away till it had been arranged what to do with him.

Presently Mr. May was called on by the chief of the police to calm down Jerry, whom he found in his cell raving like a madman, as was not unnatural for one handled as he had been.

"Would you be calm with those irons on you?" he roared out. "What have I done to be treated so? Take off these handcuffs, and if I do not fight my way through these fellows that have got me here, then you may make me a slave!" But he became more tranquil as by whispered snatches the visitor gave him some hint of what was being done outside on his behalf.

On leaving him, Mr. May went to a house where twenty or thirty resolute Abolitionists were holding council, among them Gerrit Smith, a Member of Congress and a tried friend of the slave. It was agreed to have a swift horse and a buggy in readiness, in which Jerry when got out should be driven rapidly about the streets hither and thither, so as to throw pursuit off the scent; but then, for the meantime, he was to be hidden in the city, every exit being guarded, as the report ran. At a given signal the doors and windows of the police office were to be demolished, and the rescuers would rush in, making themselves masters of the situation by numbers rather than by blows. Special injunctions were given not to hurt the policemen, who were doing only their duty. "If anyone is to be injured in this fray," said Mr. May, "I hope it may be one of our own party." Such was the spirit in which those philanthropists set about breaking the law.

About eight o'clock in the evening the plan was successfully carried out. One of the officers jumped from a window and seriously injured himself; another fired a pistol which slightly wounded one of the rescuers. At no greater cost, the police office was quickly in their hands. Jerry was carried off as arranged, and found shelter in the house of a worthy couple, who did not fear the penalty of aiding one in such a case. It was well for him that he had not far to go that night. Battered and broken, now that the excitement was over he had passed into a state of feverish exhaustion, which urgently demanded rest. Rest he had for several days, only half a dozen persons being in the secret of where he was. Most people believed that he had escaped to Canada. When he did set out, however, suspicion was

awakened, and a hot chase took place for eight or ten miles; but the rescuers had provided swift horses that carried him safe to another asylum. Finally he reached Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and the captain of a small schooner was found to take the risk of getting him across to Canadian soil.

For this business eighteen of the "traitors" were indicted, with the usual result in such cases. The prisoners came to answer this charge attended by a hundred of their fellow-citizens, many of them the leading men of the place. Gerrit Smith, S. J. May, and another of the ringleaders, published in the papers an acknowledgment that they had done all they could to rescue Jerry. But the prosecuting officials did not venture even to bring them to trial.

After this triumphant exploit, the anti-slavery men of that region were left for several years without any great cause for agitation. In the spring of 1859, however, the law that had lain almost dead and buried was resuscitated at Troy, on the Hudson. Here a mulatto named Charles Nalle was seized at the suit of his own half-brother, who looked no whiter than himself. Harriet Tubman, that eccentric agent of the "Underground Railroad," happened to be passing through the town, and at once flew to her fellow-black's aid. She found a waggon waiting at the door of the Commissioner's office to carry Nalle away; but already so many people had collected that the officers were afraid to bring their prisoner out. To increase the confusion, Harriet sent off some small boys to cry "Fire!" which had the desired result of swelling the crowd till the street was blocked up. Such seemed the temper of the mob that the slave-owner thought well to come to terms. He offered to give up his half-brother for twelve hundred dollars; and there were those who, for the sake of peace, would gladly have got rid of his claim at this price. But a gentleman shouted out from a window, "Two hundred dollars for his rescue, but not one cent to his master!" and this was received with a roar of approval from the crowd. From another window at one time were seen projecting the slave's legs as he tried to squeeze himself out, having for the moment slipped from the hands of his guardians; but he was hauled back. At a third appeared Harriet, her black old face set in a great sun-bonnet, calling on those below to snatch away the man when the officers brought him out. Such were the incidents that kept up the excitement of this waiting multitude.

At last the door opened and the slave appeared in handcuffs, his master beside him, the two brothers scandalously like each other. Harriet from her window rushed down to the rescue; and her sun-bonnet was the oriflamme of the tumult that followed. Tearing away his guards, she threw her arms round the slave, clinging to him through all, as again and again he and she were knocked down together in the middle of the surging crowd, which bore them along through street after street, the officers vainly trying to keep a hold on their prisoner. The slave was bleeding; Harriet's clothes were torn off her back. She had crowned him with her big bonnet, perhaps in a vague idea of disguise, and thus, after a long scrimmage, they reached the river bank. The fugitive was thrown into a boat and hastily rowed away to the other side. But there he was seen to be arrested afresh by a police

officer, who naturally laid hold of a man running off in handcuffs. Hundreds of people, the unconquerable Harriet still at their head, crowded into the ferry-boat and crossed over in pursuit. Some school children showed them the house into which the prisoner had been taken. They rushed to the charge. The officers within fired on them, but apparently took care to aim over their heads. Shots and stones came back in return. A powerful negro tore open the door, to be at once felled by a hatchet in the hands of the deputy sheriff. But the fallen man's body blocked up the door; before it could be closed, the prisoner's friends had forced their way in and hauled him out. At this moment, as luck would have it, a gentleman drove by with a thoroughbred horse in his trap. Learning the cause of the commotion, he told them to take his horse and drive till it dropped. So, the irons having been cut off his bleeding arms, Charles Nalle was soon speeding on his way to Canada, like so many others before him; but the time was not far off when Richmond and New Orleans would be as safe for such a one as Boston or Toronto.

So much would white men do for negroes endangered under the Fugitive Slave law. To what extremes, then, might not desperation drive the hunted slaves themselves? Levi Coffin has one sad and terrible story on this head. A band of fugitives had got safely away to Cincinnati. There they came to be tracked out, and their retreat surrounded. The doors and windows being barred, they fought for their liberty, though only three men were in the party, with Margaret Garner, a young mother, and her four children. When, after several shots had been fired, the officers battered their way into the house, Margaret seized a knife, cut the throat of her daughter, and was about to kill the other children before stabbing herself; but her hands were held in time. The struggle ended round the corpse of the murdered child. The others were overpowered and lodged in jail.

This affair of course caused a great sensation, and called forth much sympathy for the unhappy mother. There were white women who did not stick at saying that, in her place, they would have done as she did. Three years later, during the Indian Mutiny, English gentlemen vowed to do the same by their dear ones before seeing them fall into the power of a cruel enemy. Margaret Garner's friends sought to have her charged with murder in Ohio, which seemed better than letting her be taken south as a fugitive slave. The prisoners told their counsel that they would "go singing to the gallows," rather than return into slavery. But this impassioned advocate vainly appealed to the feelings of the court, asking if Congress could demand obedience to a law requiring men "to carry fuel to hell." It was decided that the stringent terms of the Fugitive Slave Bill overrode all other laws, so that a prisoner under it could not even be tried for murder in the State where the crime had been committed. Margaret was given up, and carried down the river. A story came back that she had sprung off the boat with her youngest child in her arms; the mother was rescued but the babe drowned. Then the dark curtain of Southern thralldom fell on this unfinished tragedy of horror, of madness, of reckless despair.

At Christiana, not far from Philadelphia, was a numerous community of negroes, some of whom knew themselves to be imperilled by the new Act. About a year after its passing, information leaked out, as it did so often in such cases by connivance of the officials, that a party of slave-hunters were getting up a raid on that quarter. The Philadelphia Vigilance Committee at once sent off a messenger to Christiana, warning those concerned of what was in the wind. The threatened negroes would not fly; taking heart from numbers, they

resolved to stand on their defence, backed up by the other coloured people of the neighbourhood. So when a number of Marylanders, accompanied by a constable, were discovered at daybreak lurking near the house of one of the coloured men, there was no difficulty in guessing their business. They forced their way into the lower storey; but the negroes within barricaded themselves in the upper part, and refused to let the house be searched, declaring they were determined never to be taken alive. One or two harmless shots were fired, a horn was blown from the windows, and at this signal the black people began to flock together, armed with axes, sticks, or agricultural implements, which would serve as formidable weapons in the hands of angry men, till there were three or four dozen assembled about the house, some of whom also had fire-arms. The slave-catching party had not reckoned on encountering an organized resistance of such strength. An hour or two had been spent in useless threats and parleyings, when two respectable Quakers rode up. The constable called on them to aid him in enforcing the law: but they refused, and advised the strangers to give up their errand to avoid bloodshed. It is stated that they interfered only to protect the officer against the growing indignation of the crowd, and that he then, judging discretion the better part of valour, made his retreat into a corn-field and held himself at a safe distance from what followed. His employers did not show the same prudence. Their southern blood, too, was up, and old Mr. Gorsuch, the leader of the party, swore he would have his slaves at any cost. As the Quakers turned to leave the scene where they had vainly endeavoured to cast oil on those troubled passions, a scuffle began, caused by one of the negroes trying to make his way out of the house. The white men, it is said, were first to fire their revolvers; the blacks fired back again. Old Mr. Gorsuch was shot dead, his son lay badly wounded, and their companions ran away. Several of the coloured men received slight wounds in this affray, but it was their clothes that suffered most. They said that "the Lord protected them." When the fighting was over, a number of friends and other anti-slavery men came up to look after the wounded. The master of the attacked house behaved like a man and a brother to young Gorsuch, still in danger from the angry excitement of the other negroes. He was taken into the house of a Quaker family, who, after a due protest "that they had no unity with his cruel business," treated him so kindly that he repented of his share in it, and vowed never to go slave-hunting again if his life should be spared. This may remind us of an incident in Mrs. Stowe's novel, where Tom Loker was nursed among the Quakers into milder ways.

Such a riot naturally produced a burst of indignation on the other side. The moderate as well as the pro-slavery newspapers denounced it as an act of insurrection, and clamoured for punishment of the offenders, censuring the Abolitionists as more to blame than the negroes, whom they were supposed to have encouraged. The law put out its powers, and no less than thirty men, white and black, were arrested, among them the worthy Quakers, who had taken no part in the matter but to counsel peace. The grand jury found true bills against these men and ten others, charged with so high-sounding a crime as treason. They lay in prison three months, not without marks of sympathy from various quarters. The son of the judge who had committed them treated the whole party on Thanksgiving Day to a dinner in jail, at which they entertained the mayor, the marshal and other officials. Two of them were in special danger, having been identified as fugitive slaves. These two somehow contrived to

escape; and it was suspected that the marshal himself had a hand in it. The rest had not much to fear. The trial ended in their favour, to which public opinion had veered round when the matter came to be more fully considered.

Such incidents show how much public opinion had changed since mobs attacked the early Abolition Societies a generation ago. In the North the mobs were now on the side of freedom, and the band of obscure agitators had grown into a powerful party. Before long their cause became matter of famous history. The Kansas border troubles, John Brown's daring attempt and tragic fate, were quickly followed by the great Civil War, which washed out in so much dear blood that blot upon American freedom. A few more years and the oppressed negroes could sing—

"There is mourning in the North, there is mourning in the South,
For the young men of the people who have perished in their youth;
But our hearts are filled with gladness, and a song is in our mouth,
To the Lord that set us free."

Thus this crusade begun by Quakers and peaceful social reformers in the name of mercy and justice, ended "with the shaking of the rations, with the hurricane of fight." Let us not forget that throughout its long progress one of the most effectual blows was struck by a woman. The turmoil stirred up by the Fugitive Slave Bill was at its height when Mrs. Beecher Stowe published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which, originally planned as a series of newspaper sketches, grew under the author's hands, and came out in the very nick of time to make an unparalleled sensation. Within a year of its publication two hundred thousand copies were sold in America. In England it is stated that thirty editions were brought out within six months. All over Europe the title of the book and its characters became household words. Seldom has it been given to any writer to exercise such an immediate and widespread influence. This story made converts by myriads to the anti-slavery cause; it was like a telescope bringing near to distant people the wrongs of its hero's race. The American negro was henceforth adopted into the sympathies of every Christian heart; and the whole civilised world cried shame upon Columbia till she had done away with that cruel mockery on her declaration of independence.

That the shadows of her tale were not exaggerated Mrs. Beecher Stowe proved by the publication of *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, presenting in painful array the facts upon which she had based that dark picture. No one can now doubt how many wrongs, sorrows, and outrages must be laid to the charge of slavery, a system which cursed the oppressor as surely as the oppressed. But while we remember with pity the negro's sufferings, of which the whole Anglo-Saxon race has been in the past so guilty, we should give due honour to the memory of those men and women, wiser and nobler than their fellows, who bravely played the hero and sometimes the martyr in individual efforts against a national sin. A generation has nearly passed since America cleared herself of that crying reproach. For our part, we English have the right to be proud that no living man knew the day when a slave breathed in our land, and that for more than half a century we have fought to strike the fetters off slaves in the dark places of the earth, thereby truly earning the praise of our great woman-poet—

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are they among nations who dare to be strong for the rest."