

THE LORE OF THE NEGRO IN CENTRAL NEW YORK STATE

A Thesis

Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of
Cornell University for the Degree of
Doctor of Philosophy

by

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May, 1943

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Biographical Sketch

The author of this thesis was born on May 2, 1909, in Richmond, Virginia; the daughter of Mary Spencer McDougald Brown and the late Dr. Walter Brown, a physician and surgeon. She received her early training in Richmond, completing the high school department at Hartsboro Memorial College. She received in 1929 the Bachelor of Arts degree from Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina; in 1931 the Master of Arts degree from the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where she continued her graduate studies until she came to Ithaca with her husband, Dr. Gregory Alexander Galvin, a practicing physician. She has taught in public and private institutions in the South, including Armstrong High School in Richmond, Virginia, Livingston College at Salisbury, North Carolina, and Bethune-Cookman College at Daytona Beach, Florida. During the academic years 1941-1943 she has been a student in the Graduate School of Cornell University.

Acknowledgments

I hereby extend my sincere gratitude to Dr. Harold W. Thompson, Professor of American Literature, Cornell University, for his kind, generous, and constant assistance in the preparation of this work; and to the other members of my special committee, Professor L. M. Broughton, and Associate Professor Henry A. Myers, for their valuable aid and inspiration.

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PREFACE

For literary and social studies the folk and their lore are always vital and essential. Much has been written about the folk-Negro in the South, often to the neglect of his lore in other sections. Such previous neglect may justify a treatment of the lore of the Negro in Central New York State. Three main divisions will be used.

The first has grown from the idea that folk characters have made a definite contribution to the lore of a people. We think immediately of Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle as tied with New York State's lore. In view of this fact, the general heading for Part One is Three Folk Characters. The sub-heads are designated as chapters: one devoted to Harriet Tubman, the second to Sojourner Truth, and the third to the Rev. J. W. Loguen. The Jerry Rescue, one of the most dramatic incidents sprung from the folk of New York State, is linked with the Rev. Mr. Loguen, who was a moving force in its execution. No one of these persons is fictitious. However, we can not ignore the "fact-fiction" element which usually surrounds a romantic figure.

Our study of these characters brought a recognition that the underground railroad made possible the majority of Negro lore

in Central New York. Part One revealed the location of prominent stations in places like Syracuse, Rochester, Auburn, and Peterboro, but there were few printed references definitely concerned with Ithaca and its immediate vicinity. Yet, general leads left us certain that the system operated here. Personal investigation is responsible for Part Two: The Underground Railroad in Tompkins County: Facts and Traditions.

Recognizing the gradual disappearance of Negro folk-characters and the waning memories of the anti-slavery underground railroad, we were interested to know the types of lore still current among Negro folk in this section. Finally then, Part Three presents: Folklore Collected from Negroes Now Living in Ithaca, New York.

Part I

Chapter 1

HARRIET TUBMAN, THE MOSES OF HER PEOPLE

"Of course I knew Aunt Harriet.¹ I shall never forget the first time I saw her; we spent the whole time singing, praying, and talking about her experiences most of which I forget long ago. I do remember we had the best time ever; Aunt Harriet got so happy she jumped so high.² I can't get together the things she told me; I just know she was truly a wonderful woman." Unfortunately, authentic information about this remarkable person is limited. Present first-hand acquaintance is represented by the above interview. "Even in the city where Harriet has so long lived her quiet and unobtrusive life, it is not an uncommon thing to meet a young person who has never even heard her name."³ Those who knew her best left no detailed account of her life and work; she herself could neither read nor write and found it inadvisable to have other persons keep a record for her; the secrecy which necessarily surrounded her activities was not conducive to the written or spoken word. Thomas Garrett with whom she had frequent dealings wrote:

1. A familiarity taken by friends. The informant, Mrs. Elmira Brown, 125 Cleveland Avenue, Ithaca, New York, now about 83 years old, is no relation to Harriet Tubman.

2. About three feet from the floor.

3. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 134.

Wilmington, 6th mo., 1868:
 I may begin by saying, living as I have in a slave State, and the laws being very severe where any proof could be made of any one aiding slaves on their way to freedom, I have not felt at liberty to keep any written word of Harriet's or my own labors¹

It was not until poverty, want, and old age afflicted Harriet Tubman that an account of her was given with the hope that sympathetic persons would be prompted to aid her. The work² was hastily pieced together -- "prepared on the eve of the author's departure for Europe"³ and states at the beginning: "The writer of this story has till very lately known less personally of the subject of it, than many others to whom she has for years been an object of interest and care. But through relations and friends . . . who have for many years known and esteemed this wonderful woman, she has heard tales of her deeds of heroism."⁴

My personal contact with remnants of the Tubman family has, in a single instance, brought new material about Harriet. On the one hand, we have a typical case; a niece of hers who states: "You probably know more about Harriet Tubman than I. Mother died when I was quite young and Dad never mentioned her. All the information I have about her has come from books." On the other hand, a profit-

1. Letter to Mrs. S. H. Bradford reprinted in her Scenes, pp. 48-49.
 2. S. H. Bradford, Scenes.
 3. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, Introduction.
 4. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 2-3.

able interview was had with another niece, Mrs. Alice L. Brickler.¹ Her statements will be used from time to time and duly noted. Possibly the charm of Harriet Tubman is not to be found in any one series of clearly stated facts, but rather in delving into the problems connected with the secrecy which shrouded her labors and the romance which sprouted from her stories.

Araminta² Ross, later known as Harriet Tubman, one of a large family of ten children, had not "a drop of white blood in her veins."³ For the era in which she lived and the circumstances surrounding her, there is fairly clear-cut knowledge of her ancestry. We may look back three generations and note that she is the "granddaughter of a slave imported from Africa."⁴ Her parents were Benjamin and Harriet Ross,⁵ "Old Ben" and "Old Rit",⁶ "both slaves, but married and faithful to each other."⁷ Recollections and memories, on her part, prompt the belief that she was born in the year 1820

1. The daughter of Ellen Stewart, a sister of Harriet Tubman. This sister was taken by Harriet from the eastern shore of Maryland to Auburn, New York, and was privileged to see her twin, a brother of Harriet, only after she reached womanhood and returned to Baltimore, Maryland, for a visit with relatives; she stayed with a cousin, Mr. Harkless Bowley whose son, Dr. Guy Bowley, is now a practicing physician in Baltimore. Information contributed by Mrs. Alice L. Brickler.
2. In the south, she was known as "Minty". Later she adopted her mother's name, Harriet.
3. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 9.
4. The Boston Commonwealth, 1863. Reprinted in S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 72.
5. Harriet Ross' maiden name was Harriet Greene.
6. Names by which they were known on the plantation.
7. The Boston Commonwealth, 1863. Reprinted in S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 73.

or 1821, in Dorchester County, on the eastern shore of Maryland, not far from Cambridge.

The practice of "hiring out", which was common among slave holders, gave Araminta various lodgings and made it imperative that she learn various tasks. As a child of six, she was taken from her mother and carried ten miles to live with James Cook, where she was taught to weave as an aid for Mrs. Cook, a weaver, and to assist Mr. Cook by watching his muskrat traps. The latter duty often entailed wading through water, which she was once forced to do while sick with measles. The reaction impaired her health temporarily, and at the insistence of her mother, the master brought her home to recover. Out of bed, up and around playing meant a return to work. However, the youngster disliked both Mrs. Cook and the art of weaving¹ so strongly that she was granted the privilege of new contacts -- another "hirer" must be found. New duties as house-maid and child's nurse were equally distasteful.

Araminta's early 'teens found her enslaved as a field hand. Here she cleaned wheat, husked corn, and the like. On one occasion, the overseer demanded that she help tie slave Barrett for whipping.² She refused, allowing Barrett to escape. Whereupon, the overseer threw a two-pound weight at the male culprit; the mark was missed,

1. The technical performance as well as the confinement indoors it imposed.
2. The penalty imposed for Barrett's having left his evening work to go to the village store.

and it was "Minty" who received a severe head blow. She was floored immediately and suffered a long trying period. The effect was permanent; she remained the victim of periodic stupors.¹

The next five or six years found her living at the "place" of John Stewart² where she first worked in the house and finally "hired her time" driving oxen, carting, or plowing. Dr. Thompson, son of her master's guardian, "stood for her."³ In this way, she sometimes earned money enough in a year, in addition to what she paid her master,⁴ to buy a pair of steers worth forty dollars. Araminta often worked for her father, a timber inspector,⁵ when she cut wood and hauled logs. Her accustomed "stint" was half a cord of wood per day.

Between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, about 1844, Araminta was married to a free Negro, John Tubman.⁶ There were not children.⁷ His unfaithfulness, discovered by her in 1851,

1. Later in life she underwent an operation in Boston to correct this condition. It can not be proved that any effective results were realized.
2. With Harriet's father working under Stewart, we possibly have here the reason for a sister of hers bearing the same name, Stewart; a custom regularly used at that time.
3. Her surety for the payment of what she owed -- the master was not 21 years old.
4. The yearly amount exacted of a woman was \$50 or \$60; of a man, \$100 to \$150.
5. John Stewart, "Old Ben's" temporary master, was a builder who for Ben's work of superintending the cutting and hauling of timber for the Baltimore ship yards, received as much as \$5 in one day; Ben Ross was known as a superior workman.
6. John Tubman was not only unsympathetic with Harriet's work but sought to betray her plans.
7. This is true of all of her marriages.

severed their marital tie. "Minty" carried his name in spite of two later marriages: one to "a man whose name I never knew;"¹ another to Nelson Davis -- a man who apparently lived and died as the husband of Harriet Tubman.

During the last two years of her enslavement she worked under Dr. Thompson who "owned" her father. Her young master died in 1849 and the slaves, though previously set free by an old will, were to be sold. Tired of sellings, purchasings, and "hired time," Araminta resolved to stake her chances in search of a "free land." Thus, with little or no knowledge of the country that lay to the north,² and with only an instinctive sense of direction, she walked away one night.³

"I started with this idea in my head, dese's two things I've got a right to, and dese are, Death or Liberty -- one or 'tother I mean to have. No one will take me back alive; I shall fight for my liberty, and when de time has come for me to go, de Lord will let dem kill me."⁴ With this in mind, she determined not only to have personal liberty but to devote her life to the rescuing of others

1. (Mrs.) Alice L. Brickler.

2. It seems that she had heard of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

3. Two brothers started with her but "fear turned them back almost before they started." L. E. C. Wyman, writing in The New England Magazine, March 1896, p. 110, says of Harriet's break: "Her escape was urged on by forebodings as to her future if she remained and impelled by mysterious impulses."

4. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 21.

from a state of bondage: "To dis solemn resolution I came; I was free, and dey should be free also; I would make a home for dem in de north, and de Lord helping me, I would bring dem all dere."¹

And so, according to the reckoning of her friends, "Moses" went back and forth nineteen times. "She remembers that she went eleven times from Canada, but of the other journeys she kept no reckoning."²

On these journeys more than three hundred slaves were piloted to safety, and there is no record of any one of her fugitives being recaptured. Canada came into the picture with the appearance of American fugitive-slave laws when she found no safety "except under the paw of the British Lion": "I wouldn't trust Uncle Sam wid my people no longer; I brought 'em all clear off to Canada."³

No extremely systematic account of Harriet's trips can be given. Mrs. S. H. Bradford admits in her Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman (p. 24):

It will be impossible to give any connected account of the different journeys taken by Harriet for the rescue of her people, as she herself has no idea of the dates connected with them, or of the order in which they were made. She thinks she was about twenty-five when she made her own escape, and this was in the last year of James K. Polk's administration. From that time till the beginning of the war, her years were spent in these journeyings back and forth, with intervals between, in which she worked

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 32.

2. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 21.

3. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 27.

only to spend the avails of her labor in providing for the wants of her next party of fugitives. By night she traveled, many times on foot, over mountains, through forests, across rivers, amid perils by land, perils by water, perils from enemies, perils among false brethren.

Mrs. S. H. Bradford re-affirms this account in Harriet, the Moses of Her People (pp. 32-33):

It would be impossible to give a detailed account of the journeys and labors of this intrepid woman for the redemption of her kindred and friends, during the years that followed.¹ Those years were spent in work, almost by night and day, with one object of the rescue of her people from slavery. All her wages were laid away with this sole purpose, and as soon as a sufficient amount was secured, she disappeared from her northern home, and as suddenly and mysteriously she appeared some dark night at the door of one of the cabins on a plantation, where a trembling band of fugitives, forewarned as to time and place, were anxiously awaiting their deliverer. Then she piloted them north, traveling by night, hiding by day, scaling the mountains, fording the rivers, threading the forests, lying concealed as the pursuers passed them. She carrying the babies, drugged with paregoric, in a basket on her arm.² So she went 19 times, and so she brought away over 300 pieces of living and breathing property, with God given souls.

These passages present interesting problems: the financial needs of Harriet's fugitives, how these needs were supplied, the number of passengers taken per trip, how they were collected, methods and techniques employed en route, the outlining of trips made, and routes used.

-
1. Reference to Harriet's escape.
 2. Drugged to prevent cries which could have drawn pursuers to a hiding place.

First of all, what were the economic demands made by Harriet's trips? The fugitives must be clothed; often it was advisable to use disguises in order that "the chase" be evaded. Catherine, "long attached" to Harriet's brother William Henry,¹ escaped only after she was attired in a new suit of men's clothes purchased from a tailor. Then there was the time when Harriet returned to a town where she had been a slave, and found herself meeting a former master. She pulled her bonnet over her face, assumed the gait of an old person, and "bought a pair of live fowls."² As she faced the man, she bent over, at the same time pulling the tails of the fowls and was completely hid by the "struggle of her purchase." Frequently, the runaways must be supplied with shoes. Often clothing was so greatly impaired by long nights spent in swamps or from "high water wading" that a change must be made as quickly as possible to ward off illnesses. Baskets and paregoric were needed for babies. Horses must be hired and wag-
one had for a quick get-away. Circumstances sometimes demanded materials for making a rig.

She brought away her aged parents in a singular manner. They started with an old horse, fitted out in primitive style with a straw collar, a pair of old chaise wheels, with a board on the axle to sit on, another board swung with ropes, fastened to the axle, to rest their feet on. She got her parents, who were both slaves belonging to dif-

-
1. They were married in Canada where William Henry died, according to material read. However, (Mrs.) Alice L. Brickler states that she knew "Uncle William Henry" at the "home place" in Auburn and never heard of his having a wife.
 2. L. B. C. Wyman, The New England Magazine, March, 1896, p. 110.

ferent masters, on this rude vehicle to the railroad, put them in the cars, turned Jehu herself, and drove to town in a style that no human being ever did before or since. Next day, I furnished her with money to take them all to Canada.¹

A close pursuit by officers might even call for paid help.

Two wagons filled with bricklayers were engaged, and sent over; this was a common sight there, and caused no remark. They went across the bridge singing and shouting, and it was not an unexpected thing that they should return as they went. After nightfall (and, fortunately, the night was very dark) the same wagons recrossed the bridge, but with an unlocked-for addition to their party. The fugitives were lying close together on the bottom of the wagons; the bricklayers were on the seats, still singing and shouting; and so they passed the guards, who were all unsuspecting of the nature of the load contained in the wagons, or of the amount of property thus escaping their hands.²

Fee for a night's lodging was occasionally required. The story goes that once when Harriet had run out of funds she gave her underwear as barter that her weary party might "rest in beds."

Tickets were often needed for railway transportation.³

"When she feared the party were closely pursued, she would take them for a time on a train southward bound, as no one seeing a company of Negroes going in this direction would for an instant suppose them to be fugitives."⁴ The runaways were usually taken to Canada on the train. For this purpose "passes" were easily had out of New York

1. Thomas Garrett's letter, 1868 to Mrs. S. H. Bradford, reprinted S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 52-53.

2. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, pp. 44-45.

3. Tickets and passes not provided by sympathizers were bought by Harriet.

4. M. G. McDougall, Fugitive Slaves, p. 73, p. 62.

State. Tickets were also needed for steamer transportation, particularly from the vicinity of Baltimore, Maryland to Delaware, possibly near Wilmington.

Negroes were paid to tear down posters advertising the escape of fugitives. "She always paid some colored man to follow after the person who put up the posters advertising the runaways and pull them down as fast as they were put up, so that about five minutes after each was up it was taken away."¹

Anxious fugitives could sometimes be "bought off".

There were many people in the slave states, even slave holders, who were willing to secrete fugitives if paid enough for doing it. This I learned from a colored woman who was famous for having got off many fugitives from the South. She had helped so many hundred to escape that they called her "Moses".²

After fugitives were safely landed, they must be supported until ways and means for self-support were planned. These expenses took the form of necessities and, as such, had to be supplied.

Until the fall of 1852, Harriet financed her own trips by cooking in hotels, club houses, and private families.³ However, such valuable work as hers was not long unnoticed by the alert abolitionists. Harriet came to be "well known in the office of the National Anti-Slavery Standard in New York City and in abolition circles in

1. J. F. Clarke, Anti-Slavery Days, p. 82.

2. J. F. Clarke, Anti-Slavery Days, p. 81.

3. In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and later in Cape May, New Jersey.

Boston.¹ Oliver Johnson, connected with the anti-slavery office in New York, usually had money for her when she contacted him. Individuals like Thomas Garrett, a shoe dealer and ardent sympathizer, furnished her with shoes and funds. Garrett, at one time, sold a horse used by Harriet to transport "passengers" and "sent them the balance of the proceeds." Wendell Phillips is known to have given her sixty dollars, and there seems little doubt that persons like Gerrit Smith, whose homes she frequented, assisted her.

"The people of Scotch and Scotch-Irish descent were naturally liberty loving, and seem to have given hearty support to the anti-slavery cause in whatever form it presented itself to them."² This fact easily explains the ready response which came to Harriet from a foreign source. Thomas Garrett tells us in a letter dated

Wilmington, 6th mo., 1868: . . . I then gave her \$24 and some odd cents, the net proceeds of 5 pounds sterling, received through Eliza Wigham, of Scotland, for her. I had given some accounts of Harriet's labor to the Anti-Slavery Society of Edinburgh, of which Eliza Wigham was Secretary. On the reading of my letter, a gentleman present said he would send Harriet 4 pounds if he knew of any way to get it to her. Eliza Wigham offered to forward it to me for her, and that was the first money ever received by me for her. Some 12 months after, she called on me again. . . . I had, a few days previous, received the net proceeds of 1 pound 10 shillings from Europe for her.

In the early days running slaves sometimes sought and received aid from Indians. This fact is evi-

1. The Dictionary of American Biography, vol. 19, p. 27.
2. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 92.

denced by the introduction of fugitive recovery clauses into a number of the treaties made between the colonies and Indian tribes. Seven out of the eight treaties made between 1784 and 1786 contained clauses for the return of black prisoners, or of "Negroes and other property." A few of the colonies offered rewards to induce Indians to apprehend and restore runaways. In 1669 Maryland "ordered that any Indian who shall apprehend a fugitive may have a match coat or its value. Virginia would give 20 acres length of Roanoke, or its value, while in Connecticut two yards of cloth was considered sufficient inducement."¹

The people of Chief Brant who held an estate on the Grand River in Ontario west of Niagara Falls, were in the habit of receiving colored refugees.²

It is not surprising then that the Indian girls of the Fort Wrangel School³ went to work for the underground railroad, and were able to send Harriet Tubman thirty-seven dollars for the furtherance of her work.

"Moses" felt a personal responsibility for most of the money required by "her project". Thus, while she consistently refused financial help for herself, she was never too tired to harass any possible source in the cause of another trip. Seeking money to go after her parents, she sat in an office all day waiting, even after being told there was no money for her. When she left, she had sixty dollars -- contributions of sympathetic visitors to the office during the day.

1. H. G. McDougall, Fugitive Slaves, pp. 7, 8.

2. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 92.

3. This school was discontinued because the government could no longer afford to support it.

Enough money secured, Harriet disappeared from her northern abode,¹ and worked her passage south to meet a "band of expectant slaves, in some mysterious way forewarned of her coming."² The words band, party, or group are generally used by way of reference to the number of Harriet's passengers per trip. We have no exact figures in this connection. It seems fairly certain that she made nineteen trips and brought away over three hundred slaves. Hereby she would average a party of about sixteen persons. Indications are that this was not always true. On one trip we find her rescuing one cook in Baltimore who "wanted Harriet's help and Moses said she would take her across to Delaware;"³ again she has Catherine and William Henry;⁴ or her sister and two children, or her brother and two other men. Another venture speaks of Joe, William, Peter, and Eliza; another of "a party of eleven among them her brother and his wife;"⁵ again there are nine in a party, or we may readily see of two wagons being needed to transport a band, or of a train car half-filled with passengers, or simply of "Old Ben" and "Old Rit".⁶ Thus, we conclude, there were very small and comparatively large groups transported; the number in each being governed by attendant circumstances. For instance: the

1. Possibly Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or Cape May, New Jersey; we do not know where she lived in these places -- most probably wherever she worked.

2. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 186.

3. J. F. Clarke, Anti-Slavery Days, p. 82.

4. A brother.

5. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 77.

6. Her parents. Harriet freed all of her relatives but one sister and her (the sister's) three children.

age of her parents, their inability to walk long distances, and the attention they required made it impracticable to have others go along with them. The tightening of laws and determination of slave holders to "keep what was rightfully theirs" must also have influenced the size of Harriet's groups.

Detailed reading enables us to reach certain conclusions which may explain the "mysterious forewarning". "Old Ben" may have been the chief source of contact between Harriet and her "prospective passengers". Harriet seems to have worked almost entirely from her "home area", and we know that she trusted Ben Ross. It was he, not her mother,¹ who always knew when she was about. One Christmas he fed her in the "fodder house", and walked a portion of the way with her and her three brothers she was "piloting north". Taking every precaution that he might tell the truth when questioned by the "Doctor"² as to the whereabouts of his "property", "Old Ben" kept a bandage over his eyes while in direct contact with "Moses" and removed it only after she was "well off down the road." The next day, when asked if he had seen either the abductor or the abducted, he truthfully replied, "No". Then too, "Old Ben" was left in the south as long as it was safe for him there. Let us say that Harriet kept him

1. Such feeling was not prompted by fear of treachery but rather we attribute it to the excitable, nervous disposition which her mother possessed. Then too, this inclination might have caused "Old Rit" to break under grueling examination by a furious master.

2. Term applied to the owner.

"at the old place" with very good reasons. There must have been many like Joe, who when he could not further submit to a whipping given in spite of excellent service and designed only to impress authority whispered: "Dis is de last!"¹ and that "night . . . went a long distance to the cabin of Harriet's father, and said, 'Next time Moses comes, let me know!'"² A week or two after that "Moses" appeared "and men, women, and children began to disappear from the plantations."³ Our idea is further substantiated when we read: ". . . her old father was to be tried the next Monday for helping off slaves."⁴ Fortunately, she was able to say: "I just moved my father's trial to a higher court, and brought him off to Canada."⁵

Occasionally, the risk of notification by letter was taken. Now we must find another source of contact, for there is no evidence that "Old Ben" could read. We believe the following passage spots such a source:

At one time, Harriet was much troubled in spirit about her three brothers, feeling sure that some great evil was impending over their heads.⁶ She wrote a letter, by the hand of a friend, to a man named Jacob Jackson, who lived near there. Jacob was a free Negro, who could both read and write, and who was under suspicion at that time, as it was thought he had something to do with the disappearance of so many slaves. It was necessary,

1. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 29.

2. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 29.

3. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 29.

4. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 82.

5. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, pp. 82-83.

6. They were actually about to be sold. Harriet arrived in time to save them.

therefore, to be very cautious in writing to him. Jacob had an adopted son, William Henry Jackson, also free, who had come South; and so Harriet determined to sign her letter with his name, knowing that Jacob would be clever enough to understand, by her peculiar phraseology, what meaning she intended to convey to him. She, therefore, after speaking of indifferent matters, said, "Read my letter to the old folks, and give my love to them, and tell my brothers to be always watching unto prayer, and when the good old ship of Zion comes along, to be ready to step aboard."

The letter was signed "William Henry Jackson." Jacob was not allowed to have his letters till the self-elected inspectors had had the reading of them, and studied into their secret meaning. They, therefore, got together, wiped their glasses, and got them on, and proceeded to a careful perusal of this mysterious document. What it meant, they could not imagine; William Henry Jackson had no parents or brothers, and the letter was incomprehensible. . . . Jacob's letter was at last handed to him. Jacob saw at once what it meant, but tossed it down saying, "Dat letter can't be meant for me, no how. I can't make head nor tail of it," and walked off and took immediate measures to let Harriet's brothers know secretly that she was coming, and they must be ready to start at a moment's notice for the North.¹

Samuel Green,² a free Negro in Dorchester County, Maryland, and a "local" preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church might also have served when "notices must be read." His home, connections, ability to read and write, and trouble encountered with "officers of the law"³ verify this assumption for us. Persons like Jacob Jackson

1. S. H. Bradford. Scenes, pp. 57-58.

2. We note here a resemblance in names -- Harriet Green and Samuel Green.

3. Referred to and explained, p. 29.

and Samuel Green could very well have written messages to Harriet for individuals desiring her help. "Old Ben" quite likely was posted as to her whereabouts, and a reliable bearer could be found among the known traffickers.

The imparting of knowledge secretly often took the form of Harriet's farewell:¹

I'm sorry I'm gwine to lebe you,
Farewell, oh farewell;
But I'll meet you in the mornin',
Farewell, oh farewell.

I'll meet you in the mornin',
I'm boun' for de promised land,
On the ober side of Jordan,
Boun' for de promised land.

I'll meet you in the mornin',
Safe in de promised land,
On the ober side of Jordan,
Boun' for de promised land.²

Again, as she passed the doors of the different cabins, she lifted up her well-known voice; and many a dusky face appeared at door or window, with a wondering or scared expression; and thus she continued:

I'm sorry, frien's, to lebe you,
Farewell! oh, farewell!
But I'll meet you in de mornin',
Farewell! oh, farewell!

I'll meet you in de mornin',
When you reach de promised land;
On de ober side of Jordan,
For I'm boun' for de promised land.³

1. Slaves must not be seen talking in groups, but they could sing.
2. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 18-19.
3. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 28.

These communications were generally made by singing. They sang as they walked along the country roads, and the chorus was taken up by others, and the uninitiated knew not the hidden meaning of the words:

When dat ar ole chariot comes,
I'm gwine to lebe you;
I'm boun' for de promised land,
I'm gwine to lebe you.¹

And so she sang, accompanying the words, when for a moment unwatched, with a meaning look to one and another:

When dat ar ole chariot comes,
I'm gwine to lebe you,
I'm boun' for de promised land,
Frien's, I'm gwine to lebe you.²

L. B. C. Syman in The New England Magazine, March, 1896, page

111, gives this entire message in one stanza, thus:

When dat ere ole chariot comes,
I'm gwine to leabe you.
I'm bound for de promised land,
Frien's, I'm gwine to leabe you.
I'm sorry, frien's to leabe you,
Farewell, oh Farewell!

Surely, oral tradition, the "grapevine", and the journeying back and forth of Negroes played a large part in the dispensing of valuable information. We can easily imagine how much of this sort of thing went on when we know that "in 1860 it was estimated that the number of Negroes that journeyed annually from Canada to the slave states to rescue their fellows was about 500."³ Further, they were

1. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 17.

2. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, pp. 27-28.

3. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 28.

making the trip in a "fortnight".¹

Clarks, McDougall, and Bradford give these leads to Harriet's

methods:

She once passed an evening at my house, and gave us an account of her methods. She said she first obtained enough money, then went to Maryland, where she privately collected a party of slaves and got them ready to start. She first satisfied herself that they had enough courage and firmness to run the risks. She next made arrangements so that they should set out on Saturday night, as there would be no opportunity on Sunday for advertising them, so that they had that day's start on their way north. Then she had places prepared where she knew she could be sure that they could be protected and taken care of if she had the money to pay for that protection. When she was at the north she tried to raise funds until she got a certain amount, and then went south to carry out this plan.²

If once a Negro entered her party, there was no falling back. Fully determined herself, she would allow no one to return.³

"I was de conductor ob de Underground Railroad for 8 years,⁴ an' I can say what mos' conductors can't say -- I nebber run my train off de track an' I nebber los' a passenger."⁵

Such a record is all the more remarkable when we consider events connected with some of her trips. There was the time when, as morning broke, she came with her company to a town where she had planned to rest with a friend.

They reached the house, and leaving her party huddled together in the middle of the street, in a pouring

1. This throws light on the fact that "Moses appeared" approximately two weeks after Joe confided his desire of seeing her to "Old Ben".
2. J. F. Clarke, Anti-Slavery Days, pp. 81-82.
3. M. G. McDougall, Fugitive Slaves, p. 62.
4. We think ten years as we shall later show.
5. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 59.

rain, Harriet went to the door, and gave the peculiar rap which was her customary signal to her friends. There was not the usual ready response, and she was obliged to repeat the signal several times. At length a window was raised and the head of a white man appeared, with the gruff question, "Who are you?" and "What do you want?" Harriet asked after her friend, and was told that he had been obliged to leave for "harboring niggers". Here was an unforeseen trouble; day was breaking, and daylight was the enemy of the hunted and flying fugitives. Their faithful leader stood one moment in the street, and in that moment she had flashed a message quicker than that of the telegraph to her unseen Protector, and the answer came as quickly; in a suggestion to her of an almost forgotten place of refuge. Outside of the town there was a little island in a swamp, where the grass grew tall and rank, and where no human being could be suspected of seeking a hiding place. To this spot she conducted her party; she waded the swamp, carrying in a basket two well-drugged babies (these were a pair of little twins, whom I have since seen well grown young women), and the rest of the company following. She ordered them to lie down in the tall, wet grass, and here she prayed again, and waited for deliverance. The poor creatures were all cold, and wet, and hungry, and Harriet did not dare to leave them to get supplies; for no doubt the man at whose house she had knocked, had given the alarm in the town; and officers might be on the watch for them. They were truly in a wretched condition, but Harriet's faith never wavered, her silent prayer still ascended, and she confidently expected help from some quarter or other. It was after dusk when a man came slowly walking along the solid pathway on the edge of the swamp. He was clad in the garb of a Quaker; . . . he seemed to be talking to himself, but ears quickened by sharp practice caught the words he was saying: "My wagon stands in the barnyard of the next farm across the way. The horse is in the stable; the harness hangs on a nail." And the man was gone. Night fall, and Harriet stole forth to the place designated. Not only a wagon, but a wagon well provisioned stood in the yard; and before many minutes the party were rescued from their wretched position, and were on their way rejoicing, to the next town. Here

dwelt a Quaker whom Harriet knew, and he readily took charge of the horse and wagon, and no doubt returned them to their owner. How the good man who thus came to their rescue had received any intimation of their being in the neighborhood Harriet never knew. But these sudden deliverances never seemed to strike her as at all strange or mysterious; her prayer was the prayer of faith, and she expected an answer.¹

Another time Harriet was stuck with a passenger and no boat-passes. The boat on which she had expected to leave was disabled; the clerk on the boat designated to take its place was unknown to her influential friend who had given her a note "commanding him to take these two women to the end of his route, asking no questions."² In the midst of this difficulty groups began to eye "Moses" suspiciously; after all, there were a \$12,000 and a \$40,000 reward for her capture.³ Harriet led the young girl to the bow of the boat, where they were alone, and here, having no other help, she, as was her custom, addressed herself to the Lord. Kneeling on the seat, and supporting her head on her hands, and fixing her eyes on the waters of the bay, . . . 'Oh, Lord! You've been wid me in 6 troubles, don't desert me in the seventh!'"⁴

Harriet looked straight at the water. "A great darkness came over me. All at once everything brightened again and I saw a great light which glowed all over

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, pp. 54-57.
2. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 59.
3. Offered by a group of Maryland slaveholders. It was estimated that she controlled approximately \$50,000 worth of their "property".
4. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 60.

the river. Yes, I got them now, I am sure of it."
The clerk came and brought the tickets.¹

Again we find Harriet with her party facing a body of water with which she was unfamiliar, they had been forced by pursuers to take an untraveled route. No one would move; time was too precious to be wasted. "Moses" then walked into the water and proceeded unafraid even though there seemed no end to its depth. When the water was a little above her neck, she lifted her head and the water gradually shallowed until she found herself on "solid ground". Seeing her safely on the other shore, the members of her party followed quickly.

Harriet was always the fearless leader who tolerated no weakness in herself nor in others. Bothered with the toothache on a trip, she took a "stone or a bit of iron and knocked the offending tooth out of her mouth."² Passengers who complained of weariness and not being able to reach their destination were "cured" by Harriet when she pointed her revolver at their heads and said: "'Dead niggers tell no tales. . . Go on or die.'³ Buckmaster mentions "obedience, silence, and promptness" as "essentials of escape;"⁴ these qualities "Moses" demanded and more.

Ofttimes the leader must separate and scatter her party at a moment's notice, or leave them in a swamp, or hiding in potato

1. J. F. Clarke, Anti-Slavery Days, p. 83.

2. L. B. C. Wyman, The New England Magazine, March, 1896, p. 111.

3. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 25.

4. H. Buckmaster, Let My People Go, p. 215.

holes while she forages for supplies. In such emergencies, there must be a signal for her return.

Nearer and nearer comes the unseen singer, and the words are wafted to their ears . . . "De first time I go by singing dis hymn, de don't come out to me, . . . till I listen if de coast is clar; den when I go back and sing it again, dey come out":

Hail, oh hail, ye happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
 No grief nor sorrow, pain nor anger (anguish)
 Shall no more distress you there.

Around him are ten thousand' angels,
 Always ready to 'bey comman'.
 Dey are always hobring round you,
 Till you reach the hebberly lan'.

Jesus, Jesus will go wid you;
 He will lead you to his throne;
 He who died has gone before you,
 Trod de wine-press all alone.

He whose thunders shake creation;
 He who bids the planets roll;
 He who rides upon the temple, (tempest)
 An' his scepter sways de whole.

Dark and thorny is de desert,
 Through de pilgrim makes his ways,
 Yet beyon' dis vale of sorrow,
 Lies de fiel's of endless days.

"But if I sing":

Moses go down in Egypt,
 Till ole Phars' let me go;
 Hadn't been for Adam's fall,
 Shouldn't hab to died at all.

"den dey don't come out, for dere's danger in de way."
 I give these words exactly as Harriet sang them to me
 to a sweet and simple Methodist air.

W. H. Siebert in his Underground Railroad(p. 187), states that "Harriet would disclose herself on her return with:

Dark and thorny is de pathway,
Where de pilgrim makes his ways;
But beyond dis vale of sorrow
Lie de fields of endless days."¹

Passengers like Joe, who were unnerved after seeing an advertisement offering high rewards for their capture,² must be encouraged. Harriet knew of no better way to do this than by singing:

I'm on the way to Canada,
That cold and dreary land,
De sad effects of slavery,
I can't no longer stand;
I've served my Master all my days,
Widout a dime reward,
And now I'm forced to run away,
To flee de lash, abroad;
Farewell, ole Master, don't think hard of me,
I'm traveling on to Canada, where all de slaves are free.

De hounds are baying on my track,
Ole Master comes behind,
Resolved that he will bring me back,
Before I cross the line;
I'm now embarked for yonder shore,
Where a man's a man by law,
De iron horse will bear me o'er,
To "shake de lion's paw;"
Oh, righteous Father, wilt thou not pity me,
And help me on to Canada, where all de slaves are free.

Oh I heard Queen Victoria say,
That if we would forsake,
Our native land of slavery,
And come across de lake;

1. Harriet probably used both versions changing a word like desert to pathway or through to where as she went along.
2. Joe's master offered \$2,000 for his "safe return".

Dat she was standing on de shore,
 Wid arms extended wide,
 To give us all a peaceful home,
 Beyond de rolling tide;
 Farewell, ole Master, don't think hard of me,
 I'm traveling on to Canada, where all de slaves are free.¹

Or --

Oh, if I heard Queen Victoria say,
 That if we would forsake
 Our native land of slavery,
 And come across de lake;

Dat she was standing on de shore,
 Wid arms extended wide,
 To give us a peaceful home,
 Beyond de rolling tide.²

Finally, Harriet would cry out: "Come look at de Falls!

. . . Come see de Falls! . . . You've done shock de lion's paw! . . .

You're free!"³ Then heads went up, hands were raised "on high to
 heaven," and with faces streaming with tears, a chorus broke out in
 loud and thrilling tones:

Glory to God and Jesus too,
 One more soul is safe!
 Oh, go and carry de news,
 One more soul got safe.

Glory to God and Jesus too,
 One more soul got safe.

Glory to God in the Highest,
 Glory to God and Jesus too,
 One more soul is safe.⁴

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, pp. 49-40. This song is possibly a parody on Foster's "O Susannah!"
2. L. B. C. Wyman, The New England Magazine, March, 1896, p. 115.
3. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 33.
4. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 34.

Or --

Glory to God in the highest,
 Glory to God and Jesus too,
 For all these souls now safe.¹

Then the fugitives could pray with Joe: "'T'ank de Lord, dere's only one more journey for me now, and dat's to Heaben."²

Some of Harriet's success as an underground railroad conductor must be attributed to the coopération found among Negroes and whites who consented to have their homes used by her as "stations".³ We read of her stopping at this or that "colored cabin" to rest or change clothing. One account states: "Soon . . . she came to a cabin of colored people, who took them in, put them to bed, and dried their clothes."⁴ In this connection, we have one definite reference -- Samuel Green, who was later given a ten-year state-prison sentence for having a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin in his possession.⁵ Officers were probably searching his house for fugitives and finding none.

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 52. Harriet seems to have done these pieces for her friends in "plaintive, strange, minor tunes." Words for all of her "music" no doubt sprang from her and her "parties", influenced by their "worldly experiences" and their religion.
2. L. B. C. Wyman, The New England Magazine, March, 1896, p. 115.
3. Admission to a "station" was gained with a "peculiar rap". If a "friendly stranger" answered, Harriet produced a photograph of some reliable "keeper"; recognition meant it was safe to tarry.
4. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 50.
5. "Samuel Green, a free colored man of Dorchester County, Maryland, was sentenced to 10 years confinement in the Maryland State Prison, at the spring term of the county court held in Cambridge, Maryland." S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 42: From a book by Rev. John Dixon Long of Philadelphia in the Astor Library.

seized any excuse for arresting a suspicious character. They tried in vain to prove that he had incited Negroes by reading to them from the book.

Thomas Garrett, a Quaker shoedealet living in Wilmington, Delaware, presents an excellent example of Harriet's dependence among white friends. It was never too early or too late for him to open his doors to a fugitive. He assisted "Moses" from the neighborhood where she had been held as a slave,¹ with from 60 to 80 persons, from Maryland, some 80 miles from here. . . . She at one time brought as many as 7 or 8, several of whom were women and children.² It is said that no slave ever left Garrett's house without having received a new pair of shoes. He told Mrs. L. B. C. Wyman: "The war came a little too soon for my business. I wanted to help off 3,000 slaves. I had only got up to 2,700."³ He was tried and fined heavily twice for his "activities". The last sentence left him penniless at the age of sixty. On this occasion, as the Judge of the United States Court pronounced the sentence, he said in a solemn manner: "Garrett, let this be a lesson to you, not to interfere hereafter with the cause of justice, by helping off runaway Negroes."⁴ Garrett's report was: "Judge -- thee hasn't left me a dollar, but I wish to

1. Dorchester County, Maryland.

2. 1868 letter to Mrs. S. H. Bradford.

3. The New England Magazine, March, 1896, p. 111.

4. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 52.

say to thee, and to all in this court room, that if anyone knows of a fugitive who wants a shelter, and a friend, send him to Thomas Garrett, and he will befriend him!"¹ Such loyalty and reliance found in any system make defeat difficult.

If a strong aid like Thomas Garrett² saw only sixty or eighty of Harriet's passengers, it is safe to conclude that she used different routes.³ This was also advisable, for a single path could be easily traced and guarded. We are now anxious to know what routes were open to her during the period of her service with the underground railroad. Garrett states in a letter to Mrs. Bradford: ". . . the date of the commencement of her labors, I can not certainly give; but I think it must have been about 1845."⁴ Buckmaster places her escape in the summer of 1849. Harriet believes she started work about 1852, for she gives her period of labor with the underground railroad as eight years, and we know she stopped in 1860: "Her last visit . . . was in December, 1860."⁵ We fix the date of her escape in 1849, the time her young master died and she learned his slaves were to be sold⁶ — the incident which clenched her resolve to escape. She

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 54.

2. Harriet always called upon Garrett when she was in his territory. We remember that it was he who furnished her with money to take her parents to Canada. He never failed to give any type of assistance possible.

3. H. Buckmaster states, p. 215, in her Let My People Go, that "nothing was prearranged;" a statement we can hardly accept only as applied to a miscarriage of plans.

4. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 49.

5. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 83.

6. Though previously set free by an old will.

must have begun her underground railroad activities the next year,¹ for by December, 1850, she had visited Baltimore and "brought away her sister and 2 children who had come up from Cambridge in a boat, under charge of her sister's husband, a free black . . . A few months after she had brought away her brother and 2 other men."²

Buckmaster strengthens this point for us when she writes:

. . . a year passed. Then one night a cabin door swung open and a Maryland slave started to his feet. "It's me," a familiar voice said from under a wide-brimmed man's hat, "Harriet. It's time to go No'th." Within a few months, there was no cabin within the distance of walking that did not know of Moses who came at night and left before morning and took with her another bale of black wool.³

1850 launched and saw "Moses" well under way with her work. She returned to her county in the fall of 1851 when she went after her husband,⁴ only to find him married to another woman. December, 1851, she led out a group of eleven from the eastern shore of Maryland. At this time she made her first trip to Canada and there spent the winter.⁵ The spring of 1852 found her in the United States working as a cook in Cape May, New Jersey, to get money for another "trip home". The fall of 1852 saw her bringing away nine slaves from Maryland. Between 1852 and 1857 she made few journeys because of the increased vigilance of the slaveholders. Bradford places the number at two,

1. Immediate action was impossible; she had no money.

2. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 112.

3. H. Buckmaster, Let My People Go, p. 215.

4. John Tubman.

5. The enforcement of Mason's Fugitive Slave Bill made the States unsafe.

but Harriet believes that she made eleven trips from Canada, and there are no indications of great acceleration hereafter. In 1857 she brought her parents from Maryland. The winter of 1858-59 found her in Boston. December, 1860, left time for another trip to the "home state" after which she entered the service of the Union army. With some idea of Harriet's trips in mind, we feel safe in saying that her activities with the underground railroad began in the year 1850 and ceased formally¹ in the year 1860.

That period afforded several avenues of escape. Clarke feels that "the system extended from Kentucky and Virginia across Ohio; from Maryland through Pennsylvania and New York to New England and Canada."² Siebert is confident that underground routes existed in the south but that "testimony is not sufficient to trace extended courses of travel through slave holding states."³ He reveals a conversation with "Moses" in Boston, Mass., April 8, 1897, from which he concludes:

Harriet Tubman, the abductor, made use of stations at Camden, Dover, Blackbird, Middleton, and New Castle in the state of Delaware on her way to Wilmington and Philadelphia. . . Harriet Tubman has told the author that she did travel by the mountain route . . . Harriet Tubman was a constant user of the Appalachian route in her efforts to aid escaping slaves.⁴

1. We say formally, for with Harriet's zeal there is nothing to prevent our belief that she could never "pass up" a stranded fugitive.
2. J. F. Clarke, Anti-Slavery Days, p. 81.
3. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 118.
4. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 118.

Our knowledge of this route comes from the following passage:

It is apparent from the map that the numerous tributaries of the Ohio and the great valleys of the Appalachian range afforded many tempting paths of escape. These natural routes from slavery have been recognized and defined . . . one was that of the coast south of the Potomac, whose almost continuous line of swamps . . . afforded a refuge for many who could not escape and became "marooned" in their depths, while giving facility to the more enduring to work their way out to the north star land. The great Appalachian range and its abutting mountains were long a rugged, lonely, but comparatively safe route to freedom. It was used, too, for many years.¹

"Sometimes she went towards the mountains, again she struck off in the direction of Wilmington."² Once there, Garrett would certainly send her on to Philadelphia where she was well known³ and could have traveled farther north via the Reading railroad. Pennsylvania provided several outlets. There was the "steam railway extension;" the northern central railroad from Harrisburg across state to Elmira, New York. Another trans-state route origin near Sadsbury (Chester County) ran overland to Binghamton, New York. Stage or private conveyance could be had across Pennsylvania to Montross or Friendsville where escaping bands joined fugitives from Wilkes Barre and perhaps the Lehigh Valley and were sent on to Gerrit

1. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 118. The Alleghenies were just as valuable to slaves of regions through which they extended as were the Cumberland mountains and limestone caves of southern regions familiar on the Ohio-Kentucky routes.
2. H. Buckmaster, Let My People Go, p. 215.
3. The first place she went and found work after her escape. Philadelphia, with its Quaker influence, afforded a haven for fugitives.

Smith at Peterboro, New York, and hence to Canada. Another route took runaways from Philadelphia via Jersey City to New York City.

This way the Delaware river was crossed to Camden,¹

northeast to Burlington, thence to Bordentown. In Burlington, sometimes called Station A, a short stop was made to change horses after the rapid drive of 20 miles from Philadelphia. The Bordentown Station was denominated Station B east. Here north to Princeton, horses changed again on to New Brunswick. Cornelius Cornell notified when slave-catchers or spies were at the crossing. In case so, they took byroad leading to Perth Amboy and were safely forwarded to New York City. If the way to Raritan road was clear, they went on to Rahway, another relay of horses and the journey was continued to Jersey City where under the care of John Everett, a Quaker, or his servants they were taken to the Forty-Second Street railroad station now known as the Grand Central, provided with tickets and placed on a through train for Syracuse, New York.²

Here the "huge dark-skinned Loguen,³ . . . himself a fugitive had been put in sole charge of all activities"⁴ and it was he who listened to pleas and granted the desire to stay in New York State or to pass over into Canada. Buckmaster, in her Let My People Go, shows traces of routes in which we are interested from: Baltimore → Dover → Wilmington → Philadelphia → Princeton → New York City →

1. "Slaves were transported at night across the Delaware River from the vicinity of Dover, in boats marked by a yellow light hung below a blue one, and were met some distance out from the Jersey shore by boats showing the same lights." W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 125.
2. W. H. Siebert, The Underground Railroad, p. 118.
3. The reference is to J. W. Loguen.
4. H. Buckmaster, Let My People Go, p. 256.

Albany → Rochester¹ → Niagara.

↓
or thence via Peterboro

or out of:

Philadelphia via Reading → Harrisburg → Wilkes Barre → Elmira →

Buffalo → Niagara.

↓
or thence via Rochester.

We know that Harriet used different routes, that her way was often through swamps, streams, valleys, over mountains; that she speaks of being "stopped not far from the southern shore of the Chesapeake Bay," of crossing the Delaware river, of using row-boats and larger boats "out of Baltimore;" of the use of horses; that she was often in places like Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, New York City, and Peterboro, at the home of Gerrit Smith, and "frequented" Canada. References to New England are few, but we do hear of her visits to Boston or that "she has . . . been in Concord, where she resided at the houses of Emerson, Alcott, the Whitneys, the Brooks family, Mrs. Horace Mann, and other well known persons,"² or of her contact with Wendell Phillips. We also know that there were times when she was in Rochester. It is further established that she did take her parties by train to Canada. Thus, while we have no clear-cut records or lines, we feel that we now have some idea of the

1. The Frederick Douglass Terminal was at Rochester.

2. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 54-55.

mapping of Harriet's journeys.

"Aunt Harriet always wore an onyx and gold crucifix, the gift of an association, the name of which I do not remember."¹ Harriet Tubman took no credit for the service she rendered her people. She gave it all to God. "'I said to de Lord, I'm gwine to hole stiddy on to you, an' I know you'll see me through.'² Evidences of her superior faith have already been seen in our recounting of her "journey experiences". All who knew her were impressed with her great religious insight and confidence in a very real, present Omnipotent Being. Thomas Garret writes:

. . . I never met with any person, of any color, who had more confidence in the voice of God, as spoken direct to her soul. She has frequently told me that she talked with God, and He talked with her every day of her life . . . she said she never ventured only where God sent her, and her faith in a Supreme Power truly was great.³

She spoke of God as her Friend with whom she conversed regularly. She remembers starting out on a certain route and suddenly having God tell her to take another which He "showed clearly all the way." Whenever this happened, she barely missed a carefully prepared trap. She was known to go to see influential persons, of whom she had no previous knowledge, stating that the Lord had sent her there for money or provisions. Surely enough, these people were trying to

1. (Mrs.) Alice L. Bricklar.

2. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 20.

3. Letter to Mrs. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, p. 49.

locate her to render assistance with her work. Numerous times she was stranded with a band of fugitives, and summoned the necessary help with prayer.

She expected deliverance when she prayed, unless the Lord had ordered otherwise, and in that case she was perfectly willing to accept the Divine decree. When surprise was expressed at her courage and daring, or at her unexpected deliverances, she would always reply: "Don't I tell you, Missus, 'twan't me, 'twas de Lord! Jes' so long as He wanted to use me, He would take keer of me, an' when He didn't want me no longer, I was ready to go. . . ."¹

Harriet portrays herself as the recipient of warnings, mysterious visions, and dreams -- spiritual gifts which she attributes to her "every day and night contact with the Master on high way up yonder."

"Moses" was interested in the case of any fugitive; it mattered not whose "passenger" he was. The most spectacular case of this kind is known as the Nalle Rescue. The Troy Whig,² April 28, 1859, records:

Fugitive Slave Rescue in Troy

Yesterday afternoon, the streets of this city and West Troy were made the scenes of unexampled excitement. For the first time since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, an attempt was made here to carry out its provisions into execution, and the result was a terrific encounter between the officers and the prisoner's friends, the triumph of mob law, and the final rescue of the fugitive. Our city was thrown into a grand state of turmoil, and for a time every other topic was forgotten to give place to this new excitement. . . . everything was merged into the fugitive slave case, of which it seems the end is not yet.

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 61.
2. Troy, New York.

Charles Nalle, the fugitive, who was the cause of all this excitement, was a slave on the plantation of B. W. Hansborough, in Culpepper County, Virginia, till the 19th of October, 1858, when he made his escape, and went to live in Columbia, Pennsylvania. A wife and five children are residing there now. Not long since he came to Sandlake, in this county, and resided in the family of Mr. Crosby until about three weeks ago. Since that time, he has been employed as coachman by Uri Gilbert, Esq., of this city. He is about thirty years of age, tall, quite light-complexioned, and good-looking. He is said to have been an excellent and faithful servant.

At Sandlake, we understand that Halle was often seen by one H. F. Averill, formerly connected with one of the papers of this city, who communicated with his reputed owner in Virginia, and gave the information that led to a knowledge of the whereabouts of the fugitive. Averill wrote letters for him, and thus obtained an acquaintance with his history. Mr. Hansborough sent on an agent, Henry J. Wall, by whom the necessary papers were got out to arrest the fugitive.

Yesterday morning about 11 o'clock, Charles Nalle was sent to procure some bread for the family by whom he was employed. He failed to return. At the baker's, he was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal J. W. Holmes, and immediately taken before United States Commissioner Miles Beach. The son of Mr. Gilbert, thinking it strange that he did not come back, sent to the house of William Henry, on Division Street, where he boarded, and his whereabouts was discovered.

The examination before Commissioner Beach was quite brief. The evidence of Averill and the agent was taken, and the Commissioner decided to remand Nalle to Virginia. The necessary papers were made out and given to the Marshal.

By this time it was two o'clock, and the fact began to be noised abroad that there was a fugitive slave in Mr. Beach's office, corner of State and First Streets. People in knots of ten or twelve collected

near the entrance, looking at Nalle, who could be seen at an upper window. William Henry, a colored man, with whom Nalle boarded, commenced talking from the curb-stone in a loud voice to the crowd. He uttered such sentences as, "There is a fugitive slave in that office -- pretty soon you will see him come forth. He is going to be taken down South, and you will have a chance to see him. He is to be taken to the depot, to go to Virginia in the first train. Keep watch of those stairs, and you will have a sight." A number of women kept shouting, crying, and by loud appeals excited the colored persons assembled.

Still the crowd grew in numbers. Wagons halted in front of the locality, and were soon piled with spectators. An alarm of fire was sounded, and horse carriages dashed through the ranks of men, women, and boys; but they closed again, and kept looking with expectant eyes at the window where the Negro was visible. Meanwhile, angry discussions commenced. Some persons agitated a rescue, and others favored law and order. Mr. Brockway, a lawyer, had his coat torn for expressing his sentiments, . . .

All at once there was a wild hulloa, and every eye was turned up to see the legs and part of the body of the prisoner protruding from the second-story window, at which he was endeavoring to escape. When arose a shout! "Drop him!" "Catch him!" "Hurrah!" But the attempt was a fruitless one, for somebody in the office pulled Nalle back again, amid the shouts of a hundred pair of lungs. The crowd at this time numbered nearly a thousand persons. Many of them were black, and a good share were of the female sex. They blocked up State Street from First Street to the alley, and kept surging to and fro.

Martin I. Townsend, Esq., who acted as counsel for the fugitive, did not arrive in the Commissioner's office until a decision had been rendered. He immediately went before Judge Gould, of the Supreme Court, and procured a writ of habeas corpus in the usual form, returnable immediately. This was given

Deputy Sheriff Nathaniel Upham, who at once proceeded to Commissioner Beach's office and served it on Holmes. . . . As soon as the officers and their prisoner emerged from the door, an old Negro, who had been standing at the bottom of the stairs shouted, "Here they come," and the crowd made a terrific rush at the party.

. . . it was made a regular battlefield. The moment the prisoner emerged from the doorway, in custody of Deputy-Sheriff Upham, Chief of Police Quin, Officers Cleveland and Holmes, the crowd made one grand charge, and those nearest the prisoner seized him violently, with the intention of pulling him away from the officers, but they were foiled; and down First to Congress Street, and up the latter in front of Judge Gould's chambers, went the surging mass. . . . In front of Judge Gould's office the combat was at its height. No stones or other missiles were used; the battle was fist to fist. . . . Many of the officers were hurt. . . . A number in the crowd were more or less hurt, and it is a wonder that these were not badly injured, as pistols were drawn and chisels used.

The battle had raged as far as the corner of Dock and Congress Streets, and the victory remained with the rescuers at last. The officers were completely worn out with their exertions, and it was impossible to continue their hold upon him any longer. Walle was at liberty. His friends rushed him down Dock Street to the lower ferry, where there was a skiff lying ready to start. The fugitive was put in, the ferryman rowed off, and amid the shouts of hundreds who lined the banks of the river, Walle was carried into Albany County.

As the skiff landed in West Troy, a Negro sympathizer waded up to the waist, and pulled Walle out of the boat. He went up the hill alone, however, and there who should he meet but Constable Becker! The latter official seeing a man with manacles on, considered it his duty to arrest him. He did so, and took him in a wagon to the office of Justice Stewart, on the second floor of the corner building near the ferry. The justice was absent.

When the crowd on the Troy bank had seen Halle safely landed, it was suggested that he might be recaptured. Then there was another rush made for the steam ferry-boat, which carried over about 400 persons, and left as many more -- a few of the latter being soused in their efforts to get on the boat. On landing in West Troy, there, sure enough, was the prisoner, locked up in a strong office, protected by Officers Becker, Brown and Morrison, and the door barricaded.

Not a moment was lost. Upstairs went a score or more of resolute men -- the rest "piling in" promiscuously. . . . Soon a stone threw against the door -- then another -- and bang, bang! went off a couple of pistols, but the officers who fired them took good care to aim pretty high. The assailants were forced to retreat for a moment. "They've got pistols," said one. "Who cares?" was the reply; "they can only kill a dozen of us -- come on." More stones and more pistol-shots ensued. At last the door was pulled open by an immense Negro, and in a moment he was felled by a hatchet in the hands of Deputy-Sheriff Morrison; but the body of the fallen man blocked up the door so that it could not be shut, and a friend of the prisoner pulled him out. . . . Amid the pulling and hauling, the iron had cut his arms, which were bleeding profusely, and he could hardly walk, owing to fatigues.

He has since arrived safely in Canada.¹

Harriet Tubman had been requested by Gerrit Smith to go to Boston to attend an anti-slavery meeting. En route she stopped at Troy to visit a cousin. During this visit she heard that Charles Halle, a fugitive slave, had been arrested and was to be returned to the South. This is the account given by Harriet to Mrs. Bradford:

The instant Harriet heard the news, she started for the office of the U. S. Commissioner, scatter-

1. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 92-100.

ing the tidings as she went. An excited crowd were gathered about the office, through which Harriet forced her way, and rushed upstairs to the door of the room where the fugitive was detained. A wagon was already waiting before the door to carry off the man, but the crowd was even then so great, and in such a state of excitement, that the officers did not dare to bring the man down. On the opposite side of the street stood the colored people, watching the window where they could see Harriet's sun-bonnet, and feeling assured that so long as she stood there, the fugitive was still in the office. Time passed on, and he did not appear. "They've taken him out another way, depend on that," said some of the colored people. "No," replied others, "there stands Moses yet, and as long as she is there, he is safe." Harriet, now seeing the necessity for a tremendous effort for his rescue, sent out some little boys to cry fire. The bells rang, the crowd increased, till the whole street was a dense mass of people. Again and again the officers came out to try and clear the stairs, and make a way to take their captive down; others were driven down, but Harriet stood her ground, her head bent down, and her arms folded. "Come, old woman, you must get out of this," said one of the officers; "I must have the way cleared; if you can't get down alone, some one will help you." Harriet, still putting on a greater appearance of decrepitude, twitched away from him, and kept her place. Offers were made to buy Charles from his master, who at first agreed to take \$1,200 for him; but when that was subscribed, he immediately raised the price to 1500. The crowd grew more excited. A gentleman raised a window and called out, "\$1,200 for his rescue, but not one cent to his master!" This was responded to by a roar of satisfaction from the crowd below. At length the officers appeared, and announced to the crowd that if they would open a lane to the wagon, they would promise to bring the man down the front way.

The lane was opened, and the man was brought out -- a tall, handsome . . . man, with his wrists manacled together, walking between the U. S. Marshal and an-

other officer, and behind him his brother and his master, so like him that one could hardly be told from the other. The moment they appeared, Harriet roused from her stooping posture, threw up a window, and cried to her friends: "Here he comes -- take him!" and then darted down the stairs like a wild-cat. She seized one officer and pulled him down, then another, and tore him away from the man; and keeping her arms about the slave, she cried to her friends: "Drag us out! Drag him to the river! Drown him! but don't let them have him!" They were knocked down together, and while down she tore off her sun-bonnet and tied it on the head of the fugitive. Then he rose, only his head could be seen, and amid the surging mass of people the slave was no longer recognized. . . . Again and again they were knocked down, the poor slave utterly helpless with his manacled wrists streaming with blood. Harriet's outer clothes were torn from her, and even her stout shoes were all pulled from her feet, yet she never relinquished her hold of the man, till she had dragged him to the river, where he was tumbled into a boat, Harriet following in a ferry-boat to the other side. But the telegraph was ahead of them, and as soon as they landed he was seized and hurried from her sight. After a time, some school children came hurrying along, and to her anxious inquiries they answered, "He is up in that house, in the third story." Harriet rushed up to the place. Some men were attempting to make their way up the stairs. The officers were firing down, and two men were lying on the stairs, who had been shot. Over their bodies our heroine rushed, and with the help of others burst open the door of the room, dragged out the fugitive, whom Harriet carried down stairs in her arms. A gentleman who was riding by with a fine horse, stopped to ask what the disturbance meant; and on hearing the story, his sympathies seemed to be thoroughly aroused; he sprang from his wagon, calling out, "That is a blood-horse, drive him till he drops." The poor man was hurried in; some of his friends jumped in after him, and drove at the most rapid rate to Schenectady.¹

1. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 83-91.

Martin I. Townsend, a Troy lawyer, who acted as counsel

for Charles Walle mentions Harriet in his Statements:

When Walle was brought from Commissioner Beach's office into the street, Harriet Tubman, who had been standing with the excited crowd, rushed amongst the foremost to Walle, and running one of her arms around his manacled arm, held on to him without ever loosening her hold through the more than half-hour's struggle to Judge Gould's office, and from Judge Gould's office to the dock, where Walle's liberation was accomplished. In the melee, she was repeatedly beaten over the head with policemen's clubs, but she never for a moment released her hold, but cheered Walle and his friends with her voice, and struggled with the officers until they were literally worn out with their exertions, and Walle was separated from them.

True, she had strong and earnest helpers in her struggle, some of whom had white faces as well as human hearts. . . . But she exposed herself to the fury of the sympathizers with slavery, without fear, and suffered their blows without flinching. Harriet crossed the river with the crowd, in the ferry boat, and when the men who led the assault upon the door of Judge Stewart's office were stricken down, Harriet and a number of other colored women rushed over their bodies, brought Walle out, and putting him in the first wagon passing, started him for the West.

A livery team, driven by a colored man, was immediately sent on to relieve the other, and Walle was seen about Troy no more until he returned a free man by purchase from his master. Harriet also disappeared, and the crowd dispersed. . . . But her struggle was in the sight of a thousand, perhaps of five thousand spectators.¹

Every phase of liberation for her people attracted Harriet.

She was a most active member of anti-slavery organizations in New

¹ S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 101-103.

York City and Boston, attended meetings whenever she could and occasionally served as speaker, holding her audience with "the spell of her heavy rolling voice, sharp brilliant eyes, her continual iteration, 'Mah people mus' go free.'¹ Of course John Brown and his movement fascinated her. She and Brown apparently met in Canada in the spring of 1858, for we read in F. B. Sanborn's Life and Letters of John Brown (page 452): "From Peterboro John Brown and his son² went to the house of Douglass in Rochester where they separated about April 4, 1858. John Brown proceeding at once to St. Catherine's in Canada whence he wrote his son on April 8, 'I came on here direct with J. W. Loguen the day after you left Rochester.'" L. B. C. Wyman states in The New England Magazine, March, 1896, pages 116-117:

John Brown and a colored man named Loguen went to St. Catherine's in Canada to see Harriet when Brown was making preparations for his Virginia campaign. Gerrit Smith paid the expenses of this trip. Loguen found Harriet's house and asked whether she would go to the hotel to see Brown or if he should come to see her. It was decided that Brown would come to her home. Harriet sent for some of the colored people in the neighborhood to come and see him. When John Brown entered he shook hands with Harriet three times saying, "The first I see is General Tubman, the second is General Tubman, and the third is General Tubman." He sat down and explained his purposes to establish a camp in the Virginia mountains, and gather together and run off fugitive slaves; and urged

1. H. Buckmaster, Let My People Go, p. 214.
2. John Brown, Jr.

Harriet's friends to aid him. He promised to send them word when and where to join him. He said that in any raid they were to be called upon to make, they were not to destroy property, injure children or insult women. He also said that if in the conflicts which he evidently anticipated, white men were taken prisoners, they would be released on condition that they would send to his party colored men in numbers equal to their own families. John Brown remained in St. Catherine's several days, and saw Harriet more than once. It is stated, moreover, that he framed his constitution in her house. Many of the Negroes in that town promised to go to Brown when he sent orders, but he changed his plans, attacked Harper's Ferry, and never sent for his Canadian recruits.

John Brown speaks of this visit in a letter to his son:

I am succeeding to all appearance, beyond my expectations. Harriet Tubman hooked on his whole team at once. He (Harriet) is the most of a man, naturally, that I ever met with. There is the most abundant material,¹ and of the right quality, in this quarter, beyond all doubt . . . John Brown bade Harriet goodbye, again called her General Tubman three times and informed her that she would hear from him through Douglass.²

Their acquaintance was none too long, for while John Brown was still in Canada with the fugitives on April 14, by April 25 Sanborn tells us he was in Chicago and "it was about the fourth of July, 1859 as Harriet Tubman, the African Sibyl, had suggested that Brown first showed himself in the counties of Washington and Jefferson on the opposite sides of the lordly Potomac."³

1. Potential strength from Canada with 75,000 fugitives was great.
2. L. B. C. Wyman, The New England Magazine, March 1896, p. 117.
3. F. B. Sanborn, Life and Letters of John Brown, p. 463.

One of her most remarkable dreams is connected with this

man:

She thought she was in "a wilderness sort of place, all full of rocks and bushes," when she saw a serpent raise its head among the rocks, and as it did so, it became the head of an old man with a long white beard, gazing at her "wishful like, jess as ef he was gwine to speak to me," and then two other heads rose up behind him, younger than he, -- and as she stood looking at them, and wondering what they could want with her, a great crowd of men rushed in and struck down the younger heads, and then the head of the old man, -- still looking at her so "wishful". This dream she had again and again, and could not interpret it; but when she met Captain Brown, shortly after, behold, he was the very image of the head she had seen. But still she could not make out what her dream signified, till the news came to her of the tragedy of Harper's Ferry, and then she knew the two other heads were his two sons. She was in New York at that time, and on the day of the affair at Harper's Ferry, she felt her usual warning that something was wrong -- she could not tell what. Finally she told her hostess that it must be Captain Brown who was in trouble, and that they should soon hear bad news from him. The next day's newspaper brought tidings of what had happened.¹

Wendell Phillips wrote: "The last time I ever saw John Brown was under my own roof, as he brought Harriet Tubman to me saying, Mr. Phillips, I bring you one of the best and bravest persons on this continent."²

Harriet's stay in Canada is memorable from another standpoint. Queen Victoria visited the Dominion, sent for "the under-

1. S. H. Bradford, Scenes, pp. 82-83.

2. L. B. C. Wyman, The New England Magazine, March, 1896, p. 116.

ground railroad conductor," and gave her a medal: a round, disc-like affair with the Queen's picture on one side and the Prince of Wales' on the other. "Moses" was "decorated" with this token for her burial.¹

"General Tubman" had for some time expected a civil war but had hoped to rescue the last of her family² before it came. However, when the news of war came, she desired to "enlist for the cause." Money was given her, a pass secured through Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, and she went to General David Hunter, Beaufort, South Carolina. Hereby, she attached herself to the Union Army and served in various sections of the south³ throughout the war as cook, laundress, nurse, scout, guide,⁴ worked with soldiers in raids; and rendered noteworthy service as a spy within the confederate lines.

There are definite accounts of these services. Mrs. S. H. Bradford states in Harriet, the Moses of Her People (p. 95): "She nursed our soldiers in the hospitals, and knew how, when they were dying by numbers of some malignant disease, with cunning skill to extract from roots and herbs, which grew near the source of the

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1. Information contributed by (Mrs.) Alice L. Brickler.
 2. A sister and her two children.
 3. Records indicate Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida and show work with leaders like Generals Hunter, Stevens, and Sherman.
 4. Her knowledge of certain sections enabled her to lead armies into the interior.

disease, the healing draught, which allayed the fever and restored numbers to health."¹ This ability to cure placed Harriet in demand wherever serious illness struck. Thus, she was "passed" from one Union camp to another. Furthermore, Mrs. Alice L. Brickler has informed me that records in Washington, D.C., list Harriet as a "full fledged spy in the service of the Union army during the Civil War."² The confidence of southern Negroes enabled her to get much valuable information as to the position of confederate armies and batteries.

For all this work in the war she was not paid and "never drew but 20 days rations."¹ She supported herself from day to day in this manner: after a hard day's work which often extended far into the night, she would bake about fifty pies, make gingerbread and about two casks of root beer; then hire some "contraband" to sell in the camps for her. Efforts to secure her a pension failed.²

After the war, Harriet returned to her home in Auburn, a property which had been purchased from William H. Seward as a place to settle her parents.³ The place was mortgaged when she left to join the Union forces, and the death of Seward left agents free to

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses, p. 98.

2. Secretary of State, William H. Seward, presented the petition to Congress with excellent recommendations on the strength of "services rendered in the Union Army."

3. The dislike "Old Ben" and "Old Rit" manifested for Canada prompted Harriet's choice. With this purchase, she was able to establish another "depot" for the underground railroad which could not have seen much use by her as such in the heat of her "conducting" because war came shortly after she arranged to buy.

foreclose the mortgage. However, loyal friends rallied and saved her home,¹ which she promptly turned into a refuge for her people. There she sheltered the aged, crippled, blind, insane, and orphaned. She was known to have as many as eighteen needy persons under her care at the same time. She desired to make her last work the building of a hospital for old and disabled Negroes -- an idea at one time cherished but not yet realized by the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.² Harriet's post-war activity was also concerned with the attempt to establish schools for the ex-slaves in North Carolina,³ and with a growing interest in the movement for woman's suffrage.⁴

This small woman, described by her niece as being "only about four feet tall, with a hardened face which brightened with an established confidence,"⁵ remained a teller of tales. "This is one of the stories I remember Aunt Harriet's telling me when I was a child:"⁶

Harriet and Shimer, a wealthy Auburn, New York, Jew were promised a box of gold if they would come to a certain place designated in the woods. They went, but just as they were about to take the treasure away, they were attacked by ghost-like figures which came out all around, grabbed and

1. The returns from Mrs. S. H. Bradford's Scenes, published with the aid of influential persons, were used for this purpose.
2. The organization which has fallen heir to the Tubman property.
3. With the help of Auburn friends, she was enabled to contribute to two such schools: providing teachers, sending clothes and books.
4. She frequently attended such meetings, as she did every meeting of women she could make -- whatever its object. She spoke at the Woman's Suffrage Meeting held in Rochester about 1899 or 1900.
5. (Mrs.) Alice L. Brickler.
6. (Mrs.) Alice L. Brickler.

tied them to trees, and took away the money. Harriet untied Shimer with her teeth and rolled herself over and over until she reached a place for help. Her friends set out on a futile pursuit of her attackers. Later, the chest was found in the woods, filled with nothing but old iron.

A paralytic, confined to a wheel chair,¹ was stricken with pneumonia and died Monday night, March 10, 1913. Friday, March 14, 1913, The New York Times carried the following obituary:

Harriet Tubman Davis

Harriet Tubman Davis, an ex-slave, known as the "Moses of her People," who before the civil war took 300 slaves to Canada through her "underground railroad", died on Monday night at the home she founded for aged and indigent Negroes at Auburn, New York. She was said to be 93 years old, and her death was caused by pneumonia.

Harriet Tubman Davis was esteemed by such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Lloyd Garrison, Phillips Brooks, Horace Mann, Frederick Douglas, Gerrit Smith, and John Brown, while on the other hand planters and slave owners offered rewards of from \$12,000 to \$40,000 for her capture during the fifties, at the time when she was taking slaves out of the United States. She had served as scout, nurse, and spy in the Union Army.

This obituary was printed between that of Seth L. Keeney, capitalist, and Brigadier General Edmund O. Beers, officer in the civil war -- money and strife, two domineering influences in the career of a great liberator.

1. Information received from (Mrs.) Alice L. Brickler who further states that Mrs. Frances Smith nursed Harriet in this condition for years.

Chapter 2

SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL

During the time that Harriet Tubman was running slaves up from the south, Central New York became acquainted with the romantic figure of Sojourner Truth. A native New Yorker, she claims our attention on the strength of her activities in Central and Western New York on these dates: 1851, 1867, about 1872, 1873, and about 1875. The years 1851, 1867, and 1872 found her with headquarters at Rochester; 1873 found her in Syracuse and Cortland; 1875 establishes her in Western New York in Erie County at Angola and East Hamburg. Just as Harriet Tubman was the "Moses" of her people, Sojourner Truth was their evangelical spokeswoman.

This character originally bore the name of Isabella and later adopted the surname of Van Wagener from a family with whom she lived. The exact date of her birth is unknown; guesses about it range between 1777 and 1792. In 1878 Olive Gilbert refers to her as being a century old. We do know that she was born a slave¹ to Colonel Hardenburgh,² in Ulster County, New York.

Her period of enslavement is by no means a pretty tale. She was sold several times; her owners included Hardenburgh, Nealy,

1. The daughter of James and Betsey, both slaves.
2. A "Low-Dutch" family. Isabella used the language of the "Low-Dutch" until she was ten years old.

Scriver, and Dumont -- all of Ulster County. There are accounts of her being housed in a cellar into which seeped water and mud; men, women, and children slept together in one room upon batches of straw on the floor. Insufficient clothing for the severe climate often caused illness; there were many occasions when her feet were badly frozen. She was whipped frequently. One Sunday morning she was beat so severely by rods bound together with cords that the scars made on her body were permanent.

Isabella was married to Thomas and became the mother of five children. Her most vivid memory from the days before she "began to live" (her reference to all that happened before the New York State Emancipation Act) is concerned with the selling of her son, Peter, to a Mr. Fowler who took him to Alabama -- an illegal transaction. This incident is best related by Isabella, as reported by Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"Missis, have you been an' sent my son away down to Alabama?"

"Yes, I have, . . . he's gone to live with your young missis."

"Oh, Missis, . . . how could you do it?"

"Poh! What a fuss you make about a little nigger! Got more of 'em now than you know what to do with."

I tell you, I stretched up. I felt as tall as the world! "Missis, . . . I'll have my son back again!"

She laughed. "You will, you nigger? How you goin' to do it? You ha'n't got no money."

"No, Missis -- but God has -- an' you'll see he'll help me!" an' I turned around an' went out. Oh, but I was angry to have her speak to me so haughty an' so scornful, as ef my chile wasn't worth anything. I said to God, "Oh Lord, render unto her double!" It was a dreadful prayer, an' I didn't know how true it would come.

Well, I didn't rightly know which way to turn; but I went to the Lord, an' I said to him, "Oh Lord, ef I was as rich as you be, an' you was as poor as I be, I'd help you -- you know I would; and, oh, do help me!" An' felt sure then that he would.

Well, I talked with people, an' they said I must git the case before a grand jury. So I went into the town when they was holdin' a court, to see ef I could find any grand jury. An' I stood round the courthouse, an' when they was a-coming out, I walked right up to the grandest lookin' one I could see, an' says I to him, --

"Sir, be you a grand jury?"

An' then he wanted to know why I asked, an' I told him all about it; an' he asked me all sorts of questions, an' finally he says to me, --

"I think, ef you pay me ten dollare, that I'd agree to git your son for you." An' says he, pointin' to a house over the way, "You go 'long an' tell your story to the folks in that house, an' I guess they'll give you the money."

Well, I went, an' I told them, an' they gave me twenty dollare; an' then I thought to myself, "Ef ten dollare will git him, twenty dollare will git him sartin." So I carried it to the man all out, an' said, --

"Take it all -- only be sure an' git him."

Well, finally they got the boy brought back; an' then they tried to frighten him, an' to make him say that I wasn't his mammy, an' that he didn't know me; but they couldn't make it out. They gave him to me, an' I took him and carried him home; an' when I came to take off his clothes, there was his poor little back all covered with scars an' hard lumps, where they'd flogged him.

Well, you see, honey, I told you how I prayed the Lord to render her double. Well, it came true; for I was up at ole missis' house not long after, an' I heard 'em readin' a letter to her how her daughter's husband had murdered her -- how he'd thrown her down an' stamped the life out of her, when he was in liquor; an' my old missis, she giv a screech, an' fell flat on the floor. Then says I, "O Lord, I didn't mean all that! You took me up too quick."¹

In 1810, John J. Dumont paid seventy pounds for Isabella.

As time went on, to reward her excellent service, he promised her if she would continue to work faithfully he would give her "free papers" July 4, 1827.² When he failed to keep his word, she ran away from him and found shelter with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Van-Wagener. It was Van Wagener who taught her: "There is but one master; and he who is your master is my master."³

Here began Isabella's deep religious experiences. She had

1. H. B. Stowe, "The Libyan Sibyl," The Atlantic Monthly, xi (1863). pp. 477-478.
2. By an act of 1817, "every negro, mulatto or mustee within the state, born before the fourth day of July, 1799, shall after the 4th day of July, 1827, be free." So the master was compelled to free her on that date. The "free papers" would have no value except to establish the fact that she was born before July 4, 1799.
3. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 43.

previously believed in God as a "great man", greatly superior to other men in power, and located 'high in the sky.'¹ He knew everything that happened on earth and kept a record of all things He wished to remember. It seemed to her that her white master was a god: he knew all, saw all, kept a "big book", and meted out punishment. While she believed in God's power to see her, she did not think He knew her thoughts, and imagined that she must speak aloud to Him. Her prayers took the form of familiar talks constantly punctuated with such inquiries as: "Think I wouldn't, God? or "Do you think that's right, God?" She related all her troubles to God, often commanded His assistance, bargained in terms of serving Him if He granted her wishes, and assumed that He was more obligated to her than she was to Him.

The following extract typifies her early contact with God:

"O God, I been a-askin' ye, an' askin' ye, an' askin' ye, for all this long time, to make my massa an' missis better, an' you don't do it, an' what can be the reason? Why, maybe you can't. Well, I shouldn't wonder ef you couldn't. Well, now, I tell you, I'll make a bargain with you. Ef you'll help me to git away from my massa an' missis, I'll agree to be good; but ef you don't help me, I really don't think I can be." "Now," says I, "I want to git away; but the trouble's jest here: ef I try to git away in the night, I can't see; an' ef I try to git away in the daytime, they'll see me, an' be after me."

Then the Lord said to me, "Git up two or three

1. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 59.

hours afore daylight, an' start off."

"An'," says I, "Thank 'ee, Lord! that's a good thought."¹

The Van Wagener home provided the answer to all of her prayers. Thus, having no need for God, she forgot Him. Then one day she prepared herself and child for a visit to the "Dumont place" in order to enjoy a forthcoming festival² with the slaves.

Well, jest as I was goin' out to git into the wagon, I met God! an', says I, "O God, I didn't know as you was so great!" An' I turned right round an' come into the house, an' set down in my room; for 'twas God all around me. I could feel it burnin', burnin' burnin' all around me, an' goin' through me; an' I saw I was so wicked, it seemed as ef it would burn me up. An', I said, "O somebody, somebody, stand between God an' me! for it burns me!" Then, honey, when I said so, I felt as it were somethin' like an amberill (umbrella) that came between me an' the light, an' I felt it was somebody -- somebody that stood between me an' God; an' it felt cool, like a shade; an' says I, "Who's this that stands between me an' God? Is it old Cato?" He was a pious old preacher; but then I seemed to see Cato in the light, an' he was all polluted an' vile, like me; an' I said, "Is it old Sally?" an' then I saw her, an' she seemed jes' so. An' then says I, "Who is this?" An' then, honey, for awhile it was like the sun shinin' in a pail o' water, when it moves up and down; for I begun to feel 'twas somebody that loved me; an' I tried to know him. An' said, "I know you! I know you! I know you!" An' then I said, "I don't know you! I don't know you! I don't know you!" An' when I said, "I know you, I know you" the light came; an' when I said, "I don't know you, I don't know

1. H. B. Stowe, *The Atlantic Monthly*, xi, p. 475.
2. Pingster (Dutch); Whitsuntide (English).

you," it went jes' like the sun in a pail o' water. An' finally somethin' spoke out in me an' said, "This is Jesus!" An' I spoke out with all my might, an' says I, "This is Jesus! Glory be to God!" An' then the whole world grew bright, an' the trees they waved an' waved in glory, an' every little bit o' stone on the ground shone like glass; and I shouted an' said, "Praise, praise, praise to the Lord!" An' I begun to feel sech a love in my soul as I never felt before -- love to all creatures. An' then, all of a sudden, it stopped, an' I said, "Dar's de white folks that have abused you, an' beat you, an' abused your people -- think o' them!" But then there came another rush of love through my soul, an' I cried out loud -- "Lord, Lord, I can love even de white folks."¹

This conversion settled many things in Isabella's mind. Previously, Jesus Christ had no part in her religion. As she said to Mrs. Stowe:

"No, honey. I hadn't heerd no preachin' -- been to no meetin'. Nobody hadn't told me. I'd kind o' heerd of Jesus, but thought he was like General Lafayette or some o' them."²

Now, He was one who had always loved her, had reconciled her to God, and acted as a mediator between her and God. Fear and dread were no longer mixed with her religious feelings. She was always impressed with the human qualities of Jesus, and for a time expected to find Him and go to dwell with Him as with a dear friend. When told that Jesus was God, she rejected the idea because she had seen Him standing between her and God. Later, she came to the conclusion

1. As related by Sojourner Truth to Harriet Beecher Stowe and recorded by Mrs. Stowe in The Atlantic Monthly, xi, pp. 475-476.
2. H. B. Stowe, The Atlantic Monthly, xi, p. 476.

that He was the spirit that was in Adam and Eve until they sinned; at which time "this pure spirit forsook them and fled to Heaven"¹ there to remain until it was reincarnated in Jesus.

She reserved the privilege to think through her religious problems for herself. It was her opinion that Biblical authors often mixed their own notions with the spiritual truths revealed to them. She further felt that man was purely animalistic in nature until he became united to the spirit of Jesus. Moreover, she refused any idea of a material hell. She was afraid only of agony in her own heart resulting from a consciousness of sin and of a possible separation from God -- now, for her, a spirit with no physical limitations. The latter idea confirmed her belief that the Sabbath was made for man: her God never got weary; "He didn't get tired neither, 'cause He didn't never have to rest."

Her faith and strength of conviction served her well. During her residence in New York City, 1829-1942, she came under the influence of the Pierson-Matthias cult. The former claimed to have a mission like John the Baptist, while the latter professed to be God. For a time, Isabella was impressed, but when their meetings became noisy and filled with delirious excitement she began to doubt "whether God had anything to do with such worship." She also attempted to carry out some instructions from them. Pierson advocated

1. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 69.

long periods of fasting on the grounds that he thereby obtained "great light in the things of God." Isabella concluded: "well, if fasting will give light inwardly and spiritually, I need it as much as anybody." However, when on the fourth morning of her fast she was unable to stand because of weakness, she decided to eat. Of this experience she said: "She did get light, but it was all in her body and none in her mind -- and this lightness of body lasted a long time. Oh! she was so light, . . . she could 'skim around like a gull.'"¹

The "divine Matthias" established a Kingdom financed through a common fund. This appealed to Isabella as a good investment for her savings; therefrom she was to have supplied "all her wants, at all times, and in all emergencies to the end of her life." She was dumbfounded when she discovered the fraud and learned that all of her money earned by hard labor had been squandered. From Pierson and Matthias she probably gained impressive methods of preaching, learned how to organize, and gleaned some idea of the virtue of system -- nothing more.

After twelve years, Isabella became dissatisfied with established social practices she found in New York City. As she put it, "The rich rob the poor and the poor rob one another."² She worked long, hard hours with the idea of once more accumulat-

1. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 97.

2. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 98.

ing enough money to buy a home.¹ Still she was bothered by the slight concern she found about her for the "human brotherhood". She finally reasoned that it was selfish to accept even well earned money when so many people were without jobs and were suffering. She prayed over her problem until she received this answer: "Go out of the city." To which she replied: "I will go -- just go. Lord, whither shall I go?" Then she heard: "Go East."² Then it was she began her great mission under the name of Sojourner Truth. "'The Lord gave me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterward I told the Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to the people.'³ Mrs. Wyman has another version of the surname, Truth. She states that a Quaker lady to whom Isabella confided her new name, Sojourner, inquired what her last name was. Whereupon she prayed: "Oh, God, give me a name with a handle to it!" It then dawned upon her that Truth was God's name and He was her master; so she said: "'Sojourner Truth. Why, thank you God, that is a very good name.'⁴

Sojourner Truth found a "calling" in many of the United States: New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maine, Pennsylvania,

1. In 1856 she bought a house and lot in Battle Creek, Michigan.
2. L. B. C. Wyman, American Chivalry, p. 101.
3. H. B. Stowe, The Atlantic Monthly, xi, p. 478.
4. L. B. C. Wyman, American Chivalry, p. 101.

Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Her mission took various forms. Sometimes it was preaching and singing at a religious meeting, speaking against slavery for the abolitionists, speaking at a Woman's Rights Convention or for the temperance cause, working among soldiers, seeking justice for Negroes, or assisting freedmen with their problems of adjustment. She never accepted money for her services, but preferred to do domestic work between engagements as a means of support.

Camp meetings afforded a fertile field for Sojourner Truth -- the preacher and singer. Approximately six feet tall and possessing a deep rich voice, she was often able to bring a calm quietude to these gatherings:

"I believe the Lord is as near as he can be, and not be it. . . . Hear! Hear! Children, why are you making such a To-do; are you not commanded to watch and pray? You are neither watching nor praying. The Lord comes still and quiet. . . . The Lord might come, move all through the camp, and go away again, and you never know it, in the state you're in. . . . Here you are talking about being changed in the twinkling of an eye. If the Lord should come, he'd change you to nothing, for there is nothing to you. You seem to be expecting to go to some parlor away up somewhere, and when the wicked have been burnt, you are coming back to walk in triumph over their ashes -- this is to be your New Jerusalem! Now I can't see anything so very nice in that, coming back to such a muss as that will be, a world covered with the ashes of the

wicked! Besides, if the Lord comes and burns -- as you say he will -- I am not going away; I am going to stay here and stand the fire, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abendnego! And Jesus will walk with me through the fire, and keep me from harm. Nothing belonging to God can burn, any more than God himself; such shall have no need to go away to escape the fire! No, I shall remain. Do you tell me that God's children can't stand fire? . . . It is absurd to think so!"¹

Her singing won many friends for her. A disturbing group of young men encircling an open-air meeting in Northampton were successfully managed when she called them to hear her hymn on the resurrection of Christ:

It was early in the morning -- it was early in the morning,

Just at the break of day --
When he rose -- when he rose -- when he rose,
And went to heaven on a cloud.²

When the crowd demanded another hymn she rendered:

I bless the Lord I've got my seal -- to-day
and to-day --
To slay Goliath in the field -- to-day and to-day;
The good old way is a righteous way,
I mean to take the Kingdom in the good old way.³

Harriet Beecher Stowe says of Sojourner Truth's singing:

"She sang with the strong barbaric accent of the native African, and with those indescribable upward turns and those deep gutturals which give such a wild, peculiar power to the Negro singing -- but

1. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, pp. 111-113. (Speech made at Windsor Lock.)

2. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 116.

3. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 119.

above all, with such an overwhelming energy of personal appropriation
that the hymn seemed to be fused in the furnace of her feelings . . . :"¹

There is a holy city,
A world of light above,
Above the stairs and regions,
Built by the God of love.

An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white,
There serve their great Redeemer
And dwell with him in light.

The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of Jesus on his throne?

Is this the Man of Sorrows
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod
And by his men of war?

He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe.

The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,

Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know.

l. H. B. Stowe, The Atlantic Monthly, xi. p. 477.

In every day of trouble
 I'll raise my thoughts on high,
 I'll think of that bright temple
 And crowns above the sky.¹

Mrs. Stowe states further: "Her chief delight was to talk of 'glory', and to sing hymns whose burden was,

O glory, glory, glory,
 Won't you come along with me?"²

One of Sojourner's favorites was:

I'm on my way to Canada,
 That cold, but happy land;
 The dire effects of slavery
 I can no longer stand.

O Righteous Father,
 Do look down on me,
 And help me on to Canada,
 Where colored folks are free!

The queen comes down unto the shore,
 With arms extended wide,
 To welcome the poor fugitive,
 Safe onto freedom's side.³

At the close of one of her anti-slavery speeches in New Lisbon, Ohio, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sojourner is said to have sung this original song:

I am pleading for my people --
 A poor, down-trodden race,
 Who dwell in freedom's boasted land,
 With no abiding place.

1. H. B. Stowe, The Atlantic Monthly, xi, pp. 476-477.
2. H. B. Stowe, The Atlantic Monthly, xi, p. 479.
3. H. B. Stowe, The Atlantic Monthly, xi, p. 479. Compare Harriet Tubman's version, as given on pp. 27-28 of this study. Both versions are evidently parodies on Foster's "O Susannah!"

I am pleading that my people
May have their rights restored;
For they have long been toiling,
And yet have no reward.

They are forced the crops to culture,
But not for them they yield,
Although both late and early
They labor in the field.

Whilst I bear upon my body
The sears of many a gash,
I am pleading for my people
Who groan beneath the lash.

I am pleading for the mothers
Who gaze in wild despair
Upon the hated auction-block,
And see their children there.

I feel for those in bondage --
Well may I feel for them;
I know how fiendish hearts can be
That sell their fellow-men.

Yet those oppressors steeped in guilt --
I still would have them live;
For I have learned of Jesus
To suffer and forgive.

I want no carnal weapons,
No enginery of death;
For I love not to hear the sound
Of war's tempestuous breath.

I do not ask you to engage
In death and bloody strife,
I do not dare insult my God
By asking for their life.

But while your kindest sympathies
To foreign lands do roam,
I would ask you to remember
Your own oppressed at home.

I plead with you to sympathize
 With sighs and groans and scars,
 And note how base the tyranny¹
 Beneath the stripes and stars.

The following song, The Valiant Soldiers, set to the tune of John Brown, was composed by Sojourner Truth for the First Michigan Regiment of Negro soldiers and sung by her in Detroit and Washington:

We are the valiant soldiers who've 'listed
 for the war;
 We are fighting for the Union, we are fighting
 for the law;
 We can shoot a rebel farther than a white man
 ever saw,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah, as we go marching on.

Look there above the center, where the flag is
 waving bright;
 We are going out of slavery, we are bound for
 freedom's light;
 We mean to show Jeff Davis how the Africans can
 fight,
 As we go marching on. -- Cho.

We are done with hoeing cotton, we are done with
 hoeing corn;
 We are colored Yankee soldiers as sure as you are
 born.
 When massa hears us shouting, he will think 'tis
 Gabriel's horn,
 As we go marching on. -- Cho.

1. Mrs. Frances W. Titus, Book of Life, appended to second edition of Olive Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, pp. 302-304.

They will have to pay us wages, the wages of
 their sin;
 They will have to bow their foreheads to their
 colored Kith and Kin;
 They will have to give us house-room, or the
 room will tuable in,
 As we go marching on. -- Cho.

We hear the proclamation, massa, hush it as
 you will;
 The birds will sing it to us, hopping on the
 cotton hill;
 The possum up the gum tree couldn't keep it
 still,
 As he went climbing on. -- Cho.

Father Abraham has spoken, and the message has
 been sent;
 The prison doors have opened, and out the
 prisoners went
 To join the sable army of African descent,
 As we go marching on. -- Cho.¹

Sojourner often combined the Negro problem with the struggle
 for woman's rights:

"Well, chilern, whar dar is so much racket dar must
 be something out o' kilter. I tink dat 'twixt de
 niggers of de Souf and de women at de Norf all a
 talkin' 'bout rights, de white men will be in a fix
 pretty soon. But what's all dis here talkin' 'bout?
 Dat man ober dar say dat women needs to be helped
 into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to have
 de best place every whar. Nobody eber help me into
 carriages, or ober mud puddles, or gives me any best
 place, and ar'n't I a woman? Look at me! Look at
 my arm! I have plowed, and planted, and gathered into
 barns, and no man could head me -- and ar'n't I a
 woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a
 man (when I could get it), and bear de lash as well
 -- and ar'n't I a woman? I have borne five chilern

1. O. Gilbert, Sojourner Truth, p. 126.

and seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard -- and ar'n't I a woman? Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head -- what dis dey call it?" Intellect, whispered someone near. "Dat's it honey. What's dat got to do with women's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full? . . .

Den dat little man in black dar, he say women can't have as much rights as man, 'cause Christ wa'n't a woman. What did your Christ come from? . . . What did your Christ come from? From God and a woman. Man had nothing to do with him. . . .

If de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down, all 'lone, dese togedder, ought to be able to turn it back and get it right side up again, and now dey is asking to do it, de men better let 'em. . . . Bleegeed to ye for hearin' on me, and now ole Sojourner ha'n't got nothing more to say."¹

Anti-slavery speakers were frequently faced with adversaries who sought to embarrass them by drawing comparisons between Negroes and monkeys. One such abuser was squelched by Sojourner:

"Don't dirty your hands wid dat critter; let me 'tend to him! Children, . . . I am one of dem monkey tribes. I was born a slave. I had de dirty work to do -- de scullion work. Now I am going to 'ply to dis critter. . . . Now in de course of my time I has done a great deal of dirty scullion work, but of all de dirty work I ever done, dis is de scullionist and de dirtiest. . . . Now, children, don't you pity me?"²

In reply to a speaker who had made sentimental references to the constitution of the United States, Sojourner said:

1. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, pp. 133-135. (Speech made at Woman's Rights Convention, Akron, Ohio.)
2. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 149.

"Children, I talks to God and God talks to me. I goes out and talks to God in de fields and de woods. . . . Dis morning I was walking out, and I got over de fence. I saw de wheat a holding up its head, looking very big. I goes up and takes hold ob it. You b'lieve it, dere was no wheat dere? I says, God, what is de matter wid dis wheat? and he says to me, Sojourner, dere is a little weasel in it. Now I hears talkin' about de constitution and de rights of man. I comes up and I takes hold of dis constitution. It looks mighty big, and I feels for my rights, but der aint any dere. Den I says, God what ails dis constitution? He says to me, Sojourner dere is a little weasel in it."¹

Pleading with a Springfield audience for coöperation in work with her people she said: "'With all your oppertunities for readin' and writin', you don't take hold and do anything. My God, I wonder what you are in the world for!"²

She replied to a sermon on "Love in the family" thus:

"We has heard a great deal about love at home in de family. Now, children, I was a slave, and my husband and my children was sold from me. . . . Now, husband and children is all gone, and what has 'come of de affection I had for dem? Dat is de question before de house!"³

When Sojourner Truth went to Washington to see President Lincoln, she gave the following account of her visit:

. . . He arose, gave me his hand, made a bow, and said, "I am pleased to see you." I said to him, "Mr. President, when you first took your seat I feared you would be torn to pieces, for I likened you unto Daniel, who was thrown into the lion's den; and if the lions did not tear you into pieces, I

1. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 147.
2. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 242.
3. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 150.

knew that it would be God that had saved you; and I said if he spared me I would see you before the four years expired, and he has done so, and now I am here to see you for myself." He then congratulated me on my having been spared. Then I said, "I appreciate you, for you are the best president who has ever taken the seat." He replied: "I expect you have reference to my having emancipated the slaves in my proclamation. But," said he, mentioning the names of several of his predecessors (and among them emphatically that of Washington), "they were all just as good, and would have done just as I have done if the time had come. If the people over the river [pointing across the Potomac] had behaved themselves, I could not have done what I have; but they did not, which gave me the opportunity to do these things." I then said, "I thank God that you were the instrument selected by him and the people to do it." I told him that I had never heard of him before he was talked of for president. He smilingly replied, "I had heard of you many times before that."¹ . . .

Much of Sojourner's appeal as a public speaker is found in her short pithy statements. On one occasion Parker Pillsbury was interrupted by a slavery advocate who declared he felt that God's judgment would fall upon him for listening to such blasphemy. Sojourner spoke out: "'Chile, don't be skeered; you are not going to be harmed. I don't speck God's ever hearn tell on ye."² When citizens of a small Indiana town threatened to burn the town-house where she was to speak, she informed the mob: "'Then I will speak upon the ashes."³ She once heard Frederick Douglass paint a sad picture of black-white relationships. After listening, she spoke

1. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, pp. 177-178.
 2. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 136.
 3. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 140.

out in her deep voice which could be heard all over the building: "Frederick, is God dead?"¹ During the war a Democrat asked her what business she was following; to which she replied: "Years ago when I lived in de city of New York my occupation was scouring brass door knobs; but now I go about scouring copperheads."² The audience at a large reform meeting was wearied with one speaker who had monopolized the floor until Sojourner "raised up her tall figure before him, and putting her eyes upon him, said: 'Chile, if de people has no whar to put it, what is de use? Sit down, child, sit down!'"³ Her concluding remarks often were: "Now, children, I'll stop before I'se stopped."

She had worked with the civil war soldiers as nurse and entertainer -- speaking, singing, and raising funds that they might enjoy a home dinner or baskets filled with goodies. After the war, she was impressed with the deplorable condition of the freedmen, particularly with the unsanitary conditions under which they lived, and felt that something should be done to render these people self-supporting. The idea occurred to her that they might be sent to places where work could be obtained. Thereupon, she influenced the federal government to bear the expenses of large groups traveling out of Virginia and Washington to Rochester. She accompanied them and attempted to

1. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, p. 168.
 2. L. B. C. Wyman, American Chivalry, p. 109.
 3. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, pp. 148-149.

secure their employment but found herself faced with many problems involving their social adjustment with which she could not cope. Then she decided that it would be better if the government established a colony in the west for these people. She made several speeches about her plan. Typical remarks on this subject are:

. . . "Now, here is de question dat I am here to-night to say. I been to Washing'ton, an' I fine out dis, dat de colud pepul dat is in Washin'tun libin on de government -- dat de United Staas ort to gi' 'em lan' an' move 'em on it. Dey are libin on de gov'ment, an' dere is pepul takin' care of 'em costin' you so much, an' it don't benefit him 'tall. It degrades him wuss an' wuss. Therefo' I say dat these people, take an' put 'em in de West where you ken enrich 'em. I know de good pepul in de South can't take care of de Negroes as dey ort to, case de ribils won't let 'em. How much better will it be for to take them culud pepul an' give 'em land? We've airnt lan' enough for a home, an' it would be a benefit for you all an' God would bless de hull ob ye for doin' it. Dey say, Let 'em take keer of derselves. Why, you've taken dat all away from 'em. Ain't got nuffin lef'. Get des culud pepul out of Washin'tun off ob de gov'ment, an' get de ole pepul out and build dem homes in de West, where dey can feed themselves, and dey would soon be abel to be a pepul among you. Dat is my commission. Now adgitate them pepul an' put 'em dere; learn 'em to read one part of de time an' learn 'em to work de udder part ob de time." . . .

Sojourner Truth established herself as a symbol of truth and freedom. She never lost sight of her hope of a society with common privileges for all. Once she thought she had found this

1. F. W. Titus, Book of Life, pp. 215-216. (Speech made in Tremont Temple, Boston, January 1, 1871.)

ideal in the Northampton Community where she lived until it was dissolved. In Washington she was instrumental in ousting the Jim Crow car, establishing Freedmen's Hospital, securing a relief association for the freedmen, bringing about an investigation of housing facilities for Negroes, launching an Orphan's home as well as one for the aged and infirm, acting in the capacity of aid and counselor to her people. Wherever she went, in spite of her handicap of never being able to read or write, she worked to destroy the existing evils as she saw them. In 1883 this New York State Negro died poverty-stricken in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Chapter 3

THE REV. J. W. LOGUEN OF THE JERRY RESCUE

October 1, 1851 -- this date stamped itself in New York State history with the daring rescue of a fugitive slave living in Syracuse. Many prominent abolitionists in Central New York were involved in this exhibition, aimed to show the violent antagonism felt toward the American Fugitive Slave Law signed on September 18, 1850. Social, political, and religious groups were split in a clash over slavery. We are interested in the fact that Negroes, though in a precarious position, bore a definite responsibility in this demonstration. One of their forceful leaders was the Reverend Jermain Wesley Loguen.¹

Loguen was the product of fiery parents. His mother, Jane, was born a free Negro in Ohio, but when a child seven years old, she was kidnapped and sold into slavery. She became the property of the Logue brothers (David, Carnes, and Manasseh) who lived on Manassee's Creek in Davison County, about sixteen miles from Nashville, Tennessee. Her name was changed to Cherry, but there could be no changing of her courageous spirit. She was known to have fought slaveholders and traders in desperate attempts to defend

1. This first name is spelled variously as Jarmain and Jermain. We shall use Jermain because this is the form used by his biographer in 1859.

what she considered just human rights. Numerous brutalities left her resigned but not conquered. Loguen's father was David Logue: a hard-drinking planter possessed by furious passions.

We are not certain about the date of the subject's birth. There is a statement that in the fall of 1837, "Mr. Loguen was now about twenty-four years of age . . ." ¹ In a letter to Frederick Douglass written from Syracuse, New York, May 8th, 1856, he states: "Twenty-one years ago -- the very winter I left my chains in Tennessee . . . There I stood, a boy twenty-one years of age, (as near as I know my age)." ² Thus, we fix the approximate date of his birth in the year 1813 or 1814.

As the child of one of his co-owners, Jermain (affectionately called Jarn) was relieved of severe labors in his early childhood, yet his mind was constantly tormented by the hardships, lashings, and killings of his fellow beings. The real sorrow of his life began when Manasseh Logue sold his share in the Manascoe Creek estate to his brother David and purchased a plantation on the Tombigbee in southern Tennessee. Sold by his father, David, to Manasseh, Jarn accompanied his mother to this plantation of their new owner. On one occasion the wedge was accidentally knocked out of the handle of his hoe; an act which made him liable to a charge of carelessness.

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, as a Slave and as a Freeman, p. 342.
 2. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 339.

By way of punishment, he was beat on the head and mouth; the wedge was forced into his mouth and pounded into its roof. Again, when he neglected to clean a place to feed the hogs, he was knocked repeatedly on the head with the hominy pestle until he fell senseless. As consciousness returned, his pains caused him to groan. These sounds interrupted his master's evening prayers and so provoked him that he returned to kick Jarn about the shoulders and stamp upon his head and breast.

Shortly thereafter, he was "mortgaged by Manasseh Logue to St. Clair Preston to secure the payment of \$550 with interest."¹ Here, a few miles away from his mother, Jarn was allowed to build his own house, enjoy companionship with the Preston family, and was instructed in the principles of Jesus Christ. Mr. Preston, who never permitted the use of master when he was addressed, helped Jarn grow into a manly sense of personal freedom. He imparted to him doctrines of goodness, charity, and love; privileged him to grasp some idea of his status as a human being, to engage in intelligent conversation, to explore the realm of social ease and grace.

In about three years Manasseh Logue was able to cancel the personal mortgage and assure himself the services of Jarn. Parting was a trying ordeal for the Prestons and the slave, but

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 213.

the law favored the master.

Jarn returned with a strong resolution: "I will not bear it -- I will not be a slave. Henceforth I live to escape or perish! . . . and now, come Death or Freedom!"¹ So firm was his conviction that he refused to strip for further whippings, and went so far as to resist his master with physical force. Never expecting favors, he discharged every duty with precision. The fidelity to his tasks, nourished during his stay with Mr. Preston, made the slave indispensable to Manasseh Logue, who depended upon him as "head man" on the plantation.

All the while, Jarn was perfecting plans for escape with two other reliable slaves, John and Jerry. They held their meetings in a cave, where they were advised by Ross, a white neighbor. They obtained horses, food, and money for the trip; Ross obtained their pistols, passes, and instructed them in modes of behavior.

And so, Jarn and John left southern Tennessee one morning before daybreak.² They made their way to Kentucky, through Indiana, up to Michigan, and over into Windsor, Canada. They had met many reverses, had been cold and hungry, but were free at last. John left Jarn to return to Detroit in an effort to recover his horse, and Jarn never saw him again. Jarn says of himself: "I stood . . .

1. The Rev. J. W. Logue, p. 222.

2. Jerry was unable to provide himself with the necessities entailed by the trip. He further felt obligated to keep a promise he had made to his master, Colonel Wilks, to purchase his freedom from him.

penniless, ragged, lonely, homeless, helpless, hungry and forlorn -- a pitiable wanderer, without a friend, or shelter, or place to lay my head."¹ He tried odd jobs on farms in many Canadian spots: Windsor, Chatham, London, Ancaster, Dundas, and finally in Hamilton where he hired himself to a farmer for ten dollars a month to roll and burn logs in clearing land. By this time he seems to have adjusted himself, was always employed, and carefully saved his money.

Now that he had become a man, he desired to bear a respectable name. Jermain was substituted for Jarm; his Methodist friends urged the use of Wesley for a middle name, and he added n to his surname, Logue. This accounts for his full name: Jermain Wesley Loguen.

In the spring of his third year in Canada, he worked a 200-acre farm on shares which after two years had increased his capital several hundred dollars. Then he took a partner and suffered severe losses to the creditors of his co-worker for debts accumulated before their partnership. With about \$300 he left Hamilton, and bought a house and lot in St. Catharines where he became a respected, industrious land-owner.

The fall of 1837 found him in Rochester, New York, as a

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 339.

2. He was so well thought of that when he returned to St. Catharines in the winter of 1838 to dispose of his property, he was urged to accept the captaincy of a group of Negro troops in the Provincial Army -- an offer which he refused.

porter and confidential servant for the Rochester House. Here he supposedly earned "from three to five dollars a day, and at the end of two years became possessed of a small estate."¹ The nature of his employment afforded such opportunity to gain varied information that he became aware of the abolitionists and their work. This knowledge stirred him to assist a movement for the liberation of his people. He decided:

I can't be easy where there is a possibility of doing something for the freedom of my poor mother, brothers, sisters, and friends. I lack education, and it seems as if it was my duty to acquire it, and use it for my kindred and friends . . .

I have been a single man, you know -- no wife or relative to provide for. I don't drink, or gamble, or dissipate in any way, . . . I have been very industrious and economical, and it would be strange if I had not saved a little money. What I want is, to make my money useful. I would make it a part of myself to that end only. If it takes a little of it to improve my learning, it will not be thrown away, I hope, and I shall have some left. Besides, I don't intend to break in on my little capital much. I shall spend the vacations in efforts to improve the colored people in Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester, and wherever else I may improve them -- for it seems to me they have a part to act in this case, and need preparation to act well. In doing this, I trust Providence I shall not be a loser. Besides, I may spend some of the winters in service here. I don't think I shall reduce my capital much.²

About September, 1839, Loguen entered the Oneida Institute at Whitesboro. The first two years after his matriculation, he

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 342.
2. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, pp. 350-351.

worked during winter vacations at the Rochester House and earned more than enough to bear his educational expenses. The third winter he went to Utica for the purpose of studying the Negro environment in a city already known as the mother of the New York State Abolition Society, which had been born from a mob-rescue staged there:

Two fugitive slaves, from Virginia, were brought before Judge Hayden, of the Common Pleas, under the law of '93, at the instance of two man-hunters from that State. The prosecution was conducted by Joshua A. Spencer, Esq., late of Utica, deceased, and the defense by Alvain Stewart, Esq., of the same place, also deceased. It occasioned great excitement, intensely enhanced by one of the most ingenious, able, and touching arguments for the slaves that ever set a great audience in indignation and tears. The judge delivered them to the claimants, and they were accordingly imprisoned in a walled room, the door locked and barred, with armed bullies to guard it. But the brave colored men of Utica, armed with clubs broke into the prison, and after a battle which made sore heads among the captors and bullies, rescued the slaves, and detained the claimants and bullies in the same prison, until the former were out of reach. So sudden and bold was this deed, that the enemy was dumbfounded, and the black heroes were never known to them.¹

Loguen also discovered that the Negro children of Utica were excluded from the public schools, in spite of the fact that their parents were taxed for the support of such schools. At the request of leading Negro families in the community, he rented a room and began teaching. Starting with three pupils, soon the number increased to forty. The children were apt, and he was able to present them at

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen. p. 352.

the close of the term in a large room to an appreciative audience of whites and Negroes. This is reported as the first "exhibition" of Negro children in Central or Western New York.

During his stay at the Oneida Institute in Whitesboro, Loguen made his first public profession of religion and joined the Negro church in Utica. (We feel safe in concluding that this church was affiliated with the Methodists.) Beside teaching the day-school, Mr. Loguen also taught a Sunday School class at Utica. Here he met Caroline Storun, the daughter of William and Sarah Storun, formerly of New Hartford, New York, but at that time of Eusti, "Chataaugue" County, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Storun were of a respectable, intelligent, economically secure stock. Caroline was well-bred, educated, and charming. She and Loguen were married in the year 1840, at the home of her parents. In 1841, Mr. and Mrs. Loguen established their home in Syracuse, New York.

A thriving city of 25,000 inhabitants, Syracuse was then a hotbed for very strong slavery and anti-slavery opinions. Church and city, backed by the press, in the 1830's were officially committed to slavery. These bodies did not profess to argue the right and wrong of the issue but felt that they were legally bound to uphold the laws of the land. However, anti-slavery advocates were just as determined with their allegiance to moral and spiritual convictions. The opposing sentiments clashed with severe blows from both sides.

1835 had seen the formation of the Onondaga County Anti-Slavery Society over the protest of many influential citizens but with the support of an equally powerful group. The very wealthy Gerrit Smith was present as an abolitionist speaker. Slavery advocates attended the meeting and created such a disturbance that no definite vote for an organization could be obtained. Nevertheless, on the same day, the abolitionists went to Fayetteville and completed their plans. Churches began to split, notably the Presbyterian and the "Episcopal Methodist".

The Presbyterians were then rated as "the most powerful, wealthy, and commanding congregation in the city."¹ The large number of abolitionist members deserted the staid Dr. Adams, organized a Congregational Society, built a meeting house on East Genesee Street, and employed the more liberal Mr. Avery as their minister. This nucleus became a rallying point for abolitionists throughout the city and county and served the Liberty Party in Central New York. A "little Spartan band of Wesleyans"² withdrew from the Episcopal Methodist Church in 1839, formed an independent society under the Rev. Luther Lee, and threw their strength with the emancipated Congregationalists.³ The abolitionists, rapidly gaining the better of the contest, were strengthened by the Davenport case.

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 360.

2. The Rev. J. E. Loguen, p. 363.

3. When the Rev. Samuel J. May became a resident of Syracuse in April, 1845, there were many "church abolitionists", not only among the Presbyterians and Methodists but with the Unitarians and Baptists.

In September, 1839, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davenport of Mississippi and their child, accompanied by "another white lady,"¹ visited Syracuse. They were all people of manners and displayed signs of wealth. Soon the shocking fact was disclosed, through Negro servants in the Syracuse House, that the other "white lady" was a Negro slave whose name was Harriet. It was further learned that she resented her position and longed for freedom. William M. Clark and John Bowen,² white citizens, then informed her through the hotel help, Negroes, that they would arrange to get her off into Canada. At first she agreed, but with reflection came the dreadful consequences of failure and she withdrew from the bargain. However, upon the faith of assurance from the whites and Negroes, she gave her final consent.

Mr. Davenport now fixed the day of his departure to Mississippi. A single day intervened -- the evening of which was spent at a select party at Major Cook's, a sort of closing fete of the Syracuse fashionables to their southern friends. Harriet was at the party to take charge of the babe, and at a certain hour of the evening -- which had been settled as the hour for her escape -- she passed through the assembly, very naturally, and placed the babe in its mother's lap, and told her she wished to step out. . . .

Not daring to hire a horse and carriage in the city, Messrs. Clark and Bowen went into the neighboring town of DeWitt, and employed a Mr. Nottingham, a farmer in said town, to be at the corner of the Park at the head of Onondaga Street, to receive the girl at the time agreed on; while another carriage, furnished by the colored men at the Syracuse House, was to be at Major Cook's to receive the fugitive, and take her to Mr. Nottingham.

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 365.
2. Also referred to as John Owen.

Harriet was bare headed when she got into the carriage, and it was cold -- but the servants anticipated her necessities, and one put a hat on her head, and another gave her his overcoat -- both intended to disguise her, and at the same time keep her comfortable. They then rode to the Syracuse House, and received her clothing from the window, and immediately deposited her with Mr. Nottingham, at the Park -- and before Mr. Davenport suspected her, she was flying rapidly to the house of Mr. Sheppard, in Marcellus -- where Mr. Nottingham deposited his charge, safely and comfortably, the same night.

. . . The rage of the man Davenport, so soon as the escape was known, was beyond bounds -- and political and sectarian snobs, officials, and citizens, joined these mad ones in a chorus of indignation. Every man and horse was put in requisition to find the beautiful Harriet, who had so slyly and foolishly fled from happiness and duty . . .

The tide of feeling took two directions -- one to find the track of the girl, and hunt her down and replunge her into slavery; and the other to hunt out the villains who dared to put their abolition in practice in Syracuse, and subject them to the terrible penalties of slave laws. But it was vain. The white and black men managed this enterprise so prudently and bravely, that no trace of the one or the other could be scented by the blood hounds. It was especially provoking to the anti-abolitionists, that the spoil was plucked out of the mouths of the spoilers, while they were in the act of demonstrating their contempt of the abolitionists -- and that, too, in the presence of the Southerners, whose opinion of their strength, and of the impotence of the Abolitionists, they supposed they were establishing.

No crime was ever committed in Syracuse that excited so much blustering and active indignation as this. Expresses were sent to Oswego and in other directions, to head and capture the fugitive. The outrage was published through the press, then decidedly on the side of slavery; and the enraged slave-holder issued a circular, describing the person of Harriet, her ornaments and dresses, and offering a reward of \$200 to whoever

would return her to him, and \$100 to anyone who would inform of her whereabouts, that she might be captured.

The friends of liberty quietly but firmly pursued their course, notwithstanding the threats of their numerous and powerful opponents -- who appeared before magistrates, and searched their houses, and disturbed their wives and children, to find the beautiful slave.

Harriet had enjoyed her asylum but a short time, ere her saviors learned that Davenport & Co., by means of some treachery not yet explained, were informed of her whereabouts. Happily, this information was given late at night, and the anti-abolitionists determined early next morning to take and return her to slavery. Her liberators, however, were informed of the treachery the same night, and sent an express and took her from Mr. Shepard, and carried her to Lebanon, Madison County, and concealed her with a friend.

The next morning, the agents of Davenport & Co. arrived at Mr. Shepard's and demanded Harriet -- not doubting she was in the house. Mr. Shepard made very strange of the matter, and so conducted that the agents, after searching the house, left for Syracuse -- cursing the traitors, as they charged, who had humbugged them. . . .

In the progress of these events, the case became known to Hon. Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro -- . . .

Mr. Smith expressed a desire that Harriet be brought to him at Peterboro, and promised she should be protected. She was accordingly taken to Mr. Smith, and tenderly and carefully secreted and comforted by him and his not less devoted and generous wife. Harriet staid with Mr. Smith's family several weeks, ere he supplied her with clothing and money, and sent her to Canada.¹

Names of the Negroes who assisted with this escape are not in this account. We are told that the servants in the Syracuse House

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, pp. 366-370.

who maneuvered many of the details were Negroes; the following acknowledgment is made: "without them, Harriet would have continued a slave."¹ Two other accounts of Harriet's escape serve further to clarify the facts for us.

The first, by Earl E. Sperry, gives the full name of the slave as Harriet Powell and states further:

A colored waiter at the Syracuse House planned the escape. She suddenly vanished one evening and a quick search of abolitionists' houses in Syracuse, Skaneateles and Peterboro yielded no trace. With the aid of Abraham Nottingham of Dewitt the girl had been secreted at the farm of a Mr. Sheperd, near Marcellus. Treachery nearly led to her capture and she escaped only because of the prompt action of abolitionists, who met at the Congregational church, raised money for her transportation and arranged that she be hidden at various points near Syracuse until she could be sent to Kingston.²

The second additional account is a reprint from the Syracuse Sunday Times, June 10, 1877, which includes the detailed story of William M. Clarke:

There recently died in the Eighth Ward a man -- poor and in the lowly walks of life, but in many respects a hero . . .

The recent death of Uncle Tom Leonard³ brings the case of Harriet Powell, the "white lady fugitive," vividly to mind. In the latter part of September, 1839, J. Davenport, a wealthy planter from Mississippi, arrived in the then little village of Syracuse, accom-

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 371.

2. Earl E. Sperry, "The Jerry Rescue," in The Onondaga Historical Association Documents, ed. Franklin H. Chase, pp. 17-18.

3. Died at eighty-eight years of age.

panied by his wife and another lady, much younger, fair and beautiful, and sumptuously dressed, and took rooms at the Syracuse House, then kept by the noted Philo H. Rust. They had come on a visit to relatives of Mrs. Davenport, living in a neighboring village . . . Callers were frequent at their rooms at the hotel and at first they marvelled why they were not introduced to the other "lady" . . .

Tom Leonard was then a waiter at the Syracuse House and took a deep interest in devising means to restore Harriet to liberty. He communicated her desire to William M. Clarke (father of Capt. H. W. Clarke of this city) at that time Deputy County Clerk, and John B. Owen, a marble dealer in the village, who set about to contrive some plan to spirit her away. Mr. Owen was the first and only person outside the Syracuse House who communicated with Harriet, through Leonard, while Mr. Clarke looked after the outside arrangements and management . . .

The secret of any projected attempt to remove her from her servitude was faithfully kept by the colored people in the hotel and the two white men who had undertaken to see it through. . . .

The 8th of October was the date fixed for their departure for the South by the Davenports, and the evening before a grand farewell reception was to be given them at the house of Maj. William A. Cook, which was in the double brick building next east of the Journal buildings. This was the night selected for Harriet's escape. The plan had been arranged with all its details. Her bundle of clothes was to be thrown to Leonard from the window of the Syracuse House, another colored man was to be at the back door of Major Cook's house, the hour had been fixed for all the details to be executed. A place had been arranged for her first concealment in the house of Mr. Sheppard, a good man and true, who lived a little southeast of Marcellus. Not daring to engage a carriage in the village, Mr. Abraham Nottingham of Dewitt was engaged to be on Onondaga Street, near the First Methodist Church, with an open buggy, where all the parties engaged were to meet . . .

As the hour approached Harriet was in the chamber parlor in charge of an infant of one of Mrs. Davenport's relatives,¹ while the parlors below were crowded with the elite, and it was necessary for her to go down and pass through the entire party to reach the outer back door, but nothing daunted, she ran the gauntlet. Throwing a shawl over her arm she took the child, and, as she passed through the company, she laid it in her mistress' lap, requesting her to hold it while she stepped out for a few minutes. She was met at the door by her colored friend, who hurried her to the place designated, where she was met by Messrs. Clarke and Owen. Leonard brought her bundle of clothes. She leaped into the buggy and was eager to be away. But here was a dilemma. She was without a bonnet and was dressed in a light evening costume. A bonnetless woman seen riding through the streets would excite suspicion. The night was cold and she would suffer in her ten-mile ride. One of the colored friends promptly pulled off his overcoat and hat, which she put on, and then apparently two gentlemen drove rapidly down Onondaga Street. Nor did they slacken speed until the haven of refuge was reached. Here she was to stay until a more secure place of concealment could be arranged. . . .

Harriet had been gone some fifteen or twenty minutes, when her mistress, desiring her attendance, called for her, but receiving no response, the truth suddenly flashed upon her mind. The festivities were abruptly ended. The alarm was sounded. This was before the day of the telegraph, and the fugitive was at least safe from any mode of pursuit more rapid than her own flight. Livery stables were liberally patronized and scouts were sent in all directions. The Oswego packet was overhauled and searched. An express was sent to Oswego to watch the Canada boats. Spies were sent to Peterboro to watch Gerrit Smith's house and to Skaneateles to keep an eye on James Canning Fuller's premises. The next morning the chivalrous Southerner created no small stir in the quiet village of Syracuse.

1. Or was the child Mrs. Davenport's?

Procuring search warrants, and with the proper officer, he proceeded to search the houses of all the prominent abolitionists from cellar to garret, while the actual conspirators stood by and laughed in their sleeves. He bought the only bowie knife in the village and made a great flourish generally, and sympathizers in his loss were plenty. He issued a handbill and posted it through the village and its vicinity. . . .

A systematic effort was made to discover the whereabouts of the fugitive and every device was resorted to to entrap her abductors. Hoping to obtain some clue, Leonard was arrested for larceny in stealing her clothes. When he was brought before the justice the abolitionists and parties who were suspected kept out of the way, while Dr. Silas Bliss, a dentist in the place, who never had been known to sympathize in that direction, attended the trial and kept them posted as to the course it was taking, but so pluckily did Uncle Tom Leonard and his colored comrades bear themselves under the severe fire of Davenport's attorney that nothing was elicited, not even sufficient to convict him of the charge upon which he was arrested.

Harriet had remained at Mr. Sheppard's about a week, when a remark unwittingly dropped by Mr. Owen in the presence of a treacherous abolitionist, indicated to him the neighborhood in which she was concealed, and a scheme was immediately concocted to proceed early in the morning and take the game and pocket the reward. Morning came and the neighborhood was scoured but the bird had flown. Mr. Sheppard was apparently in blissful ignorance of even the existence of such a girl. The posse returned from their bootless errand, cursing the traitor whom they charged had humbugged them.

And this is the manner of Harriet's second escape: On the evening upon which the plans were laid to recapture her, a mass meeting of abolitionists was in session at the First Congregational Church -- which stood where now stands Association Hall. And while the business of the evening was progressing Mr. Clarke quietly passed around and collected a sum sufficient to "ship a bale of Southern goods," and laid before Hon. Gerrit Smith, who sat at the head of a pew, the

route which was proposed. He replied, "Get her to my house and I will be responsible for the rest." Mr. Clarke, at the close of the meeting returned home, accompanied by Mr. Owen, and they sat down in a retired room to settle upon a further plan of action. It was finally decided to let Harriet stay a day or two longer with Mr. Sheppard, while arrangements could be made to remove her to the house of Dr. John Clarke, an uncle of Mr. Clarke, in Lebanon, Madison County. The latter was in the meantime to write to his uncle of the proposed transfer, and Mr. Owen bade him good night. Mr. Clarke sat down and wrote the letter and had just finished when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and upon opening it Mr. Owen stood before him with horror depicted upon his countenance and abruptly saluted him with "We are betrayed." He stated that during his absence a man had called at his house and inquired for him. He told Mrs. Owen that his business was of the utmost importance and that it must be done with Mr. Owen personally. She did not know where her husband was and so informed him, but his anxiety to see him seemed so great that she suspected the nature of his errand and, by gaining his confidence, succeeded in drawing from him the facts relative to the treachery. She did not know him, nor was it ever known who he was. Mr. Owen asked, "What is to be done?" Mr. Clarke's reply was, "Harriet must be removed this very night" -- and, although it was near midnight, the night dark and the roads bad, these two men went on foot to Mr. Nottingham's house, some three miles out, roused him up and told him what was wanted. He immediately consented to go, if Mr. Owen would go with him. And before daylight Harriet was safely removed to the house of a trusty farmer several miles away. And soon after she was transferred to Dr. Clarke's residence by Mr. Nottingham, who took the letter before mentioned as his introduction. The doctor's family were taken by surprise, but they accepted the situation and made everything comfortable and pleasant for their charge. Here she remained three weeks. While here she learned the alphabet, and evinced a great desire to learn to read. From Lebanon she was conveyed by trusty hands to Gerrit Smith at Peterboro. Here she was generously supplied with a complete winter outfit, and while here the neighbors

or visitors never suspected she was other than the fine looking lady she appeared. Mr. Smith sent her in charge of Mr. Federal Dana, a prominent citizen of Madison County, to a point opposite Kingston on the St. Lawrence. Here she embarked upon the ferry boat in presence of quite a crowd. Mr. Dana watched her progress until he saw her step on British soil, and then turned to the surrounding crowd and informed them who the supposed lady was, and detailed some of the circumstances of the case. . . . By direction of Gerrit Smith, Mr. Dana returned to Syracuse and reported to Mr. Clarke the successful termination of the enterprise. Mr. Smith also wrote a letter to Davenport, stating what he had done for her in the way of clothing, and announcing that she was safely beyond his reach.

When Davenport found the recovery of his recreant chattel hopeless he issued a long address to the public, ex-titling it, "A chapter in the History of Abolitionism at Syracuse, with a glance at the principles of Abolitionism as connected with religion and morality. 'For their feet run to evil and make haste to shed blood.' Prov. 1, 15." In it he roundly berated the disturbers of his peace and discussed the beauties of slavery from a benevolent and religious point of view. Some time after Harriet was safely domiciled in Canada a plot to kidnap her was detected and Tom Leonard was sent over to warn her of it.

In the spring of 1845 Mr. Clarke visited Kingston and found her married to a respectable colored man, . . . She had two bright boys whom she could call her own. . . .

Of the actors in this drama of social life, all are now dead. Of the colored persons engaged in it, the name of but one beside Leonard was known. That one, William H. Livingston, who died in the 'fifties, bundled up Harriet's clothes and threw them out of the window to Leonard. To the energetic management of William M. Clarke the success of the escape was mainly due.¹

Such was the zeal for human freedom already exhibited in the city chosen by Loguen for the seat of his activity. He found that

1. Onondaga Documents, pp. 59-65.

the Negroes of Syracuse needed education and leadership; his duty was to work with them. He was licensed to preach by Elder Chester, rented a lot near the Park from Mr. Hoyt, and began his services as minister and teacher. His commencement exercises were held in the Congregational Church.

For the second school term he rented a room from Mr. Dunbar on Salina Street which the scholars quickly overcrowded. Whereupon, he started a new building on Church Street, but enemies of his project made this site so unpleasant that he moved his structure with oxen to a place near McKinstry's Candle Factory and there held classes, climaxing his term, as usual, with public exercises.

After three years of residence in Syracuse, still maintaining his home and family in that city, he went into the southern counties to raise money for the completion of his building. He preached and lectured to large audiences, the lectures voicing strong anti-slavery sentiments. On this tour, his first speech was made in Steuben County at Prattsburg. Thence, through Elder Rowley, he was introduced to the people of Bath and secured a congregation of white and Negro citizens for whom he preached on Sunday and taught during the week for three years. Now came his license as an Elder in the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the fall of 1844, his second year at Bath, Loguen visited Cortland and Tompkins counties to solicit funds for the church build-

ing at Bath. This trip brought him before large inter-racial audiences in Cortland. One day he addressed a group there at the Presbyterian church in the morning and another at the Baptist church in the afternoon, when he spoke against slavery to this effect:

Vote this hated monster quietly to death, or its fangs will drive deep in the bosoms of your children. It is the law of divine retribution. You can not allow that monster to tear out our eyes and preserve your own intact. You may not allow it to stupify and demoralize our masters, without feeling a corresponding stupor and demoralization yourselves. I tell you the evil is past endurance -- the Justice of God cannot endure it. Heaven's gathering vengeance waits your decision to-day -- my poor oppressed countrymen are charged with it to the brim. Do you ask if I will fight? Ah! do you suppose a war upon God and humanity can be carried on from one side alone? Yes, I'll fight, if fight I must. We were never made to have God's image ground out of our hearts without resistance. If our rights are withheld any longer, then come war -- let blood flow without measure -- until our rights are acknowledged or we perished from the earth. White men fight -- all men fight for their freedom, and we are men and will fight for ours. Nothing can stop the current of blood but justice to our poor people!¹

The slavery issue was now an important political weapon. Birney, Clay, and Polk were presidential candidates. The remarks just quoted so impressed the Liberty Party of Cortland that Loguen was placed "on the stump" for Birney in opposition to Clay and Polk. In this capacity he traveled throughout the county, and the Liberty Party credited him with having increased their voters to

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, pp. 378-379.

between six and seven hundred.

Now Cortland friends decided to help Loguen purchase his mother, that he and she might be united. John Thomas was employed to transact this business with Manasseth Logue; through correspondence a settlement of two hundred and fifty dollars was agreed upon. The amount being subscribed, Nathaniel Goodwin went to Tennessee with a letter from Thomas explaining the mission to bring Cherry back to her son. Upon arrival and investigation, Goodwin found himself tied with a law which prohibited the sale of one slave to another. Manasseth Logue still considered Jara as his property, and maintained that he must first own himself before he could buy anyone else. Goodwin returned to face a disappointed son with the news that he had merely seen his mother, brothers, and sisters, and had told them of his work. This incident galled Loguen anew with hatred for the institution of slavery.

Goodwin long remembered a sermon he heard while in southern Tennessee. It seems that a Bishop Soule, white, was giving the concluding address for the Annual Methodist Conference of Tennessee. There was a large attending audience, with the whites seated on the ground floor and the Negroes in the galleries. The Bishop addressed the whites first, then "he lifted his eyes up to the black circle around his head, and said, very solemnly: - 'And now, my dear colored children, let me say one word to you. Be good children -- be

obedient to your masters and mistresses for the Lord's sake, and keep your minds and hearts intent on your Heavenly Master, who has ordered your condition in the world, and by-and-by you will die and go with us to the white man's Heaven."¹

When the political campaign of 1844 closed, Loguen was persuaded to take the stand as an anti-slavery speaker. Almost simultaneously his term at Bath ended, and he accepted an invitation from the Negroes in Ithaca to serve as their minister. An early biographical account states (p. 308), that here "he labored two years, and did important service." I have learned from Miss Jessie M. Johnson, 326 South Cayuga Street, that he was known in Ithaca as Bishop Loguen,² that he was not here regularly but was "in and out,"³ that during his visitations here he preached at the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church on Cleveland Avenue. These facts came to Miss Johnson through her grandmother, Mrs. Titus Brum, who, she believes, was a "distant cousin of Bishop Loguen." Miss Johnson further informs me that "Garrett [Gerrit ?] Loguen, a son of Bishop Loguen, was quite an artist in Syracuse and won many favorable comments on the pictures he painted."

Loguen was so pressed with calls to speak for the abolition cause that he left his charge in Ithaca and returned to his home in

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 386.

2. Earl E. Sperry states that Loguen was made a Bishop much later -- sometime after the Jerry Rescue.

3. Probably called away for anti-slavery speeches.

Syracuse where he divided his time as preacher and lecturer. There he remained from 1846 to 1848 when, as presiding Elder, he was assigned to preach in Troy. However, he did not go to Troy until the spring of 1850 and left, at the insistence of his wife and friends, in September of the same year after the passage of the 1850 Fugitive Slave Law. It was thought best for his safety that he return to the protection of his home in Syracuse, because he had publicly advertised not only his enslavement but his position as a fugitive and would thus make an excellent test case for the law.

He arrived in Syracuse on October 3, 1850, to find the abolitionists enraged over the recently approved Fugitive Slave Act. President Fillmore had signed the bill on September 18, 1850. Within eight days, "all of the city papers printed a notice summoning the citizens of Syracuse and vicinity to meet in the City Hall on October 4th 'to make an expression of their sense of the act of the present Congress.' The notice was signed by twenty men, some of whom had never been identified with the abolition movement."¹ Pamphlets and handbills were also distributed for this great Citizens' Convention. Loguen was urged to go to Canada but refused to leave the scene of action.

On October 4th the City Hall was crowded. Mayor Alfred H.

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 19.

Hovey presided, and eight vice-presidents were elected from the two political parties. The meeting was opened with a speech by Samuel R. Ward, a Negro orator. Then came Loguen's turn. He viewed the large gathering and spoke:

He was a slave; he knew the dangers he was exposed to. He had made up his mind as to the course he was to take. On that score he needed no counsel, nor did the colored citizens generally. They had taken their stand -- they would not be taken back to slavery. If to shoot down their assailants should forfeit their lives, such result was the least of the evil. They will have their liberties or die in their defence. What is life to me if I am to be a slave in Tennessee? My neighbors! I have lived with you many years, and you know me. My home is here, and my children were born here. I am bound to Syracuse by pecuniary interests, and social and family bonds. And do you think I can be taken away from you and from my wife and children, and be a slave in Tennessee? Has the President and his Secretary sent this enactment up here to you, Mr. Chairman, to enforce on me in Syracuse? -- and will you obey him? Did I think so meanly of you -- did I suppose the people of Syracuse, strong as they are in numbers and love of liberty -- or did I believe their love of liberty was so selfish, unmanly and unchristian -- did I believe them so sunken and servile and degraded as to remain at their homes and labors, or, with none of that spirit which smites a tyrant down, to surround a United States Marshal to see me torn from my home and family, and hurled back to a bondage -- I say did I think so meanly of you, I could never come to live with you. Nor should I have stopped, on my return from Troy, twenty-four hours since, but to take my family and moveables to a neighborhood which would take fire, and arms, too, to resist the least attempt to execute this diabolical law among them. Some kind and good friends advise me to quit my country, and stay in Canada, until this tempest is passed. I doubt not the sincerity of such counsellors. But my conviction is strong, that their advice comes from a lack of knowledge of themselves

and the case in hand. I believe that their own bosoms are charged to the brim with qualities that will smite to the earth the villains who may interfere to enslave any man in Syracuse. I apprehend the advice is suggested by the perturbation of the moment, and not by the tranquil spirit that rules above the storm, in the eternal home of truth and wisdom. Therefore have I hesitated to adopt this advice, at least until I have the opinion of this meeting. Those friends have not canvassed this subject. I have. They are called suddenly to look at it. I have looked at it steadily, calmly, resolutely, and at length defiantly, for a long time. I tell you the people of Syracuse and of the whole North must meet this tyranny and crush it by force, or be crushed by it. This hellish enactment has precipitated the conclusions that white men must live in dishonorable submission, and colored men must be slaves, or they must give their physical as well as intellectual powers to the defence of human rights. The time has come to change the tones of submission into tones of defiance, -- and to tell Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster, if they propose to execute this measure upon us, to send on the bloodhounds. Mr. President, long ago I was beset by ever prudent and good men and women to purchase my freedom. May, I was frequently importuned to consent that they purchase it, and present it as an evidence of their partiality to my person and character. Generous and kind as those friends were, my heart recoiled from the proposal. I owe my freedom to the God who made me, and who stirred me to claim it against all other beings in God's universe. I will not, nor will I consent, that any body else shall countenance the claims of a vulgar despot to my soul and body. Were I in chains, and did these kind people come to buy me out of prison, I would acknowledge the boon with inexpressible thankfulness. But I feel no chains, and am in no prison. I received my freedom from Heaven, and with it came the command to defend my title to it. I have long since resolved to do nothing and suffer nothing that can, in any way, imply that I am indebted to any power but the Almighty for my manhood and personality.

Now, you are assembled here, the strength of this city is here to express their sense of this fugitive act, and to proclaim to the despots at Washington whether it shall be enforced here -- whether you will permit the government to return me and fugitives who have sought an asylum among you, to the Hell of slavery. The question is with you. If you will give us up, say so, and we will shake the dust from our feet and leave you. But we believe better things. We know you are taken by surprise. The immensity of this meeting testifies to the general consternation that has brought it together, necessarily, precipitately, to decide the most stirring question that can be presented, to wit, whether, the government having transgressed constitutional and natural limits, you will bravely resist its aggressions, and tell its soulless agents that no slave-holder shall make your city and county a hunting field for slaves.

Whatever may be your decision, my ground is taken. I have declared it everywhere. It is known over the State and out of the State -- over the line in the North, and over the line in the South. I don't respect this law -- I don't fear it -- I won't obey it! It outlaws me, and I outlaw it, and the men who attempt to enforce it on me. I place the governmental officials on the ground that they place me. I will not live a slave, and if force is employed to re-enslave me, I shall make preparations to meet the crisis as becomes a man. If you will stand by me -- and I believe you will do it, for your freedom and honor are involved as well as mine -- it requires no microscope to see that -- I say if you will stand with us in this resistance to this measure, you will be the saviours of your country. Your decision tonight in favor of resistance will give vent to the spirit of liberty, and it will break the bands of party, and shout for joy all over the North. Your example only is needed to be the type of popular action in Auburn, and Rochester, and Utica, and Buffalo, and all the West, and eventually in the Atlantic cities. Heaven knows that this act of noble daring will break out somewhere -- and may

God grant that Syracuse be the honored spot, whence
it shall send an earthquake voice through the land!¹

This speech so fired the audience that they shouted for words
from the chairman. Then Mayor Hovey arose to say:

The colored man must be protected -- he must be
secure among us. Come what will of political
organizations, and fall where it may, I am with
you. I hope I may never be called to obey this
law. But should the alternative come, I shall --
well, -- I hope I shall obey, law -- (unbounded
applause) -- let us act deliberately. We are
right -- this is a righteous and holy cause.²

Anti-slavery emotions filled the meeting. There is but one
pro-slavery remark recorded. This seems to have been made by At-
torney J. H. Brand, a young Democrat, who spoke unannounced to the
effect that he would aid in the execution of the Fugitive Law on the
strength of its validity and constitutionality. He was hissed from
the floor.

A series of thirteen resolutions was passed, which
called on people everywhere to oppose all attempts
to enforce the law, and which provided for a vig-
ilance committee to see that "no person is deprived
of his liberty without due process of law." The
three most significant resolutions are as follows:

"Resolved, that the Fugitive Slave Law recently
enacted by the Congress of the United States is a
most flagrant outrage upon the inalienable rights
of man and a daring assault upon the palladium of
American liberties."

"Resolved, that every intelligent man and woman
throughout our country ought to read attentively

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, pp. 391-394.
2. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 395.

and understand the provisions of this law in all its details, so that they may be fully aware of its diabolical spirit and cruel ingenuity, and prepare themselves to oppose all attempts to enforce it."

"Resolved, that we recommend the appointment of a Vigilance Committee of thirteen citizens, whose duty it shall be to see that no person is deprived of his liberty without 'due process of law.' And all good citizens are earnestly requested to aid and sustain them in all needed efforts for the security of every person claiming the protection of our laws."¹

Loguen was a member of the Vigilance Committee which agreed that "anyone who knew of a person in danger should toll the bell of a meeting house in a particular manner, and that the members of the committee should assemble at a rendezvous."²

On October 12, 1850, another stirring meeting was held, reported by the Syracuse Star as "the most perfect jam ever witnessed in this city." One principle ruled the proceedings: "No man shall be taken from Syracuse a slave, and no power shall force the fugitive slave law upon it."³ Typical resolutions are:

"Resolved, that as all of us are liable at any moment to be summoned to assist in kidnapping such persons as anybody may claim to be his slaves, and to be fined one thousand dollars if we refuse to do the bidding of the land pirates, whom this law would encourage to prowl through our country, it is the dictate of prudence, as well as good fellowship in a righteous cause, that we should unite ourselves in an association, pledged to stand by its members in opposing this law, and to share with

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 19.
2. Onondaga Documents, p. 19.
3. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 397.

any of them the pecuniary losses they may incur under the operation of this law."

"Resolved, that such an association be now formed, so that Southern oppressors may know that the people of Syracuse and its vicinity are prepared to sustain one another in resisting the encroachments of despotism."¹

This Association and the Vigilance Committee kept the evils of slavery before the people of Syracuse and indeed before the people of New York State. With the growth of abolitionism in the north, that city had accommodated numerous gatherings for the cause. There abolition conventions had been held from year to year on the first day of October. It is not surprising then that in the spring of 1851, when New York City refused the Anti-Slavery Society a place of meeting, that the body was invited by the abolitionists of Syracuse to hold its convention there on May 7th, 8th, and 9th, of the same year. Gerrit Smith and the Reverend Samuel J. May were among the prominent delegates who passed this resolution: "That as for the Fugitive Slave Law, we execrate it, we spit upon it, we trample it under our feet."²

Feeling ran so high that the pro-slavery leaders, in an effort to check anti-slavery agitation and to show their support of the Fugitive Slave Law, gave a public dinner at the Syracuse

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 20.

2. Onondaga Documents, p. 21.

House on May 21, 1851, for President Fillmore, U. S. Attorney General John J. Crittenden, and Secretary of the Navy John A. Graham.

The last mentioned, in his after-dinner speech, said: "If you people of the North do not like the laws of the United States, you can go to Canada or some other country that suits you better."¹

These same "Friends of the Union" or "Patriots", as they were sometimes called, invited Daniel Webster to appear in the city of Syracuse on May 26, 1851. He spoke from the balcony of Frazer Hall,

facing Market Street and the City Hall:

But what do we hear? We hear of persons assembling in Massachusetts and New York, who set up themselves over the Constitution -- above the law -- and above the decisions of the highest tribunals -- and who say that this law shall not be carried into effect. You have heard it here, have you not? Has it not been so said in the County of Onondaga? (Cries of Yes, Yes). And have they not pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to defeat its execution? Pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor? For what! For the violation of the law -- for the committal of treason to the country -- for it is treason and nothing else. (Great applause).

I am a lawyer, and I value my reputation as a lawyer more than anything else -- and I tell you if men get together and declare a law of Congress shall not be executed in any case, and assemble in numbers to prevent the execution of such law -- they are traitors, and are guilty of treason, and bring upon themselves the penalty of the law. Ho! Ho! It is time to put an end to this imposition upon good citizens, good men and good women. It is treason! treason! Treason! and nothing else, (cheers) and if they do not incur the

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 36.

penalties of treason, it is owing to the clemency of the law's administration, and to no merit of their own. . . . Depend upon it, the law will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. (Great applause). It will be executed in all the great cities -- here in Syracuse -- in the midst of the next anti-slavery convention, if the occasion shall arise; then we shall see what becomes of their lives and their sacred honor!¹

As Webster sat down amidst "tremendous cheering" and "loud murmurs of dissent," one of those who murmured may have been "Jerry", earlier known as William Henry. This William Henry, the child of Celia (a "bright mulatto" slave) and William Henry (a white slave holder) had been born in Buncombe County, North Carolina about 1812. About 1818 he and his mother had moved with their owner to Marion County, Missouri, passing through the free state of Illinois.² In course of time, he had passed into the ownership of John McReynolds (the step-son of his father) and had been enslaved as "the confidential servant of a Missouri Senator." About 1850 he had escaped from John McReynolds in Marion County, Missouri, and had come to Syracuse where he had remained. Generally known as Jerry, he had at first worked in the cabinet shop of Mr. Charles F. Williston. Here we cite a passage from Mr. Williston's Recollections, which shows how strong were the pro-slavery feelings in Syracuse:

We had then in the various branches of the business about forty-five workmen. I set him at work

1. Onondaga Documents, pp. 21-22.

2. A fact used in the "Jerry Trial" to disprove his status as a fugitive.

upon a turning lathe. At the end of the week I was notified by a committee of the employees that the "nigger" must quit, or that the rest of the workmen would leave. I inquired into the reasons and found that the "color" was the trouble.

My corps of workmen represented various shades of European nationalities, the Teutonic element predominant. I stated to the committee that they might report back that those who desired to leave would come in the office on Monday and settle accounts, and I would try to run my own business, with the help of the "nigger". The result, in brief, was that no one left and in a short time Jerry was a favorite with all. He remained for a year or more and left to engage in the coopering business, which afforded him better wages.¹

These "better wages" were found in the cooper shop of F. Mack in the First Ward.

The year 1851 found Jerry well settled into the life of Syracuse. Earl E. Speery says of him: "He was an intelligent, athletic mulatto, about thirty years of age,² with some mechanical ability."³

Charles F. Williston speaks of his being a

finely moulded specimen of humanity . . . , about thirty years old, bright, strong, and healthy. No ordinary politician kept himself better posted on current legislation, news and affairs . . . His favorite paper to read was the New York Evening Post . . . He was at home in history, geography,⁴ and, sadly enough, in the Slave Code and legislation.

This was the man taken by the anti-abolitionists to prove the strength of the Fugitive Slave Law.

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 30.
2. Records indicate that he was about thirty-nine.
3. Onondaga Documents, p. 22.
4. Onondaga Documents, pp. 29-30.

The next anti-slavery convention following the "Daniel Webster threat" was held in Syracuse on October 1, 1851 (the date of the Jerry Rescue) in the Congregational Church on East Genesee Street. Influential abolitionists from all sections of the State were in attendance. Many other visitors had been attracted to the city by the Onondaga County Agricultural Society Fair. Meanwhile, the slavery advocates saw an excellent opportunity to strengthen their case by suppressing any attempted slave rescue; their success would enable them to publicize the punishment which would quell similar opposition. The following story is Loguen's as told by his biographer of 1859: -

About noon it was noised abroad that a fugitive slave, whose name was Jerry, had been arrested and was being held in the office of the United States Commissioner. Jerry had been alone, working at his cooper's trade when he was seized from behind and told by officers that they had a warrant for him charging theft. It was not until he was securely bound in the Commissioner's office that the truth was known: he was really arrested as a fugitive slave.

The abolitionists spread the news, mobs gathered, the Presbyterian church bell was tolled, followed by every church bell in the city (except that of the Episcopalians) as a signal of support for the cause of liberty.

Soon the crowds surrounded the Commissioner's office and jammed the stairway leading thereto. Gerrit Smith was inside with the fugitive, pledged "to leave no stone unturned" for his deliverance and freedom. Loguen marched into the court room with a declaration that he was willing to fight to save Jerry. When questioned by other fugitives as to what they should do if the officers "grabbed" them, he said:

Let them grab. Now is the time to try the spunk of white men. I want to see whether they have courage only to make speeches and resolutions when there is no danger. Let us be here at night-fall, and if white men won't fight, let fugitives and black men smite down Marshals and Commissioner -- anybody who holds Jerry -- and rescue him or perish.¹

Then all went boldly into the court, pushed by the mob into the direct presence of government officials. Jerry, seeing their grit, resolved to throw himself upon the mercy of the crowd. He dashed madly across the room, was protected from the authorities, and went running through the streets under cover of milling masses. Hand-fetters so slackened his progress that after about a half-mile dash, just as he was about to get into a carriage which had been brought for his escape, he was recaptured. A scuffle ensued, after which he (half-naked and bleeding) was hustled into a truck. One of his captors sat on his body to hide him as they rode to the city

¹. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 402.

police office,¹ where he was placed in a back room with both hands and feet fettered.

The multitudes were heated to the fighting point. Realizing that the situation was getting more and more dangerous, officials decided to call out the militia. Captain Frendergast was willing to grant the aid, but his order was countermanded by that of his superior officer, Colonel Origen Vanderburgh,² who said:

If the States, with their Marshals and army, can't take a slave from so peaceable a city as this, they are in bad business. Anyhow, my soldiers shall not voluntarily help them, for no better reason than the cowardice of the officials trembling before the outrage they are committing. My soldiers shall never be kidnapers with my consent.³

Events were, by this time, shaping in favor of the rescue. The abolitionists called a selected group, including Ward and Loguen, to a meeting "at early candlelight" in the office of Dr. Hiram Hoyt for the perfecting of some organized plan of attack. After a speech by Gerrit Smith, this "Congress of Freedom" was inspired to a "forceful rescue" (in spite of the fact that Jerry might be released in the Federal Commissioner's Court) by way of demonstrating the powerful resistance they intended to provide against slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law.

During this session at Dr. Hoyt's, the mob kept watch out-

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1. A site known as the Jerry Rescue Block.
 2. Accredited with being the "moving spirit in originating the underground railroad in New York City."
 3. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 407.

to the police court. By night the vigilantes had increased to 1,000 or 3,000 persons -- white, black; women, children, and men armed with clubs and axes. Their attention was held by Negro¹ and white speakers, and all were ready to obey whatever command might be given.

About eight o'clock the committee arrived from Dr. Hoyt's office. Now the crowd could barely contain its emotions. The explosion occurred when one man yelled: "Bring him out! Bring him out!" Then stones were hurled against the windows of the police office. Panes were broken, entire windows smashed with clubs and axes, sashes were torn down, and the outside platform wrecked. The clerical officials were so terrified that they placed Jerry under guard, adjourned court until morning, and escaped in fear of their lives. One disguised himself in a borrowed overcoat and made his way to the Syracuse House; another hid on an upper floor in a covered place.

The violent mob was intent upon so demolishing parts of the building that the court room would remain unprotected for a direct line of attack. Casements were broken in with axes and iron bars. Strong fixtures impeded progress until several men made a battering ram about ten feet long and four inches thick from a hemlock plank. They shouldered at the command of William L. Salmon of Granby.

¹ Principally, Samuel R. Ward.

Oswego County, who shouted: "Open the way -- Old Oswego is coming." A powerful crash signified their entrance into the court room. Shouts of praise followed; Clinton Square on both sides of the Canal was littered with hats and bonnets.

When the rescuers pounded into the court room, the remaining officers extinguished the lights. Fighting followed; the officers reached for their revolvers, and two shots were fired. Each time the mark was missed and a brave leader called out to the crowd: "Come up! -- Come up, gentlemen! They have fired all their powder!" Now only a partition remained between them and Jerry, who all the while was being carefully guarded in the back room. The partition-wall was under attack with the battering ram, when a Federal Marshal opened the door a crack to point his pistol at one of the mob-leaders. Forthwith, he was struck with an iron rod which broke his arm-bones, "and the pistol and arm fell down together." As the wall began to give, the officers realized that they were defeated. The injured Marshal escaped by way of a window in the back room. The other officers opened the door and shoved Jerry out -- practically naked, bruised, bleeding, tired, and suffering with a broken rib. Two Negroes, Peter Hollinbeck and William Gray, the latter a fugitive slave, were there to receive him. This fact indicates their leadership in the rescue.

The conqueror's shout of triumph filled Clinton Square and burst through the city, as Jerry was displayed to the anxious mob. Surging around him, they paraded him in their arms through the streets to the door of the Syracuse House, to flout him in the face of the Federal officials. During this procession a persistent alderman insisted that laws should be obeyed. Moses Summers, an editor of the Daily Standard was one of those supporting Jerry. He released his place to Peter Reed, a Negro, while he himself knocked the alderman into the gutter. Upon second appearance, the alderman found himself floored again by Summers.

From the Syracuse House, Jerry was taken to the railway station, where the crowd was so great that the carriage which was to take him away could not get through. Still the throngs increased. Finally a cry of "Fire!" was raised in an effort to disperse the masses, that Jerry's rescue might be completed. He was lifted into the carriage and taken to a Negro's house in the eastern part of the city, where Jason S. Hoyt cut off Jerry's shackles and made him as comfortable as possible. Disguised as a woman, Jerry was then passed from one Negro home to another. However, it was thought safer to settle him with a white family; so he was taken to the home of Caleb Davis, a white abolitionist who lived on Genessee Street. Here his wounds healed so rapidly that

within four days he was sufficiently strong to make the trip to Canada.

On the evening of October 5, 1851, Jason S. Hoyt drove up for Jerry to take him to Canada. Caleb Davis and Hoyt sat on the driver's seat of the vehicle, laid Jerry on his back under them, and covered him with straw. They had been preceded by friends who were to make sure that the rescuers had not been spotted. When the way seemed clear, Davis returned to Syracuse with the two friends who had gone ahead for several miles. Hoyt and Jerry, left alone, suddenly realized that they were being pursued. Jerry started to run for the fields but was restrained by Hoyt as he said:

No, no! . . . I provided this instrument (showing a six barrel revolver) for a crisis like this. It is carefully loaded and ready for use. You must now take this iron bar, provided for you, and if they outspeed and attempt to take us, you will strike to kill and I will shoot to kill. It shall be a life struggle!¹

Soon their enemies were evaded. Hoyt secured a pass for Jerry, and a reliable man to take him to Oswego, where he rested overnight and took the morning boat to Canada.

Jo Norton, a fugitive slave from the District of Columbia, who was residing in Syracuse at the time of the Jerry Rescue, pictures himself as an active participant in the struggle. This account² adds

1. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 423.

2. An account recorded by E. M. Pettit.

details. It seems clear to him that Jerry's master had employed a detective to be on hand for the capture of Jerry at the exact time of the anti-slavery convention, in order that Syracuse might be humbled and its abolition activities squelched. Jo also speaks of vague rumors that had been circulated by the anti-abolitionists concerning captures that were to be made; many fugitives were so frightened that they fled into Canada before the convention assembled.

Jo was among those who decided to stay and help in case there should be a fight for freedom. His story further states that a Marshal was brought from Rochester to make the arrest, for no inhabitant of Syracuse would risk it. Jo reveals also a new reason for adjournment of the court; the fact that he organized and led the party that stormed the Commissioner's office;¹ also a different turn of events thereafter:

The trial was protracted and delayed until the court and counsel were tired out and hungry, and adjourned for supper, leaving the prisoner in charge of the marshal and his deputies. The officer took pains to make the crowd understand that he was armed, and would shoot down any man who should attempt to rescue the prisoner. Meanwhile, Jo had organized a party, and had everything ready to storm the stronghold of the slave power in Syracuse. Although it was time to light the lamps in the streets, the crowd had not diminished nor the excitement abated. The court and counsel had but just reached the hotel when Jo gave the signal to his men, and in an instant a stick of timber twenty feet long was mounted on

1. From the stated time of action, it is apparently the break into the police court.

the shoulders of as many stout Negroes as could stand under it; at the word "Jo", with a shout and run, the battering ram was thrown upon the door, and carried all before it. Then Jo, at the head of his men, with a crow-bar in his hands, ran upstairs and attacked the inner door. The marshal was a brave man for so great a rascal, -- none but rascals of a high grade would accept Fillmore's commission under the fugitive slave law -- and when the door gave way under the furious blows of Jo's crow-bar, he fired at him, but Jo was too quick for him. The ball went into the floor, and the marshal's arm hung limp at his side, shattered by the crow-bar. The men rushed in and seized the deputies, but the marshal jumped through an open window, and fell thirteen feet to the tow-path of the canal; he managed to get away in the shadow of the building, and found his way to a surgeon's office.

Jerry was found lying on the floor, bloody, almost naked, and bound in chains. . . . He was provided with clothes and money, and the poor fellow never saw the city of Syracuse again by daylight. The next time we heard from him he was making barrels in Canada.¹

Jo's account gives credit to Loguen in this manner, "J. W. Loguen (colored) and several others, were equally active with Jo Norton in the Jerry rescue."²

Several other accounts of the Jerry Rescue are worthy of consideration. Professor Earl E. Sperry's is particularly good for the timing of events and the exactness of the story.

. . . he was at work on October 1st, 1851, alone and unsuspecting, when about noon of that day he suddenly found himself seized from behind and held fast. His captors were Deputy Marshals Allen of Syracuse, Swift of Auburn, Bemis of Canandaigua, Fitch of

1. Eber H. Pettit, Sketches in the History of the Underground Railroad, pp. 52-53.
2. E. H. Pettit, Underground Railroad, p. 53.

Rochester, and Policeman Lowell of Syracuse. He was handcuffed and told that the charge against him was theft. On this pretext he was taken before United States Commissioner Joseph F. Sabine, whose office was in the Townsend Block, where he learned that he had been arrested under the Fugitive Slave Law.

. . . , and in the Congregational Church, directly west of the Courier Building on East Genesee Street, a convention of the Liberty Party was in session. To this assembly came Mr. C. A. Wheaton with the exciting news that a fugitive slave had been arrested. The convention quickly adjourned, the members going in a body to the office of Commissioner Sabine. Gerrit Smith arrived early and took his seat near the prisoner's counsel. The Rev. Samuel J. May was also present. Abner Bates, acting in accordance with the plan of the Vigilance Committee, rang the alarm signal on the church bell. Soon all the bells were ringing save that of the Episcopal Church. The story of Jerry's arrest spread with telegraphic speed throughout the city and a great crowd began to gather.

The preliminary examination of the prisoner was begun about one o'clock by the United States District Attorney, James B. Lawrence, who with Joseph Locais was the counsel for James Lear, Jerry's claimant, and agent for his owner. Leonard Gibbs of Washington County appeared for Jerry.

By half past two the crowd in the Commissioner's office was so great that an adjournment was taken for one-half hour to find a larger room. The crowd, however, did not withdraw when the adjournment was announced. Suddenly a group of men closed about Jerry, rushed him through the door, which was at once slammed and held fast by one Merrick, a powerful man, and threw Jerry bodily onto the stairs, down which he rolled head over heels to the sidewalk. Here he quickly regained his feet and though hampered by the manacles on his arms, set out at top speed along Water Street toward the Syracuse House. The crowd, which had opened to permit Jerry to pass, closed on Deputy Marshal Allen and the other officers. Soon, however, they were in pursuit, followed by a crowd, some of whom wished

to aid in the escape, some in the capture of the fugitive. After passing the Syracuse House Jerry ran east through Hanover Square, then to East Water Street, and onward to the Lock Street bridge over the canal. Here he was overtaken and after a furious struggle, which left him bruised, bleeding and half naked, he was captured by Policemen Peter Way and Russell Lowell. He was thrown onto a dray, one officer sat on his body, another on his legs to keep him down, and thus he was carried to the office of the police justice, Sylvester House, in the Raynor Block, now known as the Jerry Rescue Block. He was here placed in a back room, his legs were shackled and a guard consisting of deputy marshals and several policemen was placed over him. At this time Jerry was in such a fury of rage that the Chief of Police asked the Rev. Mr. May to quiet him. The two were left alone, and after some difficulty he was quieted by Mr. May's assurance that a rescue was being planned.

The arrest of so peaceable and blameless a man as Jerry, the injustice of the procedure before the Commissioner, where he was not allowed to testify in his own behalf, the bold attempt at escape, the probability of a return to slavery, all inflamed the indignation of the people to the boiling point. Repeated offers to rescue were promptly made to the Rev. Mr. May, who promptly rejected them, because proper arrangements were not yet complete, but the makers were urged to remain near the scene and to help at the right moment and in the right way. The attitude of the crowd was apparently alarming, for Deputy Marshal Allen demanded that the sheriff call out the militia. Captain Prendergast complied, but Colonel Vandenberg countermanded the order.

Immediately after the recapture of Jerry steps were taken to effect his rescue. Mr. Thomas G. White invited a few men to meet in the counting room of Abner Bates for the purpose of arranging a plan of action. At this meeting the decision was made to assemble that same evening at early candle light at the office of Dr. Hiram Hoyt, where detailed arrangements for the seizure of Jerry were made. Early in the even-

ing, the date being October first, the following persons accordingly gathered at Dr. Hoyt's office, the doctor himself being present: . . . Gerrit Smith, the Rev. Samuel J. May, Charles A. Wheaton; the colored ministers, S. R. Ward and J. W. Loguen; . . . , Caleb Davis, Montgomery Merrick, Abner Bates, James Davis, . . . Jason S. Hoyt, . . . , Peter Hallenbeck, . . . William Gray,¹ . . . As the meeting was secret and called for illegal purposes, there is no certainty that this list is complete. During the discussion Gerrit Smith made the following significant remarks, which perhaps explain why the attack on the police offices was undertaken: "It is not unlikely the Commissioner (Sabine) will release Jerry if the examination is suffered to proceed -- but the moral effect of such an acquittal will be as nothing to a bold and forcible rescue. A forcible rescue will demonstrate the strength of public opinion against the possible legality of slavery, and this Fugitive Slave Law in particular. It will honor Syracuse and be a powerful example everywhere."

The plan of action finally adopted is best stated in the following words of the Rev. Samuel J. May, who had a leading part in all this drama: "It was agreed that a skillful and bold driver in a strong buggy, with the fleetest horse to be got in the city, should be stationed not far off to receive Jerry when he should be brought out. Then to drive hither and thither about the city until he saw no one pursuing him; not to attempt to get out of town, because it was reported that every exit was well guarded, but to return to a certain point near the center of the city, where he would find two men waiting to receive his charge. With them he was to leave Jerry and know nothing about the place of his retreat.

"At a given signal the doors and windows of the police office were to be demolished at once, and the rescuers rush in and fill the room, press around and upon the officers, overwhelming them by their numbers, not by

1. The two Negroes, Peter Hollinbeck and William Gray, of the Loguen story.

blows, and so soon as they were confined and powerless by the pressure of bodies upon them, several men were to take up Jerry and to bear him to the buggy aforesaid. Strict injunctions were given and it was agreed not intentionally to injure the policemen. Gerrit Smith and several others pressed this caution very urgently upon those who were gathered in Dr. Hoyt's office. And the last thing I said as we were coming away was, 'If anyone is injured in this fray, I hope it may be one of our own party.'"

Meanwhile a great crowd in a ferment of excitement had gathered during the late afternoon and early evening in Clinton Square before the Raynor Block. The examination of Jerry before Commissioner Sabine had been resumed about 5:30. Harvey Sheldon and D. D. Hillis aided Mr. Gibbs in defending the alleged slave; J. R. Anderson appeared, along with Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Loomis, in behalf of the claimant, Lear. The crowd grew more restive and shouted repeatedly "Bring him out, give him up." Samuel R. Ward and C. G. Foots of Michigan addressed the people, and though they did not urge resistance to the law, there was little in their words to soothe agitated feelings. The excitement steadily increased and soon stones were rattling against the building. A large one hurled through the north window of the police office narrowly missed the head of Commissioner Sabine, and he forthwith adjourned the hearing until the next day. At the same time Jerry was taken to a small room directly back of the police office, where he was well guarded by deputy marshals and policemen.

By this time, at about 8:00 P.M., the rescuers were leaving Dr. Hoyt's office and mingling with the crowd. They were armed with clubs, axes and rods of iron. At about 8:30 P.M. there came from Salina Street a file of men carrying on boards between them a long and heavy beam. It was the battering ram. And now the attack began in earnest. The windows were smashed, the casings chopped and pried out, bricks even torn from their places, and the outside door ripped from its fastenings with the heavy ram. As the rescuers poured in through door and windows, Ira Cobb and L. D. Mansfield, who had remained with Jerry, turned off the gas. Some-

thing had been accomplished, but between Jerry and his friends there remained a stout partition. The plan was that this should be broken down, in order that the invaders might not be shot down as they entered the door. A fierce attack with axes and the battering ram was at once begun. At this point Marshal Fitch of Rochester partly opened the door, thrust out his arm, and fired twice, slightly wounding one man. As the partition was loosened, he jumped from the north window and was found to have a broken arm. Whether the injury was caused by a blow delivered by one of the assailants at the time he fired, or by his fall upon the stone coping of the canal is not certain. Deputy Marshal Allen also fled. As the rescuers, with James Davis, J. M. Clapp and Peter Hallenbeck at their head, continued to batter at the partition, Sheriff Samuel Smith of Ralls County, Missouri, who had accompanied Lear to Syracuse, pushed Jerry before him to the door, crying out, "Get out of this, you damned nigger, you are making all this muss," and quickly slipped by him into the crowd. All resistance was now over. Jerry was picked up with his manacles and shackles on and carried along West Water Street eastward to the Syracuse House, where the pro-slavery men and politicians had gathered. From there he was carried past the old New York Central Station down Warren Street as far as Brintnall's Hotel, where he was placed in a light buggy and driven rapidly away. In accordance with the plan formed at Dr. Hoyt's office, no attempt was made to take him from the city that night. The driver eluded all pursuers, if there were any, and at about nine o'clock delivered Jerry to Mr. Jason S. Hoyt and Mr. James Davis. The three walked a short distance to the home of Mr. Caleb Davis, who was a pro-slavery Democrat, but for humanity's sake consented to give Jerry shelter. His house stood on the east side of Orange Street, just off Genesee, and about on the site of the Medical College. Jerry's irons were cut off and a doctor was called to relieve the feverish condition resulting from the excitement and exertion of the day. Here Jerry remained for four days, until the evening of Sunday, October fifth. During this period only four or five people knew where

he was, citizens generally believing he had gone directly to Canada.

How Jerry left his hiding place is thus told by the Rev. Samuel J. May: "But the next Sunday evening, just after dark, a covered wagon with a span of very fleet horses was seen standing for a few minutes near the door of Mr. Caleb Davis' house. Mr. Jason S. Hoyt and Mr. James Davis were seen to help a somewhat infirm old man into the vehicle, jump in themselves and start off at a rapid rate. Suspicion was awakened and several of the 'patriots' of our city set off in pursuit of the 'traitors'. The chase was a hot one for eight or ten miles, but Jerry's deliverers had the advantage on the start and in the speed of the horses that were bearing him to liberty."

The success of the flight from Syracuse was due in no small degree to Mr. James Davis, who appears to have enlisted the aid of a toll-gate keeper on the Cicero road. When the wagon containing Jerry reached the gate it was quickly opened, but when the pursuers arrived, the gate-keeper appeared to be sunk in his final slumber, so slow was he to respond to their call. At Brewerton James and Caleb Davis turned back, while Mr. Jason S. Hoyt went on with Jerry. That night they went as far as Mexico,¹ where Jerry remained for several days at the home of a Mr. Clarke, near Oswego. As American captains might betray the fugitive, and as British craft were carefully watched, it was difficult to find passage to Canada. Not until a week had elapsed did Mr. Clarke find a British skipper to whom Jerry could be safely entrusted. From a deserted point on the lake shore he was rowed out in a small boat to the waiting schooner, which carried him to Kingston, Ontario. Here he was sent to the home of Joseph George, a friend of slaves, and soon was at work as a chair maker or cooper. He married and lived an industrious, respectable life for the few years left him.² On October 8th, 1853, he died of tuberculosis.

1. A village in New York State.

2. Onondaga Documents, pp. 22-27.

Charles Merrick's Reminiscences give an interesting idea of the way in which citizens rallied to the rescue:

At this time I was living at the corner of East Railroad and Grape Streets, and when on my way home to dinner one day I met Charles Pope, an alderman. He hailed me, I stopped, and he said, quietly but with evident nervousness, "They have arrested a fugitive slave, but don't you tell anybody that I told you." He was in fear of the popular public sentiment. I did not take much time for dinner, and was soon on the Clinton street bridge ready for action. Soon afterward we met at the office of Dr. Hiram Hoyt and there passed around in single file, clasping hands with the doctor and pledging ourselves to be true.

Gerrit Smith was there and, of course, said all that was necessary. With eloquent voice and commanding emphasis he exclaimed, "We desire his release!" Three times he repeated this virtual demand couched in the language, but not the tone of a desire. His declaration had the effect intended. I left the room to get the "boys" ready for action

...

This was after Jerry's examination before United States Commissioner Sabine of Onondaga Hollow. It was in the second story of the Townsend Block and the room was crowded with excited partisans and deeply interested spectators. A large man, the focus of all eyes, the claimant of liberty-loving Jerry, was seated in a chair. He assumed a great importance. He had secured a lawyer who was thoroughly versed in his profession, . . . He asked the burly claimant his name and was answered thus: "I represent an ancient people. My name is Lear." Upon giving this reply he cast a bar-room glance about him as if seeking approval. He sat there with a pistol in side pocket and the lawyer who appeared for us demanded that he be disarmed before being sworn. . . .

The Commissioner took sides with the slaveholder. All was still for a moment or two. Suddenly a man

by the name of Salmon, from Oswego County, a tanner and carrier by vocation, a full-grown man of powerful voice, cried out: "Gentlemen, you see how it is going; there is no use of longer waiting!"

. . . Presently a man named Sereeno F. King stepped quickly in front of the fugitive and said, "Let's take him out." Jerry turned his face up to mine, rolled his piteous eyes, and meekly asked, "Shall I try it?" I gave him a wink. He made a spring from his chair and jumped for the door. Then came a rousing rough-and-tumble, a general clinch, push and haul. But Jerry got out of the door, which my father, who stood handily by, slammed shut as he passed through. This detained the officers until Jerry had cast himself headlong down the stairs. Upon reaching the street he ran about a quarter of a mile before being overtaken. He was then placed upon a horse cart, in a lying posture, with men astride of him, and returned to the Jerry Rescue Building on Clinton Street, with the clothes half torn from his body. . . .

Samuel R. Ward, the colored preacher and orator, was present at the Rescue Building and stood upon the steps. He delivered a rousing, heart-stirring speech on the Declaration of Independence. . . .

At this juncture Jerry was secured in a back room. . . . The would-be rescuers secured a plank twelve or fourteen feet long to be used as a battering ram. A stalwart young colored man named Randall came up with an iron bar and took position in front of the sash door. I warned him to be careful and hurt no one. With a few well-directed, powerful blows he smashed that door from top to bottom. Then men rushed forward to use the plank as a battering ram against the partition. . . .

During these exciting scenes a United States marshal from Rochester stood, pistol in hand, with outstretched arm. A quiet appearing man standing by thought that arm ought to be broken. And it was broken. The lights were turned out. The marshal jumped from the window to the barn bank [narrow path] of the canal. It was but three or four feet wide.

He was soon surrounded and kindly conducted to the office of a surgeon -- to Dr. Hoyt, the very man with whom the rescuers had clasped hands and pledged their honor to be true. The doctor, in a kind of bitter-sweet voice, informed some of us that the brave officer cried like a child and had stated that his wife had beseeched him not to go out upon such business.

To his honor be it said, there was one United States marshal that would not serve in such a cause. His name was Lewis T. Hawley. He asserted that he would as soon be caught in a hen-roost stealing fowls as in an effort to arrest a fugitive slave.

The next morning the bell of the old Congregational Church rang a call at 9 o'clock for the people to gather, and there came the very best-natured and happy lot of people that ever I saw assembled. The house was filled to overflowing. Dr. Hoyt came in and told his experience with the marshal of the broken arm. The good doctor's eyes twinkled and he told the story of reducing the fracture in a half-humorous, mock pathetic manner that caused much laughter and enthusiasm. He said: "I gave the arm an extra wring for the cause, and then I put my hand down deep in his pocket and wrung that. He paid for it."¹

Sazuel E. Holmes, recorded as "an eye witness" of the rescue, furnishes scenes not previously noted.

. . . Jerry . . . was brought back . . . this time to the police office, nearby, on the west side of Clinton Street, adjoining the Erie Canal, as a more eligible place, and the case held open until 7 o'clock in the evening, to close the matter up. Being present, we saw the officers rub salt and water on Jerry's raw and bleeding wounds, when, with terrible groans, Jerry

1. Onondaga Documents, pp. 31-33.

Note: Charles Merrick also cites a case which shows clearly the price many abolitionists were willing to pay for their principles, and the support they gave each other. After the Jerry Rescue, William L. Chaplin was charged with having helped an escaping slave. Chaplin was arrested, sentenced to prison, and there left under a \$25,000 bail. However, he was released when Gerrit Smith went on the bond for \$15,000 and the "common people" furnished the remaining \$10,000.

said: "Oh, gentlemen, take off these handcuffs and I will take care of myself."

. . . The crowd outside and noise continued to increase and for further security Jerry was taken into the rear room of the office fronting on the Erie canal. Soon the great noise of an approaching throng was heard, when the gas in the office was turned off, and then the mob outside, with long heavy wooden sleeper joists, used as battering rams endways against the whole front of the office, breaking it all down and into kindling wood with the first stroke; the partition was next demolished and Jerry was seized as pistol shots were fired, and borne outdoors and down South Salina Street, shackles and all, on his way to Canada for freedom and liberty.¹

Farrish B. Johnson, as a boy thirteen years old in the crowd, was able to remember a fact which leads us to believe that the whites who "operated the battering ram," were disguised as Negroes. This disguise and the shades of evening must have added to the confusion of their opponents.

. . . In this square, near the middle, is what was then called "the Packet Basin" of the Erie Canal. . . .

Boylke, the writer was early on the ground and secured a position against the jamb of the right hand pair of doors. . . ., through the passage, came half a dozen men bearing a long stick of timber, about four inches square, to the doors. It was light enough for me to see that the men had black faces and white necks, black hands and white wrists. . . . while this battering was going on I moved to the other doors, where I saw other men with black faces and hands, white necks and wrists, and light straight hair, . . .²

1. Onondaga Documents, pp. 36-37.
2. Onondaga Documents, pp. 39-40.

Mr. Johnson's further account gives the following amusing detail:

"Nor am I certain that the leading women of Syracuse gathered thirty silver three-cent pieces and sent them to the Judge, with the message: 'Remember Judas, go thou and do likewise.' I know it was common report at the time that they had done so."¹

Gurnsey S. Strong's "Early Landmarks of Syracuse" records this "amusing detail" in a different way, along with another incident as legendary:

... ., the less intellectual women were not above getting pleasure in trying to torture the defeated United States officials in a very feminine way. They carefully packed up Jerry's shackles and sent them by express as a present to President Fillmore. They presented James R. Lawrence, counsel for the government in the Jerry case, with thirty pieces of silver -- three-cent pieces -- as the price of betraying innocent blood.²

Mrs. Margaret Sabine's statements are significant in clarifying the position of Commissioner Sabine:

Mr. Sabine and myself were both staunch Abolitionists, rather of what was called the rabid order, but he was also a firm believer in obedience to the laws of his country, and when he found the captured runaway Negro slave, Jerry, was to be tried before him (he being a United States Commissioner), and that the law was plain that he was to be returned to his master, that no matter how vile the law was, it was the law, he was greatly disturbed. I can see the distressed look on his face as he told me (confidentially, for it was a secret) about the matter, ending by saying, "It is cowardly to resign before my first case comes

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 40.

2. Onondaga Documents, pp. 51-52.

to trial; but what else can I do?" I seemed to have an inspiration, and I said: "Hold on to your commission, let no other man have your place. The trial is a week off, let things stand. . . ."

When Jerry, heavily ironed, accompanied by his overseer, several other Southern men and the United States officers who had him in charge started up the stairs that led to the Commissioner, thirty, forty, I do not know how many men, sprang suddenly from some place and also went up the stairs. Mr. Sabine said then there was a terrible time. The poor Negro did not know friend from foe, and as well as he could he fought them all.

You will know the fight was fierce when I tell you the windows, frames, as well as the glass, were broken and every piece of furniture in the neatly fitted up office of the new commissioner was in splinters. The Abolition Party a few days afterward offered to repair damages, but Mr. Sabine declined the offer, saying it was unnecessary, as his resignation had been forwarded to headquarters.¹

Mrs. Lucy Watson, a Negro, has what is perhaps the most vivid of all the accounts:

. . . I started downtown and a man called, "Tell your people there's a fugitive arrested." . . . while we were there Lear ran over the bridge and someone in the crowd called, "There's Jerry's master." He called back that he wasn't. And he was so frightened in his hurry to get away that he fell and broke his leg. . . .

I went home and had no more than reached there when there was a rap on the door and when I opened it William Thomson was there. And he says, "I've got Jerry." Then my sister Frances got out and my sister and I made a queen's chair like the children make with their hands and we carried him into the house that way, Thomson steadying him.

¹. Onondaga Documents, pp. 41-42.

We lived in the basement. When we got him there Jerry was awfully frightened. His face was bleeding and his hands shackled. He explained his bruises in this way: When the crowd broke open the door the officer was so frightened that he put Jerry in front of him to protect himself until he got to the door, then slipped away. Jerry got a stone in the forehead before the crowd appreciated that they had him.

We started to get the shackles off.¹ We worked a good while with a hammer and flatiron, and finally broke them. Mrs. Mahala Robbins and I buried them in the garden, for we knew it was high treason if we were discovered.

Then we tried to get someone to file off the handcuffs. We finally got Peter Lilly, the blacksmith, after we had been there twice, to come and do it. He was an abolitionist and he was so excited when he found that we had Jerry that he could scarcely file them.

Then we put some women's clothes² on Jerry and took him into the backyard and boosted him over the back fence, and that was the last we saw of him.³

Ella B. Moffet sheds light on the character of Caleb Davis:

. . . The part which "Cale" Davis, as he was commonly called, played in this bit of history was unique. He was a butcher of rough exterior and great physical strength who had come to Syracuse from Vermont in the early days. He soon became known to all the city as a rank pro-slavery man. It is said that he never met the sweet-tempered Samuel May in public without reviling him, and one would have thought his roof would have been the last on earth to shelter the hunted slave.

But in spite of his reputation as a "hot-headed" pro-

1. Now exhibited in the museum of the Onondaga Historical Association.
2. Said to have been a dress, hood, and shawl.
3. Onondaga Documents, pp. 43-43.

slavery Democrat, "Cale" Davis was by no means a hard-hearted man. . . . For four days he successfully harbored Jerry, . . ., while he himself was constantly on the street cursing the abolitionists and the whole business. Jerry, meanwhile, was in a frenzy of fear and excitement lest he should be discovered, but plans for his escape to Canada were soon completed.¹

The Moffet story also reveals another secret about what made Jerry's final escape possible:

. . . James Davis found that one of the gate keepers on the road to Canada was an Odd Fellow, so he joined the order, and in a few days had the password.

On the Sunday following the rescue, as the bells were ringing for evening service, Caleb Davis drove out into the country to collect beef, as was his custom. He stopped at the Syracuse House for a cigar and drove on without exciting suspicion. But in the bottom of the cart, covered with sacking, lay Jerry, armed and anxious. The team was a span of very fleet horses furnished by ex-Mayor Jason C. Woodruff, a Hunker Democrat. James Davis, on horseback and disguised as a negro, drove out twelve miles to see and instruct the toll-gate keepers. . . .²

The Jerry Rescue, when news was flashed throughout the country, was generally regarded as an insult to the law. A typical Press comment is found in the Albany Argus: "The recital of the outrages upon the law and its ministrators at Syracuse will be read with mingled astonishment and shame. They are a reproach to the city where they were permitted, a burning disgrace to the State at large."³ Only one

1. Onondaga Documents, pp. 44-45.
2. Onondaga Documents, p. 45.
3. Onondaga Documents, p. 50.

paper in Syracuse, the Copperhead Star, censured the proceedings. Nevertheless, strong opinion forced action against the rescuers. A meeting was called in Syracuse, October 14, 1851, "to consider the principles of the American Government and the extent to which they are trampled under foot by the Fugitive Slave Law, . . ."¹

On the following day, October 15, eight persons -- five whites and three Negroes (Harrison Allen, William Thompson, and Prince Jackson) -- were arrested by the United States Marshal to be taken before the United States District Judge on the charge "of having prevented the execution of this law." They were arraigned and indicted before Judge Conkling at Auburn, with nearly one hundred Syracuseans present. Bonds of \$2,000 for each of the white men were signed by men like ex-Governor William H. Seward, Hiram Hoyt, and Charles A. Wheaton. Similar bonds of \$500 each for the Negroes were signed by Seward.

On November 5, 1851, five other participants in the rescue were indicted in the United States district court at Buffalo. One Negro, Enoch Reed, was among them. This made a total number of thirteen men indicted: nine whites and four Negroes.

The men indicted were hardly fair selections. Most of them had nothing to do with the rescue beyond a little active sympathy. Although Gerrit Smith, Charles A. Wheaton and the Rev. Samuel J. May had

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 46.

published in the papers an acknowledgment that they had assisted all they could in the rescue of Jerry, the attorney did not see fit to bring any of them to trial.¹

The trials began at Albany in January, 1853. Gerrit Smith was among those appearing for the accused.

Before the cases had been argued they were postponed to June, then to October, then to January, 1853. During this month the first case was tried at Canandaigua before Judge W. K. Hall, and Enoch Reed was found guilty.² He appealed, but died before the appeal was heard. W. S. Salmon was tried and acquitted, and the jury disagreed in the cases of Ira H. Cobb and J. B. Brigham. The remaining cases were once postponed, once adjourned, and then dropped. By this time it was in all probability impossible to find a jury which had not formed a positive opinion concerning the merits of the case.

The law, however, was not felt by the friends of Jerry alone. James Lear, the agent of Jerry's owner, Mr. McReynolds of Missouri, and Deputy Marshal Allen were arrested on the charge of kidnapping a citizen of Syracuse. Mr. Allen was indicted by the Grand Jury of Onondaga County,³ was tried in June, 1852, but acquitted on the grounds that in arresting Jerry he was executing a law of the United States.⁴

The Jerry Rescue cases perished with the above proceedings.

But for several years immediately thereafter, October the first was

1. Onondaga Documents, p. 53.

2. Loguen's Biography, p. 442, reads: "Reed was found guilty -- not of a crime under the Fugitive Act -- but on a count for resisting process, prudently annexed to the main charge."

3. A footnote from Loguen's Biography, p. 443, states: "The Grand Jury of Onondaga County indicted Harry Allen for attempting to kidnap Jerry, upon the assumption that the Fugitive Slave Act under which Jerry was arrested was unconstitutional and void; but Judge Marvin of the Eighth District of New York, bent his servile spirit to the uses of slavery, sustained the act, and let the criminal go."

4. Onondaga Documents, p. 28.

celebrated as the "anniversary of the greatest event in the history of Syracuse." The spirit of the occasion is still passed from one generation to another. Dr. Alfred Mercer,¹ a staunch abolitionist who died in Syracuse on August 5, 1914, made the following provision in his will: "To keep green in memory the heroism of the men who rescued Jerry -- men who could not look on a slave -- I give six hundred dollars to the Onondaga Historical Association, to be known as the Jerry Rescue Fund; the interest of which shall be used every five years to procure some person to deliver a Jerry Rescue oration on October 1st."²

Many Negroes who, like Peter Hollenbeck, were involved in the Jerry Rescue, escaped arrest by fleeing to Canada. Jo Horton sold his Syracuse property and migrated to Toronto, Canada, where he remained. So great was the fear among Negroes that some of them who could not be proved as "Jerry Rescuers" decided on a safer place of residence. In this group we note Tom Leonard of the earlier Fowell-Davenport case, who, after the Jerry Rescue, went to Canada for one or two years. It was alleged that Loguen would be seized and returned to his state of bondage in Tennessee. He replied that his plan was to conflict openly with the assigned Marshal and his own former master if the occasion should arise. Wise counsel pre-

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1. A physician who came to Syracuse two years after the Jerry Rescue, and worked in partnership with Dr. Hiram Hoyt.
 2. Frontispiece, Onondaga Documents.

vailed upon him to seek temporary refuge in Canada.

Loguen left Syracuse in the face of the forthcoming Jerry Rescue trials. He spent three or four days in Skaneateles with the Fuller family, then went on to Rochester, where he took the boat for Lewiston and finally landed at Queenston, Canada. News of the Jerry Rescue had reached those parts, and Loguen found himself with friends. He was taken to St. Catherine's and employed to preach and teach among the Negroes there.

The spring of 1852 found him bound for Syracuse again, though he had been warned that return meant a surrender of his rights. He was determined to have his whole case settled. A warrant was served on him, but no action was ever taken. Every Marshal knew how upsetting it would prove publicly to arrant or jail him. They were no more anxious than he was for his return to Tennessee.

Eber M. Pettit states: "Rev. J. W. Loguen, and several others, were arrested and taken to Albany, where they were tried for rescuing the slave, but the jury failed to agree upon a verdict. They were then sent for trial to Canandaigua, with the same result, and the prosecution was finally abandoned."¹ Whether or not he was actually tried does not appear in Loguen's Biography. There is the statement that "the indictment against Loguen was never tried."²

1. E. M. Pettit, Underground Railroad, p. 53.

2. The Rev. J. W. Loguen, p. 442.

However, the indictment referred to includes the Enoch Reed group, and more reliable sources do not bear out this fact. Further, no one of the accounts published by the Onondaga Historical Society, which are now regarded as having highest authority, lists Loguen among those indicted or tried. We are under the impression that Loguen's arrest was prevented primarily by his flight to Canada. There is, too, the possibility that his great influence as a preacher might have placed him in the category with those other strong abolitionists who admitted their part in the rescue but whom the law dared not touch. We say possibility, for unlike them, he was a fugitive; furthermore, the fact remains that he did flee to Canada for protection. We further believe that after Loguen's return from Canada and the farcical serving of the warrant, he was left unmolested to pursue his activities.

Shortly after his return, Syracuse received a jolt when word was circulated there that Loguen had been arrested at the Junction of the road to Skaneateles.¹ The church bells were tolled and furious crowds gathered by night to protest the action. In the midst of the excitement, Loguen returned to Syracuse and by his presence testified that the report was false.

Thereafter, he continued boldly with the abolition movement. He spoke against slavery wherever his services were requested, served

1. A return trip made to the Fullers for his horse and carriage, left with them during his hurried trip to Canada.

as "general agent" of the underground railroad in Syracuse, and worked constantly as minister and teacher for his people. His home, on the northeast corner of East Genesee and Pine Streets, was known as the Underground Railroad Depot at Syracuse. Here in an apartment "fitted up suitably for the work," he estimates that he and Mrs. Loguen welcomed and aided 1,500 fugitives to Canada. This figure evidently does not include those slaves he sheltered and adjusted to a better way of life in Syracuse.¹

Soon after the Jerry Rescue, a Syracuse paper carried the following announcement:

The members of the Fugitive Aid Society find it no longer convenient nor necessary to keep up their organization. The labor of sheltering those who flee from tyranny, providing for their immediate wants, and helping them to find safe homes in this country and in Canada, must needs devolve, as it always has devolved, upon a very few individuals. Hitherto, since 1850, it has been done for the most part, by Rev. J. W. Loguen. He, having been a slave and a fugitive himself, knows best how to provide for that class of sufferers, and to guard against imposition. Mr. Loguen has agreed to devote himself wholly to this humane work, and to depend for the support of himself and family, as well as the maintenance of this depot on the Underground Railroad, upon what the benevolent and friendly may give.

We, therefore, hereby request that all fugitives from slavery, coming this way, may be directed to him; and that all clothing or provisions contributed may be sent to his house, or such places as he may designate.

¹ The Syracuse directory for 1852 lists 97 Negroes. No doubt there were many others, a large number of whom were fugitives.

Mr. Loguen will make semi-annual reports of his receipts of money, clothes, or provisions, and of the number of fugitives taken care of and provided for by him, and he will submit his accounts at any time to the inspection of any persons who are interested in the success of the Underground Railroad.¹

1. E. M. Pettit, Underground Railroad, p. 54. The exact date is not given.

P a r t I I

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN TOMPKINS COUNTY: FACTS AND TRADITIONS

Much of the printed material about the underground railroad has to do with its operation in the territory of free states adjacent to borders of slave states. Here the friction between pro- and anti-slavery sympathizers was most pronounced. On the one side were those who fervently believed in the right of a master to reclaim his property, and on the other side were those who just as fervently believed that no human should be considered or treated as the "property" of another. The Act of 1793 provided for the "reclamation of fugitives from justice as well as from service."¹ The Fugitive Slave Law, 1850, was drafted by Virginia's Senator Mason "who was among the foremost of the southern 'Fire Eaters' in his hatred of the north and he injected everything into that measure which he felt would be galling to the abolitionists, gave the slave holders or those hunting their runaway slaves, the power to organize a posse at any point in the United States to aid them in running down their Negroes."² After the passage of this law the operators of the underground railway shared the opinion well put by Harriet Tubman: "After that, . . .

1. William Monroe Cockrum, History of the Underground Railroad, p. 9.

2. William Monroe Cockrum, Underground Railroad, p. 10.

I wouldn't trust Uncle Sam wid my people no longer, but I brought 'em all clear off to Canada."¹ Thus, Ithaca and neighboring places became "stop off" stations or "lay overs" for the fugitives enroute to Canada.

I am told by Mr. John G. Brooks (former owner of the Brooks Drug Store, 126 East State Street, Ithaca; now President of the Dewitt Historical Society of Tompkins County) that behind the store is a trench eight to ten feet long and six feet wide and deep, which he believes served as a shelter for fleeing slaves. Mr. Brooks further tells me that when Dr. H. P. Denniston, a practicing physician here, who lives at 113 East Seneca Street, remodeled his home, a ground floor was taken up under which was found a stairway leading into an underground shelter. This statement was verified by Dr. Denniston. Another verification of this fact is recorded at the Dewitt Historical Society of Tompkins County under Interviews:²

Interview with Harry Greene, 113 Cleveland Avenue: Mr. Greene . . . was born in Ithaca, 1870, on Cleveland Avenue then known as Wheat Street. The name was changed 20 years ago. His mother used to tell about underground railways. She mentioned where Dr. Denniston lives on East Seneca Street (113) and Miss Johnson's home, 326 South Cayuga Street, then known as the Titus Brum home.³

1. S. H. Bradford, Harriet, the Moses of Her People, p. 39.
2. Interviews compiled by the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration of New York State, March 18, 1935.
 Note: The Temporary Emergency Relief Administration began the Tompkins County Historical Research Project under the Federal Emergency Relief Administration.
3. Titus Brum was Miss Johnson's grandfather.

Another Interview found at the Dewitt Historical Society

is:

Interview with Miss Jessie Johnson, 326 South Cayuga. This property was originally bought in 1824 from Francis Bloodgood. In the attic of his house was a hide-out for the runaway slaves. Miss Johnson did not know it was there until the house was torn down in 1927. The room was boarded up and furniture was found.

I visited Miss Johnson who still lives at 326 South Cayuga Street and is known as a very capable music teacher, but found that she had "no additional information." However, she gave me the following newspaper clipping from the Ithaca Journal:¹

At 326 South Cayuga Street a brand new house is being built for Miss Jessie M. Johnson. Until recently, a house purchased by Miss Johnson's grandfather, Titus Brown,² from Frances³ Bloodgood on October 12, 1924, stood on the site.

Not long ago Miss Johnson directed workmen to tear the old place down. It had been built in the days when houses were built, and not slapped together. But it had seen its day. In the walls were white pine planks almost two feet wide. The nails were all hand-forged, and the beams were put together with wooden pins in many places.

In the kitchen was an old bake-oven. It was made of old-fashioned pink brick. At first glance it looked like a fireplace, but the aperture in its face at the floor was designed for the storage of wood. The fire was built in the baking compartment above. Chest high from the floor was a square door opening into the place where the fire was burned to heat the thick

1. The date had been cut from the clipping.
2. Titus Brun is the correct name.
3. Francis Bloodgood was the former owner.

outer layers of brick. A flue just outside of the door took care of the smoke which poured back out through the door to go up the chimney. Baking was done by cleaning out the fire after the bricks had been raised to a high temperature, and shutting the bread or cake in until it was browned. . . . "Yes, I know it's an old place, been here for over 100 years now, . . ." commented Miss Johnson. . . .

The landmark has been in the family of Miss Johnson's ancestors since 1824. When it was built is a question. The story is that it was used as a station on the Underground Railroad. One of the carpenters engaged in wrecking the house said he discovered what appeared to be a trap door in the top step of a stairway leading to a room at the rear of the second floor. A runaway slave might easily have been secreted by slipping down through the trap door and onto the top of the bake-oven. The slave would have been safe and warm there. . . ."

After I had read and copied the clipping, Miss Johnson and I had to laugh about her saying she had "no additional information." When I saw her brother, a barber who works on State Street, known all around as "Bert" Johnson, he said:

"All I know is that we are now living on the same site where our grandparents had an underground station. We tore down the old house and built this house in the same place. All I know about the underground railroad I got from my grandmother, and I can't remember much of that. All I remember is my grandmother telling me about hiding the slaves in her big oven."

Mr. Edward Sampson, Ithaca, a member of our Folklore class, tells me that he has "heard" that "some few" of the old houses here "out on West Hill" were used as underground stations. I have been unable to verify this.

A number of the fugitives brought here after 1850, enroute to Canada, remained. Others had fled to this haven (Ithaca) before the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law and did not bother to leave thereafter. As an example of the first group I have the testimony of Mr. Fred Smith, 210 Cleveland Ave.,

"My father came here through the underground railroad from Georgia on his way to Canada, but he never got no farther than right here, 'cause he came here and stayed. It had been such a long time to get here, he just didn't want to go no farther. I've heard him tell about that trip and all he knew about the underground railway a thousand times or more, I guess, but land sakes! for the life of me I couldn't repeat it to save my life; no, not even none of it. It's left me."

From the second group, those who came to Ithaca before 1850, I have the following names given me by Mrs. Elmira Brown, 110 Cleveland Avenue. She knew all of these people, now dead, but could remember none of their stories about the underground railroad:

Mr. Jerry Jones.

Mr. Jasper Woodson. In giving this name Mrs. Brown said: "I knew his second wife well but can't think of her first name. We were real good friends too."

Mr. Tom Allen. Here Mrs. Brown told me that she bought the house she is living in from "that very Tom Allen."

Miss Hattie _____. Mrs. Brown could not remember Miss Hattie's last name but could "see her in my mind just as plain. She used to live on Green Street."

Then Mrs. Brown said:

"There were other different ones I can't remember now. Anyway, they're all dead. Some of these and those I can't place I believe -- I'm not sure, and don't know which ones -- Aunt Harriet brought up. You know we all called Harriet Tubman Aunt Harriet."

At Etna, New York, near route 366 in Dryden township, there is an underground railroad station. It was the home of "Hananiah Wilcox and wife, Nancy Ann Price, who sheltered fugitives enroute to Canada and transported them to next station, supposedly -- Cortland."¹ Mrs. J. B. Smelzer, 405 South Albany Street, tells me that she knew the granddaughter of Hananiah Wilcox; her name was Miss Nan Pickney.² Mrs. Smelzer gave me the following story as she got it from Miss Pickney:

"Often I have heard my grandfather tell how the Negroes were brought secretly to his place. He gave them shelter and food and then carried them to Cortland where there was a person who gave them money for shoes and clothing."³

Etna has another station which was the home of "William Hanford and wife Altha C. Todd [who] Sheltered fugitive slaves."⁴

Peruville, New York, has this marker, erected in 1932 by the State Education Department: "New York / Underground Railroad / Home of Henry Tester / and wife Asubah Vaughan, / who sheltered Fugitive Slaves." This place is now owned by Mr. G. W. Balts. When I went

1. Marker on road near route 366. I have been able to locate no information about this station at Cortland.
2. Deceased.
3. I have not been able to find information as to the identity of this person.
4. Marker on road near route 366.

there, no one was at home. However, I located Mr. George Stark, keeper of the Peruville cemetery and neighbor to Mr. Baltz. He told me:

"The old house, most of it, was torn down and rebuilt. All the Testers are dead now. 'Wish I could show you their graves but I can't 'cause they're all snowed under and often there ain't even no headstones to them. I've heard about how the old Testers used to hide the slaves and take them out at night to send them on their way to Canada."

Historic Sites Located in Tompkins County, as collected by the Cayuga Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1933, bears this account of the Peruville station:

Groton Township:

Underground Railroad -- near route 38, Peruville. Operated for fleeing slaves. A part of the old home of Henry Teeter and Azubah Vaughn Teeter, who sheltered them, is incorporated in the house now standing. Their dog, "Old Major," ably assisted.

Mrs. J. B. Smelzer contributed this to the Teeter story:

"I believe there are some of the Teeter descendants at Lansing and maybe Groton;¹ I am not certain. I do know that Mrs. George H. Scofield² is a direct descendant of Henry Teeter. I also know the story that Henry Teeter assured the slaves that anybody who crossed his doorstep would have to climb over the dead body of his dog -- this served to comfort them."

The Dewitt Historical Society has recorded in pencil on a slip of note-paper two accounts of a certain Alexander Murdock.

1. Could not be located.
2. Could not contact.

They are:

Alexander Murdock came to Ithaca from Scotland in 1812. He maintained an "underground railroad".

Alexander Murdock, from Scotland to this country in 1832. Was living in Waverly at age of 87. During the days of slavery was connected with the so-called "Underground railroad". His residence in Ithaca was threatened to be burned by slavery sympathizers.

No other information about Murdock was located, nor was I able to ascertain which of the dates given for his arrival in America is correct.

The Dewitt Historical Society has two other accounts which interest us here. One is concerned with:

Edith Scott: gt. granddaughter of Sydney Todd¹ who helped slaves on their flight to Canada -- would take them to lake to be rowed across to west side.

The other states:

Slaves were harbored by Horace Cooper who owned the "Farmer's Inn" Jacksonville -- Inn built according to marker in 1826.

About 1842 -- Mr. Herskiah Van Order then about 10 years old as related to his son Fred W. Van-Order remembered -- a slave woman with boy about 10 years old and carrying a child in arms came there one night and the next night were passed on to next station.

Another was a boy about 10 years -- came there -- He was a chimney sweep -- and while there cleaned the Cooper chimney. Mr. Van Order remembered seeing the boy on top of chimney -- they swept from the bottom up . . .

1. I could not find whether or not he was related to Altha C. Todd, page 143.

Several days after the slave woman with children had left a man on horse back stopped at the Inn -- supposedly on her track, but it is hoped that he did not overtake her on her way to Canada and freedom.

(As related by Fred W. Van Order, Jacksonville, July 16, 1936.)

There were other friends of the fugitive slaves in this section. Initial Ithacans¹ gives this account of Ben Johnson -- Fourth President of the village of Ithaca:

For burning satire upon the Christian Church, the political party in power, and the legal profession of his day, the following story of Ben Johnson, is a masterpiece and a reflection of his own nature. George A. Johnson,² a well-known Ithacan of the present day,³ relates it: "My father's barber-shop adjoined the building on North Aurora street in which Ben Johnson had his law office, now occupied by P. & F. Hall. Occasionally I visited Mr. Johnson in his office and informed him that several runaway slaves had arrived during the previous night by the way of the underground route, and that they must have shoes and clothing and money for their passage toward Canada. He answered that he 'was a Christian, and member of the church, and a lawyer, and a Democrat and therefore a law abiding citizen; that he could not consistently assist in depriving men of their property. So, he could not do such an unlawful act.' But he would hand me a five or ten dollar note, and tell me to take it and buy tickets, and send the runaway slaves back to their masters. He knew that the terror-stricken runaways would be aided on their way by being secreted during the night in the Steamboat Simeon DeWitt and taken to Cayuga Bridge and on toward the North Star."

Thomas Lawrence used the wine and gun cellar of his home.

1. By Thomas W. Burns (1904), p. 14.
2. Father of Jessie and "Bert" Johnson.
3. Since deceased.

built in 1790, as an underground railroad station. The house still stands in Odessa, New York, and for the past twelve years has been owned by the Ericksen family who operate a restaurant known as Fontainebleau. Mrs. Ruth Ericksen gave me the following information:

"This place was built by the Lawrence family, cousins of George Washington. The head of the family was Sir Thomas Lawrence, English portrait painter. The old wine and gun cellar was used as an underground railroad station. It was well bricked and had shelves for food. The shelves were kept well stocked. The station was so well known to friends of the movement that slaves often entered without even communicating with the people upstairs, refreshed themselves, and moved on to Buffalo or Niagara Falls."

Regarding another "station" the Ithaca Journal for August 16,

1939, carries this story:

To Civil-war-day slaves fleeing north via the underground railway, a certain house near Mecklenburg meant shelter, rest and food. Arriving there, they were hustled underneath the back-kitchen floor where in a tiny room high enough to sit up in, they were screened from a strange northern world.

Food was passed down through the woodshed steps. The runaways usually spent two or three days in their subterranean shelter, with footsteps of the household echoing overhead. Then, one dark night, the master of the house hitched up and drove them to the "next station" near Lodi.

The Mecklenburg house is still very much standing, owned by Willis Welch who bought it 27 years ago from Parker Wixon. Mr. Wixon and the house's former owners were Quakers. . . . (Welch's youngest son is Howard [Wreck] Welch, record holding Cornell cross country runner.)

When I visited this site, generally known in these parts as the Welch Farm, Mr. W. Y. Welch, the present owner, and his wife were not at home. However, I was shown about by Mr. J. L. Gibbs, who is well acquainted with the place and can easily believe that the above article is a true account. Mr. P. B. Sands, who worked on the Welch farm one summer says:

"Yes, that article is a true record. I often saw Frank Wixon, the son of the Wixon who built that house. I do not have at hand any stories about the underground railroad that he gave me as he got them from his father. I do know that in the old days there was a regular Quaker settlement out that way."¹

Mr. Lyman H. Gallagher wrote the following article for the Ithaca Journal of February 2, 1935:

Gerrit Smith, of Petersboro, before the Civil War, was one of the best known and most effective abolitionists in the northern states. Gerrit Smith ranked with William H. Seward and William Lloyd Garrison as an advocate of the abolition of slavery in the United States. Gerrit Smith was a man of wealth and possibly one of the largest property owners in New York State. His holdings in his home county of Madison alone consisted of a belt across the entire county of 75,000 acres. He had a habit of buying tracts in different parts of the State . . . It is our belief that he intended these parcels of land for use, if necessary, as avenues of escape for slaves, in conducting the "Underground Railroad" which extended across this state to Canada.

Some of Gerrit Smith's "parcels of land" became the property of Negroes living in Ithaca. Miss Jessie Johnson tells me:

1. About four miles from Wecklenburg, New York.

"Gerrit Smith, gave ten or twelve Negroes, living in Ithaca during his time, twenty or thirty acres of land in Essex County so they could vote. They just had to keep the taxes paid. I don't remember the names of all the Negroes so favored, but I do know that my grandfather, Titus Brom, and Henry Moore who lived on South Plain Street, were among them."

The parents of Loren Jerome Cook, who now lives at 123 Cleveland Avenue, Ithaca, worked for Gerrit Smith. Mr. Cook tells me:

"Of course I don't know much about the underground railroad, as my people was Indians. I was born on the Onondaga reservation. My mother was Onondaga and my father Stockbridge. I was 21 years old before I learned to read and write. My wife went to the high school here and she learned me a lot. I tell you I was a bright one. Sixty-five years ago I run the milk department at Cornell and knew all about what I was doing.

"Yes, my mother and father worked for Gerrit Smith and he and Mrs. Smith was the finest people ever you did see. Mrs. Smith fixed my mother in one of her silk dresses to be married, right in her house. My mother never used to wear that dress except at some big doings, and I tell you everybody was a-looking at her then.

"Gerrit Smith used to get slaves up there at Petersburg. He didn't keep 'em long, just time to get fixed up and sent on up north. One fellow come there by the name of Limber Jim, and he was limber, don't you think he weren't. Didn't nobody monkey with Jim. He'd haul right off and kick you in the face with both feet. One day we was working, and he showed me white streaks on his back, just as plain as your fingers, where his ole massa down south where he come from beat him. When the war come, he enlisted and went back down south and got even with his ole massa. Two weeks after he left us he turned up in Horsehead. Come the close of the war, he worked

with his brother on the Chemung Canal, which been gone for years and years.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Gerrit Smith was one fine man. He was just as nice to the runaway slaves as a body could be. Didn't nobody come messin' 'round his place lookin' for no slaves, neither. Mr. Smith was known all 'round.

"I remember, I took a test to be guard at State Prison at Auburn. I failed, but when his nephew, who was head of the Auburn Prison, found out who I was, he wrote me I had passed. I never got it, 'cause they never had an Indian guard up there."

Mr. Charles Philip Johnson, who lives with Mr. Cook, was born in Madison County and knew the Smith family. He sat nodding his consent to all Mr. Cook said. He stated:

"I can't add nothing. Gerrit Smith was a fine Christian gentleman and a wealthy man too. He owned more land in Madison County than any man I know. He must've owned thousands and thousands of acres."

Mr. Smith's underground station was widely known and highly respected. Charles Stuart, Oswego, New York, wrote him on August 15, 1841, that he hoped by "tomorrow" to be at Peterboro,¹ "a resting place of holy laws."² James C. Fuller wrote from Skaneateles, New York, on October 12, 1841, that he was "glad to hear of Sam's arrival with his wife [negro couple]."³

Mr. J. L. Gibbs, Executive Director of the South Side Com-

1. I have found the two spellings, Petersboro and Peterboro.
2. Calendar of the Gerrit Smith Papers. General Correspondence, vol. 1.
3. Calendar of the Gerrit Smith Papers. General Correspondence, vol. 1.

munity Center in Ithaca, gave me the following routes used by underground railroad passengers. He got this information from a class in Negro history "a few years ago," conducted at the Dunbar Center, Syracuse, by Mr. Nathaniel Sims:

"Coming from the deep south there was a back route through Virginia. When the District of Columbia was reached, some went straight north of Washington; others traveled more toward the northwest, striking Frederick, Maryland, and a path which parallels our present United States Route 15. Between Milton and Sayre there was another dividing line: some moved on to Otego, Cortland, and Syracuse; others came on up around Ithaca, through Wecklenburg, Canandaigua, Rochester, on up across the border.

"When they reached northern territory, many of them dropped off along the way; maybe just one or two in some small settlement. Often they were given tracts of land by friendly whites. I believe that accounts in some degree for the present picture, where we have one or two Negro families in these small up-state towns; many of them property-owners. I am thinking of LeRoy (Genesee County), Scottsville (Monroe County), Kumford (Monroe County)."

Doubtless there is much more to be learned about the subject of this chapter. Difficulty regarding transportation in wartime has prevented my following up some promising leads. For example, Mr. Edward Sampson of Ithaca told me of a Miss Howland, living at Sherwood, New York, in a house reputed to have served as a station in the underground railroad; I have not been able to verify this claim. Mrs. Van Dyke of Caroline Center tells me that there is an underground station at Richford, New York, which I have not located.

She assured me that her own home at Caroline Center was never, as I had been incorrectly informed, a station. She said:

This was an old slave house -- the old Speed Place.¹ Speed brought my grandfather here as a slave. He worked for his freedom, for which he paid \$385.

1. The Speed family came from Virginia at some time between 1805 and 1808. One member of the family bequeathed to his daughter Polly his three Negroes -- Lukey, Liza, and Jack. This information was obtained from an article in the Ithaca Journal (1910).

Part III

FOLKLORE COLLECTED FROM NEGROES NOW LIVING IN ITHACA, NEW YORK

Generally speaking, the folklore I have collected from Negroes now living in Ithaca, New York, consists of folk-tales, folk-beliefs, and folk-songs. For reasons that will be evident to the reader, the names of my informants are withheld.

Folk-tales and Folk-beliefs

"Conjure" and "Fixing"

Mrs. X. gave me the following story:

"My husband was sick a long time. Finally some gypsies came by, claiming that they could cure him. They stuck pins and needles, some pointing straight up, others pointing downward, all along the clothing on his arms and legs. This was done to break a spell which had been cast on him. Well, from that very day, he got worse and worse. Before that he had no pains, but after that he had the worst pains all up and down his arms and legs, right where those needles and pins were, and shooting upward and downward just like those needles and pins were fixed. Those same gypsies came back to see how my husband was getting on. They wanted to work on him again, but I wouldn't let them touch him. Poor fellow, he died shortly after that and was relieved of his misery."

This same woman believes that several people are now trying to "fix her" and "conjure her". She says that persons have tried

to "do away" with her by "casting spells" over her, giving her strange concoctions to eat and drink (she can smell them and tell when they've been "fixed"), and "poisoning" her food.

Mrs. Y. gave me this tale:

"I was truly conjured. My enemies made an image of my body, sticking pins in the places they wished me to suffer in -- around my heart and in my legs. They all met in a dark basement one night, went through a ceremony where they said words, sang, and danced. Then they burnt the image of my body. I came down sick with awful pains around my heart, and my legs hurt so I couldn't use them. Finally, I got up and was around -- how, I don't know.

"One day two of my enemies came to see me. Each had to have a glass of water at a different time and each time I got up to go out of the room to get the water, they sprinkled white powders all under my rug and chair-covers. That night the biggest snakes you ever saw came up from under that rug and those chair-covers. I was so taunted at night by these creatures that I just had to leave town to get rid of them. I went way away from here, and finally I got some peace. Now that I'm back, they don't bother me."

This woman tells me that she has a "spirit" eye, her left eye, through which she sees things of the "spirit" and looks into the "other world".

This tale comes from Mrs. Z.:

"My neighbor's husband was fixed so he would walk around the house on all fours and bark like a dog. Somebody told her about a man in Georgia who could lift that spell. She went down there, and what this man told her to do I don't know, but I do know he told her that the person who fixed her husband

would be dead when she got back and that she would see the body being taken out of the house. Well, that was the truth if ever he spoke it, and the person was a close friend of the family. The whole community was horrified. My neighbor's husband got all right too, after she did what that man told her to do."

This informant believes in the power of "queer folks" to cast all sorts of spells, and she has a firm belief in the power of roots and herbs. She knows a "little root can be placed under your doorstep in a bottle; and if you don't find out about it in time to break that bottle, get that root, swing it around your head three times and throw it away over your left shoulder, harm will surely come to you."

Visions

Mr. A. told me:

"I've had visions since the time of my conversion, and I tell you in that time I've seen everything: the heavenly city, Jacob's ladder, and anything of a spiritual nature you mind to think of. I'm so close to the Lord when He shows me these things. Oh my, sometimes the spirit strikes me so hard I have to jump up and run and shout all along the way!"

Mrs. B. says:

"Did I tell you what a rousment of the spirit I had the other morning about 2 o'clock? I saw such beautiful things -- plain, just like real pictures. 'Wish I could tell you all about them. I felt so good too. I just couldn't go back to sleep no more, so I got up and sat right here on the side of my bed, a-praying and a-singing. Just me and the Lord -- a-talking to each other."

Pre-Natal Lore

Pregnant women are given such precautions as:

1. Don't fold arms behind the head -- this is supposed to "wrap the cord around the baby's neck."
2. Don't eat pork -- this makes the baby's skin rough. A woman told me: "I ate pork before one of my children came, and it was a girl too, and her skin was so rough I had to bathe her in cream."
3. Be careful of thoughts and deeds, lest the child be "cursed".
4. Be careful as to what is seen -- avoid horrible sights and "bad looking things."
5. Do not desire anything, especially something to eat, and at the same time touch any part of body, for the child will be "marked" on that very spot with a resemblance of the thing desired. There are numerous stories about persons being "marked" with fish, strawberries, peaches, apples, potatoes, "a little dish of ice cream."

One woman told me: "When I was with my last child, I wanted some strawberries so bad. One day I sighed for some, at the same time placing my hand on my neck. Well, sir, Mary's got the prettiest little batch of strawberries on her neck you ever did see. And in strawberry season they always turn red and the little black spots stand out on them."

6. Never give way to anger or strike anything while in a fit of temper, for the child will be marked thereby. An informant states: "I knew a woman who struck a black cow. Well, when her child was born, half of him was the light complexion of his parents, and the other half was black just like that cow."

7. Do not become too much attached to animals or play with them, for thus also the child may be marked. For example: "Our neighbor was so devoted to her dog while she was carrying her child that when it came it had a dog on its stomach."

Another example: "There was a woman here once who played with a monkey all during her pregnancy. She used to let the monkey sit in her lap and wrap its tail around her neck. She had twins, and both of them had a monkey's tail wrapped around the neck. It was a horrible sight. The husband was so angry that he took the monkey out in the backyard and shot him. The twins died after about five weeks."

Luck

There are many other beliefs connected with bad or good luck. For example, it is bad luck to cut doors in a house after the family has moved in: death will "surely strike". Likewise it brings bad luck -- not necessarily death -- to hang an umbrella on a doorknob.

These beliefs do not fall within the intended scope of the present study. When they are collected, at some future time, it will be found that many of them are shared by Negroes and white people.

Spirituals

The most popular type of folk-song among the Negroes here is the spiritual. I tried to find some that are not well known; several of them I have are not in print.

Mrs. Elmira Brown sang this one for me. She got it from

her mother "years and years ago," and often makes "up the verses" as she sings along.

Rollin' 'Round the Mountain

Refrain: I'm rollin' 'round the mountain,
rollin' 'round the mountain, Lord,
rollin' 'round the mountain, Jesus,
I'm rollin' 'round the mountain.

Stanza: Go tell them weary sisters, Jesus,
I'm rollin' 'round the mountain.

Mr. Louis H. Morgan gave me the following spirituals:

Oh What a Beautiful City¹

Oh, what a beautiful city,
Oh, what a beautiful city,
Oh, what a beautiful city!
Twelve gates to the city, Hallelu!
Three gates in the east,
Three gates in the west,
Three gates in the south,
Three gates in the north,
That's the makin' of the twelve gates to the
city, Hallelu!

I heard about that city:
The streets all paved with gold,
The walls they are Jasper,
And the half has never been told,
That's the makin' of the twelve gates to the
city, Hallelu!

1. Composed and arranged by his uncle, a member of "The Melody Four," in Birmingham, Alabama.

Lead Me On and On¹

Refrain: Lead me on and on,
 Lead me on and on.
 Savior, let me press thy hand,
 And lead me on.

Stanzas: It was early in the morning,
 Just about the break of day,
 Sister Mary saw an angel
 And she began to say:

Refrain: Lead me on and on,
 Lead me on and on.
 Savior, let me press thy hand,
 And lead me on.

I Got a Bible I Can Read²

I got a Bible I can read,
 I got a Bible I can read,
 If I fail to read it and my soul is lost,
 It's nobody's fault but my own.

I got a life that I can live,
 I got a life that I can live.
 If I fail to live it and my soul is lost,
 It's nobody's fault but my own.

Mr. Morgan has these spirituals written in pencil in an old notebook. He "hopes some day to have them put in print and until that day I don't want anybody else to use them." He gave them to me with that understanding. Mr. Morgan sang for me also, but I could not write the music while he sang and he has no copies of his music.

1. This spiritual was composed by Mr. Morgan when he was singing with the "Dixie-Anna Quartet" for the "Spaulding Bread" radio program in Binghamton, New York. He told me: "The other fellows singing with me were James Lewis, Analse Taylor, and Robert Walker. I made this one up for Easter-time. It's never been printed anywhere."
2. Another spiritual, says Mr. Morgan: "Completely my own. I composed the words, arranged the music, and everything."

Mrs. Della Davis, who has a deep religious inspiration, gave me the following spirituals:

God Called Adam

Stanzas: God called Adam.
 Poor child, he answered:
 "Here am I, take me in;
 Good Lord, let the heaven be mine."

Refrain: Good Lord, let the heaven be mine.
 Good Lord, let the heaven be mine.
 Oh hear me, Lord; take me in.
 Good Lord, let the heaven be mine.

God called Elisah.
 Poor child, he answered:
 "Here am I, take me in;
 Good Lord, let the heaven be mine."

God called Ezekiel.
 Poor child, he answered:
 "Here am I, take me in;
 Good Lord, let the heaven be mine."

Without a Hammer or a Nail

Without a hammer or a nail,
 Without a hammer or a nail,
 My God built this whole round world --
 Without a hammer or a nail.

Wash You, Make you Clean

Stanzas: I wonder what's the reason God's saints don't sing
 (Wash you, make you clean!)
 And make the heavenly arches ring.
 (Wash you, make you clean!)

Refrain: Wash you, make you clean;
 Wash you, make you clean.

Fix me Jesus, fix me right.
 (Wash you, make you clean!)
 Turn my darkness into light.
 (Wash you, make you clean!)

So Freely Will I Go

Refrain: So freely will I go down in the water,
 So freely will I go -- talk about Zion's daughters.

Stanza: Every time I look up at the throne of God,
 The angels cry out, "Holy!"
 Brought glad news from heaven that day:
 My soul is saved from danger.

Mrs. Davis told me:

"So Freely Will I Go is used in Baptism -- it's an old baptismal spiritual. I got these old songs from my grandmother, Mariah McFadden, Rock Hill, South Carolina. She just died, December 16, 1941, at the age of 100. She was really nearer 101, for her birthday was sometime in January -- the exact date she did not know; she only knew the month and the year. None of her old songs are in print. I am collecting them, writing out music for them, and hope to have them published. Now that you've heard my grandmother's old songs, I want to give you some of mine."

The songs which she gave me illustrate the fact that the Negro spiritual is not a mere survival. Here is a woman of strong religious impulse, composing in the folk-tradition of those American Negroes who gave to New York State the noble personalities of Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth. I present four songs by Mrs. Della Davis of Ithaca, in the form in which they have been printed; but before they were printed they were in the hearts and on the lips of her people.

Look Up

Arranged by
Della Davis

Dedicated to Mother Pauline Wright of the Church of God in Christ
Mount Vernon, New York.

Words and Music by
DELLA DAVIS

* Chorus

Look up, (look up) look up, (look up) Heaven doors o-pen and Je-sus is list-en-ing,

Look up, (look up) look up, (look up) He is wait-ing to ans-
wer prayer. *Fine.*

1. Je - sus raised His eyes to heaven, and said
2. Je - sus knew that temp - ta - tion and snare's,
3. He knew the joys and sor - rows, we would

Fa - ther; the hour is come. I've done the work, that you
would meet. us day by day. So He taught in Gods own
bear each step of the way. That's why when He taught His

told me to do, Now glo - ri - fy Thy Son, Oh Chris - tiana.
ho - ly word, To watch as well as pray, Gods chil - dren.
de - siples, He said, That men ought to al - ways pray, Heav'n o - pen.

*D. S. al **

Haste sinner haste, before it's too late

Arranged by Della Davis
Assisted by Florence Allen
and Annie Sawyer

Dedicated to Evangelist G. R. King
of Philadelphia, Penn.

Words and Music by
DELLA DAVIS

1. Ma - ny loved ones --- gone, have en - tered heav - en gates, They
2. The road's ver - y nar - row.. the path - way is straight, Get
3. Run oh run to Je - sus. He waits out - side the gate. Get
4. There's no time to i - dle, There is no time to wait, Run

sought and found the Sa - viour; be - fore it was too late.
up on the high - way, be - fore it is too late.
your house in or - der, be - fore it is too late.
sin - ner, run to Je - sus, be - fore it is too late.

Chorus

Oh haste sin - ner haste, — Je - sus is call - ing, haste sin - ner
oh haste is calling

haste be - fore it's too late. Run for your life — run for your life oh
oh haste be - fore oh run — run sin - ner

haste sin - ner haste, Be - fore it's too late. be - fore it's too late.
oh haste

CODA rit. pp after last verse

Come on Out of This Unfriendly World

2 Cor. 6:17

Dedicated to the Macedonia Baptist Church Senior Choir, Mount Vernon, N.Y.
Dr. R. Nelson, Pastor

Arranged by
DELLA DAVIS

Some seek for rich-es while go-ing thru this land; My
Je-sus is a lead-er, who'll nev-er lead you wrong;
When your work is fin-ished you've done the best you can; Have

mind is stayed on Je-sus and He is hold-ing my hand. I'm hap-py on my way, thank
You will be con-tent-ed, your heart will carry a song Just let Him have His way, and
give up all for Je-sus, and He has held your hand He'll say "My child, well done come

God I heard His say
heed Him when He say, } Oh, come on out of this un-friend-ly world.
to your heavn-ly home,

CHORUS
Come on out of this un-friend-ly world, Come on out of this un-friend-ly

world, (un-friend-ly world) Just give the Lord your hand, take a sol-diers stand, Oh,

come on out of this un-friend-ly world. (un-friend-ly world).

I'm going to wait right here till Jesus bless my soul

Dedicated to my Pastor Dr. R. Nelson, Pastor of the Macedonia Baptist Church
 Arranged by Della Davis Mount Vernon, New York.

Chorus
Faster's

Words and Music by
 DELLA DAVIS

Hum slowly before singing Chorus first time I'm going to wait right here till

Je - sus bless my soul, till He bless my soul, I'm going to wait right here till Je - sus, bless my

soul till He bless my soul, My body is on the al - tar, a liv - ing sac - ra -

fine. fice. Oh! I'm going to wait right here till Je - sus bless my soul, till He bless my soul.

Verse

1. Ja - cob wrestled with the an - gel un - til the break of day, the an - gel said to -
 2. Read of the prophet E - li - jah, on - Mt. Car - mel one day, He tore down the al - tars
 3. Je - sus said un - to Pe - ter, son of Jonas loveth thou me, Pe - ter answered Je - sus,

Ja - cob, loose me, I must go a - way. Ja - cob said I'll not let you go, un -
 of Baal, and His prophets He did slay. Then he called on the Mas - ters name, I
 Lord Thou knoweth that I love thee. Je - sus said I'm go - ing a - way, the

til you bless my soul, I'm going to wait right here till Je - sus bless my soul, till He bless my soul.
 de - clare the fire came, I'm going to wait right here till Je - sus bless my soul, till He bless my soul.
 comforter will come to stay. So you must tar - ry in Jer - usalem, till He comes, wait un - till He comes.

D.S. *

BY WAY OF CONCLUSION

America has been privileged to cherish the lore of her many peoples, and the folk from whom it is born have, through it, enriched their lives. A former Judge of the New York State Court of Appeals (William S. Andrews) writes an article, "The Constitution and Jerry," for Scribner's;¹ the Columbia Broadcasting System carries dramatic episodes in the lives of "Three Bronze Heroines" -- two of whom are Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth;² and the Pittsburgh Courier announces that "William V. S. Tubman, world traveler, scholar, lawyer, and recent Associate Justice of the Liberia Supreme Court, will be elected President of Liberia in May . . . Tubman is a great great grand-nephew of Harriet Tubman, noted American abolitionist figure."³

The daring spirit which prompted the underground railroad still operates for the underprivileged. Meanwhile, the folk go on weaving their tales and singing the songs peculiar to their lore.

1. Vol. LXXXIX, April, 1931, pp. 415-417.
2. March 20, 1943, 2:30-3:30 P.M.
3. Saturday, March 13, 1943, p. 8, col. 3.

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ORAL SOURCES

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Mr. George Stark, Peruville, New York.

Mrs. Van Dyke, Caroline Center, New York.

A number of other informants did not wish their names to be used.